I SO - Literary Investigation into State Massacres

The novel of the massacres..... 7

Introductory prologue..... 14

Petrolium..... 31

Warning..... 33

Note 1 - Background..... 39

Note 2 - [The First Rose of Summer]*..... 40

Note 3 - Introduction of the [metaphysical] theme..... 42

Note 3a - Preface postponed..... 45

Note 3b - Postponed preface (II)..... 46

Note 3c - Postponed preface (III)..... 47

Note 3d - Postponed preface (IV)..... 48

Note 3e - Second part of the postponed preface: The swords sold.....54

Note 4 - [What is a novel?].....
....55

Note 5 - The prefatory madness continues: Charles the
First..... 58

Note 6 - [The prefatory madness continues: Charles the
Second]*..... 60

Notes 6a - etc..... .....
.....63

Note 6b - The sources (introduction).....
....64

Note 6 bis - The characters 'who see'.....
.....65

Note 6 ter - Old accounts*.....
....66

Note 6 quater - Carlo's secret life in the open.....
.....67

Note 6 quinquies - Two words on this Paschal.....
.....69

Note 6 sexies - The suitcase with the report.....
.....70

Note 7 - Mother's turn.....
....73

Note 8 - Continuation.....
....76

Note 9 - At the station*.....
....85

Note 10 - The station (continued)*.....
....86

Note 10 bis - Expenditure of Spirit.....
.....88

Note 10 ter..... .....
.....ninety two

Note 10 quater - Cosmo.....
....95

Note 11 - The new day.....
....97

Note 17 - The Wheel and the Pin.....
....98

Note 18 - Irrelevant things for Pasquale.....
.....102

Note 19 - Final balance.....
....103

Note 19a - Discovery at Porta Portese.....
.....104

Note 20 - Carlo (as in a novel by Sterne)

left when going to a reception.....
.....107

Note 21 - Flashes on Eni.....
....111

Note 21 - The so-called empire of the Troya: he, Troya.....
.....112

Note 22a - The so-called Troya empire: the branches closest to the parent company.....114

Note 22b - The so-called Troyan empire: another important ramification.....117

Note 22c - The so-called Troyan empire:

the most important branch of brother Quirino.....
.....118

Note 22c - The so-called Troyan Empire: the flea speaks ill of the louse.....120

Note 22d - The so-called empire of the Troya: the ramification of the louse.....122

Note 22f - Mrs. F.'s living room: her artistic activities..... 123

Note 22g - Continuation of the previous one.....
.....125

Note 22h - Scheme of an elementary puzzle, and its playful joy..... 126

Note 22i - Continuation of the puzzle etc.....
.....127

Note 23 - Second part of the puzzle.....
.....128

Notes 20-30 - History of the oil problem and background..... 129

Note 31*..... .....
.....131

Note 32 - Provocateurs and spies (in 1960)*.....
.....133

Note 33*..... .....
.....138

Note 34bis* - First fairy tale about Power (from the
“Project”)..... 139

Note 34ter - End of reception.....
.....147

Notes 36-40 - The Argonauts.....
....148

Note 36 - The Argonauts: Book I.....
..... 149

Note 36b - The Argonauts. Book I (continued).....
.....150

Note 36b - The Argonauts. Book II.....
.....151

Note 36c - The Argonauts. Book III.....
.....152

Note 36d - The Argonauts. Book III
(continued)..... 153

Note 36e - The Argonauts. Book III
(continued)..... 154

Note 36f - The Argonauts. Book III
(continued)..... 155

Note 36g - The Argonauts. Book III
(continued)..... 156

Note 36h - The Argonauts. Book IV (continued)..... 157

Note 36i - The Argonauts. Book IV (continued)..... 158

Note 36i - The Argonauts. Book IV (continued)..... 159

Note 36m - The Argonauts. Book IV (continued)..... 160

Note 36n - The Argonauts. Book IV (continued)..... 161

Note 37 - Something written..... 162

Note 40 - The art that gladdens the human heart..... 163

Note 41 - Purchase of a slave..... 166

Note 42 - The story of xxx and xxx and their three children xxx..... 176

Note 43 - History of the city of Patna and the Bihar region..... 177

For Part II..... 182

Note 41 - A significant dream..... 183

Note 42 - Clarification..... 184

Appunto 43* - Lampi sul 'Left Communism'.....
.....185

Note xxx - Evening meetings.....
....187

Note 43a - The continuity of daily
life..... 190

Note 50 - What young men must have been like in '69 (from the
"Project").....192

Note 51 - First basic moment of the poem.....
.....196

Note 51a - Bullicame.....
....197

Note 52 - Young cock (Tonino's story).....
.....198

Note 52a - Moving to Via xxx xxx, to
Quadraro..... 199

Note 52b - The Negro and the Redhead.....
....200

Note 54 - The royal journey to the Middle
East..... 201

Note 54b - Sikandar.....
....202

Note 55 - The Casilina meadow.....
.....203

Note 60 - Return from the second journey from the East (from the
“Project”)..... .227

Note 61 - Karl is no longer here.....
....230

Note 62 - [following Karl's disappearance]

|The imitation of the other Carlo (from the “Project”)|.....
.....231

pag. 2

Note 63 - Clarifications and complications (from the
“Project”)..... 234

Note 64 - The hesitations before sanctity (from the
“Project”)..... 235

Note 64bis - What happened during that dinner (from the
"Project")..... 237

Note 65 - Prologue to the medieval garden (from the
“Mystery”)..... 240

Note 65bis - Medieval garden.....
.....244

Note 66 - Medieval garden (continued).....
.....250

Note 67 - The charm of fascism.....
.....254

Note 58 - Second basic moment of the poem.....
.....256

Note 59 - Passage of time.....
....257

Note 60 - The incarnation of Salvatore
Dulcimascolo..... 260

Note 61 - Attendance at Toulà.....
.....263

Note 62 - Carmelo: his availability and his
dissolution..... 264

Note 63a*..... .....
.....287

Note 63b - Boarding, travel, new lights in the
evening..... 289

Note 63 - Was it a deviation?.....
.....293

Note 64 - Concurrent causes of the clinical
picture..... 295

Note 64 - The last evening at Toulà.....
.....298

Note 65 - Confidences with the reader.....
.....299

Note 70 - Night chats at the
Colosseum..... 303

Note 70 - Chatting at the Colosseum
(continued)..... 305

Note 71 - The Shit (Vision: first paragraph).....
.....306

Note 71a - The Shit (Vision: second
paragraph)..... 307

Note 71b - The Shit (Vision: third paragraph).....
.....309

Note 71c - The Shit (Vision: fourth paragraph).....
.....311

Note 71d - The Shit (Vision: fourth paragraph,
II)..... 314

Note 71e - II Shit (Vision: fourth paragraph,
III)..... 315

Note 71f - II Shit (Vision: fifth paragraph).....
.....319

Note 71g - II Shit (Vision: sixth paragraph).....
.....321

Note 71h - II Shit (Vision: seventh paragraph).....
.....323

Note 71i - II Shit (Vision: eighth paragraph).....
.....324

Note 71l - II Shit (Vision: ninth paragraph).....
.....325

Note 71m - II Shit (Vision: tenth paragraph).....
.....327

Note 71n - The Shit (Vision: eleventh
paragraph)..... 328

Note 71o - II Shit (Vision: twelfth paragraph).....
.....329

Note 71p - II Shit (Vision: thirteenth
paragraph)..... 331

Note 71q - The Shit (Vision: fourteenth
paragraph)..... 332

Note 71r - II Shit (Vision: fifteenth paragraph)..... 333

Note 71s - II Shit (Vision: sixteenth paragraph)..... 334

Note 71t - II Shit (Vision: seventeenth paragraph)..... 336

Note 71u - II Shit (Vision: eighteenth paragraph)..... 337

Note 71v - II Shit (Vision: nineteenth paragraph)..... 338

Note 71z - II Shit (Vision: twentieth paragraph)..... 341

Note 72a - II Shit (Vision: twenty-first paragraph)..... 346

Note 72b - The Shit (Vision: twenty-second paragraph)..... 349

Note 72c - II Shit (Vision: twenty-third paragraph)..... 350

Note 72d - The Shit (Vision: twenty-fourth paragraph)..... 352

Note 72e - The Shit (Vision: twenty-fifth paragraph)..... 353

Note 72f - The Shit (Vision: twenty-sixth paragraph)..... 354

Note 72g - The Shit (End of the Vision)..... 356

Note 73 - Grand finale of the Vision.....
.....357

pag. 3

Note 74 - Last glimpse of the
Vision*..... 359

Note 74a - Gloss.....
....362

Note 81 - Giving the f.....
....364

Note 82 - Don't give the fuck anymore.....
....367

Note 82 - Third basic moment of the poem.....
.....369

Note 84 - The game.....
....370

Note 90 and following.....
....372

Note 100 - The Epoché*.....
....373

Note 97 - The narrators*.....
....374

Note 98 - L'Epochè: Story of a man and his
body..... 381

Note 98a - The Epochè: History of the reconstruction of a
history..... 384

Note 99 - L'Epochè: Story of a thousand and one characters..... 386

Note 100 - L'Epoché: Story of four critics and four painters..... 393

Note 101 - L'Epoché: Story of a father and his two daughters..... 394

Note 102 - L'Epochè: Story of two fathers and two sons..... 400

Note 102a - L'Epochè: Story of a cosmic flight..... 406

Note 103 - L'Epochè: History of the massacres..... 413

Note 103a - An [uncertain] fixed point..... 420

Note 102 - L'Epochè: Comments in the living room..... 422

Note 103 - Indescribability of anxiety

|A literally indescribable anxiety|..... 424

The Political Bloc..... 425

OIL - [(Second part)]*..... 426

Note 103b - Second political block (Introduction)..... 427

Part I and II..... .....
.....429

Finale.....
.....430

Note 103c - The meadow under the Tower of
Pisa..... 431

Note 104 - Places of vice.....
....432

Note 105 - Introduction to the great digression.....
.....434

Note 106a - The great Digression begins.....
.....436

Note 106b - The great Digression continues.....
.....438

Note 107 - Meeting with 'Fjedka'.....
.....439

Note 110 - The Godoari.....
....441

Note 111 - The Godoari (continued).....
....442

Note 112 - The Godoari (III).....
....443

Note 113 - The Godoari (IV).....
....444

Appunto 114 - I Godoari (V).....
....445

Note 115 - The Godoari (VI).....
....446

Note 116 - The Godoari (VII).....
....447

Note 117 - The Godoari.....
....448

Note 118 - The Godoari.....
....449

Note 119 - The Godoari*.....
....450

Note 120 - The Godoari (IX)*.....
....452

Note 121 - The new suburbs.....
....453

Note 122 - The new suburbs (continued).....
.....454

Note 123 - The new suburbs (III).....
.....456

Note 124 - The new suburbs (IV).....
.....457

Note 125 - Fascist demonstration.....
.....458

Note 126 - Fascist demonstration (continued)

|The new center|.....
....460

Note 127 - Fourth basic moment of the poem (from the "Mystery")..... 463

Note 128 - Before enlightenment and puns..... 464

Note 1283 - Two words before returning to the great Digression.....465

Note 129 - The anti-fascist party..... 466

Note 129a - The anti-fascist party (continued)..... 468

Note 129b - The anti-fascist party (III)..... 470

Note 129c - Elements, it must be said, retardants..... 472

Annotation..... 481

Note 128c - Resumption of "Before the illumination and the puns" *.....482

Note 129 - The fatal proposition (from the "Project")*..... 486

Note 130 - Illumination and puns (from the "Project")*..... 487

Note 131 - New gloss..... 489

Note 132 - Towards Edo: planning the trip..... 490

Note 133 - Mockery (from the “Project”).....
.....491

Outline of the novel.....
....495

Letter to Alberto Moravia.....
....498

Sequences for Charles I.....
....500

Annotation..... .....
.....501

Description of materials.....
....502

Note.....
.....508

Philological note.....
....517

This is Cefis..... .....
.....531

The two occult powers of the well of black
gold..... 533

The tools of imperialism.....
....539

The man dressed in asbestos.....
....548

The vanity fair, Eni's XVIII year.....
.....556

The job of the landlord 567

The political diagrams of the red-black carbonaro..... 576

Montecefis. The mix-up..... 584

New glories of the tipper..... 589

The obstacle courses..... 592

The pious contraption..... 597

The geese of the Capitoline Hill for Eugenio Cefis - The fifty years of the chief..... ..601

A miracle worker called Eugenio Cefis. The king of the trapeze..... 612

Further essay on Eugenio Cefis - The multifaceted ingenuity of the captain of industry.....620

“The Anonymous Cefis and C.” - The mandarin clan..... 628

Other paragraphs - For a moral apologue..... 638

Fiefdoms and vassals of the great baron..... 648

The various and possible things of the industrial knight..... 657

“L'Anonima Metano” - The cheerful squadrons..... 665

In the orbit of the rising sun..... 676

Last round for the knockout..... 690

Deep Black..... 703

Protagonists and extras..... 704

Magistrates and investigators..... 706

Notice to the reader..... 707

Prologue..... 709

The Mattei case..... 713

The black corsair..... 717

The partisans..... 719

«Mattheism»..... 723

The trap.....
....729

The threats..... .....
.....732

First trip to Sicily.....
....735

Countdown..... .....
.....741

Mattei's death.....
....745

The return of Cefis to Eni.....
....749

Suspicions about Cefis.....
....753

A crime made in Italy.....
....756

The impossible revolution.....
....760

The enigmatic Verzotto.....
....762

The Sicilian friend.....
....767

The disappearance of De Mauro.....
....771

Mister
X.....
.....774

The Mattei slope.....
....778

The hourglass..... .....
.....782

The stop to the investigations.....
....785

This is how a journalist dies.....
....789

This is how a journalist ends up in Palermo.....
.....792

De Mauro's "coup".....
....794

Zullino's novel.....
....797

The principal..... .....
.....800

The Palermo trial.....
....805

The Pasolini crime.....
....807

The pizzas of Salò.....
....809

The Magliana Band.....
....812

Pelosi changes version on TV.....
....814

Oriana Fallaci's scoop.....
....816

The Sansone track.....
....819

The latest investigation.....
....821

Pelosi names names.....
....823

The Mystery of Johnny.....
....828

The black trail.....
....832

Petrolium..... .....
.....836

Question: Did you finally find this answer
today?..... 839

This is Cefis..... .....
.....840

The novel of the massacres.....
....843

Flashes on Eni..... .....
.....845

From Cefis to Gelli.....
....849

“What is this coup?” .....
....856

Epilogue..... .....
.....858

Appendix: A strange sensation

- Interview with Giuseppe Pelosi at Idroscalo -.....
.....860

Decree dismissing the investigation into the death of Enrico Mattei..... ...865

The novel of massacres

What is this coup? I know.

by Pier Paolo Pasolini

from the "Corriere della sera" of 14 November 1974 with the title "What is this coup?"

from "Scritti Corsari", Garzanti 1975 with the title "The novel of the massacres"

often republished and universally known under the title "Io So."

I know.

I know the names of those responsible for what is called a "coup" (and which is actually a series of

"coup" established as a system of protection of power).

I know the names of those responsible for the Milan massacre of 12 December 1969.

I know the names of those responsible for the Brescia and Bologna massacres in the first months of 1974.

I know the names of the "summit" who maneuvered, therefore, both the old fascists who planned the "coup", and the neo-fascists who were the material authors of the first massacres, and finally, the "unknown" material authors of the most recent massacres.

I know the names who managed the two different, indeed opposite, phases of tension: a first anti-communist phase (Milan 1969) and a second anti-fascist phase (Brescia and Bologna 1974).

I know the names of the group of powerful people who, with the help of the CIA (and secondarily the Greek colonels of the mafia), first created (and failed miserably) an anti-communist crusade, to stop '68, and later, again with the help and inspiration of the CIA, they reconstituted an anti-fascist virginity, to stem the disaster of the "referendum".

I know the names of those who, between one Mass and another, gave instructions and ensured political protection to old generals (to keep the organization of a potential coup d'état going in reserve), to young neo-fascists, or rather neo-Nazis (to concretely create the anti-communist tension) and finally common criminals, until now, and perhaps forever, nameless (to create the subsequent anti-fascist tension). I know the names of the serious and important people behind comical characters like that Forestry general who operated, rather operettistically, in Città Ducale (while the Italian forests were burning), or gray and purely organizational characters like General Miceli.

I know the names of the serious and important people behind the tragic boys who chose suicidal fascist atrocities and the common criminals, Sicilian or not, who made themselves available as killers and hit men.

I know all these names and I know all the facts (attacks on institutions and massacres) of which they were guilty.

I know. But I have no evidence. I don't even have any clues.

I know because I am an intellectual, a writer, who tries to follow everything that happens, to know everything that is written about it, to imagine

everything that is not known or kept silent; which coordinates even distant facts, which puts together the disorganized and fragmentary pieces of an entire coherent political framework, which re-establishes logic where arbitrariness, madness and mystery seem to reign.

This is all part of my profession and the instinct of my profession. I think it's difficult that mine

"novel project", is wrong, that is, that it has no relevance to reality, and that its references to real facts and people are inaccurate. I also believe that many other intellectuals and novelists know what I know as an intellectual and novelist. Because reconstructing the truth about what happened in Italy after '68 is not that difficult.

This truth - one can feel it with absolute precision - lies behind a large quantity of interventions, including journalistic and political ones: that is, not of imagination or fiction as mine is by its nature. Last example: it is clear that the truth was pressing, with all its names, behind the editorial of the "Corriere della Sera" of 1 November 1974.

Journalists and politicians probably also have some evidence or, at least, some clues.

Now the problem is this: journalists and politicians, despite perhaps having some evidence and certainly some clues, do not name names.

Who then is responsible for naming these names? Evidently to those who not only have the necessary courage, but, at the same time, are not compromised in practice with power, and, furthermore, have, by definition, nothing to lose: that is, an intellectual.

An intellectual could therefore very well name those names publicly: but he has neither proof nor clues.

Power and the world which, despite not belonging to power, maintains practical relationships with power, has excluded free intellectuals - precisely because of the way it is made - from the possibility of having evidence and clues.

It could be objected to me that I, for example, as an intellectual and inventor of stories, could enter into that explicitly political world (of power or around power), compromise myself with it, and therefore participate in the right to have, with a certain high probabilities, evidence and clues.

But to this objection I would reply that this is not possible, because it is precisely the repugnance to entering such a political world that identifies with my potential intellectual courage to tell the truth: that is, to name names.

The intellectual courage of truth and political practice are two irreconcilable things in Italy.

pag. 8

The intellectual - profoundly and viscerally despised by the entire Italian bourgeoisie - is given a falsely high and noble, in reality servile, mandate: that of debating moral and ideological problems.

If he is given this mandate he is considered a traitor to his role: he immediately shouts (as if he expected nothing more than this) of "betrayal of the clerics" it is an alibi and a gratification for politicians and the servants of power.

But there is not only power: there is also opposition to power. In Italy this opposition is so vast and strong that it is a power itself: I am naturally referring to the Italian Communist Party.

It is certain that at this moment the presence of a large opposition party such as the Italian Communist Party is the salvation of Italy and its poor democratic institutions.

The Italian Communist Party is a clean country in a dirty country, an honest country in a dishonest country, an intelligent country in an idiotic country, a cultured country in an ignorant country, a humanistic country in a consumerist country.

In recent years, a barter has opened between the Italian Communist Party, understood in an authentically unitary sense - in a compact "ensemble" of

leaders, base and voters - and the rest of Italy: whereby the Italian Communist Party has become precisely a "separate country", an island. And it is precisely for this reason that today it can have closer relations than ever before with the effective, corrupt, inept, degraded power: but these are diplomatic relations, almost from nation to nation. In reality the two morals are incommensurable, understood in their concreteness, in their totality.

It is possible, precisely on these bases, to envisage that realistic "compromise" which would perhaps save Italy from complete collapse: a "compromise" which, however, would actually be an "alliance" between two neighboring states, or between two states stuck in one 'other.

But everything positive that I have said about the Italian Communist Party also constitutes its relatively negative moment.

The division of the country into two countries, one sunk up to its neck in degradation and degeneration, the other intact and uncompromised, cannot be a reason for peace and constructiveness.

Furthermore, conceived as I have outlined it here, I believe objectively, that is, as a country within a country, the opposition identifies itself with another power: which however is still power.

Consequently, the politicians of this opposition cannot help but also behave like men of power.

In the specific case, which so dramatically concerns us at this moment, they too have deferred to the intellectual a mandate established by them. And, if the intellectual fails to fulfill this purely moral and ideological mandate, he is, to everyone's satisfaction, a traitor.

Now, why not even the opposition politicians, if they have - as they probably have -

evidence or at least clues, don't they name the real people responsible, i.e. politicians, for the comical coups and the frightening massacres of recent years? It's simple: they do not do them to the extent that they distinguish - unlike what an intellectual would do - political truth from political practice. And therefore, naturally, they don't even make the non-official intellectual

aware of evidence and clues: they don't even dream of it, as is normal, given the objective factual situation.

pag. 9

The intellectual must continue to stick to what is imposed on him as his duty, to iterate his own codified way of intervention.

I know well that it is not the case - in this particular moment in Italian history - to publicly make a motion of no confidence against the entire political class. It's not diplomatic, it's not appropriate. But these categories of politics, not of political truth: that which - when he can and as he can - the impotent intellectual is obliged to serve.

Well, precisely because I cannot name those responsible for the coup attempts and the massacres (and not in place of this) I cannot pronounce my weak and ideal accusation against the entire Italian political class.

And I do because I believe in politics, I believe in the "formal" principles of democracy, I believe in Parliament and I believe in parties. And naturally through my particular perspective which is that of a communist.

I am ready to withdraw my motion of no confidence (indeed I am waiting for nothing other than this) only when a politician - not for expediency, that is, not because the moment has come, but rather to create the possibility of such a moment - decides to name the names of those responsible for the coups d'état and the massacres, which evidently he knows, like me, cannot fail to have evidence, or at least clues.

Probably - if American power allows it - perhaps by "diplomatically" deciding to grant to another democracy what American democracy granted itself regarding Nixon

- these names will be said sooner or later. But those who say them will be men who have shared power with them: as less responsible people against more responsible people (and it is not necessarily the case, as in the American case, that they are better). This would ultimately be the real coup d'état.

I know. I know the names of those responsible for what is called a coup (and which is actually a series of coups established as a system of protection of power).

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"betrayal of the clerics" is an alibi and a gratification for politicians and servants of power.

But there is not only power: there is also opposition to power. In Italy this opposition is so vast and strong that it is a power itself: I am naturally referring to the Italian Communist Party. It is certain that at this moment the presence of a large opposition party such as the Italian Communist Party is the salvation of Italy and its poor democratic institutions. The Italian Communist Party is a clean country in a dirty country, an honest country in a dishonest country, an intelligent country in an idiotic country, a cultured country in an ignorant country, a humanistic country in a consumerist country.

In recent years, a barter has opened between the Italian Communist Party, understood in an authentically unitary sense - in a compact "ensemble" of leaders, base and voters - and the rest of Italy: whereby the Italian Communist Party has become precisely a "separate country", an island. And it is precisely for this reason that today it can have closer relations than ever before with the effective, corrupt, inept, degraded power: but these are diplomatic relations, almost from nation to nation. In reality the two morals are incommensurable, understood in their concreteness, in their totality. It is possible, precisely on these bases, to envisage that realistic "compromise" which would perhaps save Italy from complete collapse: a "compromise" which, however, would actually be an "alliance" between two neighboring states, or between two states stuck in one 'other.

But everything positive that I have said about the Italian Communist Party also constitutes its relatively negative moment. The division of the country into two countries, one sunk up to its neck in degradation and degeneration, the other intact and uncompromised, cannot be a reason for peace and constructiveness. Furthermore, conceived as I have outlined it here, I believe objectively, that is, as a country within a country, the opposition identifies itself with another power: which however is still power. Consequently, the politicians of this opposition cannot help but also behave like men of power.

In the specific case, which so dramatically concerns us at this moment, they too have deferred to the intellectual a mandate established by them. And, if the intellectual fails to fulfill this purely moral and ideological mandate, he is, to everyone's satisfaction, a traitor.

Now, why not even the opposition politicians, if they have - as they probably have -

evidence or at least clues, don't they name the real perpetrators, i.e. politicians, of the comical coups and the frightening massacres of recent years? It's simple: they don't make them to the extent that they distinguish -

unlike what an intellectual would do - political truth from political practice. And therefore, naturally, they don't even make the non-official intellectual

aware of evidence and clues: they don't even dream of it, as is normal, given the objective factual situation. The intellectual must continue to stick to what is imposed on him as his duty, to iterate his own codified way of intervention.

I know well that it is not the case - in this particular moment in Italian history - to publicly make a motion of no confidence against the entire political class. It's not diplomatic, it's not appropriate. But these categories of politics, not of political truth: that which - when he can and as he can - the impotent intellectual is obliged to serve.

Well, precisely because I cannot name those responsible for the coup attempts and the massacres (and not in place of this) I cannot help but pronounce my weak and ideal accusation against the entire Italian political class. And I do it because I believe in politics, I believe in principles

"formals" of democracy, I believe in Parliament and I believe in parties. And naturally through my particular perspective which is that of a communist.

I am ready to withdraw my motion of no confidence (indeed I am waiting for nothing other than this) only when a politician - not for expediency, that is, not because the moment has come, but rather to create the possibility of such a moment - decides to name the names of those responsible for the coups d'état and the massacres, which evidently he knows, like me, cannot fail to have evidence, or at least clues.

Probably - if American power allows it - perhaps by "diplomatically" deciding to grant to another democracy what American democracy granted itself regarding Nixon

- these names will be said sooner or later. But those who say them will be men who have shared power with them: as less responsible people against more responsible people (and it is not necessarily the case, as in the American case, that they are better). This would ultimately be the real coup.

Like privateers on the filibuster

by Carla Benedetti and Giovanni Giovannetti

This is Cefis arrived in bookstores in 1972. The other side of the honored president by Giorgio Steimetz, a quasi-biography - unauthorized - of the president of Eni and Montedison, published by Corrado Ragozzino's Milano Information Agency, of which Steimetz is perhaps the alter ego. [1] The agency is financed by Graziano Verzotto, a Christian Democrat from Mariano Rumor's Dorothy current, Enrico Mattei's man and former president of the Sicilian Mining Authority. He was also the informant of Mauro De Mauro, the journalist of "l'Ora" of Palermo kidnapped and killed by the mafia in 1970. Just as had happened to Mattei seven years earlier. Just as it will happen to Pier Paolo Pasolini five years later. This is Cefis lives only a few months, then disappears. The obligatory copies also disappear from the two branches of the National Central Library; there is still a trace of it in the register of the Florentine one, but the volume is not there: «close to the publication, the men of Montedison moved effectively to remove from the market as many copies as possible and to avert the President from the possibility of a judicial investigation". [2] The book, probably published with the intention of warning or threatening Eugenio Cefis, tells the unscrupulous adventure of one of the helmsmen of the public-private sector, the mix of powers between the State and the underground economic-financial mafias.

Pier Paolo Pasolini was working in those years on the same themes and, perhaps, was using the same sources. Just in 1972

he began writing Petrolio, the great unfinished novel, which would only be published posthumously in 1992, seventeen years after his death. A novel of which critics have often emphasized the erotic aspect - the double life of a petrochemical engineer - while its real theme is Power. It is a novel that tries to make Power visible in all its forms, through "Visions". [3] It speaks of the New Power that acts on individuals in capillary forms, through the imposition of models, and which also reaches their bodies. It speaks of the banality of Power, the one that acts through the innocent "collusion" (where "innocent" means "hidden from conscience") of individuals, intellectuals, even men of letters, in their desire for a career. We also talk about the power

of plots, those destined to remain secret. And also that of the massacres. There is even talk of a bomb exploding at the Bologna station [4] – almost a prophecy of what really would have exploded on 2 August 1980.

There is also talk of Eni, which Pasolini does not consider just a company but "a topos of power". And obviously Mattei's death.

Furthermore, these ingredients could not be missing from a book entitled Oil, today's Golden Fleece, for which wars and journeys to the East are waged, as Mattei did, as Jason once did with the Argonauts (another theme of book). There is therefore - as Gianni D'Elia writes - also the "terrible relationship between economics and politics, the fascist and state bombs, the secret structure of "swarming" societies, like their names, in mocking acronyms".[5]

The sources of petroleum

Steimetz's unobtainable book, which we republish here, was one of the sources of Petrolio, from which Pasolini takes data and news relating to Eni and Cefis, and sometimes even entire sentences. But it was not a philologist who noticed it but a magistrate, the Pavia Deputy Prosecutor Vincenzo Calia, while he was carrying out a new investigation into Mattei's murder. The Eni president's plane, flying between Catania and Milan, crashed on the evening of 27 October 1962, in the Bascapè countryside, near Pavia. The Pavia prosecutor's office had already carried out an investigation into that death years earlier, which however ended with a sentence of "no need to proceed, because the facts do not exist", having attributed the fall of the plane to an accident, due to the error of pilot Irnerio Bertuzzi. [6]

Calia reopened the investigation on September 20, 1994, on the basis of new facts, and concluded it on February 20, 2003 with a request for dismissal.

Calia reads Petrolio, an irresistible title for a magistrate immersed in the investigation into the death of the president of Eni and finds a surprising coincidence in it. Twenty-five years before him, Pasolini had arrived at the same hypothesis to which his long investigation was now leading him: Mattei was eliminated by a dark political-institutional control within Italy, of which Cefis held the ranks.

Here is what Pasolini wrote in a summary outline of Petrolio entitled History of oil and background: In this precise historical moment (Ist POLITICAL BLOCK) Troya is about to be made president of Eni: and this implies the suppression of his predecessor (Mattei case, chronologically moved forward) [7]

Calia comments on some pages of Petrolio in his archiving request. And you were the first to grasp the analogies between Questo è Cefis and Pasolini's novel, connecting the threads of this intricate tangle together. However, she struggles to find Steimetz's book. He doesn't know that a photocopy can be found at the Gabinetto Vieusseux in Florence [8], right among Pasolini's papers, who in turn had received it in September 1974 from Elvio Fachinelli, psychoanalyst and animator of the magazine “L'Erba I want ". Fachinelli's letter to Pasolini, dated 20

September 1974: «Dear Pasolini, I will send you a conference by Cefis and a photocopy of the book about him, which has been withdrawn. Maybe they can help you."

The “conference” that Fachinelli speaks of is the text of the speech given by Eugenio Cefis at the Military Academy of Modena on 23 February 1972 (published in the magazine “L'Erba I want”, n. 6). Pasolini intended to insert it entirely into the novel, as a hinge "to divide the novel into two parts in a perfectly symmetrical and explicit way". [9]

Despite their common harmonies, Pasolini and Fachinelli never met in person. Riccardo Antoniani reports it: Starting from January 1974, Fachinelli wrote to Pasolini several times. Also by virtue of that common move «from an extreme left that is not yet defined and certainly not yet easily definable» in which the discussion on non-authoritarian practices that he had conducted until then together with Lea Melandri on “Erba I want” was inserted.

It was in this magazine that the famous speech My homeland is called multinational held by Eugenio Cefis at the Military Academy of Modena in 1972 was published. With those words addressed to an audience of soldiers, in that academy where he was once a cadet, Cefis suggests "a rattling of

sabers", as General Folde claimed to the Anselmi commission, is beyond doubt. In essence, a constitutional reform oriented towards an authoritarian presidentialism was called for, which would effectively preclude the PCI from any expectation of government: the white coup.

How and where Fachinelli managed to obtain the speeches, even the unspoken ones, of the then president of Montedison still remains a mystery. The fact is that he attempted to involve Pasolini in the project of an "emergency response" book on Cefis and the New Power to which the poet was supposed to contribute by analyzing and reviewing some of these texts.

This is how Pasolini came into possession of Cefis' three speeches and a photocopy of Giorgio Steimetz's book Questo è Cefis. [10]

Oil is not written like novels normally are. There is not a narrator who tells a story, but an author who gradually builds the project of a novel to be written, accumulating a series of "Notes". And it is in this form that Pasolini planned to publish it. Furthermore, he had already experimented with this peculiar project form in cinematographic works such as Notes for a film about India and Notes for an African Oresteia [11]. And also in the Divina Mimesis, published shortly before his death (which pretends to be the edition of a rediscovered manuscript, whose author died, «killed with a stick, in Palermo, last year» [12]. This structure allows him great freedom of writing and the possibility of inserting, in subsequent phases, heterogeneous materials, even non-literary, taken from the news or elsewhere.

But one Sunday afternoon, on a stall selling used books, luck meets Calia, and Calia the book. Finally you can make a comparison with Petrolio - functional to your investigations - and you expose the results in a note in the margin of the Request for archiving. [13]

Even Pier Paolo Pasolini (killed in Ostia on 2 November 1975) had therefore raised suspicions in Petrolio about the death of Mattei, alluding to the responsibility of Cefis. Even in the fragmentary draft of the unfinished novel, these allusions are clearly traceable. The character called Troya can only mask Eugenio Cefis «Aldo Troya, vice president of Eni, is destined to become one of the key characters in our history» [14], while Bonocore is Mattei himself. [15] Pasolini's description of Troya is moreover not only

unequivocal, but also such as to reveal the source used: it is precisely This is Cefis.

He, Troya, is a man in his fifties [...]. The first thing that strikes you about him is his smile. […] a smile of complicity, almost winking: it is definitely a guilty smile. With it Troya seems to want to tell those who look at him that he knows well that those who look at him consider him an abject and ambitious man, capable of anything [...] The language with which he expressed himself was his activity, therefore I, to interpret it , I should be a mercantilist as well as a detective. I made do, and here's what I learned.[…] Troya, who emigrated to Milan in 1943, was not unexpectedly caught unprepared for his choices, apparently, by the end of fascism and the beginning of the Resistance.

In fact, he participated in the Resistance [...]. The leader of that partisan group was the current president of Eni, Ernesto Bonocore. […] the mothers: a certain Pinetta Sprìngolo from Sacile, for Troya, and a certain Rosa Bonali, from Bescapè for Bonocore. […] The thing I would like to underline is the following: Troya was second in the partisan formation. And the thing on page. 15

it seemed to suit him magnificently ever since. […]. It would be too long, and impossible for me, to follow the entire slow history (two decades) of this accumulation and expansion. I will therefore limit myself to giving an overview, [...]. Therefore, Troya is currently vice president of Eni. But this is only an official position, a premise for a further leap forward due not so much to an ambitious will but to the objective and massive accumulation of forces guided by this will. Troya's true power is for now in his private empire, if these distinctions are possible. Troya has always consistently acted under the sign of Mixed. Therefore there is no real solution of continuity between what is his and what is public […] The other primary foundation of the Troya empire was the Società Immobiliari e Partecipazioni (?), registered in the name of Amelia Gervasoni [….] sister of Troya's wife. [16]

Pasolini lists a long series of interconnected companies, managed by people attributable to the vice president of Eni. As Calia discovers, these are some of the companies listed by Giorgio Steimetz in This is Cefis: whose names

were replaced by Pasolini with other, but similar ones. For example, Pasolini's “Immobiliari e Partecipazioni” corresponds to In. Im. Par. (Real Estate Equity Investment Initiatives) of Steimetz. At “Spiritcasauno” and “Spiritcasadieci”

by Pasolini, who owe their name «to the fact that Carlo Troya currently lived in via di Santo Spirito, in Milan»

(Calia), correspond, in reality, to Chioscasauno and Chioscasadieci, so called because Eugenio Cefis lived in via Chiossetto in Milan. Steimetz cites Ge. Da., then Pro. De. (Profili Demografici s.p.a.), Da. Ma. (Data Management s.p.a.) and System-Italia (the same company that had hired the daughter of the farmer Mario Ronchi from Bascapè), and Pasolini lists them with similar acronyms:

A year after the “Am. From." is incorporated by “Li. De.” (Lineamenti Demografici Spa), with the subject “printing and sending of letters and correspondence, creation of files, etc.”. […]

Something in short, technically, like a little Sid [...]. Then the 'Li. De.' moves (precisely) to Rome [...]. And the company takes the name of “Da. Off.”, Data Office Spa. But not for long, because soon […] the company calls itself again “Am. From.". And at this point [...] the company, expanding and expanding, takes the definitive name of "Italian Pattern"[...] [17]

And so with other companies, real estate, oil, methane, financial, wood, plastic. advertising, television, etc. all this is noted by Calia, [18] thus giving a precious indication also for critical and philological research on Petrolio's sources. A more accurate comparison between the two texts was then conducted by Silvia De Laude, who provides the results with great precision in the Notes to the 2005 edition of Petrolio, which she edited. [19] The scholar shows that Pasolini takes up almost verbatim from Questo è Cefis «extensive extracts in the section on Aldo Troya and his “empire” (Notes 22, 22a, 22b, 22c, 22d)». For example, Steimez writes: Published by Nuova Editoriale S. p. A., the “Avvenire” appears regularly in Milan and was born, as everyone knows, from the merger between the Bolognese Catholic newspaper and its Ambrosian brother. […]

Be that as it may, the newspaper enjoys particular advertising favor with Eni. […] The salaries, compared to the tables and averages of the environment, are excellent, enough to make the cast of the Crespis' "Corriere" arouse with subtle envy. No expense was spared for the increase in pages, service columns [...] they hired - for a previously clerical and codified body -

journalists of the “Corriere” (Deputy editor-in-chief of sports services); […] editors of Ansa and of

“Panorama” […] the former director of the youthful and light magazine “Ciao Big”; to the crime news, none other than the former director of "Kent", the very elegant and frivolous monthly magazine for (alone) men; again, the former editor-in-chief of what was for some time the ignoble “ABC”; as well as the former director of

“Yes”, scion of “Abc”[20]

Pasolini rewrites it like this in Petrolio:

For example, published by Nuova Editoriale Italiana Spa, the new “Avvenire” was published in Milan, born from the merger between the Catholic newspaper from Bologna and the Lombard newspaper of the same name. Eni had a particular predilection for this newspaper, which was not limited to advertising merits. The salaries of editors and collaborators were increased so much as to arouse the envy of

"Corriere della Sera"; the pages, sections, services, etc. were increased. They even hired journalists from the "Corriere" - for example the deputy editor-in-chief of sports services -

together with the editors of Ansa and "Panorama"; not to mention other more eccentric characters, such as the former director of "Ciao Big", the former director of the monthly magazine for single men "Kent", the former director of "Sì" (offshoot of "Abc") and the former editor-in-chief of “ABC” himself. [21]

The names of some people change: the president of Nuova Editoriale Italiana s.p.a. Giuseppe Restelli in Petrolio is page. 16

Ettore Zolla; Pasolini gives his deputy Angelo Morandi the name Guido Casalegno. Again from This is Cefis: Since President Mattei was in fact busy with his thousand activities to the point of not even finding the time to sign mountains of ordinary correspondence and limiting himself to placing his autograph seal on the letters of a certain commitment, Morandi functioned as a black man for the signature, initialing in full, with an almost perfect imitation of Mattei's original and with admirable anastatic fidelity, the courier of little importance, even perhaps referring to the mail of that (non-state) body that the President protected and of which Cefis itself is fully involved today. [22]

So in Oil:

President Enrico Bonocore was so caught up in the vortex of his activities - founding ones, belonging to the mythical time - that he didn't even find the time to place his signature under the hundreds of letters of ordinary correspondence (for the most important letters he used an autograph seal): it was therefore Casalegno – I repeat, a substantially honest man – who signed the ordinary courier for Enrico Bonocore: signing in full, with an admirable imitation of the original signature of the Chief. As a consequence of his boundless manual patience, Guido Casalegno currently occupied the position we have mentioned: in addition to being Administrative Manager of Snam, and Director of the Segisa Division, thus administratively and financially controlling the

"Day"; and had become part of the small floating oligarchy of the so-called Troyan empire. [23]

With irony, Steimetz titles one of his paragraphs The nabob of unsuccessful investments, on the multitude of unsuccessful Eni investments in Sudan, Somalia or the Persian Gulf:

In '58 Eni invested between 12 and 15 billion in Morocco with Somip, but we know how these things go. Never mind, not even a hint of black gold. In Sudan (1959), other wells swallow billions and do not give away a barrel of oil. After the Libyan interlude, ten billion in Somalia, about five million a day to activate the probes without any better conclusions. Finally the Persian Gulf, with the Scarabeo, Eni's floating platform, and the oil is found; initial

profit immediately canceled by the contemporary, useless drilling in the Zagros mountain massif, a year of work at an altitude of 3350. [24]

Pasolini rewrites it like this in Note 54 (The Royal Journey to the Middle East): Eni had invested between 12 and 15 billion in Morocco: but not even a drop of oil had been found there. And this was before our engineer's trip. On the trip in question, things had not gone much better. In Sudan [...] another good number of billions and here too not a drop of oil. Precisely ten billion were invested in Eritrea –

five million a day to activate the probes – without the slightest positive result. In the Persian Gulf, however, oil - the new Golden Fleece according to our idiolect - was found: thus the 'Scarabeo', Eni's famous floating platform, came into question triumphantly.

Unfortunately, however, in exactly the same period, everything that was gained in the Persian Gulf was lost in the Zagros mountain massif: a useless year of drilling at an altitude of 3350. [25]

Petrolio advances within a stratification of exhibited quotes. Even sensational, in Note 129, is the resumption of the party narrated by Fyodor Dostoevsky in Demons [26], a book in which Pasolini reflects himself and the Italy of the early Seventies ("No, I speak - as Dostoevsky says, and as I wouldn't dare say - 'half socks'". The reuse of pre-existing materials, with repetitions that are often verbatim, is both the result of documentation work and an aesthetic need. For De Laude, as well as for Calia , there are "few variations in the portrait of Aldo Troya compared to Steimetz's book" [27]; the place of birth changes: Sacile, in the province of Pordenone, instead of Cividale ("but from Udine when he was born", writes Pasolini).[28]

Steimetz writes:

Eugenio Cefis [...] is 50 years old [...] does not fear the Cassandras of tumors, he is a Marlboro addict pag. 17

which he generously offers to the interlocutor, not being able or knowing how to sacrifice a smile due to the almost total absence of communication. […] Cefis then intensifies his own hypnotic verve, reaching the point of the

tempting laugh, the subtle cunning of the crafty proletarian […] The baron of compressed methane, just as he shows himself shy in front of the cameras and paparazzi, just as he is allergic to appearing in public […] Collect ex-votos with devotion (and profit), one of the most intelligent art investments. he finds comfort and relaxation in the Citroën Ds 21 registered to his secretary. [29]

Pasolini writes:

He, Troya is a man in his fifties, but he looks younger. The first thing that strikes you about him is his smile. He is striking, first of all, because he immediately feels that he is a smile that has become a stereotype. […]

Troya, that is, by smiling slyly, wanted to let everyone know uninterruptedly, without interruption, that he was smart. […] He absolutely did not like any form of advertising.

He had, by the very nature of his power, to remain in the shadows, and in fact he remained there [...] It was known that he drove around with a car, a green Citroën, not even registered to him (who therefore did not own even a modest Citroën); and it was also known that he collected white ceramic objects (which gave the look of small cemeteries to certain tables, certainly not rare antiques, in his house and even in his office). [30]

Analyzing Note 22a, Silvia De Laude reports that also «the “private empire” of Troya, with its various “fiefdoms” is described, in this and in the following three Notes (22b, 22c, 22d), on the basis of Steimetz's book, which includes among other things a graphic scheme [31] constructed exactly like the "graph" with "rectangles" alluded to in Petrolio".

Pasolini writes:

So let the reader observe this graph. The rectangles representing the various companies or entities of the Troyan empire are hatched: the hatching means figure, that is, in this case, declared and real share capital. The last rectangle is only half hatched. These are Mrs. F.'s "Cultural Initiatives", of which only half of the financial substance is known to us. [32]

Ivan Troya, Aldo's brother, also follows Steimetz's description of Alberto Cefis, Eugenio's brother: «brother Alberto, an engineer, who manages the plantations in Canada». [33] And so Pasolini: «A fiefdom very far away, overseas, and precisely in Argentina, in the immense plains near Mar del Plata. Here he owns a real small "region", whose feudal lord has been, apparently for many years, his brother Ivan". [34] Adolfo Cefis (Henry's younger brother) in Petrolio corresponds to Quirino Troya (or Arduino). Adolfo's Trevalor trust Reg. becomes Quirino's Pentavalor trust Reg.; Sosvic, Sosmel; the Walchiria Établissement is transfigured into the Walhalla Établissement. De Laude lists other allusions by Pasolini to names of companies and personalities recorded by Steimetz: the Lignea Sas of Quirino Troya and associates alludes to the Arborea Sas of Adolfo Cefis; the Am. Da. , Agenzia Dati Spa, follows Ge. From. Data Management Spa;

«Evelyn Lane, the man from Hong Kong»[35] in Steimetz's book we find him as «Christopher Coleman, the man from Singapore». [36] And again: Amelia Gervasoni, sister-in-law of Aldo Troya and his figurehead, corresponds to Alessandra Righi in Furlani, sister-in-law of Cefis, owner of Società Immobiliari e Partecipazioni Pasolini: «The other primary foundation of Troya's empire was the Società Immobiliari e Partecipazioni (?), registered to Amelia Gervasoni. […] She was the sister of Troya's wife […]. From the “Immobiliari e Partecipazioni” branch, arranged so to speak in two rows, eight other companies or entities, or I don't know what the hell to call them. In the front row, Aronese, Inv. Imm. , the S.

Floreano, the Dbdi; in the second row: the Spiritcasauno, the Spiritcasadieci, the Cen Mer, and the Sil». [37]Society with names

«quite 'teeming'» writes Pasolini. It is therefore in the wake already outlined by Calia in 200, that the philologist De Laude –

while systematically avoiding any reference to the investigation of the Pavia magistrate - two years later he returns to plowing: Even the names of these companies take up names of real companies registered by Steimetz: Aronese corresponds to Arolo, Inv. Imm. really existed, the S. Floreano is the disguise (with a Friulian toponym, dear to Pasolini) of the San Sebastiano, the DBDI clearly follows the IMF - the initials in the novel are those of Aldo Troya's main figurehead Donata Bandel Dragone (p . 108), [38] like the IMF,

Steimetz reports, was an acronym derived from the initials of Ambrogia Francesca Micheli, private secretary of Cefis. The same goes for the second tier companies, listed on p. 109: [39] the names Spiritcasauno and Spiritcasadieci follow Chioscasauno and Chioscasadieci (Troya had his office in Milan in via Santo Spirito, like Cefis in via Chiossetto, hence Chioscasa); the Cen-Wed. (Southern Central) clearly recalls the real Central Southern Real Estate, and so on. [40]

pag. 18

Pasolini remains faithful to Steimetz's reconstruction also with regard to the proprietary status of individual companies.

A few more examples:

Arolo, Steimetz writes, had as partners the Cefis figurehead Ambrogia Francesca Micheli and the General Rock Investment trust of Vaduz: in the novel Donata Bandel Dragone and the General Lake Investment trust of Chur become the figurehead of Troya. Chioscasauno, again according to Steimetz's information, was a limited liability company taken over by Cefis in 1961: thus Spiritcasauno in the novel. [41]

Text in hand, it can therefore be said that much of Pasolini's information on Cefis - in particular that contained in Note 22 (The so-called empire of the Troya) - came from This is Cefis. In The Oil of the Massacres Gianni D'Elia also considered «with some surprise that the last Pasolini "corsair", what we could also call "the poet of the massacres", almost certainly takes his most novelistic adjective from Steimetz's colorful book , Salgarian, lucky and characterized, as can be read in This is Cefis: “like corsairs on the filibusta”». [42]

Flashes on Eni

All editions of Petrolio published so far [43] contain a strange chapter consisting of a title and a blank page. The title is Appunto 21. Flashes on Eni. It is the one that comes immediately before Note 22. The so-called empire of the Troya, that is, the pages we have talked about so far. According to Graziella Chiarcossi, Pasolini's heir and editor of the first

edition of Petrolio, that chapter was never written. Yet it is recalled on another page of Petrolio as if it had already been written:

«As regards the anti-fascist undertakings, impeccable and respectable, despite the mix, of the partisan formation led by Bonocore, I have already mentioned it in the paragraph entitled Flashes on Eni, and I refer anyone wishing to refresh their memory to it».[44]

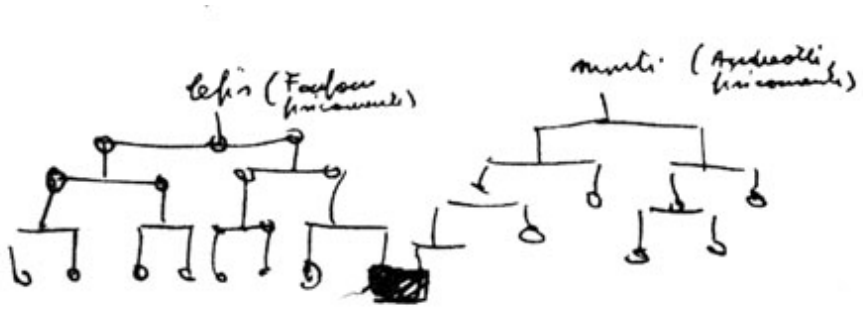
Even Silvia De Laude's edition, very accurate in the notes, does not comment on that strange reference to a chapter that does not exist. The first to notice the inconsistency was Calia. D'Elia then focused on it, who considers it evidence of a possible theft of pages from Petrolio's manuscript, since «you can only "refer" to what has already been written»

[45]. Of course, Pasolini could also have had the contents of that chapter in his head, even though he had not yet drafted it, and promised himself to do so at a later time, but the "gap" certainly raises questions. Especially if you add it to the nature of the topic, to the manner of the author's death, to the theft or inspection that according to some witnesses there would have been in Pasolini's house immediately after the murder, to Pasolini's own declarations according to which Petrolio would have had to be longer than what we now have, [46] and finally also to the fact that Petrolio was published seventeen years after the murder (a delay only partly justified by the incompleteness of the manuscript).

From what Pasolini writes, it can be assumed that in that missing note there must have (or should have) been an explicit reference to the partisan period of Cefis, and perhaps to some shadows of his past in the apolitical Valtoce Division in Val d'Ossola (then included in the Fiamme Verdi Brigades, of Catholic orientation), and in particular in the Alfredo Di Dio Brigade, dedicated to the memory of the commander who fell in an ambush on 12 October 1944 - a death for which Cefis seems to bear some responsibility. [47] These were the years in which the ties - already close - were cemented between the partisan "Alberto" (the nom de guerre of Cefis) and the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), precursor of the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), the United States foreign intelligence agency.

Therefore, either those pages were not written or they were stolen. And in this second case it would be a targeted subtraction. Why Lampi's pages on Eni? Whoever took possession of those papers must have been aware of their contents. He knew that the novel talked about Mattei's murder and also mentioned the name of the instigator, Eugenio Cefis. But his scalpel didn't work perfectly. Perhaps due to haste, perhaps due to lack of familiarity with Petrolio's strange compositional form, he did not notice that on another page of the manuscript, a summary outline of 16 October 1974 (about a month after receiving the photocopy of Questo from Fachinelli è Cefis) reported the "summary" of the missing chapter.

pag. 19



This is the passage already cited above «Troya is about to be made president of Eni: and this implies the suppression of his predecessor (Mattei case...)» etc., together with a diagram, this: [48]

Pasolini notes a «novel that is not so much 'a schidionata' as 'a swarm', or perhaps a 'shish kebab' / all of this is an enormous digression à la Sterne, which leaves Carlo in the act of going to Mrs. F.'s reception. And he takes it back when he enters /-mirror of the Eni Empire then Montedison /-mirror of the Monti empire according to this scheme».

Again Calia highlights (here in italics) some passages of Petrolio useful for his investigations:

- The lady at whom the reception is taking place is the Lady owner of a Cultural Institution financed (for reasons of friendship or kinship) by both Cefis and Monti [...] /*The story that leads to the crossing point of the Lady's

living room it all consists of news and information about business and relationships etc.

(Notes 20-30). But even at the crossing point <?> facts of business, interests, intrigues, clientelism are told which prepare the second part / In this precise historical moment (1st POLITICAL BLOCK) Troya (!) is about to be made president of Eni: and this implies the suppression of his predecessor (Mattei case, chronologically moved forward). He with the political clique needs anti-communism ('68): bombs attributed to the fascists [49] / (We meet him again in Mrs F.'s living room) / The 2nd POLITICAL BLOCK (app. will be characterized by the fact that the same person (Troya) is about to be made president of Montedison. He needs, with the clique of politicians, a fascist virginity (bombs attributed to fascists)/**insert Cefis's speeches: which serve to divide the novel into two parts perfectly symmetrical and explicit way [...] / Mattei uses him for contacts with fascists precisely because of his untouchability as an anti-fascist and left-wing Catholic / The Sicilian fascists blackmail - for this reason - Carlo when it is time to kill Mattei; and Carlo yes makes an accomplice (even if only with silence). Regarding the mafia [...] [50]

When Pasolini writes that Carlo Troya (Carlo, like Pasolini's father) or Cefis, «is about to be made president of Eni: and this implies the suppression of his predecessor (the Mattei case chronologically moved forward)», he deviates from the current hypothesis, according to which Mattei's death had as its sole motive the interests of the American oil lobby or the French interests in Algeria (this is the hypothesis also aired in Francesco Rosi's film, The Mattei case)[51]. Not only. For Pasolini, Mattei had been killed to make room for Cefis (which should have read "physically Fanfani", as written above the diagram). Therefore an intrigue largely internal to Italy and its power blocs, whose ranks were held in hand by Cefis, as Calia would reconstruct many years later. An "orchestrated" conspiracy

"with the cover of the state security bodies" and then hidden in a tangle of silence and misdirections ready to regroup every time, in the history of the country, someone threatens to reveal the secret".[52] According to the repentant

"historian" of Cosa Nostra Tommaso Buscetta:

Mattei was killed at the request of the American Cosa Nostra because his policies had damaged important American interests in the Middle East. The oil companies were most likely pulling the strings, but this was not directly apparent to us, as Angelo Bruno, from the Philadelphia family, arrived and asked us for this favor on behalf of the United States Commission

[…] It was therefore necessary to study a method to eliminate it that was completely unusual for us and such as to ensure that the episode remained shrouded in the thickest mystery. Salvatore Greco 'Cicchiteddu' took on the task of physically organizing the attack. He, in turn, consulted with Stefano Bontade [...] The contact with Mattei was established by Graziano Verzotto, a man of power pag. 20

who represented Agip in Sicily and fought in the Christian Democrats. Verzotto was obviously not informed of the Cosa Nostra project, but he was very close to Di Cristina [53] […]

I think it was Verzotto himself, or Di Cristina himself who introduced Mattei to a group of young men from the mafia (the ones I mentioned before plus Stefano Bontade) who took him hunting -

we knew that Mattei had a passion for this sport – in the surroundings of Catania the day before his death […] Di Cristina procured access to a private reserve where she could accompany Mattei.

The latter's plane was tampered with during this hunting trip. There was, of course, vigilance that had to be circumvented. But the surveillance of those times was not what it is today: it consisted of a couple of guards walking up and down near the plane.[54]

Buscetta therefore confirms: Mattei's plane was sabotaged. This can also be found in the confessions of others

“repentant”: Gaetano Iannì («for the elimination of Mattei there had been an agreement between the Americans and Cosa Nostra. The center of Cosa Nostra, that is Palermo, appointed Di Cristina Giuseppe who with her family ensured that a bomb was placed on the plane on which Mattei traveled »)

[55] and Salvatore Riggio («Still in relation to the death of Enrico Mattei, in Riesi's family there was talk of a bomb being placed on the plane») .[56]

The trail of blood

On 4 September 1998 Graziano Verzotto – questioned in Pavia – confided to Calia that for Mauro De Mauro «the sabotage of the Morane Saulnier [the twin-reactor on which Mattei died] was explained by an exclusively Italian lead. This lead, according to De Mauro, led directly to Eugenio Cefis and Vito Guarrasi", a Palermo lawyer with a mafia background, former member of the S.A. board of directors. “l’Ora” of Palermo – the newspaper close to the PCI where De Mauro worked – and right-hand man of Cefis in Sicily. [57] It is a belated confirmation of Junia De Mauro's testimony to the Palermo investigating judge Mario Fratantonio on 17 March 1971: «I am able to state with certainty that my father placed precise responsibility for Mattei's death on the current president of Eni Eugenio Cefis".

A 1944 report kept in Washington in the State Department archives indicates Vito Guarrasi among the prominent members of Cosa Nostra on the island. From 1948 to 1950 Guarrasi had Alfredo Dell'Utri (Marcello's father) as a partner in Ra.Spe.Me. Spa, a company that operated in the medical sector. According to the journalist of “Epoca”

Pietro Zullino, «Cefis had strong interests in the Sarom refineries in Ravenna and Mediterranea in Gaeta. These refineries are among the main suppliers of the NATO defense system for southern Europe and of the US Sixth Fleet; they refine and sell Esso and Shell oil. Mattei tried to force Mediterranean NATO to become a client of Eni; Cefis was opposed to this project, due to its co-interests." [58]

Then there is the methane pipeline project between Sicily and Algeria, worth 500 billion lire, supported by Nino Rovelli and Verzotto, supported by the Sicily Region and opposed by Cefis (which owned shares in the company that owned the methane ships). , as well as the oilmen Angelo Moratti (owner of the methane tanker shipping company, which had the transport of liquefied gas contracted by Esso and Eni) and Vincenzo Cazzaniga, president of Esso Italia. [59] For them, sea transport from Africa to Panigaglia near La Spezia was more profitable. Verzotto complained that

«Almost the entire national press was aligned with Eni's positions because it was directly or indirectly financed by the body»: Eugenio Cefis was in fact called by the president of SIR [60] Nino Rovelli «the great almoner». Rovelli was politically supported by Giulio Andreotti, the governor of the Bank of Italy Guido Carli and Giovanni Leone, and «aspired to replace Cefis in the control of party financing. Rovelli and the politicians who supported him in fact considered Cefis too powerful, as he directly controlled Montedison and managed Eni through Girotti." [62]

In Palermo the newspaper "l'Ora" soon stopped covering the methane pipeline. Verzotto: «My information at the time led me to believe that the change in conduct on the part of “l'Ora” had been directly inspired by 'Botteghe Oscure', which benefited from the exclusive centralized relationship with Eni financing , excluding any peripheral funding that is difficult for the party leadership to control." The methane pipeline project «and our political position were supported by Matteo Tocco's "Roma Information" agency, I don't know if it was connected to "Milano Information" [by Corrado Ragozzino]. This agency was the only one that at that time did not receive subsidies from Eni, being instead financed by the Sicilian Mining Authority". Verzotto talks about De Mauro: with the journalist «there was an understanding that consolidated over time. Lastly, I had asked him to give me a hand in supporting the methane pipeline project and in countering those who opposed it. It was understood that this help - which De Mauro willingly offered me - had to result in articles and services against Eni and its top management and in favor of the methane pipeline". According to Verzotto, to understand the reasons for his kidnapping-murder it is first "necessary to clarify why De Mauro - apparently without reason -

had been moved from news to sport a few months earlier." [62]

Mauro De Mauro was "taken" in Palermo on 17 September 1970. The investigations soon led to the arrest of the accountant Antonino Buttafuoco, a freemason registered with the Palermo lodge Armando Diaz (he was also a member on page 21

Guarrasi's friend Stefano Bontade, the instigator), lodge connected to P2. In the city, the arrest of Vito Guarrasi is now considered imminent, "so much so that the RAI headquarters in Palermo - Giampaolo Pansa recalls - had

already been alerted so that they could prepare a filmed biographical profile of the character". But here's the twist: after announcing the 2

November the imminent arrest of the "puparo", the police commissioner of Palermo Ferdinando Li Donni makes a sudden and apparently inexplicable backtrack. It will be discovered that on 10 November 1970 Guarrasi secretly met the commander of the Carabinieri legion of Palermo, Colonel Carlo Alberto Dalla Chiesa. Pure coincidence, but the 17th

November 1970, a few hours after the meeting «for no apparent reason the investigations stopped. The flying squad abandoned the "Mattei track" and, in fact, the same investigations into the disappearance of Mauro De Mauro." [63]

Since the first report of 6 October 1970, the Army has tried to sidetrack the investigations, from the Mattei murder to drug trafficking, systematically ignoring Vito Guarrasi - whose name will never appear in the Carabinieri reports - unlike the Police, who in two parallel investigations (of the Flying Squad and the Political Office) decisively pursued the Mattei lead. Mario Fratantonio is the investigating judge following the investigation into De Mauro's disappearance: «Col. Dalla Chiesa directly hired Graziano Verzotto on record. The officer's behavior was absolutely anomalous because it was an interference with the ongoing investigation." Ugo Saito is the Palermo deputy prosecutor in charge of the investigation: the Carabinieri report «at least in its first draft, in both my and Scaglione's opinion, [64] was not even sufficient to initiate prevention measures [...]. I remember that Colonel Dalla Chiesa personally brought the Report to me at the hearing, accompanied by television operators. I remember that I informed Dalla Chiesa that I was in the hearing and that the Report had to be filed, as is the norm, in the secretariat of the Prosecutor's Office."

[65]

As Saito laments:

Suddenly I no longer saw anyone.[…] I subsequently had the opportunity to meet Boris Giuliano in the prosecutor's office and since our relations were very cordial, I asked him how the investigations into the De Mauro affair

were proceeding and why, suddenly, no one seemed to be interested in these matters anymore. investigations. Boris Giuliano expressed his surprise at the fact that I was not aware of the fact that at 'Villa Boscogrande', a Night Club in the Cardillo area, there had been a meeting in which the leaders of the secret services and the heads of the judicial police had participated Palermo. At this meeting the order was given to 'water down' the investigation

[…]. Giuliano also specified to me that the director of the secret services was present, also giving me his name: today I am no longer certain whether it was Miceli or Santovito. However, it was the person who was at the top of the secret services at that moment [66][...]. Before the interruption of the investigations that I just mentioned, the investigation had come to focus on very high responsibilities and we predicted that when we had taken the appropriate measures, all hell would happen. In fact, we with the Police believed, with absolute certainty, that De Mauro had been eliminated because he had discovered something exceptionally relevant relating to the death of Enrico Mattei. We also believed that Mr. Buttafuoco was nothing more than the last link in a chain that was headed by Amintore Fanfani and his followers... naturally when I talk about this line of investigation and these decisions, I am talking about decisions which we had reached, in full agreement with the Prosecutor Scaglione and I. [67]

As Antonio Zaccagni, an official of the political office of the Palermo police headquarters, recalls, «our activity had been suspended at the express request of the Police Commissioner [...]. From that moment we were no longer interested in the De Mauro case."

[68]

Questioned by Calia, on 22 May 1996 De Mauro's wife Elda Barbieri recalled a visit from Dalla Chiesa ten days after the kidnapping: «the colonel insisted in maintaining that De Mauro had been kidnapped for having discovered where the drugs destined for the mafia were landed» . The lady replied by underlining that her husband «had been dealing exclusively with the reconstruction of the last days of Enrico Mattei's life for over a month. It was at that point that Dalla Chiesa said to me: "ma'am, don't insist on this thesis, because, if that were the case, we would find ourselves faced with a

state crime and I am not going against the state". I was indignant and asked the colonel to leave the house." [69]

Replying to Calia on 4 September 1998, Graziano Verzotto reported that he had the impression "that De Mauro had also been kidnapped to scare me and to convince me to abandon the methane pipeline project". [70] Involved in the scandal of the "slush funds" of the Sicilian Mining Authority (deposited at the credit institution of the mafia banker Michele Sindona), in 1975 Verzotto fled to Beirut and finally to Paris under a false name, "covered" by the French secret services. He will return to Italy 16 years later, thanks to a pardon. Pietro Scaglione, 65, was murdered on the 5th

May 1971, a few hours before his departure for Milan: the following day he was expected in court to testify about Buttafuoco's "compromising phone call" to Guarrasi shortly after De Mauro's kidnapping, page. 22

phone call that framed Cefis' consultant lawyer in Sicily. [71]

Cavalier Antonino Buttafuoco was released from prison and then acquitted. A few years later, the commissioner Ferdinando Li Donni will be appointed deputy chief of police. Carabinieri Colonel Giuseppe Russo (the creator of the drug investigation)

[72] in 1977 he was killed by the mafia. Violent deaths also for Emanuele D'Agostino, Stefano Giaconia, Nino Grado and Mimmo Teresi, the killers in Bontade's pay who the "repentants" Francesco Di Carlo and Gaetano Grado indicated as De Mauro's hitmen. In 1973 Carlo Alberto Dalla Chiesa was promoted to Brigadier General. Appointed Prefect of Palermo nine years later, on 3 September 1982 he was killed in a mafia ambush. [73]

Steimetz writes: «It would be right to find a new shot-proof De Mauro. To find out what revelations the mafia prohibited the journalist who intended to shed light on Mattei's end. It's really a shame that the man from Matelica ended up like this, and so soon. With him alive, Cefis would barely be an official, a deputy, even if with a passion for real estate. Or perhaps Mattei would have definitively ousted her after the first expulsion. Instead, the Arabian phoenix rose from the ashes (of others), even if Eugenio Cefis (who

did not love him in life) was pleasantly absent at Enrico Mattei's funeral, despite owing him everything: before and especially after".[74]

At the conclusion of his investigation, despite the lack of certification of the hitmen and instigators, Vincenzo Calia writes:

From the sources of evidence collected [...] it emerges that the execution of the attack was decided and planned well in advance, probably when it was certain that Enrico Mattei, despite the harsh attacks and repeated threats, would not spontaneously leave the presidency of the Oil Authority of State. […] the planning and execution of the attack were complex and involved –

at least at the level of collaboration and coverage - an involvement of the men included in the Oil Authority itself and in the state security bodies with no minor responsibilities. This involvement is confirmed by the suppression of evidence and documents, the pressure, the threats and the absolute lack, in any archive, of any document relating to the investigations and investigations into the death of one of the most eminent figures in the political and economic framework of the era. […] It is easy to argue that this massive activity, which lasted over time, first for the preparation and execution of the crime and then to misinform and mislead, cannot be ascribed – due to its very complexity, breadth and duration – exclusively to groups criminal, economic, Italian or foreign to "Seven [...or individual] sisters" or secret services of other countries, if not with the support and active collaboration - conscious, voluntary and continuous - of people and structures deeply rooted in our institutions and in the State Oil Authority itself, who followed orders or advice, decided independently or with the consent and support of coinciding interests, but who, in any case, obtained advantages from that crime.

[75]

Investigating the death of the president of Eni (despite the ascertainment of the crime, the investigation was closed due to the impossibility of indicting the culprits), Calia was able to observe the lucidity of the "corsair" writer in reconstructing the degradation and Italian monstrosity, identifying the main puppeteer in Cefis, a businessman and "liberalist" as much as Mattei was a utopian and "statist".

After Eni's takeover of Montedison (the private chemical giant acquired with public money), in 1971 Cefis became its president, leaving Eni (which he had led since 1967) to his faithful Raffaele Girotti. As Steimetz ironically quips, Cefis «believes himself to be a demigod and finds faithful observants in his cult of the person. If everyone listens to him, it is obvious that he ends up convincing himself that he is perfectly and usually right. He is pedantic, he keeps rude people at a distance, he barely allows himself to be paid homage to. But in Italy they applaud him for example. The country's economy - as serious scholars and politicians warn - is doing rather badly, if not in ruins, but he sets aside billions without much effort given the number of useful idiots who favor him." [76] It would be enough to add a summer bandana, and Steimetz's portrait fits perfectly with that of another Knight. Who knows, perhaps This is Cefis can also be found in the Napoleonic villa San Martino in Arcore, acquired in 1972 by Edilnord - a real estate company at that time registered in the name of Mauro Borsani (Berlusconi's uncle) and managed by Giorgio Dall'Oglio (Berlusconi's brother-in-law). Berlusconi) – for a ridiculous sum of around 250 million lire (at the time it was already worth 1,700; today its price would rise to 7 billion in old lire) complete with park (1 million m2), art gallery (Tintoretto, Tiepolo, Luini...) and library with over 10,000 volumes (no less than Marcello Dell'Utri was hired to look after them). [77]

According to a report from the Guardia di Finanza, one of the limited partners of Edilnord Centri Residenziale of Umberto Previti, Cesare's father (formerly Edilnord sas of Silvio Berlusconi & co.) based in Lugano, is curiously called Cefinvest. In 1979 the Fiamme Gialle subjected Berlusconi to investigation. He will say that Edilnord "is a simple consultant", he will be believed and the investigation will be closed. The captain of the Special Currency Police Unit who had him pag. 23

led by Massimo Maria Berruti, who «in the 1980s left the Fiamme Gialle to start his own business as an accountant. Berruti later worked for a long time on behalf of the Fininvest group, eventually becoming a deputy of Forza Italia. [78]

In short, twenty years before Berlusconi, «Cefis also knows what it wants and gets it at any price, especially when it spends state money, making the gears work with oil taken from the gears themselves. No, he is not a thief.

He administers state funds, invests them, dispenses them as he believes, autonomous as the position he has rightly guarantees him." [79] Montedison's president «also has an army of officials, media, private and state opinion centers, hidden protections that support him and (perhaps reluctantly) revere him; he secures favors and silence by commissioning advertising spaces". [80]

According to Massimo Teodori (radical, member of the parliamentary commission on Loggia P2) the head of Eni

«progressively becomes a real potentate, who by exploiting public entrepreneurial resources, heavily influences the press, illicitly uses the State secret services for information purposes, practices intimidation and blackmail, carries out unscrupulous financial maneuvers beyond the limits of legality , corrupts politicians, establishes alliances with ministers, parties and currents." In short, Cefis corrupts everything and everyone. The "morning" newspapers that the head of the Secret Service Vito Miceli (P2 card no. 1605) forwarded daily to the president of Montedison, almost as if the SID were his personal private police, are an anthology. This was reported by an investigation by Giuseppe Catalano, published by "L'espresso" on 4 and 11 August 1974 (articles that we find among Pasolini's papers in the Viesseux). Catalano writes: In 1972 Cefis had already been president of Montedison for a year. After having been president of Eni for exactly ten years. At that moment the main problem was Eni itself because, having contributed to installing Raffaele Girotti as his successor and having hoped that Girotti would be a sort of faithful lieutenant left to supervise so that Eni and Montedison were nothing more than a single group obviously guided by Cefis; vice versa, in those first months he noticed that Girotti demonstrated an unusual and stubborn autonomy. It is not surprising if most of the information sheets that the Sid passed to Cefis referred to facts and guidelines concerning Eni. Other concerns and interests of the new president of Montedison at that moment were to know exactly what was happening at the top of the parties and in particular of the Socialist Party, given that as far as the Christian Democrats were concerned he had direct and autonomous sources of information. [81]

Through state spies, the president of Montedison monitored politicians, industrialists, journalists, public and private companies. A disturbing

scenario, which enters Oil. As Silvia De Laude notes, «Pasolini takes up almost verbatim» the “matins” of the Sid, reinventing them narratively. [82]

Cefis is a state industrialist and at the same time a private entrepreneur. «So what are the charges we make against Dr. Eugenio Cefis?", writes Steimetz: "First of all, the fact of having registered a certain number of real estate and industrial and commercial participation companies in the name of his private secretary. Secondly, that of having entered, through some of these companies, into partnerships with foreign financial groups, which due to location, tradition and custom smack of a legal scheme to evade (Italian) taxes". [83]

In short, «his private affairs prosper more than those entrusted to his care by the State. Note also that the good man finances parties and therefore has allies in every key position. In other words: in '45 Cefis did not possess any capital; today it has assets valued at billions" [84] In This is Cefis Steimetz then lists the companies and indicates the frontmen: they are the "fiefdoms and vassals of the Grand Baron" or, with Pasolini, «The so-called empire of Troya».

In 1976, at just 56 years old, Cefis suddenly abandoned the management of Montedison and retired to Lugano. In Switzerland he cultivates an obsession with erasing every trace of his past: as the former Eni manager Mario Pirani recalls,

«Cefis appeared very mysterious to everyone, almost as if he wanted to confirm his origins as an officer of the Military Information Service (SIM). He had even forbidden his image or name to appear in the newspapers." [85]

Eat, of the rest, Troy alias Cephis in Petrolio:

«He had, by the very nature of his power, to remain in the shadows. And in fact he stayed there. Every possible "source" of information about him was mysteriously and systematically made to disappear" [86]

And Giorgio Bocca: «Generally, he posed as a secret agent. When he had to meet someone, he took him in his Citroën Ds to the open countryside. He didn't trust anyone: he was a terrible character." An obsession which has at

least paid the price for books such as This is Cefis by the mysterious Steimetz, and The Cefis Hurricane (an unobtainable publication by an equally mysterious Giorgio De Masi) and, probably, Petrolio.

pag. 24

The P2, from Cefis to Gelli

“But is it possible that they could kill a writer?” Calia's response: «Very possible. And if you want my opinion, I'm convinced of it." Pasolini was not killed by a "boy of life" since he was homosexual, but by armed hitmen with powers, occult or otherwise, as an opponent who was aware of burning truths, elements and knowledge that perhaps went well beyond the instigators of Mattei's death. Which? In a note from the Military Secret Service (SISMI) tracked down by Calia it states none other than that Cefis is the real head of P2:

Information acquired on 20 September 198, as a qualified professional very close to members of the P2 Lodge, whose ideas he does not share [...]. The P2 Lodge was founded by Eugenio Cefis who managed it until he remained president of Montedison. From this period he abandoned the helm, which was taken over by the Ortolani-Gelli duo, out of fear. The violent attacks (Rovelli of SIR) against men linked to Andreotti date back to this period, with whom an armistice was reached for common interests: the oil scandal [...] At 3pm today, 21 September 1983, I had a telephone conversation with the well-known New York source who confirmed it to me. [87]

The "strategy of tension" does not want to destabilize; on the contrary, it wants to consolidate a system that moves with the bombs of the seventies to arrive at the seizure of power today with more subtle means. The key to understanding this sprawling criminal political-economic axis lies largely in This is Cefis and in the "visionary" and mutilated Petrolio: announced at 2000 pages, and destined to remain unfinished, Petrolio is also a truth novel about Italy of the double boom, development and bombs. Massacre, Piduist and mafia bombs. A "State within a State" which eliminated Mattei in 1962, De Mauro in 1968, judge Pietro Scaglione in 1971 and, in all probability, Pasolini himself in 1975. To them must be added the deputy police

commissioner of Palermo Boris Giuliano, killed by Leoluca Bagarella on 21 July 1979.

The history of Italy is full of dark chapters that decades later have not yet been clarified: bombs, murders, fake suicides, disappearances, fake accidents, Mattei, De Mauro, Scaglione, Feltrinelli, Pinelli, Falcone, Borsellino, Giuliano, Rostagno, Ilaria Alpi, D'Antona, Biagi, Michele Landi, all the witnesses of Ustica... and the list could continue. With every death a file destroyed, a memorial disappeared, a computer tampered with. Is Pasolini's murder also one of those dark chapters?

During the Sicilian investigations into Mattei's death, Boris Giuliano found himself investigating Vito Guarrasi. According to a note from Sisde dated 25 July 1979, «From an extensive information and survey action, also developed in collaboration with some "qualified" sources, regarding the recent killings of the lawyer. Giorgio Ambrosoli, liquidator of the Italian Private Bank of Sindona, and the Deputy Police Commissioner Boris Giuliano, Head of the Palermo Flying Squad, the following indications emerged [...] It is rumored that the late Deputy Police Commissioner Giuliano was involved, almost in a personal capacity, trying to avoid any indiscretion, of the disappearance of the well-known journalist Mauro De Mauro, eliminated - it is claimed - for having found the key to the problem regarding the plane crash that cost the life of President Enrico Mattei. In this regard, a magistrate from the Rome Prosecutor's Office, linking the whole affair, confided to a friend that, according to his opinion, the elimination of De Mauro, the Hon. Mattei and the deputy commissioner Giuliano, would remind him of the name of the former President of Montedison Eugenio Cefis". After Giuliano's death, Giuseppe Impallomeni (P2 card no. 221) was appointed head of the Palermo Mobile, who immediately abolished the Anti-Mafia section and the Capturandi section of the Mobile. [88] Giuseppe Nicolicchia was appointed police commissioner of the Sicilian capital, whose application for registration in the P2 was found in 1981. The anti-state of Eugenio Cefis, Licio Gelli, Umberto Ortolani and Elio Vito Rondanelli finally handed over the baton to the media monocracy of affiliate Silvio Berlusconi (P2 card no. 1816), who on 18 January 1994 together with Marcello Dell'Utri (member of Opus Dei and friend of Gaetano Cinà, exponent of the Malaspina mafia family, close to the boss Stefano Bontade, involved in the Mattei's murder) founds Forza Italia.

The origin of the capital that inaugurated the "irresistible" rise of the man from Arcore is not known.

The visionary lucidity of Petrolio, the disturbing intertwining between politics, crime and business that is told there, will be clear only many years later, as will the strategy of the fascist and state massacres which passes, even terminologically, from the articles to the novel. This is what Pasolini wrote in the famous article The novel of the massacres (the one that begins with «I know. I know the names..."), published on 14 November 1974 in the "Corriere della Sera":

But there is not only power: there is also opposition to power. In Italy this opposition is so vast and strong that it is a power itself: I am naturally referring to the Italian Communist Party. […] The Italian Communist Party is a clean country in a dirty country, an honest country in a dishonest country, an intelligent country in an idiotic country, a cultured country in an ignorant country, a humanistic country in a consumerist country […] Now, why don't even opposition politicians, if they have - as they probably have - evidence or at least clues, mentioned the names of those actually responsible, i.e. politicians, for the comical coups and frightening massacres of recent years? It's simple: they don't do them to the extent that they distinguish [...] political truth from political practice.

As we have seen, Pasolini came into possession of Questo è Cefis starting from the end of September 1974, «at least two pages. 25

weeks after her cousin Graziella Chiarcossi, at the author's request, made a photocopy of the typescript, for fear that it would be lost as previously happened to Primo Levi due to the theft of the car. We know then that the Lutheran accusations of the Trial of the Italian Nixons mirrored the writing of the more political pages of Petrolio, and that if during the day Pasolini wrote "that he knew but did not have the proof" at night he wrote down the names and surnames and the background of those subversive plots that for more than

for a decade they adulterated democratic practice in our country." [89]

On the left, the PCI knows and has the proof, but is watching. The "clean" party claims its anthropological diversity while its "double" participates like everyone else in the Enimont banquet, manages clientele, suffocates movements and any other embryo of new libertarian political cultures. It is the gym where a large part of the immortal and immoral ruling class that continues to lead the Democratic Party is trained. [90]

..

The denied truths

«Whoever touches the Prince will have lead; whoever does not touch it will have gold", writes Steimetz: typographical lead or of some caliber? A 17-year-old boy, Pino Pelosi, accused himself of Pasolini's murder. On 26 April 1976 the Rome court sentenced him to nine years, seven months and ten days in prison, as well as a fine of 30,000 lire for obscene acts. On May 7, 2005, Pelosi admitted that he was not alone that day, that others had participated in the beating: «There were three of them, they came out of the darkness. They told me you mind your own business and the massacre began. I shouted, he shouted... They must have been 45, 46 years old, they shouted "dirty communist", "arruso", "fetuso" at him". In short, it was an ambush and perhaps Pelosi was just bait.

Pasolini, according to Pelosi's second version, is massacred by "three Sicilians"; in the meantime others take steps to remove from Petrolio the Lampi chapter on Eni, «which from the hypothesized murder of Mattei leads to the regime of Eugenio Cefis, to the "slush funds", to the massacres from 1969 to 1980 and, now we know, up to Tangentopoli , to Enimont, to the mother of all bribes." [91]

Who are the real killers? Who are the principals? Unfinished questions on which Gianni D'Elia insists in his precious investigative book Il Petrolio delle stragi, taken up again in 2009 by Giuseppe Lo Bianco and Sandra Rizza in Profondo nero. [ninety two]

Together with the dossier by Carlo Lucarelli and Gianni Borgna published in “Micromega” n. 6/2005, to the many Italian and international signatures collected by the magazine "Il primo amore" for the reopening of the trial and

to the alleged discovery of part of the missing chapter Lampi on Eni [93], will perhaps lead to a new, more in-depth investigation on death of the great Friulian director and poet. [94] Almost forty years later. Forty years of truth denied to Italians, in a country exposed to the mafia impulses of Power. It is Pasolini's "anthropological mutation of the ruling class", which we find in the narcotizing language of television (the great P2 bet lost by Cefis, won by Berlusconi), in the empty words - lying and terrorist - of pseudo-politics and in the unchanged logic of Power, which led to the world we live in now.

Italians are today relegated to the bad society of the immobile classes; of fake development without progress; of inequalities without social lift "in a horribly dirty country" and devoid of mobility.

The country of corruption, bribes, favoritism and waste of public money; a country held in check –

today as then - from the invasive and colonizing contamination of the mafias, which taking advantage of the void created a state, in Lombardy as in Sicily, in Emilia as in Calabria. In politics, in the economy, in finance and in society, contamination deconstructs and corrodes despite the rhetoric of consensus over-used by those who cultivate particular interests, ignoring the globalization of men and the epochal turning points announced by the arrival of new migrants; and irresponsibly indulging the gallows moods of the square. That square which in a hallucinatory circularity they themselves stir up, tragically altering public ethics, to the point of elevating the new fascism to a prevailing culture and with all its consequences of racism and xenophobia which, without obstacles or inhibitory brakes, pours out from populist politics to common sense. Italy thus seems to be the breeding ground for a new subversive "mass reactionary regime". [95] It is

moreover, there is a strong impoverishment of the middle class underway - at a European level - which could result in some new form of fascism. [96]

But the most visible effect of this pervasive contamination is the growth of wickedness: «The rate of wickedness is growing more and more. Economic, media, sports and other machines work by bringing out the worst in people and the country. Everywhere exasperation, envy, resentment, hatred, fear. Italy in recent years is the factory of wickedness." [97]

Evil is an economic income, and the Governments who in the last twenty years have supported the rise of their Gross Domestic Product with military spending and the indebtedness of millions of families, attracted by the mirage of the new economy, know this well - the scam of the century - while in the meantime the profits migrated from the industry towards the financial system and the money of small savers was drained, induced into debt by the advantageous offer of financing by the credit system, as in the fraudulent drift of Subprime mortgages on houses .

Malice is above all a political gain, and the Northern League knows this well and «collects the fears of frightened men and multiplies them. It captures xenophobia and reproduces it." It is the League of Localisms «that intercepts the disorientation produced by the page. 26

globalization. It intercepts the detachment from the State, from the institutions, from the EU. And it amplifies it." [98]

Electoral gains and political and anti-political fortunes are being built on malice and the party system, both right and left, is well aware of this and is increasingly attracted by the simplifications of populism and demagogy, shortcuts that ignore reality.

The crafty people and the mafias know well that wickedness is an economic, financial, political and even social gain.

In fact, a large part of the Italian economy is underground or in the hands of those who, having abandoned Coppola and Lupara, now operate on the stock exchange: the underground economy and the mafias, added together, make a river of money - around 40 percent of the GDP - which puts pressure on the legal economy and conditions the free market. The mafias have a turnover of 175 billion euros - 11.1 percent of GDP - which is the result of criminal activities and which is reinvested in construction and commercial activities, or in financial operations through compliant banks. In the Northern regions alone, over 8,000 shops are managed directly by the submerged white-collar mafias. In Italy, 180 thousand commercial businesses are subjected to usury, with interest rates averaging 270

percent: a movement of money of 12.6 billion which is added to the proceeds from extortion (around 250 million euros), drugs (59 billion euros), weapons (5.8 billion), counterfeiting (6 .3 billion), waste (16

billion), public and private construction (6.5 billion), gaming and betting halls (2.4 billion), real estate sales, catering, nightclubs, etc. Zipper men maintain connections with the world of economics, politics and finance. The mafias influence the entire agri-food chain (7.5 billion) by interacting with segments of large-scale retail trade.

The mafias relocate, diversify investments, have a lot of liquidity, don't pay taxes, don't need to get into debt with banks and pay cash. The Prosecutor's Office, on the other hand, has blunt weapons, because the law on the reuse for social purposes of assets confiscated from mafiosi can be easily circumvented (for example, by registering the properties in the name of complacent frontmen), while tools that could prove to be incisive, such as the register of accounts bank current transactions, has been ignored for twenty years. [99]

Evil is sometimes a crime. And it is criminal to let human beings die (as is now the norm off the coast of Lampedusa), criminal to kill people who are often fleeing from other wars. Sometimes you can't even see the wickedness. For example, the one hidden behind the "white deaths" at work, a real emergency.

The wickedness of those who use illness, poverty and hardship to ferry public money to very private facilities in the area.

The wickedness of false transfers - those to the detriment of citizens' health - and of real transfers to the foreign encrypted accounts of people who are already rich and yet stubbornly venal.

The wickedness of cement builders, asphalt workers and those who never stop speculating on the consumption of virgin territory, which is a non-reproducible asset. The wickedness of those who want to transform water into a commodity on which to profit, with increases up to five times the current price.

The wickedness of "Catholics without faith", members of the Northern League fasting from the Gospels who display a cross without Christ or charity.

It is the League «arising in the void produced by the eclipse of the sacred and secularization. He proposes a new religion.

Naturally secularized. Without God and without church. Often, against the Church." [100]

All this and much more is evil, but there is never an end to the worst. Climate change, water pollution and declining biodiversity are far worse and more devastating than the financial crisis, to the point of undermining the very future of the human species, which has doubled in the last fifty years. At the same time, a third of wild species have either become extinct or have been decimated by our expansionism.

Gianni D'Elia writes: «the parts of oil that are no longer found were perhaps very annoying to the New Power, which was consolidating. Perhaps they would have made the same splash as Clean Hands, against the massacre-ridden tangentopolis of that season, which was instead buried in the removal that we have become, in Pasolinian style, "once the criminal mutation has taken place"".

[101] And then we read This is Cephis, and we also reread Petrolio, which owes a lot to Steimetz's book. Let's review

«Dante's journey into the “circles” of the republican night, of its “anthropological mutation” and infernal politics».

pag. 27

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[1] According to Riccardo Antoniani, «The book was actually written by Luigi Castoldi, a former partisan of the Formation Di Dio operating in the Ossola Valley of which Cefis was commander» (Against all this, currently being published in France).

[2] Antoniani, Against all this.

[3] See, by Carla Benedetti, Four doors on Petrolio, in Various authors, Progetto Petrolio, Cronopio 2003. As we read in Petrolio «Power is always, as they say in Italy, Machiavellian, that is, realistic. It excludes from its practice everything that can be 'known' through Visions" (p. 461).

[4] «The bomb is detonated and a hundred people die, their corpses remain scattered and piled up in a sea of blood that floods, between shreds of flesh, platforms and tracks. […] The bomb is placed at the Bologna station. The massacre is described as a “Vision”» (pp. 542 and 546).

[5] Gianni D'Elia, Il Petrolio delle stragi, Effigie 2006, p. 22

[6] The first investigation, conducted by the Pavia prosecutor Edgardo Santachiara, ended on 31 March 1966.

[7] Notes 20-30. History of the oil problem and background, pp. 117-18

[8] Alessandro Bonsanti Contemporary Archive of the Gabinetto Vieusseux of Florence, folder V (Various materials)

[9] Notes 20-30. History of the oil problem and background, pp. 117-18

[10] Antoniani, Against all this. The N. 6 of “Erba I want” was edited by Fachinelli together with Giuseppe Turani.

[11] See, by Carla Benedetti, The project-form, in Pasolini against Calvino, Bollati Boringhieri 1999, pp. 158-70

[12] La divina Mimesis, Einaudi 1975, p. 61

[13] Vincenzo Calia, Request for archiving, note 1290, p. 416

[14] Note 20. Carlo – As in a novel by Sterne – left in the act of going to a reception, p.90

[15] Bonocore, whom Pasolini calls Enrico in Note 20, p. 100.

[16] Note 22. The so-called empire of the Troya: him, Troya, pp. 94-98

[17] Note 22c. The so-called empire of the Troya: the most important branch of his brother Quirinus, p. 104

[18] Request for archiving, note 1290, p. 416

[19] Petrolio, edited by Silvia De Laude, Oscar Mondadori 2005, pp. 595-615

[20] This is Cefis (Effigy), p. 37

[21] Note 20. Carlo – as in a novel by Sterne – left in the act of going to a reception, p. 90

[22] This is Cefis (Effigy), p. 38

[23] Note 20. Carlo – as in a novel by Sterne – left in the act of going to a reception, p. 100

[24] This is Cefis (Effigy), p. 14

[25] Note 54. The royal journey to the Middle East, p. 199

[26] Dostoevsky «The party took place, despite all the perplexities of the past "Spigulian" day. I believe that even if Lembke had died that same night, the party would have taken place in the morning to such an extent that Yulia Mikhailovna attributed a certain special meaning to it . Alas; she remained blind until the last moment and she did not understand the mood of society. Ultimately, no one believed that the solemn day would pass without some colossal adventure, without a 'dissolution', as some expressed it, rubbing their hands in anticipation." Pasolini «The party took place, despite all the perplexities of the past "hot" day. I believe that even if vice-president Miceli had died that same night, the party would still have taken place in the morning to such an extent that Donna Giulia Miceli attributed a kind of meaning to it. It was touching how she had remained in her blindness until the end and had not understood the mood of society. No one believed, at that point, that the solemn day would pass without some exciting unexpected event, without a real 'dissolution' as some expressed it (also destined to be

disappointed, even though they had foreseen well)" (Petrolio, edited by De Laude, p. 541. See Petrolio, edited by De Laude, note n. 79, p. 613-4.

[27] Petrolio, edited by S. De Laude, p. 212

[28] Note 22. The so-called empire of the Troya: he, Troya, in Petrolio, Oscar Mondadori, p. 104

[29] This is Cefis (Effigy), respectively on pp. 20, 6, 13, 81, 88

[30] Note 22. The so-called empire of the Troya: him, Troya, pp. 94-96

[31] This is Cefis (Effigy), p. 172

[32] Note 22i. Sequence of the puzzle etc., p. 115

[33] This is Cefis (Effigy), p. 81

[34] Note 22a. The so-called Troya empire: the branches closest to the parent company, p. 98

[35] Note 22c. The so-called Troyan empire. The most important ramification of brother Quirino, p. 104

[36] This is Cefis (Effigy), p. 62

[37] Note 22a. The so-called Troya empire: the branches closest to the parent company, p. 99

[38] Petrolio Ed. Einaudi, p. 100

[39] Petrolio Ed. Einaudi, p. 99

[40] Petrolio, edited by Silvia De Laude, p. 600

[41] Petrolio, edited by Silvia De Laude, p.600

[42] The Oil of the massacres, p.7, and in This is Cefis (Effigy), p.40

[43] In addition to those already mentioned, Einaudi 1992 and Mondadori 2005, there is also the edition of the novel contained in Pasolini's complete works, directed by Walter Siti, and edited by De Laude herself, vol. II, Novels and short stories, Mondadori 1998.

[44] Note 22a. The so-called Troyan empire: the branches closest to the parent company, p.97

[45] The Oil of the massacres, pp.16-17

[46] In “Il Mondo” of 26 December 1974, Pasolini declared to Carlotta Tagliarini «Nothing is what I have done since I was born, compared to the gigantic work that I am carrying out, a large 2000-page novel. I have reached page 600, and I won't tell you more so as not to compromise myself."

[47] In 1969 Cefis suffered a dark attack by Giorgio Pisanò and Fulvio Bellini on "Candido". Giorgio Galli mentions it in La regia occulta (Tropea, 1996) «The commander of the DC-oriented partisan formations in Val d'Ossola, Alfredo Di Dio, falls in combat during the battle for Domodossola, in which Cefis had also participated. In 1969 one of the many battles for control of Montedison was underway. Pisanò organizes a group of his small shareholders.

According to Eugenio Scalfari and Giuseppe Turani (Razza padrona, p.117) it works in agreement with Cefis". and the relationship breaks down «Twenty days before the sensational meeting of Montedison, Giorgio Pisanò had gone so far as to print in “Candido” an open letter to Eugenio Cefis in which one could read sentences such as the following “It is not here, however, that of interest are his past as a young officer during the Second World War and as a partisan leader in Val d'Ossola (by the way, when will he give his precious testimony on what happened on the tragic morning of 12 October, at Sasso di Finero, and on the long agony of Alfredo Di Dio)”. [Pisanò]

that is, he insinuated that the president of Eni knew more about Di Dio's death than he had ever said and, he implied, than he had any interest in saying" (Razza padrona, Feltrinelli 1974, pp.206-207).

[48] Notes 20 30. History of the oil problem and background, pp.117-18

[49] In reality, the Milan bombs of 12 December 1969 were attributed to the anarchists Giuseppe Pinelli and Pietro Valpreda.

[50] Notes 20 30. History of the oil problem and background, pp.117-18; Request for archiving, note 1290, p.416

[51] In France Mattei was opposed both by General De Gaulle and by the 'ultras' of the Organization de l'armée secrète (Oas), a clandestine terrorist group that opposes French disengagement in Algeria. In the summer of 1961 Mattei had been informed by Gronchi's private secretary of plans underway to kill him by the French extremist organization. A week later the OAS sent a letter to Mattei threatening him with death. There are no archival details on these facts, but it is certain that Mattei, who probably financed the Algerian rebels, was disliked by the French.

[52] See Giuseppe Lo Bianco and Sandra Rizza, “il Fatto Quotidiano”, 4 March 2010. Perhaps Mauro De Mauro, the Sicilian journalist killed in 1970 by the mafia, also reached the same conclusions.

[53] Of which Verzotto had been witness at the wedding.

[54] Minutes of the interrogation of 29 April 1994, in Request for archiving, pp.2165-2172. In the hours Mattei spent in Sicily, it does not appear that the Eni president took part in hunting trips.

[55] Minutes of the interrogation of 27 July 1993, pp.3-5

[56] Minutes of the interrogation of 15 July 1996, in Request for archiving, p.3214

[57] From July to December 1957 Guarrasi was a member of the board of directors of "l'Ora" and from 1957 to 1964 of the board of directors of "l'Ora" real estate, the newspaper's printing company; «The page 28

relationship between Guarrasi and "l'Ora" is the synthesis of the relationship of closeness that the PCI, suddenly co-opted within the power system of the Sicily Region, attempts to build with very distant political sides. The point of

arrival of this operation was the government of Silvio Milazzo, planned by Guarrasi himself, in which from 1958 to 1960 the right and left coalesced, leaving the DC in opposition for the first time" (Lo Bianco-Rizza, Profondo nero, pp .132-33).

[58] Zullino writes, «Cefis had facilitated a very important Eni order to the Lenci company (advertising dolls for Super Cortemaggiore petrol) being in an intimate relationship with a Mrs. Lenci; Mattei had found the price to be paid disproportionate and a very unpleasant clash had arisen with a certain Marvelli, husband of the said Mrs. Lenci (a place owned by Eni in the Eur district of Rome was rented to the same lady, who had installed a boutique there)" (Request for archiving, pp.378-79).

[59] According to Verzotto, Cazzaniga was a hidden associate of Moratti (Request for Archiving, p.365).

[60] Società italiana resine, the third largest Italian chemical group after Eni and Montedison.

[61] Request for archiving, p. 366. Raffaele Girotti was vice president of Montedison. In 1971 he replaced Cefis at the helm of Eni, a position from which he resigned in 1975.

[62] Testimony given on 4 September 1998, Request for archiving, pp.341 ff. Verzotto paid De Mauro «It was understood between us that this collaboration would be paid by the Sicilian Mining Authority. This was also the case on other previous occasions. The formal justification of the disbursement by the EMS (or a related company) in favor of De Mauro would have been an assignment for sociological research officially entrusted to the journalist". [63] Request for archiving, p.299

[64] Pietro Scaglione, chief prosecutor of Palermo.

[65] Request for archiving, p.332

[66] On 18 October 1970 Eugenio Henke left the leadership of the secret services to Vito Miceli from Trapani.

[67] In 1971 the investigation into the death of Mauro De Mauro by judges Saito and Fratantonio saw the responsibility of Fanfani, Cefis and a third person who remained unknown as instigators of Mattei's death emerge. The two magistrates sent to Pavia the parts in which they hypothesized «responsibility borne by some important figures in Italian life, Fanfani, Cefis and another, of whom I have no memory at the moment». (Fratantonio in Calia on 20 February 1998). The documents never reached the Pavia prosecutor's office, nor is there any trace of their transmission in the Palermo trial file (Request for archiving, p.332).

[68] Request for archiving, p.358

[69] Request for archiving, p.297

[70] Request for archiving, p. 349. From that moment on, Verzotto's economic relations with Guarrasi improved. As stated in the Report of the Parliamentary Anti-Mafia Commission, «Banca Loria, formerly of the Sindona group [...], came under the control of a financial company, Gefi, in February 1972, which purchased the majority stake. The lawyer Vito Guarrasi was part of the Board of Directors of Gefi, even before the purchase of the majority stake in Banca Loria.

Two months after the operation, on 28 April 1972, Senator Graziano Verzotto also entered."

[71] The transcript of the phone call disappears from the judicial file of the De Mauro investigation. The tape with the recording also disappears from the archives of the Court of Palermo, together with five files on the first investigation. The fingerprints left by the kidnappers on De Mauro's car also disappeared. The news is taken from a Police report, reported in Lo Bianco-Rizza, Profondo nero, p.184.

[72] According to the commissioner of the Palermo Police Headquarters Bruno Contrada, the former partisan of the Osoppo Brigade Giuseppe Russo was in «relations with the military secret services» (Request for archiving, p.333)

[73] The shadow of P2 remains over the future Prefect of Palermo. According to Francesco Cossiga, «Dalla Chiesa had always been a Freemason, he, his father and his brother...» And in fact the name of Romolo Dalla Chiesa appears (card P2 no. 1611). But, continues the former head of state, «the P2 has nothing to do with his career» (interview by Giovanni Minoli with Cossiga, Rai 3, 16 January 2006). The affiliation dates back to 1976, at the invitation of the General of the Army Franco Picchiotti (P2 card no. 1745). From the lists of P2 members (found on 17 May 1981 in the house of Licio Gelli in Castiglion Fibocchi, in the province of Arezzo) the page containing the name of the General and his brother was apparently stolen (the episode is resolutely denied by the relatives by Dalla Chiesa). In May 1982 the Minister of the Interior Virginio Rognoni appointed him prefect of Palermo. Isolated and "disarmed" ("they actually send me to Palermo with the same powers as the prefect of Forlì") Carlo Alberto Dalla Chiesa died on 3 September 1982, killed by the mafia together with his young wife Emanuela Setti Carraro. In the sentence of conviction of the murderers Vincenzo Garatolo and Antonino Adonia we read «We can agree with those who maintain that large gray areas persist concerning both the methods of sending the general to Sicily and the coexistence of specific interests within them institutions to its elimination".

[74] This is Cefis (Effigy), p.129

[75] Request for archiving, pp.425-26

[76] This is Cefis (Effigy), p.146

[77] Giovanni Ruggeri, Berlusconi. The President's Business (Kaos 1994, pp.79-90) ; see also, by various authors, The Great Scam. Previti, Berlusconi and the Casati Stampa legacy (Kaos 1998, p.127) . The park and stables were instead entrusted to Vittorio Mangano, the multiple murderer «Arcore groom» linked to Cosa Nostra (according to Paolo Borsellino, «Mangano was one of the bridgeheads of the mafia organization in northern Italy»), who Berlusconi took over on the advice of the Marcello Dell'Utri himself. On Dell'Utri, please refer to note no. 93 of this text.

[78] Luca Andrei, Lots of money from nothing, in Berlusconeide, “Diary of the month” March 2001, p.112.

[79] This is Cefis (Effigy), p.122

[80] Who, p.140

[81] Giuseppe Catalano, Cefis and the Sid. The morning newspaper, "L'espresso", 4 August 1974. The investigation continues on 11 August with a second article by Catalano entitled E

the admiral then said

[82] Oil edited by S. De Laude, pp.605-06

[83] This is Cefis (Effigy), p.197

[84] This is Cefis (Effigy), p.182

[85] Pirani to Calia on 20 February 1996. Request for archiving, p.399

[86] Note 22. The so-called empire of the Troya: him, Troya, p.95

[87] Request for archiving, p.404. From another note from Sisde dated 17 September 1982 we learn that «Intense contacts took place in Switzerland, up until the month of August, between Licio Gelli and Eugenio Cefis, president of Montedison International». As Gianluigi Melega wrote, many characters orbited around Cefis in the P2 list «Albanese Gioacchino (P2 card no. 2210). He joins Eni as assistant to the Minister of State Holdings. In 1966 he left to become assistant to the Minister of State Holdings, the left-wing Christian Democrat Carlo Bo. He returns to Eni as assistant to Eugenio Cefis with responsibility for external relations and relations with the press. He is one of the architects of Eni's takeover of Montedison, then of the purchase of the "Messaggero" and the indirect control of the "Corriere della Sera" at the time of Angelone Rizzoli (P2 card no. 1977) and Bruno Tassan Din (card no. 1633) , director Franco Di Bella (membership no. 1887) . After the abandonment of Cefis, Albanese passed for a few months in the management of the building empire of Mario Genchini (card no. 1627), but with the arrival at Eni of Giorgio Mazzanti president (card no. 2111) and Leonardo Di A very powerful woman financial director (membership 2086) returns in a big way as vice president of Anic" ("L'espresso", 4 September 1997).

[88] Impallomeni had been removed from the Mobile of Florence for a bribe ring. From 309th place in the ranking of deputy police commissioners, he had unexpectedly moved to 13th place, which allowed him to be appointed to the Palermo Police Headquarters.

[89] Antoniani, Against all this (unpublished essay).

[90] Continuing with Calia's investigation, a Police note dated 18 March 1974 reports the following: «It is no secret that, to keep the PCI good, there are very large private companies which, when they decide to carry out their advertising campaigns full page, they also include the communist press in their budgets. The same criterion - in order not to be accused of intolerance - is used by large public companies, such as Eni, Iri, Montedison, etc... Nonetheless, since afternoon newspapers are traditionally considered a bad advertising vehicle, in Compared to the morning newspapers, "l'Ora" almost never hosts large quantities of this type of advertising, which is normally paid at full rate (a page of Spi advertising costs around two million). For this reason, the Palermo newspaper, for several years now, has not waited for Spi to provide it with advertising, but has attempted to acquire it directly from companies and bodies [...] In this regard, please remember that last September on " l'Ora" (which entirely reproduced the articles that appeared in the sister newspaper "Paese Sera"), an investigation into Italian oilmen conducted by Miriam Mafai appeared. The investigation probed the origin and nature of the financial fortunes of oilmen such as Monti, Moratti, Garrone, Rovelli, etc. Given the systems with which it operates

"l'Ora", it cannot be ruled out that the oil companies and the Oil Union have paid cash to the newspaper or have engaged in advertising contracts, with tabular or editorial advertising. It is known for certain, for example, that after a period of controversy with the engineer's SIR. Rovelli, "l'Ora", for some months, has been marching in perfect agreement with the industrialist, a sign that she will have begun to have concrete "relationships" with him". (Request for archiving, p.346)

[91] D'Elia, The Oil of the massacres, p.98. Pasolini's cousin Guido Mazzon (testimony collected by D'Elia and Giovannetti on 24 October 2005, in Pavia) «My cousin Graziella [Chiarcossi, heir of the poet] telephoned me

twice on the day of the crime – “The fascists killed Pier Paolo ” – and some time later, a month, I don't remember well.

I remember well what he told me: "thieves came to the house, they stole some of Pier Paolo's things, jewels and papers". Mazzon then repeated her testimony to Paolo Di Stefano (in the “Corriere della Sera”, 4 March 2010) «In '75, after the Pier Paolo tragedy, Graziella called my mother to tell her about that theft. When my mother told me about it, I thought "Damn, with what happened we were missing this too". And I also thought "Strange though, what's the point of going and stealing a poet's papers?". That was exactly my state of mind at the time. I was 29 years old and I remember well the feeling I had. Then the detail of the theft came back to me while reading Petrolio and learning about the missing parts" Why the embarrassment? “Because I can't understand why my cousin continues to deny that fact. After the announcement of the pag. 29

discovery, I looked for her on the phone, but without success I would like to clarify, try to recompose the memory. My mother died two years ago and I can no longer ask her for confirmation, but that telephone communication took place and occurred after Pier Paolo's death, I couldn't say exactly how many days later." Mazzon again to Matteo Sacchi (“il Giornale”, 4 March 2010) «I remember well that after Pasolini's death my mother received a phone call from Graziella Chiarcossi telling her that there had been a theft. They had taken some papers and jewels. My mother was very upset. At the time we didn't think about Petrolio at all. With hindsight and these revelations, everything could make sense."

[92] The same title as one of the chapters of D'Elia's book, which the two authors correctly indicate among the main sources of inspiration for their work.

[93] «I read it, it is disturbing, it talks about Eni's issues and problems, it talks about Cefis, Mattei and it is linked to the history of our country». Thus spoke Marcello Dell'Utri on 2 March 2010, announcing that he had mockingly come into possession of those very pages of Lampi sull'Eni - the missing chapter of Petrolio, the mutilated novel by Pier Paolo Pasolini. Sensational news twice because the friend of the groom from Arcore was (unknowingly?) giving "news of a crime" and because despite Dell'Utri we

would have found ourselves faced with pages of significant historical and literary interest. Dell'Utri soon corrects himself "in reality I haven't read it... they gave me a summary... it seems that in those pages Pasolini talks... he talks about Eni... about Cefis... about Mattei...". And to Paolo Di Stefano (“Corriere della Sera”, 12 March 2010) But have you seen them? «I had them in my hands for a few minutes, hoping to be able to read them calmly afterwards». What physiognomy did they have? «About seventy typed tissue papers with some handwritten notes». Then it will be specified that there are exactly 78 "out of a total of approximately two hundred". Could it be the famous missing chapter, entitled Lampi sull'Eni? Answer «More precisely Lampi on Eni». Alessandro Noceti (Dell'Utri's collaborator) in “il Giornale” of 4 March 2010 says that those pages «were inside a box. The cash register belonged to an institute which is also its owner." Apparently, the missing tissue papers were in the hands of an antiques dealer - an intermediary - who offered them to Berlusconi's associate, convicted of external complicity in a mafia association. In October 1974 Pasolini declared that he had reached 600 pages (a month earlier there were 337), while his cousin Graziella Chiarcossi delivered 522 to the philologist Aurelio Roncaglia: 492 typed pages, the others by hand, «without counting – observes D'Elia – who in a few months had written about 200».

[94] On 27 March 2009, the lawyer Stefano Maccioni and the criminologist Simona Ruffini filed a request with the Rome Prosecutor's Office to reopen the investigation into Pasolini's death.

[95] The formula was by Palmiro Togliatti, About fascism (1928)

[96] «What, in fact, is globalism (and the adjective “global” occurs in Petrolio) if not the most advanced form of the old “Christian” colonialism?», asks D'Elia

«A colonialism of goods and capital on the lives of humans, with very high speed of Development and Poverty, of which oil is the essence, the Marxian petrol of exchange value» (D'Elia, Il Petrolio delle stragi, p .27)

[97] The factory of wickedness, “First love” n. 6/2008

[98] Ilvo Diamanti, If the Northern League becomes a national League, “la Repubblica”, 13 December 2009

[99] Without any fanfare, for the three-year period 2009-2011 the Berlusconi Government expects a reduction in police force personnel by at least 40,000 operators and spending cuts of more than 3 billion euros. The Government confirms the 50 percent reduction in compensation for services on the street and for territorial control, as well as the 40 percent reduction in additional pay for illness or accidents at work.

[100] Diamonds, “la Repubblica”, 13 December 2009

[101] The Oil of the massacres, p.30

pag. 30

Petrolium

Pier Paolo Pasolini

Einaudi

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Dirk Uwenity "I Decenni" (e culto)

Goyse (culto)

Dante Ultimi canti del Purgatorio

Swift

Schiller Maria Stuart (e Wallenstein)

Grimberg (idem)

Longhi (descrizione dell'opera)

Adelmo Bonis (Agnonetti)

Ferrucci (Colonna)

Lorta

Hobbes

Sellers (su Dante e Wagner)

De Lesle (120 giornate [progetto])

Joyce (su cui la sua Opera)

Pound (idem)

Proppe

Platone (Culto, mondo ideale, Città)

Aristotele Città

Sterne " "

~~Schumann~~ Stockhausen (su Sterne)

Warning

For the edition we proceeded with the transcription of the typescript, page after page (including the sheets of handwritten notes), in the original sequence, eliminating without reporting words, sentences, portions of text evidently suppressed by the author (through pen strokes or explicit notes). The transcription therefore faithfully reflects the final draft of the novel. We intervened, without indicating it from time to time, to correct obvious typing errors, oversights and slips and to regularize the spelling; to standardize the often fluctuating spelling of names, acronyms, etc. according to current editorial criteria; to differentiate the double high quotation marks, the only ones used by the author, into double low quotation marks (used here for dialogues), double high quotation marks (for quotes, titles, etc.) and superscripts (for particular meanings, foreign words and terms that the author intended to highlight). For the succession of pages we have followed the material layout even when it contradicts the numbering previously placed by Pier Paolo Pasolini.

The novel is not finished; it was therefore necessary to adopt some typographical symbols to give the reader an economic and reasonably complete account of the situation of the text. The meaning of these symbols is as follows:

xxx

series of x's, used by love as a reminder to insert words, often proper names, left temporarily pending;

<...>

indicates the presence of the manuscript sign V, used by the author in view of additions or integrations, which were then not made;

<?>

one or more undeciphered handwritten words;

<text>

word, phrase or portion of text deleted by the author and not replaced, but essential for understanding the context; in the case of portions of text larger than one line, they have been further highlighted with a vertical line placed in the margin;

pag. 33

[text]

words, sentences or portions of text highlighted by the author (underlined, circled, marked to the side, etc.) in anticipation of revision; in the case of portions of text larger than the line, they have been further highlighted with a vertical dotted line placed in the margin;

|text| alternative variant inserted by the author in the space between the lines, preserving the previous version;

smaller body handwritten or typed notes containing projects, schemes, memos relating to the novel, not incorporated by the author into the main editorial team. These annotations are found interspersed in the typescript, on separate pages or at the end of the notes (lesser annotations, inserted in the margins or in the space between the lines, are instead described in the notes at the end of the volume); in the typographical layout we tried to reproduce, almost photographically, the material aspect;

*

reference sign to the notes at the bottom of the volume.

The preparation of the text for printing was carried out by Maria Careri and Graziella Chiarcossi, with the supervision of Aurelio Roncaglia.

pag. 34

All PETROLIO (from the second draft) must be presented in the form of a critical edition of an unpublished text (considered a monumental work, a modern Satyricon). Four or five manuscripts of this text survive, concordant

and discordant, some of which contain facts and others not, etc. The reconstruction therefore makes use of the comparison of the various preserved manuscripts (of which, for example, two apocrypha, with curious, caricatural, naive or 'remade in the manner' variants): not only but also the contribution of other materials: letters of the the author (about whose identity there is an unresolved philological problem, etc.), letters from friends of the author who are aware of the manuscript (discordant with each other), oral testimonies reported in newspapers or miscellanies, songs, etc. There are also illustrations (probably by the author himself) of the book. These illustrations are of great help in the reconstruction of missing scenes or passages: their description will be accurate, and, since these are high-level graphic works although absolutely manneristic, alongside the literary reconstruction there will be a figurative critical reconstruction. To then fill the vast gaps in the book, and for the reader's information, an enormous quantity of historical documents will be used that have a bearing on the facts of the book: especially as regards politics, and, even more so, the history of Eni. These documents are: journalistic (magazines reports, l'Espresso etc.) and in this case they are cited in full; 'recorded' oral testimonies, for interviews etc., of high-ranking figures or witnesses; rare cinematographic documentaries (and here there will be a critical reconstruction similar to the figurative and literary one - not only philological but also stylistic and attributionistic -

for example. “Who is the director of this documentary?” etc.). The author of the critical edition will 'summarize'

then, on the basis of such documents - in a flat, objective, gray etc. style. - long passages of general history, to link the 'fragments' of the reconstructed work together. These fragments will be arranged in paragraphs ordered by the editor. Sometimes these fragments correspond to entire original chapters, that is, they are the chapters whose text corresponds almost identically in all manuscripts - except the apocrypha, which continue to suggest curious variants. The fragmentary nature of the book as a whole means, for example, that certain 'narrative pieces' are perfect in themselves, but it is not possible to understand, for example, whether they are real facts, dreams or conjectures made by some character.

Primavera 1973

pag. 35

* STRONG (8 September 1973)

App. 8-9

dedicated to oilman careers, within which Carlo's takes shape.

App. 9-20

The two Carlis separate (tacit agreement). Charles of Tetis goes to Turin. For train journey first sordid exhilarating etc. female adventure. His house. Fragmentary reconstruction of his life, education, training, start of career etc. His family members. He seduces and makes love to his elderly mother (hateful agrarian bourgeoisie, but not her personally - as advanced a Catholic as one could be in the 1950s -) then one by one he seduces and makes love to his four sisters, including a thirteen year old; with the servant; with various girls from Turin; finally, in the countryside with his grandmother and one of her southern servants. He leans towards poor girls, especially southern ones. He ends up at the “Sicilia” pension,

[all as seen by a spy]

App. 20-40

First initiatory journey (Argonauts)

At this point, precisely as a man of the left, he is chosen (it is a compensation for then having what he wants) for a right-wing, extreme right-wing operation: complicity in a crime (the killing of Mattei dated to the end of the 1950s?) which puts him in contact with the CIA and the mafia. But he experiences all this as if in a dream. As an ideal accomplice, he does not understand and sees nothing. The criminal maneuver takes place in the SICILIA pension, in Turin*

App. 40 et seq.

Carlo di Tetis has a first great love: it lasts about two years, it ends tragically. He returns to the poor girls, this time in Rome. For five or six years. Until

we reach 1969. [Story plagiarized from Kafka - letters to Felice]

App. 40 et seq. (alternative to the previous ones)

Carlo's career reaches its peak. (Stories about Power, included in the novel, and partly inside each other)

pag. 36

App. 50 (current 25)

Trauma of '69, change of sex of Charles of Tetis etc. Great Love (unrealized by Carlo di Polis, which explodes at the death of Carlo di Tetis) [plagiarized from “Manon”?] and continues until shortly before the Vision (Medieval Garden - current App. 65).

June 1973

pag. 37

I have had nothing but childish ties with the world of power

OSIP MANDEL'ŠTAM

pag. 38

Note 1 - Background

…… …….....

……..... .....

……1

1 This novel does not begin.

pag. 39

Note 2 - [The First Rose of Summer]*

The house that Carlo had rented - and where he lived alone, waiting for his father to join him - was in Parioli, a neighborhood still full of the prestige that had been attributed to it in the previous decade, but which was already [melancholic] in the atmosphere that the places in decline, with old gardens that have had too many owners, and an architecture that is already [old] compared even to that of the poorest petty-bourgeois neighborhoods.

But in May 1960, Neo-capitalism was still too new, it was the term of a knowledge that was still too privileged to change the feeling of reality.

Carlo's house was a gray building, with a garden in front that also seemed to be made of stone; always in the shade; or in a [gray] light; at the bottom of a random geometric funnel, between the edges of the other buildings closed in their hermetic silence: often rounded edges, in the style of the bunkers of the fascist period... Carlo lived on the fourth floor; on the slightly sadly corroded gray of the old plaster, the windowsills of the small terraces, which were dark strawberry red**, stood out.

Carlo found himself, almost as if to explore the theater of his new existence, on one of these terraces. It was morning. Warm clouds ran across the sky, brooding on the ground, <...> the humidity of the rain that they had sadly dumped there shortly before. It seemed that life in the city had stopped. Carlo, as always, was oppressed by [anguish]; having nothing to do except take care of the house - with the certainty in these things that men in their thirties have - forced him to be alone with himself, like a shadow; and then to play that scene of solitude in front of the panorama of Rome (which from there looked like a city like Athens or Beirut). A despondency (of distant origins) took away all his strength and all his will. Life appeared to him - before him - as an inevitable failure, seen with the most [absolute] clarity etc. etc. The series of failures that had been happening for a few years in his life as a technician who wanted to take his place in the rejected club were perfectly logical: but what that logic depended on, Carlo couldn't |

he was able to| understand it. Maybe from neurosis? That is - in simple words - from that Weight that he had felt inside himself all his life ('in his chest') and from which he was never able, not even for a single moment, to

feel relieved? It was suddenly, like this, that he saw his own body fall. On the small terrace, on the sad concrete floor, there were empty vases, containers, pipes (because it probably page 40

it also served as a clearing place): and his body was there, lying among those degraded objects, as in a bare back room; facing only the sky that stretched above him.

In the lack of defenses that a body has when it is unconscious, abandoned, all its forms and characteristics could be read, by an observer, freely and ruthlessly.

Thus Carlo observed, at his feet, his own supine body: here was his pale face, almost white or yellowish with adenoid, the forehead of an intelligent and obstinate person under the straight and colorless hair, which, in the unpleasant circumstance, had become a little 'discomposed, in a ridiculous way, were the round, circled eyes, which, unprotected by the glasses (which in the fall had slipped off the nose, and were lying nearby, with their thin [metal] temples) seemed naked and too expressive ; the tight skin of the long, smooth face, like that of a child, around the slightly raised nose; the mouth, with the lips curled up, like a chicken's ass, half open due to the strongly protruding, long and yellow teeth, or perhaps also due to the nose, which was, evidently, one of those eternally plugged noses that force one to hold, precisely , mouth half open to breathe; and here is his body, long and thin, of a weak but well-groomed person, covered by a not very new gray suit, and by a white shirt with a tie (of a color so discreet as to not be noticed).

Carlo knew well all the precedents that had led him to that point2 - birth, childhood, education, the first experiences of life - he therefore understood that this fall was also part of the logic by which all his actions were irrevocably and rightly directed. his actions. [The total passivity of that sort of executed person - shot or starved - who with the obedient immobility of his body, almost with the offering of it, with his blindly passive almost infantile availability -

he seemed to approve of the work of his executioners - like the poor little bodies of the Jews in Dachau or Mauthausen. The last logical act was that

self-offering of the body of an intellectual petty bourgeois, incapable of offending and destined to be cowardly, to be punished]. Everything he boasted of as an unostentatious privilege - his white skin, the fabric of his dress - those socks that could be seen under his trousers pulled up in the calf, unpleasantly, due to the fall - was now the object of somewhat pity. 'repulsive, and that's it.

Not even the absence of life was enough to erase the stigmata of birth: on the contrary, it exposed them in an even more brutal way.

2

That is, lying there on the floor, on the attic terrace.

pag. 41

Note 3 - Introduction of the [metaphysical] theme

<...> [And behold], probably coming down from the sky - or perhaps from the depths of the earth, <...> next to that supine body, Carlo sees two beings coming, of a nature that is certainly not human; but it nevertheless appears natural, fitting into the logic of the Vision. They stand one on each side of the body, with their feet at the height of his head, and begin to speak. Although their language is also not human, Carlo understands it: not only that, but the human language in which it is perceived by Carlo is a wonderful language. In fact, every word of his has a revealing clarity: so that understanding is not | it limits itself to being | only understanding, but it is also the joyful cognition of understanding. In short, it would seem that those characters speak in verse or in music. Of course, it is the effect of the visionary dream, because, taken out of its context, <those speeches of theirs revealed their nature without the mystery that Carlo's culture could |was capable of| provide them, and they were reduced to an exchange of opinions, to a fairly recurrent ideological squabble (as the reader will see).

The first of the two disputants had an angelic appearance, and Carlo knew internally that his name was Polis; the second, however, had a poor, infernal, miserable appearance; and the of him us me was Tetis.

It was Polis, who had begun to speak: «This body is mine, it belongs to me. It is the body of a good, of an obedient..."

«Yes, but the Weight inside is mine...» replied Tetis. Polis looked at him smiling, with his blue eyes, confident. He began to speak patiently again: «If this is the Body of a man who loved his mother within the right limits, and fought against his father, yes, but as he had to, knowing how to distinguish well within himself, his own faults from his - this Body is mine."

«Okay - the devil replied stubbornly - but the Weight that is inside him is mine...» Not for nothing was Polis angelic; therefore he did not lose his non-violent and didactic attitude, intoning, in the register whose enchantment can only be perceived in dreams, his new argument: «If this is the Body of a man who criticized the world he was born into with the aim of improving it, and did not make its destruction an alibi to be able to live in it with greater merit - this body is mine!»

«Quite right - said Tetis - but the Weight inside is mine...»

pag. 42

A shadow began to fall on Polis' face; «Try to realize - he said - that the Good that the man of this Body pursued was not a formal Good, because he experienced it in his existence, making it real. Therefore this body is mine!”

«I don't think it can be yours - replied Tetis - this envelope, if the Weight it contains is mine».

<...> «This Body is that of a man who did not reproduce his father out of unconscious obedience, but reproduced him through the tragedy through which the father himself had in turn reproduced his, that is, in his eternal condition of son: therefore this Body is mine."

«No, because the Weight that is inside is mine» insisted Tetis, hard, <...> lost in a stubborn conviction, which had the air of being unable to give in to anything in the world.

Polis is silent for a while, looking at the ground. He certainly thinks that he could say a thousand more sentences like the ones he said; but since they are

all analogous |similar|, like the beads of a rosary, none of them could obtain different effects from those already uttered. He is holy, this Polis, therefore he is willing not only to dialogue - with a being so different from him - but also to actually collaborate: we cannot understand each other in words. The only demonstration of real good will is common action: even, and even more so, if scandalous. «[Well] - says Polis at the end, coming to terms with the Irreconcilable - [so what do you want to do?]»*.

Tetis, who is certainly even more pragmatic, like someone who wants evil, and is satisfied with the evil he can do immediately - because there is always plenty of time to do more - responds without hesitation:

"You take what's yours, and I'll take what's mine." "Meaning what?" the angel inquired, understanding. «You - replies the devil - take your Body. And I'll take the other Body that's inside."

The devil's proposal is reasonable! Polis looks at him as if fascinated. She is silent and looks at him. And while he is silent and looks at him, a smile rises from his depths, slowly, like a sky on which the wind sweeps away the clouds, and little by little makes it perfectly serene and luminous: [until the smile], aroused by the devil's proposal, but, perhaps justified by deeper calculations, it [turned into words] <...>:

«I accept - said Polis - take the other Body».

Tetis doesn't have to be told twice: she takes a knife out of her sordid pockets, sticks the tip into the belly of Carlo's body and makes a long cut. She then opens it with her hands, and, from inside her bowels, she extracts a fetus. With one of her hands, passing it over the bloody lips of her cut, she heals and heals the wound; with the other she raises the fetus to the sky, like a midwife happy with her work.

The fetus grows immediately as you can see. And, with enormous amazement, as he grows up, Carlo recognizes him: he himself is a child, then a boy, then a young man, then a thirty-year-old as he is now, a man with a cultured and prepared appearance, ready for life. As the fetus has become an adult, and he is standing on the page. 43

terrace, next to his patron, Carlo sees that even the body lying on the ground, unconscious, is starting to revive again, like a mother giving birth. He sees him slowly open his eyes, look around in confusion; put his glasses back on, and, pointing his hand to the ground, get up again, until he is upright, standing next to Polis: the one to whom he (apparently) belongs. The one who in exchange for venerating him would protect him. The Charles of Tetis and the Charles of Polis are identical. [And in fact they identify themselves.] <...> They take a short step towards each other, as if to examine each other better. And Carlo sees them in profile, motionless, like Christ and Judas in Giotto's painting: they are so close that theirs is the gesture that two people make when they are about to kiss. And meanwhile they stare at each other so intently that their eyes seem frozen. A dark feeling is at the bottom of that gaze, which unites them closely, as if binding them in a single tension that pushes them towards each other.

While Carlo observes that gaze of someone who guesses and is silent, and is unable to detach himself from what the revelation is due to - foreseeing, at the same time, the entire long chain of future acts that that recognition contains - he does not notice that the angel and the devil have departed. He just has time to see that they disappear, conversing amicably and arm in arm like two old friends who share life | they have acted out a comedy |. <...> page. 44

Note 3a - Preface postponed

It was an extraordinarily beautiful day. After that passage of 'mythical' clouds which I have already mentioned, the calm had returned, and the sun shone freely without anything intervening between the city and its light. Now, it was precisely this light, precisely, that was extraordinary. And I'm not saying that for

<...> poetry: but because - in this particular case - the beauty of the light is in some way precisely a function of my story. It often happens, actually, that the light is so absolute, quiet, profound - making the color of the sky a perfect blue - even if just a little

veiled, clear, almost marine - giving the impression of not belonging to the present, but to a miraculously reappeared past. <The light of the myth that

returns and repeats itself, if I may express myself this way: but in this case the myth remains undefined, it does not belong to any concrete moment of the return of the seasons, binding itself to some divinity of any religion: no: we were in the midst of summer, and time seemed to have never begun; you were in the heart of something - precisely silence, blue, fullness; whose passing did not matter: but its fixity: which happens precisely for the days remembered. Just thinking about summers past, the light of any of their days, is “so absolute, quiet, profound.” And this is the reason why my description, albeit summary of this light, is not valid in itself, but is a function of my story.> It <...> in fact shone so gloriously on a morning in the late 1950s or the beginning of the Sixties: and this is precisely the relevant fact, full of meaning.

In this light (magical precisely because it is so profoundly anonymous and everyday: that of any beautiful summer day) the two characters left Carlo's house and walked slowly together until they reached a small square square. There were some buildings around, very new at the time, and the wall of a small and [ugly] church and a row of small trees along a thick hedge; a flowerbed where a colorful kiosk stood, and many people sitting at the tables of the kiosk or standing at the corners of the little square despite the hot and blinding hour.

pag. 45

Note 3b - Postponed preface (II)

“It was an ancient feeling that the Gods allowed themselves to be seen by men from time to time”

Giacomo Leopardi wrote in 1815, in one of the three hundred dense pages "on the popular errors of the ancients", announcing not only the History of the human race, but also his other operettas, including Ancient Fables: but the qualification of 'ancient' derives from 'antiquus', or from 'anticus'?

'Antiquus', we know what it means; as for 'anticus', the opposite of 'posticus', it indicates the south, the time of the south (as noted by a great modern hermetic poet in search of 'vagueness', that is to say, versatility). Are the

fairy tales in question 'ancient' fairy tales or 'meridian' fairy tales? The most beautiful step of

"Essay" among other things is the one entitled On the noon, and has as its object the hour in which "the sun itself seems to darken due to the heat". It is true that the Gods usually appear at night: but it is at this time that their appearance is most terrifying and sublime. Even the anonymous authors of the Psalms knew it:

"You will not be afraid of the fear of the night; from an arrow flying in the day, from a business walking in darkness, from an attack and a demon at noon"*.

[How true this is, was - if this has any importance - demonstrated by the appearance of our two midday demons in the kiosk in Piazza xxx]: the high school students - and, disdainfully secluded, the university ones - with the sneer that at the time might have seemed of an intolerable social hooliganism, while today [it would only appear] as an inoffensive petty bourgeois smile, simply unpleasant

- they suddenly felt the hairs on their heads stand on end. And also the barman, who came humbly in the morning from Prima Porta, and therefore not inexperienced |fasting <...>| of cemetery climates and incompetent with acedia, or acedia, as the two ordered him an aperitif, he felt his forehead wet with freezing sweat. While the light burned supreme, and the heat almost darkened things, in the peace of that midday, so current, and which we know belongs to the past.

pag. 46

Note 3c - Postponed preface (III)

The outline of a journey is established below. Whose ways, whose rhetorical 'gimmick', whose metaphorical project, whose narrative process and whose demonic technique (consisting above all in the exclusion of toponymy), will be taken up again later in the course of this work. We are at the inaugural moment, that of the 'foundation'. Since I do not intend to write a historical novel, but only to make a form, I am inevitably forced to establish the rules

of that form. And I can only establish them in 'corpore vili', that is, in the form itself. Here's the reason for this

'travel plan'. It serves as a matrix, or, better said, as a precedent, to which the reader will be referred when faced with a much more developed analogous case.

pag. 47

Note 3d - Postponed preface (IV)

Tetis went on foot to a square not far away, which looked beyond a low wall onto a deep fissure in the city, beyond which stands a wooded hill, used as a public park: also silhouetted against the plain north of Rome, with the yellow smoked by the stubble, the thickets veiled by the heat, <...> the stains of

some limestone hamlets. There he stops and waits at a bus stop. It is not a neighborhood that is familiar to him: summer is alien to him like a phenomenon experienced elsewhere. The people are decently dressed, and, as far as their civilization allows, reserved. Students, in fact, and professionals, governesses, ladies of the middle bourgeoisie: in addition to the sedentary crowd of their direct employees. The bus that Tetis is waiting for will take him very far from there, to the opposite end of the city.

It arrives, after a while, half empty. Tetis barely has time to get on before he sets off again immediately. He devours the space of that foreign neighborhood, where only a Piedmontese could settle. He takes a large tree-lined avenue, which with wide

curves, leads to another avenue - straight, this one - beyond which [a large] square, whose asphalt boils under the heat - let's not forget - of the clear sky, opens towards the void that surrounds the banks of a river. A river with steep banks full of garbage, which smells sharply. However, it is organic waste: plastic and polystyrene are still completely missing. It's just paper and shit. Having entered the Lungotevere, the bus flies along it: there is little traffic, although in that distant year the direction of the Lungotevere was not yet a one-way street. The facades of the neighborhood on the other side of the

river appear against the light: a residential neighborhood, still fascist. Then the mixtures of styles begin (while sun, cores, paper and shit remain unchanged): liberty, twentieth century, first: then here is the seventeenth century, and the fifteenth century, and the Middle Ages. Behind the clusters of houses, there rises, always against the light, in the still blaze, a hill, with large trees, pines, and balustrades, among which noble houses peek out, and some

large palace that became a college, perhaps for American priests. The bus takes a bridge that crosses the muddy river. In the middle of the current, at that moment, a urinal is passing. Under the steep embankment (a landslide of rubbish), there is a bathing establishment. On the float, with vases of flowers, limping tables and cats, there are ten or twelve boys lying in the sun, with little hats on their noses and their necks uncovered, well-shorn, or full of short curls. A line of seminarians passes on the bridge. Soon the bus is at the top of the hill that had appeared across the river. Crosses it, page. 48

among large, quiet and deserted avenues that overlook gardens (which appear to be abandoned) and where the blush of some bougainvillea is not missing. Beyond an ancient door, very small, from the eighteenth or early nineteenth century, the bus takes a road, which has on one side a long row of modern buildings, on the other a tuff wall, grandiose and familiar at the same time. It is an irregular road, perhaps built on the remains of an older road: traces of which can be seen: a small seventeenth-century church, also made of that porous and cheerful tuff; white marble balustrades, stained by time; edges of an old meadow, still full of chicory and chamomile (all dry for the summer). Halfway down that road, at a stop where there is no one, Tetis gets off. Taking the side where there is a row of buildings with their small gardens, he enters a fairly wide road, going downhill (one side of the road opens onto <...> construction areas, in the middle of which they play some kids wearing red 'marine' hats on their heads). At one of the buildings, at the end of the street, a building like many others, Tetis stops. The entrance is of a miserable stately luxury, with golden xxx. He enters, takes the elevator, comes out on the fourth floor, rings the bell of one of the many extensions. An elderly woman opens the door, looking like a child, wearing a poor, even a little dirty dress: her eyes are mild and a little frightened by the presence of that stranger, to whom she evidently feels incapable of responding. To the questions he asks her, she too responds with a

questioning expression, giving confused answers, saddened by not being able to be more precise. Her strong Venetian accent accentuates her amazement in saying things that she herself knows: that is, that the person the stranger is looking for is not at home; but she's not even in town; she is out: in a distant region: in [Syracuse] With every new piece of information her amazement increases: and, at the same time, her disappointment that the stranger does not find the person he was looking for there

(and which manifestly appears so dear to her: everything that she has so much, in fact, that she feels lost by its absence). She manages to add the distorted name of a hotel, where the wanted man is probably staying. Then she smiles at his mispronunciation. In that smile of hers we can read her true nature as an intelligent, delicate and courageous woman. She has no age: she could be very old or still a girl.

Tetis leaves, accompanied by his [apprehensive] smile. He goes back to the bus stop, and waits. The kids playing football do nothing but say swear words, with an almost oppressive violence: but every now and then a witty phrase comes out of their laughing and tender mouths, as quick as an arrow of lightning. The bus arrives and retraces the route taken before in the opposite direction. But just before the bridge over the yellow river over which the urinal passed, Tetis got out and waited for another vehicle.

This time it was a tram. Which strangely arrived quite early, also half empty.

It was called the “Black Circular”. It in turn passed the bridge, and then <...> along the riverside, passing first between ancient neighborhoods arranged in disordered perspectives - now around small crooked squares, now on top of small hills with wooded [tops] and sides xxx sprinkled with the usual page. 49

garbage, now even on an island on the river around which the yellow current broke into a sordid white foam. Then leaving the riverside, and wandering through parks full of ruins, first, and then in a populous Art Nouveau neighborhood, he arrived in front of an old train station, also from the early twentieth century, with its noble yellowish plaster.

Tetis entered the station, and went to the old ticket office to buy the ticket. However, he had to wait for the train for a couple of hours. In the waiting room, the people, dead from the heat, had ancient and hungry faces, [beaten by habits of poverty]; in young people, however, an insolent but naive beauty exploded, ready for curiosity and fun. They were all ancient faces - some with a 'certain ferocity of cheekbones', some with a certain [clerical] plumpness, etc.

They waited patiently for their train. The light outside showed no sign of [decline]. It was almost five o'clock but it still felt like midday. When Tetis got on the train - all full of those poor people dressed as puffins (the young, more elegant ones were wearing cheap clothes) - and the train, between long whistles and stops <...>, gained <... > the outskirts and the countryside - among its little limestone villages with leaf walls and fetid shacks - the same sun as a few hours earlier reappears.

The same arid blue, the same charged light as the last and most

explosive form of life. On the day that never ended they passed deserted countryside on the right and on the left mountains veiled all in stone. The villages were rare and poor, crowded around the church and the noble [palace]. The new houses were nothing more than miserable buildings or small white cubes. Little by little, heralded by a chaos of crumbling walls, uncovered sewers, hovels, factories just built and now in disuse - uncovered - with the twisted iron skeletons and xxx against the increasingly intense and blinding light - remains of medieval hamlets among buildings without a thread of green, discolored and stained as if by a devouring tropical humidity - a boundless city appeared.

In the background the sea shone. The air was heavy with an elusive stench: shit, gas, sewers, but also earth fertilized by vegetable gardens, lemons, sulfur, and something lost, suffocating, xxx which was nothing other than the dust of poverty].

A long twilight began, which piled up gold and a blood red that turned onto bronze, ever lighter, like a rain of xxx, on the strip of the sea that became increasingly poorer.

They passed shapeless and anonymous villages, where it seemed impossible that large modern buildings, gray and bare like barracks or prisons, could bury something as vital and aggressive as that land. But then, even the ancient buildings, made of yellowish blocks of xxx, squat, with arches and external stairs, were impregnated with sadness |mourning|, as in certain places in the north. Disorder and poverty repressed a violence of physical life, which only managed to spread in the gardens, full of fat legumes [and the red spots] of a [particular, almost] awkwardly exotic sage.

pag. 50

Night came, and everything was swallowed up in darkness. Soon, however, the moon appeared; a milky and heavy moon, which shed an intense light. The coasts and mountains were outlined black in that milky, almost greasy light.

In the middle of the night, the train stopped in a boundless station, where toll booths, lighthouses, depots, overpasses, private huts with all their misery, concrete [palisades], [holes <...> of] vegetable gardens, everything was scattered in an inexpressible disorder on which the silence of the night exerted its soft and xxx pressure. The convoy began to make long maneuvers with a melancholy noise of scrap metal, interrupted from time to time by some resentful voice or the voiceless barking of dogs: but also by distant songs. The moon clouded the stars and illuminated that station almost like day.

The conclusion of the train's long comings and goings was that it ended up in the belly of a ship. The smell of the sea suddenly spread, mixing with the moonlight. Most people [spread]

on the deck of the ship. From there you could see an arm of the sea, as if dead, on which life manifested itself uncertainly only on the coasts, at the bow and at the stern, in a funereal flickering of small lights. On the deck of the ship, however, on the two large decks and along the xxx, suddenly, although the night was still deep, a kind of joy, of collective awakening had exploded. Groups of young people, with their short hair or large ray-like tufts on their foreheads, joked and laughed. Someone, among whom the soldiers and sailors had mingled, was even more cheerful: there was a boy in

the midst, serious as a saint, but with laughing eyes, who was playing a guitar.

Upon arrival on the other side of the strait, it was the same thing. Little by little the joy of the young people, at the same time mischievous and naive, died away, and silence returned, the dark rattle of the train, the light of the moon heavy with sea humidity.

At dawn the city where Tetis was to get off and where the train 'died' appeared. It was a shapeless expanse of small yellowish houses, with some luxury palaces and baroque churches, which testified to a long history of absolute domination of power and poverty. This in the gray of dawn. But soon the sun appeared and [spread], and at five in the morning there was already a <...> midday light. There were already boys and young people walking the streets, with all their joy and sensuality.

Tetis went to the hotel of which she only knew the mangled name. But the inhabitants of the city were able to point it out to him (perhaps they pronounced his name, by chance, just like that). There was an old fountain, Alexandrian or Roman, with papyrus in the middle, and half-naked boys around it. Nearby is a long Bourbon avenue, with its <...> fragrant plants amidst the dirt and chaos; and it was precisely in the center of this avenue that, <...> in a bourgeois sumptuousness from the beginning of the century, the hotel with the exotic name was located. The solemn, almost monumental entrance, despite the poverty of the materials, was unable to hide the humility of a somewhat miserable family administration.

pag. 51

<...> The person Tetis was looking for wasn't there: at that time he was already out. And no one could say when she would return. Tetis patiently settled down to wait for her. She stood outside, at the entrance, among the heavily scented plants, counting that the person in question [would] arrive around midday, for breakfast. Instead she had to wait until the evening. After all, it was a white, bright evening, almost as if it were [the continuation] of the day. <...> The expected person arrived unexpectedly, on foot, from a street next to the hotel. She was not alone: with her was a tall, white boy, with a narrow mouth and a slightly crooked shyness, like that of paralytics,

an exalted smile. His voice, when he began to speak, was high-pitched and out of tune, and he said, in an elementary way, the refined things <...> that intellectuals say. She, the person Tetis was looking for, was instead sweet, human, in control of her own thoughts, however passionate, visceral and stormy her core might be. She was also an ageless woman: and she certainly looked much younger than she was. Her hair was light brown, <...> wavy and abundant like the women of twenty years before. Her eyes were blue, like those of some cats, and slanted, now too peaceful-

now flamboyant but unsteadily, with a neurotic and intellectual aggressiveness. Their light illuminated the whole head

erect, which looked a bit like that of certain Sicilian boys photographed at the beginning of the century

[refined] German tourists. The mouth was small, on a chin that was also small and weak, under which the clearly visible wrinkle that would have [doubled] it was already visible. There were also some wrinkles in his throat. Yet overall her face was the face of a young cat. As Tetis approached her, her eyes shone with hostility, almost furious: but immediately, suddenly, they melted into an equally excessive smile. [When] Tetis spoke to her, telling her that she had important secrets to tell her, that smile turned into a cheerful, dangerous laugh. Even her boyfriend who accompanied her laughed at her, while in the beginning she had dutifully assumed the air of a defender not without fanaticism and adulation. Just at that moment, in a neighborhood not far from the hotel, the first explosions <...> of summer fireworks exploded very violently, coloring <...> an entire slice of the sky green, violet and orange. These fireworks had such a power of attraction on that woman, and, consequently, on her companion, that, however important the secrets that Tetis had to communicate to her, everything was postponed until the next morning.

The next morning, however, the woman whom Tetis apparently wanted to invest with a duty <...>

[absolutely important], <...> she had already made a commitment: <...> she had to go to the house of a child, who she had met the day before, an extremely poor child, and also ugly, as much as she considered him beautiful

- and perhaps rightly so, because he was desperately poetic due to the inconsistency of what, pale and a little [miserable], kept him alive. The woman, apparently, had to take that child to buy some presents in the city, in the poor city on page. 52

whose poor suburbs he lived, with a mother full of children like a cat and a blind father. In the morning, and also part of the afternoon, they went away to those occupations. In the evening the neighborhood party behind the hotel, which had begun the previous day, resumed; this time there was also a show in a small circus that had pitched its tents near the ruins of an ancient amphitheater surrounded by two-storey houses, yellowish and full of festoons of colored light bulbs. [Enough]. Tetis failed to communicate his important revelations to that person, even on that second day; nor, to cut a long story short, during the entire period of his stay in that city. They took the train back together. But even on the return journey, so many of those extraordinary episodes happened that there was never the opportunity to talk seriously for long, because there was always something better to hear and watch.

It was very likely that the person that Tetis had chosen as her confidant - that is, as the custodian of a secret that could only be of enormous public value, once revealed -

she would have had the courage, or rather the extreme temerity, to make good use of it: but she evidently didn't want it. <...> Fifteen years passed, and Tetis was always close to her. However, by now out of bias, or, as we say in our horrible language, out of ideological choice, she had decided not to listen to him. During that period she went to live in a white neighborhood on the edge of the city, which had begun to be built at the time of fascism. Her house was right next to a huge church-a sort of fake St. Peter's in all white. In front lay the depression over which flowed the yellow and dirty river full of urinals. There was a distant village, on the other side, on some mangy hills, and a few sheds, below, in the growing greenery, probably dirty and dusty, [near] the river. Then little by little the city began to approach and loom with long, [terrible] rows of tower blocks, with the construction of new factories including a large xxx of an automotive industry from the North, with the invasion of increasingly better cars and people. dressed and more delicate in habits, even if, at the same time, increasingly vulgar and almost

hateful and repugnant. However, throughout this historically important period, never did the person chosen by Tetis as custodian of a historical [we might well say] secret want to listen to it. Even if she <...> she was <...> she was evidently increasingly courageous and increasingly capable of paying in person, having put herself in the position of essentially having nothing to lose. It <...> did not want to know something dangerous and revealing that it would have been the only one capable of making public. And since that person sought in vain and prayed for by Tetis was a writer, it can easily be deduced that in the books of that writer, however full and complete in themselves they were, 'something' was actually missing: and this consequently destined them , to a fatal ambiguity.

pag. 53

Note 3e - Second part of the postponed preface: The swords sold

pag. 54

Note 4 - [What is a novel?]

|The prefatory madness continues:

prefatory parenthesis|

Carlo is my father's name. I choose him for the protagonist of this novel for an illogical reason: in fact between my father and this |technical| engineer 'doubled' whose story I am about to tell, there is no possibility of comparison; my father was an army officer, who lived his maturity during the fascist period, adhering to fascism (although in the rivalry that had been established between fascism and the army he was on the side of the army): his character which was ready to accept fascism <- because as a boy <...> he had been a daredevil and a hooligan from a noble family - he had been changed by it:> there is no

nothing more [solidarity] than disorder and order. There remains a photograph of my seventeen-year-old father, shortly before he left as a volunteer for the Libyan war: he is a very handsome boy, strong as a bull, elegant, with a slightly hooligan elegance, in fact, as the son of a rich family and decayed, spoiled and rude at the same time; there is something [bad] in

his hair and black eyes: it is his sensuality which appears very violent, and which makes him too serious and almost [grim], The purity of his youthful cheek, <...> the perfection of his body (but he was a boy of short stature, a basset) was that of someone who has a big cock. Yet all this, together, expressed a hostile will, almost the excess of defense of someone who, despite boasting violent rights in the present, foresees a future tragedy, which would transform his rights into degradation.

<...> [He started a family and terrorized it. Then he went to Africa to fight his third war; he remained a prisoner for a few years, and reappeared in Casarsa, my mother's town, an 'inferior town', which he had always despised, thus making up for his unrequited love towards my mother - and he began to get drunk, as men. It is clear that he had never thought about his destiny just as he had never thought about politics].

The Carlo who takes his name from my father is instead a divided and (as Lukàcs says) problematic man: he is my age, and not my father's. In fact, I use the present indicative when speaking about him because he lives today, in these years, or rather, in this moment.

He, as I said, is an engineer: that is, if he is intellectual enough to experience the social and political contradictions of our time, he is not intellectual enough to experience them through that conscience that p. 55

ensures the unity of the individual, making the [schizoid] state a natural state and ambiguity a way of being.

Due to a profound provincial honesty, Carlo (like my father) could never have accepted this compromise: to which only political or literary specialization lends the alibis, the skills, the tools. If the time in which he had the fate of living (born in 1932) is a time in which the class struggle brings about a division that recurs in every aspect or moment - up to the deepest intimacy of the individual - he does not he can only accept this division (just as my father had accepted its unity: making a mistake, and therefore paying atrociously for his mistake). Just as my father would never have agreed to split himself in two, even capable of killing - as the fascists killed - to defend his unity - so he, on the contrary, would never have agreed

to pretend to be one if in reality he was [split in two]. He could have even allowed himself to be killed, just to be consistent with this reality of his.

He is a Catholic, who, due to the character that I have described here in [his] scheme, could only be pushed to become a left-wing Catholic. His entire childhood, from 1932 to around 1945, was spent in a city in Romagna, in Ravenna (my father's city). And I don't see what the substantial differences could be between the Ravenna of the early twentieth century and the Ravenna of the immediate pre-war and post-war period. There is therefore a period of the life of the protagonist of this novel that was spent in a world that coincides perfectly with that of the previous generation, and, I would almost say, of all previous generations. The children behaved the same way towards their parents; the houses were the same (no television, no refrigerators, no waste of consumer goods; heating ensured by the stove, in the privileged rooms; not, for example, in the bedrooms, where one kept warm with quilts or with the bed warmer etc.); the foods were identical; the smells you could smell on the way to school were identical, along the pavements built with diligence and artisan imprecision the previous century; the reappearances of the seasons are identical, with the smell of earth or I don't know what burnt material, mixed with the scent of wisteria, in spring; a [sharp] smell of [odorless] stone or frozen earth in winter; the school is identical, naked, poor, old; identical are the people that children, in their perspective from below, see as small, miserable giants who know what life is and are transported elsewhere by it, in a variety of relationships unimaginable to [young] children who have their hours all so well arranged and life with such a unique meaning.

Even the authorities were identical - at least until 1944 - that is, the fascists: the petty bourgeoisie who had shown without restraint and without the alibis of a bad conscience, all of its worst qualities: which however were confused with the good ones. While, at the same time, all those that for centuries, perhaps for millennia, we have been accustomed to consider good qualities, had experienced pag. 56

by the people: uncontaminated by both the peasant revolution and early industrialization: and therefore totally faithful [to itself]

Carlo, who belonged to a wealthy family, lived this entire part of life exactly as my father might have lived it; or more simply his (prematurely dead: he was a noble landowner, who lived on the income from the countryside and properties; income fatally condemned to dwindle). Therefore Carlo's Catholicism was a habit, closely linked to his childhood and to a period of the world.

One could deduce, therefore, that his moral honesty, his innocent will not to oppose his real, necessary, historical dissociation, could also be one of the many positive forms that the negative content which is the hypocrisy: yes, the old Catholic, counter-reformation hypocrisy. I mean that dissociation could also derive, classically (and classically) from a conservation mechanism, as is well known: and then come to coincide with that 'real, necessary, historical' dissociation that I was saying. Catholic hypocrisy would first preside over dissociation, and it would occur outside the domain of conscience. The honesty of the old world (coincidentally Catholic) would preside over the second dissociation and it would happen

not only in the domain of consciousness, but by the very will of consciousness.

[The fact is that there is not just one of Carlo, but two.]

pag. 57

Note 5 - The prefatory madness continues: Charles the First

<Carlo was born in Turin on 6 March 1932. He attended elementary and middle school in Ravenna; he then studied engineering at the University of Bologna where he graduated in 1956. He was always good at school, one of the top in the class: but he was good in all subjects, and therefore there was evidently something mechanical in his intelligence, which worked well. He resembled his mother, who, after the death of her father, had taken over the reins of the family - as they say - and had not only ensured the continuity of their dignified economic condition, but had even improved it. The other younger brothers, under his protection (closed like a world unto themselves) followed in Carlo's footsteps. As soon as he graduated, he looked around (because up until that moment his world had been unique) and was

immediately confirmed in the goodness of his ideas: that is, of his 'existential' Catholicism, of his enlightenment, of his somewhat eager for moderation, for its substantial pragmatism that accepted integration (it wasn't called that yet at the time) in order to be able to realize itself and obtain results that went beyond the interests of the class in which it integrated, composing itself in that unity which is the good of the man*.

He immediately became interested in oil exploration; but this does not mean that he decidedly opted for doing, or that his only concern was his career. (So much so that he never married, and is still a bachelor). He continued to experience his work at Eni, <...> also as an intellectual reflection. Bologna was a communist city; in the 1950s, communist, or generally left-wing, culture tended to be hegemonic; and moreover he had no real alternatives.

Carlo also had friends who studied literature or political science; he had lived the civilization of commitment to which he had adhered as young people adhere to the things of the present, to the code. <...> Some of his friends were among the founders of the magazine “Il mulino”, and he continued to frequent them: indeed, his non-specialised culture was formed there. He immediately became acquainted with the new American sociology, and the new forms of social Catholicism; he immediately encountered the new psychoanalysis; he immediately became acquainted with the first texts of the dissenting communists. When the Sixties arrived, he was ready to live them.> Indeed, that was his moment. That was the moment in which he became [a left-wing Catholic]: and this allowed him on the one hand to differentiate himself or distinguish himself from power, and, at the same time, through his specific and specialized work in that technically advanced point which was the Even after Mattei's death, Eni was able to insert itself almost with bravado (never ostentatious) into the 'space' where real power is found.

pag. 58

The resistance to dissociate worked in Carlo when he was placed before his conscience on a moral level, which, as we will see, largely coincided with that of sexuality, rejected or accepted: it did not work - and in times of pragmatism, rapidly experienced , after slow preparatory centuries of

Catholicism, this was natural - when he was faced with the choices of action, with pragma. Pragma resolves its contradictions by itself, [axiologically].

The voyager. Although still almost a boy, in '61 he went to America; in '62, as we will see, he got to know all the Arab countries, [and reached Tanzania, again on behalf of Eni]. Italy therefore appeared to him quickly, and almost naturally, as a particular world, one of the many parts of a everything, and not the most important ones. That it was the center of the world, the navel of the world, soon seemed like a fairy tale to him, albeit one radically experienced in childhood. But here too there is a contradiction to be noted. At the very moment in which Carlo broke away from Italy, recognizing its characteristics as ancient and poetic, he specialized in that particular Italian science which is participation in power. He was perfectly free to desire power: even if it were an unspoken, unnamed power, defined only empirically; albeit without vanity, and almost, he would say, without ambition and with asceticism. It was certainly a wonderful freedom, which sterilized guilt and made evil inefficient; a freedom as if born of itself, and endowed with such real strength as to make it possible to make an entire part of the historical universe immune from the curiosity of conscience.

pag. 59

Note 6 - [The prefatory madness continues: Charles the Second]*

[If a man is equal to another man, so equal as to be the same, which of the two is the real one?

What is the one that the other resembles or, better yet, with which the other identifies? Which is the first of the two, as a term of reference? Calling Carlo according to the person who is practically the 'double'

of Charles the First is unfair: because it could very well be Charles the Second who is named first and therefore the one with whom the other is put in relation. Probably the injustice of this hierarchy, Charles the First and Charles the Second - even if it is justified by being purely numerical or convenient - is an injustice of a social nature. Carlo Primo is in fact, as I said, an engineer, he works at the top of one of the main bodies of the Italian state, he is part of the 'silent power' but no less overbearing, indeed!, he

comes from a rich, respectable, religious family etc. etc.; while for Charles the Second - who from now on I will call Karl - by birth, I could not use any of the forms of social identification that I used for Charles the First. Graduation is therefore social. Evidently, not even Karl escapes sociality: however his way of belonging to it, as I will tell, is precisely by escaping it. A perfect double of Carlo I, within himself he contains the void in place of the social fullness that makes Carlo what he is and what can be defined. And this void is filled by something else, which nevertheless expresses itself |

manifest| through all the rules of social behavior that characterize the sociality that makes Carlo act. In other words, if a witness was present at Karl's actions, he would then be able to attribute them, in a possible trial, to no one but Carlo. And so a policeman, catching Karl doing something illicit, contrary to bourgeois rules or, more simply, to the code, could only arrest him as Carlo: by consulting Carlo's documents, inquiring about his personal data, about what, by opposition, as in a linguistic system, places it in the social context.]

Karl |The second Carlo| he is thus, in the social hierarchy, inferior to Carlo, despite being identical to him, so identical as to be [practically] indistinguishable from him. But his inferiority [is not controlled by Charles the First].

The second Carlo, like all humble people, <...> without social authority <...> - a bit like dogs - is good. Social inferiority and goodness coincide. However, it is in Karl that Carlo's bad characters are concentrated; while it is in Carlo that Karl's good characters are concentrated.

pag. 60

Karl is a servant; Carlo is master. But, as I will tell later, Karl (perhaps) is free, while Carlo certainly is not.

Karl's freedom has unclassifiable characteristics, and there is no solution of continuity between it and what is free outside of reason: that is, non-cultural, non-socialized reality (which however only exists theoretically). Although he is his servant, Carlo is unable to control Karl. He carries it with him, tied to a leash like a dog: but he doesn't know to what extent he knows him, or

even to what extent he exists, outside of action, of physical and factual presence.

Karl is above all a good man, who would never change: he too was born in Alessandria, studied in Turin, lives a physical life in this society and in this historical moment, however he seems to come from a culture completely different from the one Italian or bourgeois. His being at the service of another has characteristics that are certainly not typical of the Italian bourgeois (whose servility is of a very different nature): perhaps he comes from the Italian 'people', that is, from a different and forgotten history: and this is what it would perhaps explain his grace in being a servant. [Just as certain policemen or certain teenage carabinieri who come from poor families in the South are profoundly kind and guilt-free servants; how graceful and dignified are certain farmers - or rather laborers - from the Romagna countryside, etc.]. Although charged with carrying out even vulgar actions - as [I will explain] not vulgar in themselves, but such due to the bourgeois or petty-bourgeois spirit that Carlo culturally instills in them - Karl remains intact and uncontaminated: and not only in the early years, -

those of Ravenna or Bologna - thanks to his youth (like the <...> policemen or the <...> labourers), but also now, who has [greying hair] and [is a mature man], although adolescent looking. What protects him is not possessing anything and not belonging to anything. From being determined (by a) society that gives him the means of life, including the superfluous, but which he <?> and rejects as the pure do: [the regurgitations and traffic jams, which, internalizing themselves, the class struggle produces in Carlo's soul, in Karl they are 'flatus vocis', devoid not of meaning, but of sense].

pag. 61

Beirut, 5 May 1974

- The first trip to Turin is followed by a spy. We know this in a short scene between two characters, one of whom at the end says a sentence in Sicilian.

- Everything that Carlo does in Turin is seen as if by him (a planned report of his fills in the gaps: this report is made in a crude, verbal style, but I, the narrator, translate it into an art style, etc.) _____

At the same time as his first return trip to Turin (mother, sisters, school friends, mythical [reconsecrated] places) Charles II makes his first trip to the East in subordinate order (he is at the beginning of his career)

His journey is established by two other figures belonging to power: not rude Sicilians, but cultured men (who exploit left-wing Catholicism, the substantial secularism of Charles II).

It is the journey of the Argonauts towards a newly mapped elsewhere (from the journey of Hercules) - Analogy with all the other journeys undertaken by the heroes (scientific-cultural <?>) [this is clearly stated in an introduction by the author] -

- The journey is entirely invented, that is, dreamed (reality is fragmentary, visionary, etc.) [youthful journey, etc.]

Consequently, the second journey that Charles II will then make when he is 'powerful' is a repetition of the first. Now everything is mapped (par excellence, due to Oil) - Only one corner remains not mapped (in the desert, coincidentally). It is at that unmapped point that begins (see the fall of Damascus) the <?> of Charles who will then reconvert to mystical religion (Italian style etc.). The third journey [to Edo] is a third repetition [beyond the mapping - cultural - mental]

pag. 62

Notes 6 a - etc.

- Where Polis and Tetis end up after their intervention (disappearance similar to that of Carmelo and the Twenty Spirits)

* (midday appearance of the God, more fearsome cf. Errors of the Ancients by Leopardi) page. 63

Note 6b - The sources (introduction)

[Up to this point the reader will certainly have thought that everything written in this book -

as it is natural, and as it is on the other hand inevitable - 'references to reality'. Only slowly, by progressing in reading, and therefore retracing the path of its author, will he realize that, instead, this book refers only to itself. Maybe even refer to himself - why not? -

through reality: the one known - conventionally and in common - to the reader and author. When the premises for an internal logic have gradually been established - one that functions based entirely on the 'motion' that constituted it as a completely arbitrary and also, I admit, but for reasons that will become clear later, a bit silly 'motion' * the reader will be able to move more confidently between narrative pitfalls 'that explain each other'. For now, I understand, he must overcome the repulsion that a false transposition of reality gives: false because in fact it does not <...> exist. I am therefore forced to ask the reader to overcome, as long as he can, his natural repulsion for the

'masked' and to have faith in the positive effect, if nothing else, of the pure and simple accumulation of matter. I say all this precisely because I am about to set out some background facts, or in any case some facts that are absolutely necessary to know: which precisely has the appearance of a direct and almost chronicle reference to reality - seen, albeit in relation to our story

- as a long and somewhat dark prehistoric incubation.]

pag. 64

Note 6 bis - The characters 'who see'

It is strange that the actual 'facts' of this story begin to be, so to speak, organised, experienced, by imaginary characters. But, as will be better understood later, it could not have been fatally otherwise. The reader is therefore free to imagine 'where' these characters gather.

[We are naturally in Rome] the Rome of the late fifties. To tell the truth, my total |

despairing| inexperience of every environment that is placed in the |sphere| space of power, even prevents myself from imagining the street, the building, the apartment where the meeting - so important for the fate of my

protagonist - takes place. It's hard for me to even imagine the physical types of the characters who gather, discuss Carlo's case, etc. And not out of coquetry. [(But the reader should not trust me)]. It's true that the image of a dinner such mental laziness suggests to me -

visionary by deduction of reality - of a house in Parioli not far from the one rented by the young Carlo. And, furthermore, the awkward, hard, vaguely popular image - albeit under the too rigidly bourgeois and respectable guise - of our characters [in the shade]. I also imagine a certain slang language of theirs, their talking about something else (but always with a strictly economic spirit, with the exception of insignificant [excursus], of a southern and forensic nature). For me, a person who is within a certain circle of power (when it is not a dictatorship, because then everything is simpler) can only be an apparition.

Our 'imaginary' characters therefore gather - this [is the gist] - in the apartment of the most authoritative of them (not an official man, but, so to speak, a [hitman-chief]). The object of their interest is Carlo. What is decided is to follow Carlo, to monitor him and to keep note of everything he does. In charge of this delicate mission is a young [catechumen] at his first job, although already trusted (picciotto, picciotto d' honour). There is no doubt that he will carry out his task scrupulously and also with passion. He is a young man of about thirty, with an oblong nape, thick, short, black hair, a very dark, almost Arab face, a [numismatic profile], [sensual], <...> almost adolescent: except, as it happens for example in certain policemen, the popular naivety, the [bursting] physicality is as if extinguished and xxx by a kind of ascetic greyness.

Everything Carlo <...> does will be 'as seen' by this hitman who does not judge. What I will say on this subject is nothing more than the [gist] of the oral - and therefore partially dialectal - report that this Pasquale (as he - comically - is called) will make on this subject.

Note 6 ter - Old accounts*

Carlo [pure] leaves the same evening, so to speak, of his birth. He leaves for Turin, by train. In that May of the late 1950s, Italy was still intact, and only the critical spirits noted, with a negative judgment by which they felt their own narcissism gratified, the first signs of the new era that was about to disfigure the old cities and the old countryside. Carlo's delicacy classified him by natural right among these chosen |critical spirits|; but he was good, and the feeling of totality that through sex linked him to the world - outside of all his particular Ethics - was stronger than the aesthetic feeling. [He sought - but in the world, among bodies - the most absolute solitude] And there was no interruption between what he promised himself on that journey - immediately, in the very act of entering the station, of buying the ticket - and the intimate pleasure of the most disinterested and pure visions of reality, in any of its aspects, human or natural, etc.

ecc.

It is late noon, a ripe, sweet, catastrophe light illuminates things sharply. The old Termini station disappeared, to the monotonous and fascinating rolling of the train wheels on the joints of the tracks (divine noise of infantile sexuality); and, heralded by an old-fashioned suburb that is gradually thinning out, the old countryside appears, shining as in a Caravaggio 'en plein air': the expanses of wheat between green and yellow [crept in] irregularly, like wild prairies, among the swollen, round gaggie bushes; the lime trees are in bloom; the grass overflows everywhere, washed by the rain, made fragrant by the sun that dries it up. [Irregular hills covered by oak forests, and long sinuous solitary valleys populated by the flow of water, perhaps the Tiber, swollen to the brim, until it touches the large, round, dazzling trees along the pure banks.]**

pag. 66

Note 6 quater - Carlo's secret life in the open

There is <...> nothing easier than spying on a man like Carlo. He has completely, although not senselessly, renounced his good reputation. He has degraded himself. If he had thought this was immoral, he probably wouldn't have done it. On the contrary, he considered his degradation profoundly moral. And what's more, he considered it his right. The purpose of all this is

nothing other than the pleasure of the senses, of the body, or rather, to be precise and unequivocal, of the cock.

Having therefore to procure what is conventionally called pleasure - and which in reality is an unparalleled and even indescribable happiness - he has not rebelled at all against the repressive Power3, which denies its permission to such a 'pleasure', indeed condemns it severely.

By rebelling, he would have ruined everything. She would have called attention to herself, she would have put on a show. His rebellion was much deeper and, as we would express it a decade later, global. Everything pertaining to power had truly lost all value, and had collapsed around him, lying like a vast, forgotten ruin. In implementing his purpose of complete, rigorous, global disorder, he had naively adopted the techniques of order. He did what he wanted and that was it: that was his purpose. Externally, except for a certain formal abandonment of those rules that made him a man of the upper middle class, and consequently behaving like one of the many petty bourgeois, wounded, unexpressed, perhaps bankrupt, but sensitive and dignified (even in the poor dress, perhaps a little too youthful), on the outside, I repeat, nothing would have revealed Carlo's true quality of life: the Doctor Jekyll that he was. If something had revealed it, Carlo wouldn't have cared at all. He simply didn't care either to hide or reveal what he really was and what he was looking for in his life. That's why I said that there is nothing easier than spying on a man like Carlo. Not only does it not occur to him that someone is spying on him - and therefore knows about him, records his life - but even if, by chance, he were to find out that someone is spying on him, he would not care about it at all. . So much the worse for the spy. Unless, of course, it was a spy from the Carabinieri or the police, because in that case Carlo would be terrified, to the point of pang <...>. [He fears that something] prevents him from continuing to do what he wants to do and in which only life has meaning. AND

also the love for his loved ones |family members| - that they would have suffered from his judicial misfortune, 3

For example. the Italian state.

for a scandal - it was a real love, born during childhood etc.: there was nothing conformist and, so to speak, ideologically contradictory in it.

Pasquale Bucciarelli, on his first important assignment, is therefore not faced with any particular difficulties: for him it is almost a game. It went well for him. He will be able to make a good impression on his bosses, put xxx xxx for his career, already anticipating, in his impenetrable heart, the joys that this would bring him, money, car, women, and all those goods that men like Carlo enjoy so much naturalness and [unconsciousness].

pag. 68

Note 6 quinquies - Two words on this Paschal

(Story of Pasquale - Picaro - Smerdjakov) *

pag. 69

Note 6 sexies - The suitcase with the report

I repeat: there was nothing easier than following, observing and spying on Carlo. Pasquale had immediately understood that talent which could not but be connected to his vocation.

He therefore set about carrying out his duty, and completing it with the utmost scruple and with a result that was the most satisfactory for the State (!) and for himself, Pasquale. Aspiration and project that <...> were punctually realized.

At this point, however, I must anticipate the facts, and reach the end of this whole part of my story which concerns Carlo's return to Turin.

We are therefore already almost in autumn, everything has already happened, and Pasquale is returning to Rome (the day before Carlo himself). He is on the train, in a second class carriage. He is visibly satisfied; as soon as he can he strikes up a conversation with his traveling companions; and he is sincerely someone like them, someone who thinks like them <...>. Then in Genoa the compartment empties, and Pasquale is left alone with his briefcase (they hadn't yet used the so-called xxx ones: it was one of those

cardboard briefcases, which had faithfully continued to serve the Italians without interruption from before to after the war , from Resistance to the beginning of well-being). Inside that suitcase, there was Pasquale's treasure, that is, his report. During that entire period, in fact, he had written down, in precise, bureaucratic, simultaneously verbose and essential language, everything that he had 'discovered' in Carlo's life. It was that report that he would offer, as a true masterpiece of diligence and obedience, to his bosses. And now in Genoa a new traveling companion entered his compartment. Pasquale immediately understood that, with this, it would be difficult to start a conversation and have one of those pleasant conversations full of common sense and mutual respect that gave so much satisfaction to his heart as a policeman, or, rather, as a failed police officer. It was in fact a young man of his age, perhaps even younger. But he was clearly an intellectual. In those years an immense gap divided the bourgeois from the common people, the intellectuals from the workers. A glance that took into consideration the pure and simple physical presence, the body, was enough to distinguish them without the slightest possibility of being mistaken. The man of the people Pasquale immediately understood that he was faced with an intellectual bourgeois, and this intellectual bourgeois immediately understood that he was faced with a man of the people. Nothing to be honest, it objectively gives me the right to know who he was and what this intellectual who boarded a compartment of the Turin-Catania train on that day in early autumn of 1961 thought; however I believe page. 70

to be able to affirm with certainty at a dinner that he was a left-wing intellectual: in fact the suitcase he was dragging with him and which he had laboriously placed on the rack was full of books, and he had chosen one to read during the journey: it was precisely of a book that could only be read with interest by a left-wing intellectual of those years: a book by Shklovsky on Sterne (in Russian; the title in fact had a funny sound of Sterna i teoriya romano). Therefore, precisely as a left-wing intellectual, this young man, pale, impersonal and a little

parochial, he could not help but feel sympathy for that 'worker' (the fact that he was an underclass was irrelevant to him; he evidently did not want to know, like all his peers, that underclasses existed). And she was then kind to him—in those few words that were exchanged. The sympathy was naturally not reciprocated by Pasquale, who immediately saw in him the |'red'|

communist fanatic: and immediately confused his own class hatred with his own professional anti-communism. It didn't bother him too much. He was in an excellent state of mind. He set out to spend the journey as pleasantly as possible, perhaps getting a good night's sleep. He looked with deep complacency at his suitcase containing the report, next to which there was now the intellectual's twin suitcase, full of books.

The journey was long, eternal. Dusk came, night fell. Other traveling companions came, sat down and disappeared again along the way. Sleep finally overtook the two young travelers suddenly and almost at the same time: a sleep this time almost unsought, unwanted; a deep, childlike sleep.

When the two woke up in Rome, which was almost dawn, they both experienced a trauma that shocked them to the most impenetrable depths of their soul: their two suitcases were in fact no longer there. They really weren't there anymore: their disappearance had something fatal about it: one had the impression that never before had a disappearance left behind, on those little nets, a more total and profound void, one would be tempted to say, prophetic.

Now, this 'stolen report' will be a very secondary motif in my story, I prefer to tell the reader this straight away. But this does not mean that its effects will be of less importance, nor, on the other hand, naturally will its disappearance be total |definitive|: in due time, this reason for

'stolen report' will be diligently recovered <...>.

For now it has only one meaning. Pasquale was unable to produce his perfect minutes,

[perfectly] exhaustive of the facts, to its principals. He had to - painfully wounded in his pride as an efficient and trustworthy subordinate - take notes and then report the facts in [large]

orally.

This can only be reflected in my story. Which belongs by its nature to the order of

'illegible', and its legibility is therefore artificial: a second nature no less real, however, than the first.

pag. 71

Reporting what Carlo did during his stay in Turin, deducing it from Pasquale's 'report' would have inevitably tipped the balance of the story towards 'readability'. Instead, my duty as a writer is to found my writing from scratch: and this not out of bias, on the contrary, out of a real compulsion that I cannot in any way oppose. Even if I had not decided and wanted it, this writing had to be - even if perhaps not lexically and formally - a 'new ludo': everything in it is in fact a heavy allegory, almost medieval (precisely illegible). I cannot fail to make this assumption. And the reader forgive me if I bore him with these things: but I live the genesis of my book.

pag. 72

Note 7 - Mother's turn

The Valletti villa is in the Canavese area:

With its uncultivated garden, the vast rooms, the beautiful

seventeenth-century balconies garnished with greenery...

As soon as he arrives, Carlo goes straight up into the dormer window: he has only glimpsed his mother, dumbfounded, who didn't expect his arrival. She is a beautiful lady, tall like her son, but bigger than her. She is getting ready to go to Turin for one of her [her party] Carlo just gave her a look, and embracing her he lowered his hands down to the beginning of her large buttocks wrapped in silk. He then climbs up to the dormer window, where he spent hours and hours as a boy. From there he met the crickets and the owl; the buzzard; the ringing of bells, Matins or Angelus: the entire peasant life. So here it is from the seventeenth-century oval dormer window,

in dense frames, where the plot

glass distorted the view

like an ancient, unnatural enamel.

Not real (and beautiful) like in a nail polish

in square zones, the Canavese appeared:

turreted Ivrea, the hills of Montalto,

the straight greenhouse, the trees, the churches...

Only in the dormer window (on that day which already has a certain September atrocity; tired from the long train journey and the night spent in a hotel in Turin without sleeping) Carlo unbuttons his trousers,

[pulls out] and starts masturbating. The thing has a certain dry, dusty taste; a bit

burning, and [splenetic]; the erection is invincible, but it is the will of the brain pierced by the return of childhood and the knowledge of the peasant world with its [tremendous] purity, which determines that masturbation. In the whole villa - except for the servants - there is only him and his mother. He starts ringing a bell, from xxx. It's late in the morning, who knows why he plays; perhaps at a party, for the day page. 73

After. Along with the dusty morning dryness, there is already something soft and humid in the evening air. As? is the day already ending? In that melancholic gray of the too serene sky?

Carlo interrupts the masturbation but not, as he usually does, to resume it. He puts his hardened but empty member back, with a slight dampness [disconsolate] and perhaps a little fetid at the tip, inside his trousers and rebuttons them. He comes down from the childish observatory, which only he knows, and from which the world is known: the peasant world seen by the rich and sick boy. He goes down the stairs which seem to resonate, in their oldness, even in their consumption (mental: because in reality they seem brand new, smelling of wax and bourgeois edge), they seem to echo a single thing like fifteen or twenty years before: «masturbation , masturbation", hot flesh of the hard and flayed penis, excited and squeezed, under the inelegant trousers desired by the family for refinement. He goes

down through the empty house (there is a new young servant), and enters his mother's room without knocking. She is with her bare back turned towards those who enter, turned towards the mirror, intent on putting on make-up for the party she has to go to. She is an elderly woman - she is fifty years old - she does not have many alternatives to spend the day: she follows the literary Tuesdays, the Fiat Exhibitions, and all the long social surroundings of these and similar events. The beginning of the Sixties [involves] naturally still women like her. She is blonde (she wouldn't be very grey), she has a big wave over her eye, as if she were fifteen years younger. Her breasts are also partially uncovered. Although it is the middle of the morning (the party he goes to is precisely at midday, in a skyscraper, a sort of Terrazza Martini), the room is invaded by an evening twilight, full of a sense of the end of the day, of the consummation of everything, of atrocious intentions of retreat and rest, as God commands. Her mother also has her breasts half exposed, and of course her entire throat, her throat tight and wrinkled, covered in cream. Under her light robe, her thick thighs can be seen. Carlo approaches her and gives her a kiss. That had been an old habit for quite a long period of Carlo's early adolescence.

Emma (like Bovary) is surprised. And she laughs with a cackling laugh, all on the o: «Oh, oh, oh!», and she settles down like a hen after an attack by the rooster. She tries to talk about Carlo's life in Rome.

But his eyes rest on the mirror, and there they see the figure of Carlo standing, holding his lap with one hand, as if gripped by a frantic desire to piss, which immobilizes him. Emma looks up at Carlo's face, pretending nothing is wrong and continuing to act calmly and detachedly: «Oh, oh, oh!». But her eyes - it was impossible for it not to happen like this - lower again, and this time in the mirror, they see Carlo's hands rummaging in his lap, and slowly unbuttoning his trousers <...>. Emma concentrates on her makeup, and rubs some powder over her face. Carlo bends over her neck and gives her another kiss; not only that, but he licks her back. Emma says: «What are you doing?», like any girl or whore. Carlo replies to her (it's all she can do): "Shut up, mum." She is silent, and she starts again with her powder. Of course nothing is happening. Her eyes, however, are not commanded by her, and they pay. 74

they look down at the mirror again and see, without any possibility of misunderstanding: Carlo's penis, straight out of his trousers, tense, hard, pointed towards her. Emma then gets scared and starts to get up from the stool on which she is sitting, naked. Carlo does not object, but when she is standing, he takes her under her armpits and pushes her towards the bed (in the meantime the dressing gown with which her body was wrapped - it was not put on - has fallen), telling her « Come here!". Emma says: «But Carlo, Carlo», and although she is as strong as a cow, she is unable to free herself from the grip of that little thirty-five-year-old Narcissus, as dry as an adolescent. Carlo manages to throw her on the bed and climb on top of her, after ripping off her underwear.

pag. 75

Note 8 - Continuation

After such a debut, everything that Carlo is destined to do in that villa in Canavese and in nearby Turin will only pale in comparison. But that's how things went, the most interesting doesn't always come at the end. Emma went to her party, where she undoubtedly arrived a little late, which was unimportant. Once she left, Carlo ate alone. The new waitress served it: a peasant girl from xxx. In those years, servants could still be found in the area, as in all previous centuries. She was a woman in her thirties. Cario immediately began to look at her in a special way, as an overly kind master of her, with insistence, not only in her looks, but also in her demands on food, etc. When she brings him the bowl of soup, she finds him with his hands clasped in her lap: she can't help but look at him, while he, on the other hand, keeps his eyes lowered. Then when she brings him some chicken - good chicken, with good vegetables - his trousers are actually unbuttoned: she tries not to notice it, but this time Carlo keeps an eye on her, and sees that her gaze has fallen on the white thread of the undershirt that peeks out under the open button placket of the trousers. And so, while she serves him, he slips a hand inside that buttonhole and grabs the penis, squeezing it violently. But in the meantime he stares at the woman with her clouded blue eyes that are both pitiful and awe-inspiring, and begins to ask her questions that force her to respond respectfully, like a poor woman paid to serve: "Are you married?" And she: «Yes, sir». “How long?” «Eh, it's been a long time now, fifteen years now...» «You got married when you were a child!» «Oh

yeah» «And do you have any children?» «Yes, sir» «How many?» «Three» «Male or female?» «The first is a girl, the other two are boys» «How old are they?», «The first is fourteen, the second is a boy thirteen, and the last is still very small, he is fourteen months old» «Ah». During this dialogue, which forces the woman to stand there and respond diligently, Carlo has pulled his penis out of his trousers, still gripped with all his strength in his fist. «And what's the name of the little girl, the older one?» "Viola". The woman has finished serving, she stands with the tray in her hand, with the air that housewives have, all practicality and no grace. Carlo opens the fist that holds the penis to take the cutlery: and the penis remains naked, straight, turgid outside his trousers. Lowering her eyes, the woman walks away. Thinking of Viola, Carlo cannot resist, and as soon as he is alone, he [masturbates] rapidly, quickly reaching ejaculation, he is so excited. He gets his whole hand dirty. He goes to the bathroom to wash.

Having closed the parenthesis of the servant, he went into the room. She immediately lay down on the white xxx blanket, and she unbuttoned her trousers. Although the penis was not naturally erect she took it in her hand, and began to p. 76

move it, as if he were slowly masturbating, as always, on any occasion, when he was alone. The shadow was terrifying, and if its other side, outside, was a strong light due to the burning sun, even if it was no longer capable of being really hot (on the vineyards as if enamelled against the blue sea, against the hills), it weighed in the heart like lead. It wasn't like in his youth, when the anguish of that shadow (decreed by God) was unbearable, yet still, despite his habit, he continued to cause pain. The light penetrated the window as in the summer just lost, and a faded I don't know what clearly said that the world was turned towards the southern time that was returning, with its duties.

Carlo was completely out of it; during the winter he would return to Rome; perhaps he would even have gone to Sicily. His only concern was the tremendously pleasant one of satisfying sex: what he held in his fist, and everything else. He thought of his mother, and immediately, although empty of seed, dry as a reed, his cock began to erect again. It was a new codification, which was observed and applied for the first time. Carlo's mother in Turin, in the city house, immediately after eating, alone, sweaty,

tired, fresh from a social commitment and already preparing for the next one (i.e. tea in the house which was destined to celebrate the guest or guests, for whom the public and somewhat vulgar party had been organized), was now a repertoire image, one of the many repertoires of Carlo's imagination, whereby his penis became erect and he could masturbate - but without reaching ejaculation, that is, for as long as he wanted. The movement of masturbation - as if it lulled him - then regularly caused him to fall into a deep sleep, which dripped like lead into his eyes. At night he fell asleep definitively, after his habitual masturbation; in other cases he fell asleep for a while, in a blind [and ferocious] sleep, which also happened there, on his boy's bed. When he woke up, after five minutes, his sex had frozen inside the fist that held him. A ray of sunlight entered more strongly between the cracks of the ancient shutters and the heavy D'Annunzio curtains.

Still clutching his member, Carlo stood up, hearing voices outside; he went to the window and opened it, but not so little as not to be seen (it was now a mechanical calculation). The speakers were Carlo's three sisters, Chiara, Natalia and Emilia. With them there was a thirteen-fourteen year old girl, whom they called Viola: she was therefore the servant's daughter. Carlo, looking at all those women, clutched his sex even tighter between his unfastened trousers, overcome by anguish. The sisters and the little girl disappeared into the recesses of the villa. The garden remained alone. You could see a slice of it, which included the trees outside in the countryside, poplars and maples! Inside, the box hedges, conventional and full of a sense of richness that is now centuries old; the white gravel avenues; the expanses of flowers, purple and orange, but as if dusty, or faded, a meal of [celestial] bees, in that dim and burning |and strong| sun. Carlo threw himself back into bed, legs apart, and began to think about his mother again, masturbating his sex which had immediately lost the hardness of its erection. He had p. 77

decided to get up and go to Turin. But he still allowed himself five minutes, or maybe ten, of masturbation, there, on the bed, with his head alight with the erotic images that he would create in Turin in a few hours. Meanwhile - as often happened - he distracted himself with questions that had nothing to do with those images. For example, he insistently wondered how his family could have such a rich and powerfully regular life train: an enormous villa in the Canavese area, a seven-eight-room apartment in the city (an attic in via xxx), the necessary servitude, here and the; cars for all, or almost all,

members of the family. Every gesture that was made within that solid and old-fashioned family universe could not fail to cost a river of modern money, not directly accumulated by the ancestors (the landowner and industrialist grandfather). Disturbed by those thoughts that didn't concern him, Carlo buttoned his trousers, and without changing or washing he went out.

His mother was not at home. He only found her towards evening, at a third party. It had been difficult for him to find out where she was, because she didn't have the courage to ask for news openly and simply, like a son would ask a mother. By now the shyness and fear through which sexual satisfaction is achieved had also entered into that relationship between Carlo, his mother and the others. The fact that Carlo had decided once and for all to deal exclusively with sex, a source of unique, sublime and inexpressible pleasures, does not mean that his life was devoted to pleasure.

Shyness was in fact rather an anguish than simple shyness. In this Carlo had remained identical to when he was a boy. Calling and asking someone, "Do you know where I could find my mother?" now that he was looking for her for reasons certainly not of common administration, he was trapped in an invincible anguish. He had to maneuver like a criminal to find out that his mother was in the Oddone house, precisely for a third party. As he saw her he told her to go to the bathroom; but he had to repeat it two or three times for her to obey him, and for him to go down to the bathroom on the lower floor. As soon as Carlo was sure that she had entered, he went after her. Those toilets in the Oddone house were all white, made of eighteenth-century ventilated majolica: under the layer of the smell of face powder and other cosmetics, the layer of the smell of urine mixed with that of menstruation, precisely because it was light, took one's breath away. It was the first time, naturally, that Carlo had entered that shrine. The erection was so strong that he had to bend over himself, as if from a painful pang.

There was a woman, inside the small anteroom, in front of the mirror. Carlo had to pretend he was wrong, and take refuge in the corridor again, with the risk of being caught there by another lady.

The maneuver began, the expected maneuver, in which the cosmos was at stake. Either things went according to plan, or it was intolerable disappointment, worse than death. We had to wait for the lady inside her to

come out, prevent her mother from doing this first, be careful that no other disturbers arrived. Here in fact is a waitress. Carlo felt faint, swearing to himself, page. 78

desperate like a little boy. As if rejected by Carlo's will, the maid took another route, down the narrow stairs that led to her kitchen, damned whore. That other damned whore (if you'll allow me a short insert of free indirect discourse) was still there. Like seeing where she was at, without peeking in, and then showing up again. The maneuver required absolute immobility: and a cigarette. But Carlo, the innocent one, didn't smoke. As if sucked out by his will, when he was already about to lose consciousness and his nerves were like an inflamed lump of tension, the whore went out, sliding towards the upper floor like a shadow, made dim by those five minutes in the secluded place. Carlo like a madman entered where she had come out: of the three toilets, two had the door open, one had it closed. Carlo went to knock, saying in a low, disturbed voice: "Open, people are coming." The mother opened the door from inside. Just in time, because in fact two ladies, or maybe three, had started talking about upstairs, chatting about things. The mother had a tight and almost wrinkle-free face. It was the excitement, too tired (three parties in one day). The smell of female urine was really strong inside her. “What do you want,” Emma said. She was an advanced woman, she knew Freud through the popular books of Italian psychoanalysts: but what happened to her was out of bounds.

He certainly thought that his son was crazy for doing those things that to him, however, seemed so natural. “Shut up, whore,” he replied. And he hugged her tightly to his chest: her heavy, soft breasts moved him almost to tears: "My whore," he added with the tenderness that makes a little

disgustingly sadistic, “Sweet, beautiful whore of mine.” His hand descended on his buttocks as high as two walls or two domes, the wrinkled silk did not prevent them from feeling the swelling of his panties underneath, even their seams and their embroidery. Carlo violently turned his mother towards the toilet, put his hand on her head to force her to bow, and, silencing her, slowly carried out [the operation] which at that moment seemed to him to be unavoidable: he lifted her skirts, and pulled them panties down, exposing her [ass]. Below her, in the aseptic shadow of the Oddones' bathroom, I mean

under her ass, between her thighs, a tuft of hair protruded. Carlo took everything, from behind, in his fist.

Chiara, whose voice had sounded first in the garden that afternoon, was his youngest sister, born when he was already sixteen or seventeen, and was now little older than Carlo was when she was born. They had almost never met. But two or three years earlier, when he had left for Rome, she had seen her kissing a little dog which at that time was the darling of the house (now it was no longer there, who knows where it had ended up). With xxx (that's what that dog was called) Chiara spoke in dialect, and while she spoke lowered, her breasts were completely exposed. All this was part of the [perfect] picture of the past. But Carlo, the day after arriving home, thought that she should rest, sexually. He therefore remained in Turin, to spend a day of contemplation.

pag. 79

- Happiness of the day etc. (September sun - friends) - hopes etc.

- Midday anguish

Station <?> - Home

- Rudeness of the sisters (uncontested relationship with adults) - Grandmother

- Description of family assets - change of register (other family)

- Mother's poem (metalinguistic annotation in functional psychology)

- Pension Sicily

- Male and Carlo relationship

- Financial relationship with Charles I (love of money and houses)

- the police ticket

- Mother objectively has her son in Rome

- Father at the table

8 September 1973

The reasons why he had decided this also meant that he slept until late in the morning, which for him meant nine or ten. Immediately he felt the sun. He didn't need to open the windows to know that the light of that sun spread just a little at the edges of the streets and squares of the city. That it had a marine transparency, a little whitish, in the blue that appeared between the roofs, at the end of the streets. And that the light of the sun, although hot, already had within it a void, a lack of strength from which, together with the joy of its immaculateness which made one foresee an unalterable series of equally blue days, spread a kind of desperate melancholy without pain (as omens always are). He went out into the street, just before noon, and it was in fact one of the hottest days of the summer, if not the hottest. Yet the people had already all returned from holidays, and the traffic was like in winter. Already back in the 1960s the city was full of southerners.

It was they above all who populated the streets, which were once empty. They gave the city the air of a hospice, of a hinterland full of convalescents. The cafés in the center were full of Turin bourgeois people having an aperitif. In front of the splendid bar counter, or in rooms furnished with well-preserved antique furniture from the good nineteenth century, there were the young heirs of their professional petty bourgeois fathers, mixed with those of the industrialists.

Ansaldo House

Casa Rattazzi, Casa D'Azeglio, Casa Oddone,

pag. 80

They had the grin, some swollen and some vulgar, of young people from the provinces. Everyone said 'often'

instead of 'often', and their condition seemed to him the most natural of possible conditions. Habits made everything else in the world foreign. The understanding that existed between them, moreover, in turn made them strangers to anyone who had the slightest suspicion that what this

understanding established was not the absolute. And it was this suspicion that Carlo had always had throughout his life. Something that had not escaped the notice of the others, who had immediately inserted the knife of their natural ferocity into the crack that had opened in the conscience of their sensitive friend, and had widened it. This situation of unspoken hostility [had, however, been released in] those days, following the first successes of Carlo's career in Rome. This put a stop to everything. Carlo saw his friends again at the café with [sincere] joy. Their habits, which made them such natural exemplars of a quality of life identified with the only truth, were well known to Carlo: and knowledge of them transformed them. Precisely because he saw them in their totality and complexity, down to their distant roots, they appeared to Carlo to be precarious and unstable: like all the forms of life from which they considered themselves protected. Seen by an outsider, their code might appear unassailable, well rooted in existence; seen by a competent person involved in it, it appeared like a spider's web painted on a veil.

But this only increased Carlo's pleasure, because, rendered thus shadows in history, those aged young people, former masters of everything in life, now appeared harmless to their companion bull, former slave to the lack of that everything. That morning with old friends was a pretext for Carlo, which made those old friends on the one hand vaguely epic (the petty bourgeois school epic of an aristocratic provincial city) and on the other almost caricatures.

The aperitif was a 'golden liqueur that makes you sweat'; the light was golden; gold the next day. Carlo's heart was filled with overflowing happiness. He only had to think about his sex, and this contained in itself indescribable pleasures, the only truly sublime ones in life. It is true that they would also have cost anguish and terror, that to reach them he would have had to go through zones of death, of real death - out of fear, anxiety - but the idea of all the possibilities of sexual joys put together, and isolated from the rest of life , gave a profound bliss: the sense of navigation through an increasingly peaceful, blue and luminous sea.

Carlo had breakfast in one of the restaurants that all the lucky readers of a novel certainly know and which it is useless to connote, precisely, in a novel, which, moreover, is not realistic, but rather entertainingly moves towards

[the] <...> Visions ; and then he returned home, along the porticoes crossed only by southerners, and by some Turin people who were distracted by it. He slept a little again. He woke up, and it was already late afternoon. He went out again. Although still as hot as the depths of summer, the day was now on its decline. In the shadows that lengthened in the heat there was the tragic indication of a renewal of time in its ancient repetition.

pag. 81

Carlo felt terrified. A real physical pain began to give him an excruciating spasm from the back of his throat to his side. He would have wanted to vomit or cry while swearing.

That sudden 'taedium vitae' certainly justified by reasons that Carlo didn't want to know (he preferred to keep it as it was) made everything meaningless; or worse, full of a tragic sense. The dream lost its colors and became reality. A reality that is certainly dreamed too, because it in turn is too separated from dreams: seen as duty, pain, deprivation, agony, boredom. There was the terror of being alone, the fear of the future, the disgust (not at all purifying) for the present. Nothing in Carlo's plans or in his situation had changed compared to the morning. It was always to the infinite series of sexual realizations that he dedicated himself, amassing the possibilities before him, without end, to fill his entire life. Yet, although this thought remained stupendous, and he didn't even remotely think about getting rid of it or questioning it, suddenly here was that discouragement that loosened his knees and made him groan to himself, keeping an unchanged face so as not to be noticed by passers-by. He moaned senseless phrases, including laments addressed to the old God, and even to the Madonna. He fretted, chanting these blasphemous invocations to himself, mixed with scatological interjections. He was lost, nothing could ever save him, the world around him was a surface that caused pain just to look at or touch, even more so the more it remained the same, with its declining summer sun.

He returned to his friends - to their disinterested conversations as young intellectuals, in a café, far from the centre, near the high school he had attended fifteen years earlier. But he stopped and swearing Roman apostrophes towards them, he turned the other way. He went towards the banks of the Po, in certain unknown gardens (but also known when he was a

high school student). There was something rough about them, as if they were in a provincial city or even a village. Here are the great prospects of sex!

The wonderful possibilities of encounters with the creatures that sex indicates as sublime! Here are the unthinkable places and so naturally ready for great occasions! The humps of desolate meadows in the sun, as if dusty although very green; the large trees in the city parks, a little too sparse; a few benches for people with poor and empty lives; a Vespasian modestly surrounded by hedges; the roofs of the city beyond the river, with the grazing sun.

But then a little girl with her mother passed along the central avenue (which cars also passed through). Carlo calculated that if he hurried he could arrive at the Vespasian at the same time as she passed the little girl. He hadn't even seen what she looked like. She was a nice little brunette, in cheap dresses, that's all. Carlo moved almost running towards the Vespa, praying to God that her mother would distract herself and look somewhere else. She prayed to God with all her soul, like as a boy during [classwork]. And he groaned to himself, gritting his teeth at the idea that things weren't going the way he wanted. A kind of flaming knife was page. 82

planted in the middle of his chest paralyzing him. He was in front of the Vespasian, the little girl was about to pass. Her mother looked ahead and into the distance; but so does her daughter. Carlo placed his hand on his lap, conspicuously, but as if by right of her, looking insistently at the little girl (whose cheekbones he suddenly saw were too high and her mouth unpleasant) to draw her attention. He unbuttoned himself, half in and half out [the little concrete temple]. The girl had now passed by, without looking back, like her mother. But Carlo continued to look behind her, hoping that her gaze would make her turn away; it was an excruciating hope, a matter of life and death. The little girl didn't turn around.

Carlo, moaning and swearing like a [boy], buttoned himself up again, without pissing, because he hoped to need [piss] in a short time. He went and sat on a bench in front of the Vespasian, looking towards the two as they walked away, cursing them and calling them whores, with the anger of a child.

He wandered from bench to bench, looking for mothers with [little girls] or, by heavenly grant, for

[little girls] alone. In the whole garden he didn't find one. Moreover, the afternoon became more and more dark in its splendor, which announced equally splendid days. And the garden would soon be completely emptied of even the few mothers with wheelchairs and the old people. Carlo took a taxi and instinctively asked himself to be taken to the station. There too was, after all, full of benches. In his inexperience, Carlo had not foreseen that it was at the station that he would find paradise, and that for him it would be like taking hashish for the first time, a habit that he would never be able to free himself from throughout his life, precisely because it was shameful. , dangerous and divine.

Chiara, Natalia and Emilia all three had the same characteristic: they seemed poorer than Carlo and their parents. Especially Chiara. There was a coarseness and physical humility about her that you couldn't understand where it came from. Probably the wealth of Carlo's family was actually limited: his three younger sisters had paid the price. Naturally they had lacked nothing, they had gone to school in the best institute in Turin, they had also learned to play instruments etc. Yet she felt that they had been somewhat neglected, and that her wealth had not as smoothed and, so to speak, 'dehumanized' them as the other truly wealthy members of the family. The clumsiness of their bodies had not been disguised. A certain lack of taste made them choose clothes that were not suitable for hiding their defects; and, probably, a tendency instilled in them since they were children to save - even if probably never said verbally and never came to consciousness - meant that they went and served themselves in not first-rate shops, like their mother, father or the firstborn. They felt this slight physical degradation, but their honesty meant that they believed it deserved. And they had thus looked for attitudes that were suitable for this deserved degradation, which <?> pretended to mask it, or, at the same time, masked it. They considered themselves wise and practical, destined for a life full of action - action pag. 83

daily, domestic. They ended up avoiding the social places their mother frequented. At first out of instinctive shyness, feeling not as 'worked' by the social condition as their friends, who had identified with that social

condition. Then because they ended up feeling excluded and unworthy. They compensated themselves by adopting a hasty way of acting, devoid of feminine weaknesses, a little rude and masculine, which replaced grace with practicality and worldly behavior with culture. However, their culture, like their attitude in life, was devoid of taste, of real ability to identify values. They felt this too. They were therefore, beneath their efficient appearance, eternally uncertain, torn by an incurable intellectual shyness.

They had taken on the role of those who know how to pronounce the right judgments, desperately being on the side of culture; yet no one was more unsure of making judgments than them. They ventured them with a childish tremor, which their staging never managed to disguise. On the other hand, all this made them extremely affectionate, attached to the feelings and values of a family - which, in reality, had created a somewhat sinister and funereal void around them. They also liked to act as protectors full of wisdom (this is, for example, why they always kept Viola and the other children of servants or farmers with them). They were consequently socialist. (After all, this was a family tradition, born with the Resistance. The mother, albeit [worldly] was a frequenter of the left-wing cultural world.)

pag. 84

Note 9 - At the station*

You can go from reality to a dream; but it is impossible to go from one dream to another dream. Carlo sits on the worn, almost black bench. Above, the vault is very high, almost dizzying; the corridor space around it is immense. The trains whistle, with their [unalterable] melancholy.

They come and go from the province or from the South, and spill through the corridors of the station, making it resonate inside its crumbling windows, crowds of poor people who follow their destiny with such naturalness. Carlo is consumed by anxiety that a little girl sitting on a bench beyond the glass of a large internal window in the waiting room is looking towards him. But in fact, she is locked in a sexual dream of hers which includes waiting, purity, inattention, distraction - and the most total ignorance, in fact, of sex (at least so in that distant 1960). In Carlo's dream, she should instead look at him and be interested in what he does: that is, in the violation that he

commits to her modesty, holding a hand over her sex, ready not only to clasp it in her fist over his trousers, in case the little girl looked towards him, but even to unbutton his trousers, to slip inside and to squeeze the living and hot flesh of the erect sex, making him glimpse it, perhaps for an instant, in the livid whiteness of his pimento. The people around must be spectators of the risk. Her modesty must also be violated, along with that of Carlo and that of the little girl, sitting between her younger brothers, and with her newspaper clutched in her hand. Those eyes of hers will also have to lift and rest first on Carlo and then on his lap. If this doesn't happen Carlo could even die due to the tension that is breaking his nerves, which already makes him half dead. At the same time, his agonizing pain waiting to be brought back to life by a glance is an immense joy that fills the whole station like a light, in that melancholy twilight hour. It is a joy because the whole world and its meaning is reduced to that wait; there is no limit to this unique hope and activity. The whole day before and after that hour is dedicated to this waiting |research| of a glance, or other similar, attempted, successful things; still to be attempted, yet to succeed. The anxious wait into which homicidal anxiety is transformed gives an infinite sense of possession of the future, of sweetness and benevolence of the repressive and punitive world which, however, secretly allows deeds like those of which Carlo fully dreams to be carried out endlessly. of an impetuous and almost calm joy.

pag. 85

Note 10 - The station (continued)*

For many weeks Carlo continues to frequent the station, home to endless sexual possibilities. The girl who must constitute the fulfillment of his search is indifferent to him: it is enough that she responds to certain general requirements of the code which for Carlo has split the female world in two; it doesn't matter whether it's blond hair or brown hair, fat bodies or thin bodies; of petty bourgeois behavior or popular behavior. There is something, which Carlo immediately identifies and which he has partly learned to predict, in the face of which the miracle repeats itself. Miracle that can end with the most unbridled satisfaction (the girl's eyes rested on him, they witnessed the discovery of his secret and the exhilaration that this discovery, together with the long series of tight foreplay, sometimes leads him to public ejaculation) or which can instead end in tragedy: at the best moment

something takes the girl away from there - finally found and worked on, leaving him alone, prey to an incurable disappointment, close to the desire to die and the terrible discovery of the irreconcilability of reality with his dream. Dozens and dozens of girls were found or lost.

All this constituted a period of his life, which would then end up coexisting with new periods, but would never disappear again. The search for exhibitionistic satisfaction (which was not the only one, because, if he could, he also attempted less possible and easier relationships; that is, touching the girl himself, forcing her to be aware of her own immature and unaware exhibitionism) did not prevent Carlo to observe the world around; that is, in this case, of the station environment. In a fragmentary and anguished way, he managed to identify a whole series of facts, presences, habits. All this was assumed in the sphere of joy. When he left the house to go to the station (he had nothing else to do in life) he thought of what awaited him with exultant heartbeat, full of gratitude for the divine malleability of the world: however, in this imagination he included not only the moments of the maneuvers sexual and orgasm, but also all the surroundings. And this outline was objective. It was part of his dream, but it was also part of reality. And not of the severe and horrendous reality as it appeared to him in moments of despair, in which God, morality, normality seemed to be right, dispelling the veil of illusions: but of a natural reality, the one seen for example by the cheerful and sharp eyes of a realistic writer. And above all of a new reality, because, for the bourgeois Carlo it was the popular reality, seen moreover in a particularly poor moment, <...> truly outside the bourgeois experiences, and experienced by the poor people corporeally, that is, in a untranslatable.

pag. 86

There were many southerners. They sold contraband cigarettes; they were the pimps of the whores who beat in the streets along the station; many were probably thieves, and they met there in the midst of that crowd that came and went in the acrid dust of the station. They were almost all young; many very young people, almost kids, who have just come up from their hometown in Calabria or Sicily.

pag. 87

Note 10 bis - Expenditure of Spirit

Reversing the Shakespearean clause with joy equal to pain:

All this the world well knows yet none knows well,

to shun the heaven that leads men to this hell,

in:

The world knows all this well, and no one knows it well:

avoid the hell that leads men to this paradise,

Carlo returned to the country house. Destroyed and terrified by the tensions that he couldn't wait to regain at the very moment in which they slipped away, he felt his heart constricted by anguish, at the very moment in which his heart expanded, almost swollen with gratitude, for the enormous quantity of things he was beginning to experience. A violet evening made the square of xxx where he got off the bus terrible (in those days, he was still an economically average man, who did what all men did). The swallows flew high; people went home, turning their backs on the light which still persisted like a burning fossil, whitening the olive sky. Carlo like a sleepwalker, gasping and moaning to himself, secretly, with a step and a face that he tried to keep impassive, went on foot to his father's villa. He arrived while that northern night was still white: <...> the olive was indigo, and it looked like a tarpaulin stretched out against the blinding light of the Third Heaven. The flowers of the garden [gathered] that light, piercing |raw| in the dim light that hurt his eyes. Carlo hoped to meet the three sisters immediately at home, or at least one of the three. <...> Instead there was an unnatural silence in the house. The maid appeared to him - in whose eyes the memory of what they had seen her master's son do was completely buried; and she told him that Natalia, Chiara and Emilia were with her grandmother. Her grandmother's villa was not far away (it was a farmhouse where she had retired for many years). Carlo, bleeding from the wound caused by the remoteness of the places where sex could, "through hell reach paradise", groping for the sadness emanating from the persistent light in the air, had clung to the only

possibility of salvation. Do with Chiara (or with Natalia, or with Emilia) what he did with the girls in the public gardens or on page. 88

station. She had to do it right away. She left the house and took the unpaved road, with the two rows of very tall poplars, which led towards her grandmother's farmhouse. She found herself in the twilight of the evening, illuminated, from behind the barrier of the mountains, by the crystalline light of the sky without a single cloud.

It was terribly |unnatural| hot: walking along the grassy edge of the road it felt like walking in air made fiery by recently extinguished bonfires. Yet now, suddenly, Carlo was happy.

The sexual goal transfigured the evening, which instead of being the theater of a renunciation, of an ancient family life dedicated to purity and marital loves which imposed themselves as a duty felt by the heart like a mortal mortification - had suddenly become the theater of a maneuver that would have challenged all modesty and all reality, giving the heart the palpitation of blind joy, the one that had to be achieved even if one died. Although he wasn't walking quickly, Carlo was all sweaty. And this seemed wonderful to him: like the night around him, in which now the stars began to shine unnaturally, and distant dogs began to bark, moulting, frantic although barely perceptible. As soon as the farmhouse was in sight, the gate of the farmyard, transformed into a sort of outdoor patio, opened, and the three sisters appeared, with their bicycles. Behind her came her grandmother and, holding her hand, Viola. The women (who certainly had not seen Carlo, in the shadow of the poplars) greeted each other cheerfully, with mysterious |indecipherable| voices. - it wasn't clear whether they were festive or painful, like those of distant dogs - and they separated. The three sisters mounted, skidding a little on their bicycles, and laughing among themselves, they went forward along the road, with their lights on, and ringing the bells for stupid joy. Seeing them coming towards him, Carlo threw himself into the ditch that ran alongside the road, just behind the smooth and fragrant trunk of a poplar. Everything there, against the ground, was strongly odorous, as if it had just rained. Instead the ditch was dry.

The three sisters pedaled awkwardly past him, and soon disappeared at the end of the road, disappearing and reappearing through the line of thin

shadows of the poplars, with their taillights shining in the residual light of that sunset that had lasted well into the night. The grandmother and the little girl remained at the gate to watch them go. And they remained there for a while, in silence. Then, uttering the usual incomprehensible words among themselves, they withdrew. A dog, inside the farmyard, began to bark and make a fuss. Carlo remained crouched in the ditch. He had to stay there until the sisters reached the end of the driveway, turned onto the asphalt road, and entered the villa. Only in this way could Carlo have told his grandmother that he was there without having seen them, and he could never have told them that he had been at their grandmother's farmhouse that night. The tension that breaks the nerves began, the interminable struggle with the times that innocent, always unpredictable events have.

Calculating the time it would take for the three sisters to get home was literally impossible for Carlo. The anxiety that exhausted him prevented him; for him a minute was eternity. Yet he couldn't be wrong. Mechanically, lying there as it was in that ditch pag. 89

dry no deeper than two palms and thick with fragrant grass, he unbuttoned his trousers, and to pass the time, excited as he was, <...> he took his [cock] in his hand and began to masturbate , as always, I repeat, when he was alone and hidden. But his [cock] wouldn't get straight; the anxiety was too much, he suffocated him. My thoughts were all taken up with imagining the three sisters' journey home.

In his agitation, he couldn't even concentrate on imagining the actions he was carrying out all that maneuver to perform. What would you have said to your grandmother to justify your presence at her farmhouse? There were no excuses. Or there was no need at all. Carlo, in a torment that made him hungry, had both the need to find it and the terror of not giving it. He tried to concentrate on that masturbation that was supposed to console him, bringing to the foreground the only meaning both of that evening of his (so wonderfully and miraculously promising) and of his entire life, and anticipating the happiness to which everything was subordinated. But he couldn't; his member remained soft or slightly swollen, red from the hand that tormented him. Certainly in advance, Carlo buttoned up and stood up. With his legs shaking and his eyes blurry, he approached that innocent gate of his grandmother's villa and rang the bell. Immediately, inside, echoing

clearly in the sonorous sultriness, voices came; which went out immediately inside the rooms. Shortly afterwards the gate opened and Carlo entered, immediately greeting, with excessive effusion and guilty calm, the old servant who had come to open it for him, poorly hiding his surprise, and walked casually towards the inside of the house. The windows were all open, and a red and melancholy festive light was projected onto the reflecting courtyard, with all its well-ordered flower pots, its large |heavy| white wooden tables and chairs, the chaises longues covered in leather.

Next to the entrance door, also open, on a red terracotta floor festively dazzling with light, Viola was sitting on a banquet. She was holding a box painted like a carousel. It was supposed to be the Game of the Goose. She was silent, against the wall of the house, warm as an oven, with her eyes in shadow. The grandmother appeared - in her old woman's white dress - in the doorway; and she made no effort - unlike the servant - to express her wonder at her. Carlo in the meantime had prepared her most natural justification, that is, the desire to see her for a moment and say goodbye, given that he had arrived from Rome and would soon have to leave again. His grandmother's amazement immediately passed, and he actually invited him to stay for dinner with her. This was precisely Carlo's [plan], and he was invaded by an overbearing, glorious [satisfaction]. Peace took hold of him. And, waiting for him to be ready, while his grandmother got busy, he went to lie down on a chaise longue, in front of Viola, who had now gone to sit right on the rustic step of the threshold. Lying like this, Carlo couldn't help but look at the stars. They had filled the entire square of sky above the old threshing floor, with its regular sides and its ancient tiles. By now it was really night; the light had disappeared, giving way to an unnatural darkness. There was no lighting

public, around, for many kilometers, and the moon had not yet risen. The stars remained. The stupendous stars of youth, which we then almost no longer look at, while they continue to shine, with their grainy and restless light, even in supreme calm. Their insistent trembling

<...> [it was] like a language. And to it was suddenly added the fraternal language of the concert of crickets, near and infinitely far away. Both of those languages seemed to want to endlessly repeat a single but inexhaustible concept: it would have been too easy to think that it alluded to

sadness and death; it was something much more: it was pure knowledge, an extremely significant thought, but without an object. Carlo didn't make a problem of it; he was just happy to enjoy for a few moments that dense looming of the firmament over him. He didn't care; it was nothing but a side dish, a sublime side dish. For years and years, for decades he would enjoy it. What really mattered to him was Viola. He couldn't see clearly whether the little girl was looking at him or not. However, little by little he let his hand fall onto her lap, and held it there, on the [place] which for a little girl is a mystery and shame. But when dinner should have been ready, he heard a sudden ringing outside the gate; and a male voice calling: "Viola!" The servant went to open the door, as if it were customary, and a very thin man appeared astride a bicycle, dressed as a farmer (with the trousers and shirt that farmers wear in the evening, after work, after having washed in the large tub). of their courtyards). Viola immediately got up and ran towards him. The grandmother appeared, in her white dress, at the door and with a reproachful look she turned to Viola who was running away:

"Aren't you saying goodbye?" Her pronunciation was dialect, exactly like that of Viola who, turning slightly, said: "Good evening, Mrs. Emilia", and that of her father who added: "Excuse you, Mrs., good evening, goodbye!". “Good evening, Vito,” concluded the grandmother, in a still somewhat resentful voice, and she returned. Carlo remained alone on the chaise longue under the stars. He was waiting for an entire dinner <...>, now, <...> alone with his grandmother.

pag. 91

Exactly 10 ter

Grandmother owned some very good privately produced Barolo. They both drank it until they were completely drunk. Grandma's must have been a habit. After all, faced with good, truly good Barolo, it was difficult to resist. In the end [it also emerged] to conclude a bottle of "xxx", a wine unknown to everyone because, although it did not belong to a special vintage and was not at all precious, if it had been on sale, it would have cost around

<thirty or forty thousand lire per bottle>. In fact, it was born only on a hill on the property of Carlo's grandmother; and his name was known only in the

family and in the few homes of the farmers who worked with it (as well as a small group of privileged friends from Turin). It was nothing special, but apparently, it was [divine], due to its absolute purity; and also for the decrepit age of his quality, which had remained so childishly fresh over the centuries, and had reached perfectly 'ingenuum' practically at the end of a human cycle. Its modest but very refined charm consisted in the fact that it was neither dry nor sweet, almost as if archaically this distinction had no reason to exist: it was wine absolutely, and not even very strong, as the ancients liked. Grandma's drunkenness had strange manifestations. If Carlo's impressions were to be anticipated, one could say that an enigmatic past was revealed in it as it was no longer judgeable. On the one hand she revealed herself as a rough peasant, a peasant landowner like her labourers, devoid of any interest in any form of reality that social privilege confronted her with. Maybe she had been a whore; of those 'cocottes' who, according to nineteenth-century tradition, the landowners of the early twentieth century went to get in the city, with great scandal, and then integrated into the solid family context (they turned out to be good administrators, and with a calm conservative spirit). Drunkenness perhaps brought out that origin of his.

Sitting with legs apart on the leather sofa with the glass of "xxx" in hand, after having chatted stupidly about nothing, as one might have chatted fifty years earlier, still within an era that was now ending, with its codes now |now| unusable except as quotations, she suddenly then began talking about Shakespeare's sonnets. In the darkness of her drunkenness what made her meticulously interested was a problem of gardens. She couldn't extricate herself from it, like a fly in a spider's web. Having made an observation, she stood for a moment looking at Carlo fixedly and questioningly, with her lips moving nervously and her eyes wandering in a desperate and somewhat begging smile, and then, without waiting for any comment, page. ninety two

of the interlocutor to whom he was so vibrantly addressing (and from whom he certainly expected nothing) he would once again bang his head against the wall of the problem of those gardens of his. He spoke English perfectly. The

Was the 'flower' of the sestina of sonnet 94 the young friend or not? Or was it not rather a part of the whole, that is, not a flower, but a garden? And was it to be identified with the lilies mentioned shortly afterwards, "the lilies that

stink"? In this regard Hallet Smith suggested that these lilies of the last verse are a reminiscence, yet another, of the Sermon on the Mount... But no, no: that last verse is definitely taken from Edward III, and it is not a question of lilies devoid of the thought of tomorrow, improvident, humbly absolute in their natural state; one cannot help but refer to them the negative connotation of 'husbandry', introduced in the previous verses. After all, the Gospel speaks of field lilies, while here we explicitly speak of garden lilies. And Shakespeare was well aware of this opposition, see sonnet 54 in which he contrasts the bush rose, the dog or wild rose, the Canker-bloom - the garden rose. They are the roses or lilies (the flowers) of the garden which are delicate and which must be protected from the weeds which make them wither, die and stink*. Like Richard II, a weak man, devoured, precisely, by the "weeds that grew in the shelter of his ample foliage", allowing - during the Wars of the Roses! – [to supplant that Rose-King with the “Wild Rose Bolingbroke”. The contrast of the two gardeners in Richard II demonstrates that the State is nothing more than a garden (is this what must be demonstrated?): “Our Sea-girded Garden, the whole Country, is full of Weeds, its Flowers more beautiful suffocated”] So says, to be precise, the gardener's servant. The servant's servant! And in this idea of the Garden -

loved by the servants themselves - the ideas of the two archetypal Gardens then converge (as Peter Ure documents in his edition of Richard II): the Garden of Eden, and the Garden of Arcadia. But these ideal Gardens tend to be pushed back into utopia, [abandoning] the real Garden States to the threat of abandonment. It is the new commercial-puritan civilization that breaks out, and Shakespeare himself cannot ignore it. Queen Elizabeth is dying...

It was not reliable in any way that the grandmother had ever had relations with the high nobility. The Vallettis were very rich, yes, but not so much that they cried over the death of Queen Elizabeth as if they had been with her on a yacht belonging to mutual friends. A peasant or academic endowed with the best type of knowledge, humanistic and philological, precisely that of the good old times, the grandmother was at the same time also a third thing: she was a petty bourgeois, any satisfied Bovary. And that was the worst obstacle to Carlo's plan. But luckily she was now completely drunk. And the maneuvers, this time, did not cost Carlo any real anguish.

He was drunk too. He did everything jokingly, laughing with great freshness, as if there was no tragic aspect to the matter - like <...> Ljudmilla with Sàia <...>. The wine had tightened and ignited the grandmother's skin, which after all wasn't much older than she was. Carlo was joking about this. And then, page. 93

starting to tickle her, while she resumed her speech on the Garden State, he began to joke, laughing sincerely, about the freshness of her flesh, under her armpits, about her waist. She absolutely wanted to see her legs, which were already exposed; and he pulled her skirt up above her thighs, laughing. It was at that point that he realised, pleasantly surprised and very amused, that, by doing all this, he had become aroused. He absolutely wanted the grandmother to observe the phenomenon through her eyes, if she didn't want to believe it. He uncovered himself too, and unbuttoning her trousers with an even louder and happier laugh, he took one of her hands, and made her clasp it tightly around her member as proudly erect as that of an infant. The grandmother's weak and bony hand, however willing, going up and down, was not able to make him reach orgasm, so he removed it from her, making her place it on her thigh, and quickly finished himself, ejaculating on her, and staining that beautiful old white dress of hers.

pag. 94

Note 10 quater - Cosmo

[When all that great laughter was behind us, with the entire intertwining of the acts of the body, of things, of the light and darkness of the family evening with its habits and its transgressions (which also seem to be written in a book of house), and oblivion fell on all this, Carlo fatally ended up finding himself alone in the middle of the countryside, along the path of poplar trees.]

The night was late, there were no more exceptions. Everything was silent, even the dogs. The moon had risen in the meantime, and was stationed, so clear that it seemed detached from the sky, on the mountains that were black in the shiny air; and the stars, thus, had resumed their speech more dimly, endlessly repeating their disconsolate signals, trembling and imperceptible. The crickets, however, were undaunted; the crickets of that piedmont region,

at the end of a [sweltering] summer, they breathed their air to repeat their indecipherable message, which had like an extremely significant curve: here, close by, there was an almost sense of thirsty, humanly insatiable, alive love , while down there, declining into the [unthinkable] distance it became a lament that could neither say nor teach anything, such was its melancholy.

Carlo stopped and sat down. He looked around as if this was going to be the last look of his life. A night in the Canavese area: so perfect in repeating itself that it is drawn into its thousand past forms and canceled out, and so perfect in its being present that it looms like an apparition made up of a thousand apparitions, each one as enchanting as it is destined to just be there: pure design of necessity | mind| of the world. But the presence was so strong that the heart, while enjoying it with all its ability, rejected it. Hurt both by his dedication to all that silent beauty and by his fear of it, Carlo stood there observing the night with a smile of bliss which, when you are alone - and the only modesty you have with yourself - he becomes vaguely mad: despite the staging, that was the highest and most beautiful moment of his life dedicated exclusively to sex, in the most complete separation from every other form of human interest. After having filled the world - in the present, and even more, with even more desperate happiness and gratitude, in the future - with this exclusive sexual passion, it was precisely in its rare moments of complete suspension - and in those, frequent moments of fragmentary suspension, mixed to the acts of love and its long searches - that happiness reached its highest points, to the point of feeling forever protected from death, and from every form of end, while accepting its [final] and distant crowning, as a stupendous lack of life limit.

pag. 95

All that external becoming, existing and dissolving of the cosmos was opposed by the body - now sitting, in the warm air where a fire seemed to have just gone out, and not a breath of wind was moving around it - in which life really began: a life that still had everything to give.

pag. 96

Note 11 - The new day

After a while, however beautiful the relationships with the cosmos are short-lived: they are of little use, they cause us to waste other things, time, sleep, etc., which are so reasonably necessary. The sincerity of the relationship with the cosmos soon runs out: it tends to immediately transform into an act of homage, into a dutiful concentration, from which man tries to free himself, hypocritically repressing his impatience, like a child in religious lessons), Carlo he continued his journey, returned home, undressed, and got into bed. Immediately, as was the unbreakable norm, he took hold of himself | squeezed in his fist | the member soft, still a little wet from the recent ejaculation (Carlo didn't wash in the evening), and he began to move it to make it harden. After a while he succeeded, and began to masturbate. His imagination recalled with the fervor with which a leader recalls the moments of a won battle, what he had enjoyed in the evening but he did not limit himself to recalling it: he proposed it again in a future repetition, with variations as exhilarating as they were easy (in the imagination, devoid of the resistance of reality). But there was also a thought that tormented him. The loss of Viola's presence. So much so that little by little her imagination became fixated entirely on her. Masturbating, in a long interrupted ejaculation, Carlo thought about what he would have done, in front of the little girl, if she, so unpredictably, had not been 'saved' by her father, that thin, lifeless man with his bicycle and his deep, ancient voice. Po master. As always, masturbation caused him a sudden, blind sleep, which reabsorbed him into a mossy throat, just as his imagination painted before Carlo's closed eyes acts that went well beyond any real possibility, and which he was also certain were even through sacrifices, anguish and dangers, he would end up achieving it. This, and nothing else, was the purpose of his life.

pag. 97

Note 17 - The Wheel and the pin

Everything Carlo did in that period passed into Pasquale's memory, in a perfectly objective way. However, there was something that did not suffer the same fate as all of Carlo's other acts and was therefore not recorded, or, better yet, verbalised, by Pasquale. It's a dream. And precisely the following dream.

Carlo found himself tied to a wheel. It was one of those wheels that can be seen reproduced in the illustrations representing the tortures of the Holy Inquisition etc. and that - badly observed -

they return to memory in a deformed way <...>, placing themselves in space according to our imagination or our unconscious will. This wheel, therefore, in the dream was enormous: infinitely larger than the wheels, albeit monumental and baroque, in the illustrations: and it was, moreover, finished in a meticulous and precious way, so much so that it resembled the wheel of a Divinity's chariot, or the Wheel of Fortune, or even the Zodiac Wheel. <...>

This wheel was suspended in space. In what void? But of course, in the void of the cosmos. This void, however, was also a 'cultural space': perhaps the (unlimited) bottom of a ceiling or an apse, or a simple sky, but pervaded by a melancholy, chilling light, with a few clouds just brushed in indigo < ...>.

Carlo was tied, naked, to the wheel. But, as happens in dreams, being there, tied up and naked, was simultaneously an action and the contemplation of it. Carlo was tied naked to that wheel, and, at the same time, he could see himself there. Not only that, but someone told him (as if suggesting it to him, or, better yet, teaching it to him with a patience equal to the [unappealable severity] of parents and childhood teachers in the act of [inculcating] a duty). It was a “subdued immemorial serene4” choir which, although intermittent, with long pauses, occasionally losing itself in nothingness, told Carlo what he himself was experiencing at that moment, not only that, but was observing.

The Wheel turned: whether it turned quickly or slowly was a relative concept, which did not apply in that dimension. The important thing was that Carlo always returned to the same point (like the chorus

“subdued immemorial serene” he pointed out). But what was this point? Lacking any reference in that brown, desert-like evening space, Carlo would not have been able to recognize any point in particular. All the points were perfectly equal to each other compared to the absolute nakedness of space; and they were also, of course, all equal with respect to the center, as happens with 4

any respectable circumference. Yet, actually, there was a point. And when Carlo reached this point, not only did he know it - being there himself with his body - but he saw it, as if he were a spectator of himself; and, what's more, the choir, perhaps becoming a little less "subdued, immemorial serene", did not fail to notice him. It was at this point, for example, that, at the beginning <?> of the dream, Carlo had seen, [exactly, perfectly] in the center, that is, in the pivot of the Wheel, the first scene that he was called to contemplate. It was a tangle (also enormous, baroque) of two snakes - down there, at the bottom of the spokes of the Wheel. They formed like a single snake coiled around itself, with its dry and purple scales, which had a strange prominence in the colorless air. When Carlo, carried away by his tour, returned to the point for the second time and looked, the two snakes had detached themselves from each other and were lying on the ground, in the abstract space of the hub of the Wheel, as if lifeless; they had also shrunk, becoming two simple grass snakes, dead and dried up by the summer sun. But in their place stood a woman. She was a savage. Her forehead was small: the roots of her hair reached almost to her snub nose, and fell bristling, and smeared with some repellent oil, behind her small nape, over her miserable shoulders. She stood as pregnant women stand, straight, with her belly slightly swollen forward and with a kind of shameless smile in her eyes and in her thick-lipped mouth. But the curious thing was not her barbaric appearance, of a poor spirit without a heart, nor the strange ironic consciousness that emanated from her whole little body, but rather the fact that an enormous penis hung from her belly: it was a penis - soft, given which, evidently, was not erect - but [filled with the same dark strength and sprinkled] with the same black allspice, which [is imagined] in Priapean men or in beasts, donkeys, mules. She was from the possession of this penis, which was born | originated and rose | in the eyes of that woman, that obscenely winking | allusive | smile. But she was not alone: the 'scene'

it also consisted of the presence (not noticed at first) of a man who was next to her, in her shadow, if one could say so (in that world there was neither light nor shadow). He was incredibly small: a little genius, a stuffed doll that little girls play with, an elf, a dwarf. He was, however, perfectly

proportioned, when seen only in himself. His appearance was virile and gentle at the same time; he had the young look of his father who just got married and is still a boy himself. His sex also dangled at the bottom of his legs, but it was normal sex, and, in the natural modesty of his nakedness, it was not noticeable. But, a little further up, in the groin, a long cut could be clearly seen, a deep, black wound. The man, bent over, held it a little loosely with his fingers, as if wanting to show it, and looked at it, occasionally raising his eyes at her with a patient and protective smile. Carlo knew, and the chorus - from the <...> internal spaces of that universe, confirmed it to him - that that deep cut on the man's groin was the vulva. On the next revolution of the Wheel, the Scene in the center from which the axes radiated had changed again.

pag. 99

There were no longer any snakes, no woman or man. He himself was there, Carlo: but he was dead (or perhaps despite having come into the world, he had never been born). His body was perfectly rigid, as if made of stone: indeed, he was definitely the body of a monument of old stone. The choir warned him, deep down, that this was joy, and there would never be a greater joy than it.

But by now Carlo knew about the turning of the Wheel; and he also knew that the 'point' was approximately above and to the right of anyone looking at the Wheel. So now, starting the tour again, he would go down, he would fall into the abysmal greyness, and then go back up, and arrive there, at the top right, from where he would have had the wonderful possibility of contemplating a new scene. And in the meantime he enjoyed the turn of the Wheel in space with the same excitement (and a kind of tickle in the belly) that a child feels when he goes up and down on a swing. Soon he returned to the 'point', and from there looked towards the pin of the Wheel. The monument of his own death-hardened body was now a Cock, a huge stone Cock; a Lingham; and next to it there was a great old man, with a white beard and sweet, suffering eyes: a holy old man, certainly supremely good, but also, one could see, supremely intransigent, and certainly capable, if it were the case, of remaining absolutely insensitive to pity.

The Wheel dived back into space, spun around, and Carlo returned to the Point again.

This time there, in the pivot, <...> he was a boy on the seashore, on which a boat was rocking: around a population of barbarians looked at him, while a man (whose face could not be seen) covered him with marks ; finally this man gave him a stick on which there was an enormous shell made in a spiral; and, although he cried like a child who had to leave his mother, that man pushed him violently, with his barbarian hands, towards the boat, ready to leave for distant places. The choir warned Carlo of a very curious thing: "Behold, you are born for the second time."

The Giro began again: at the hub of the Wheel, to be gazed at by Carlo, there was now a small, ordinary old man: no more and no less than a petty bourgeois, in gray modern clothes: Carlo recognized him immediately: it was his father. Next to his father there was an unknown young man, also faceless, but this time with an enormous sex, powerful, dark, like that of the woman in the First Scene. The meaning of Carlo's father was not the one that Carlo had usually attributed to him, for many years, when he was awake: it was a completely new meaning, as if full of a radiant novelty.

THE NEXT TURNING OF THE WHEEL*

<...> (In the following turn] of the Wheel Carlo immediately understood that the show would no longer take place for him, in a regular succession of Scenes, at the Center of the Wheel: the show from now on page 100

it would be carried out outside, in the surrounding space. [Which] was no longer the bare cosmos, but the desert **. AND

in fact, at that moment, the sun was rising over that desert. Its very long oblique rays skimmed the sands and stones, streaking <...> with long shadows***. In an oasis, or near a ford, where there was some blue and thorny plant, two young men, coming from two opposite sides of the desert, met: at first they looked at each other with fear and hatred, then they got closer and, while continuing to look at each other with distrust ****, they shook hands. Then other young men, naked and strong like them - and all with the prominent, bestial, powerful sex of that woman in the First Scene -

some alone, some together with others - began to arrive at that point in the desert (where it stood - Carlo he saw it now - a tall sharp stone, in the shape of an obelisk or ladder). They looked at each other, at first, with the hostility of strangers; then - so it seemed - they decided instead to make friends, to enter into an alliance pact. They had already lit a fire, and some - as anachronistic as this may seem - were singing and drinking wine. “They are brothers and orphans,” warned the subdued, serene, immemorial chorus. This pierced Carlo's heart with unspeakable pain.

At that moment he woke up. But, for a moment, the dream continued even while he was awake: the moment necessary for him to be aware (an awareness suggested, from now indescribable distances, by the chorus) that a new character was appearing among those 'brothers', something like a Devil', an 'Evil Spirit', even given a name, 'Polis' or something similar - as Carlo had time to think, or, rather, to learn. *

pag. 101

Note 18 - Irrelevant things for Pasquale

Carlo's dream had a small appendix at the table. That day his father, who had been away on his business all that time, had returned. The family was therefore complete that day at lunch. This fact was accidental (because <...> for twenty years [this had not] the slightest importance): however he did not fail to [have] <...> a significant solemn dinner. The father sat at the head of the table.

And he was curious because that was exactly how Carlo had seen him the night before in his dream. Dressed in dark, with his unpleasant glasses with tortoiseshell temples, a certain efficient and youthful air, which was a little embarrassing.

Looking at him, Carlo suddenly remembered a part of his dream - or added it now, as if the dream continued.

«You come back - said the immemorial chorus - you come back». And he meant to say «You return to that point»: but, in this case, the point was no longer 'upper right', but was down, in the centre, where the cosmic abyss

sank below, like a chasm and where (this too was absolute but perfectly unjustified knowledge) the shadows of the characters who had appeared in the Scenes at the center of the Wheel were projected.

Once they got to the fruit, the father - who had become a little more talkative, still in his somewhat youthful

[disgusting] - perhaps due to the same wine owned by her grandmother - she had said some witty phrase about I don't know what political event of that moment (I,6o-6r, I remind the reader). At those words of his father, Carlo had another internal, or prophetic, upheaval. That is, it seemed to him that he had never taken into consideration, in his life, the weight that people of the same sex as himself and his father represented for him, that is, males, above all (but this had not reached the threshold of consciousness), males young; and he thought that sooner or later, he would have to know of their existence, with the same physical brutality with which he was now faced with the presence of his father; of his old father.

pag. 102

Note 19 - Final balance

In conclusion: during the period of his return to Turin, how he remained |was| scrupulously noted in

'stolen report' of Pasquale, Carlo had complete sexual intercourse - and mostly repeated - with his mother, with his four sisters, with his grandmother, with a friend of the latter, with the family maid, with the her fourteen-year-old daughter, with two dozen girls of the same age and even younger, with a dozen ladies from her mother's 'entourage'. Furthermore, he had exhibitionistic relationships (concluded or not with a certain complicity, or with an incomplete sexual relationship, such as, for example, masturbation) with at least a hundred underage girls and just as many older ones (but still under the age of twenty) ; he had made use of half a dozen pimps, and had practically masturbated - endlessly interrupting his ejaculation - whenever he found himself alone, even if in public.

ALL this was reported by me, with great difficulty, 'as seen' by Pasquale, that is

[through <...> his report] Now Pasquale had finished his task. And we can get rid of him and his linguistic restriction. Because, let it be clear immediately, Carlo would continue for all the following years and decades to behave as he had behaved on that return to his hometown: and even worse.

pag. 103

Note 19a - Discovery at Porta Portese

It was a blazing June morning. Summer had suddenly arrived. The asphalt and the stones were hot, and the stench of the rubbish burned by a sun that was more clear and pure than it was impossible to imagine was mixed with the smell of the wild plants, which burst out everywhere: among the hovels of the shantytowns, among the old blocks of flats of the seventeenth century, among the small buildings piled up along the banks of the Tiber, and, indeed, on the banks of the Tiber, which brought the wild and dirty greenery of the nearby countryside into the city. But in that [immemorial] sun in whose clarity - so excessive as to have something cloudy and milky, especially in the [backgrounds] - it seemed that nothing other than the acts of an ancient lazy and profoundly silent life of an old village could take place - there was instead a deafening, indescribable hubbub. Cars, trucks, vans, bicycles, carts move: and a crowd [immense, anxious, shouting] A day of great celebration and great work seemed to have mixed together: which made everyone excited, also because that crowd was made up of a large majority of young men and boys.

Perhaps because that sun entered into things, and from within them xxx its dark, dry splendor, all that crowd that mingled under the arches of Porta Portese, and down along the avenue, xxx, was a southern crowd. The light exuded from poor, brown limbs, from bony faces, from eyes that flashed with a hungry blackness, from shorn necks, and from the voices themselves, hoarse from the great shouting and joking that began at dawn, when it was still dark outside. .

The Venetian man of letters with a surname ending in -on came |walked| in the midst of all that crowd; although he was not the only intellectual, there, in the midst of that underclass crowd, he was all alone. He walked, amidst the jostling, in his elegant blue summer dress, from stall to stall, with a curious and helpful air. Although alone, he was performing a decidedly social act; he knew it, and he did not suspect its conventionality at all; indeed, if anything he was proud of it: and his gaze wandered in search

[of the 'discovery'] always possible, in the midst of the expanses of junk, <...> [which seemed dazed, coming from the darkness of the warehouses and cellars, in all that blind glare of the morning sun]. She looked, paused, worried about some object, ironically discarded it, moved on to something else. He thus ended up in front of a stall that was poorer than the others; if it was a stall you could call it. In fact, all the stuff was lying on the ground, in the bare dust. At the end, touched by the feet of the crowd walking along the wall with the open doors of the warehouses, stood the sellers: three young people aged between fifteen and thirty, who the excitement and the night

spent in silence (sleeping on the floor, where they now found themselves) they had reduced to silence: a silence however extraordinarily expressive. There was not a member of their body that remained still, from the drooling mouths, to the cheekbones that seemed to have been hit and deformed by a hammer, to the shining eyelets, to the thick hair that seemed to burn on the protruding ears, like tufts. Yet there was in their eyes and in their actions a kind of indifferent bliss, which made them similar to sphinxes, descending there, filthy and xxx, from afar. They were three thieves, or at least three fences, like most of their colleagues; and they were Neapolitans. The things they sold, therefore, were nothing to them, they had no meaning or real value: they were books, old manuscripts, yellowed portraits of famous people, records from twenty or thirty years earlier, Art Nouveau or twentieth century objects from bookshops or boudoir etc. Our man of letters stopped in front of their little shop lying in the dust, and began absentmindedly to observe, with a slight nervous yawn fixed on his half-open lips: he frowned at that useless thing, already ready to continue his exploration, when, who knows? because, next to a portrait of none other than General Graziani, his attention was attracted by a briefcase full of books: part of those books had in fact spilled out, and it was the title of one of them that had attracted his

attention of our intellectual with the Venetian surname: it was a title that for an Italian sounded funny: Sterna i teoriya romano di Sklovskij. And with this the reader will have already understood what briefcase it was. Tiredly intrigued, since at first glance he understood that it was a real little library, [very coherent], our intellectual began to browse through the books and leaf through them. The first book that came into his hands was a very cheap edition of Dostoevsky's Demons: everything underlined, one might say, from the first line to the last; almost glued to it [as] it were a single volume, there was The Brothers Karamazov, much less underlined, but with more determination and almost violence: some pages were even torn by the tip of the ballpoint pen. Then a small edition, also cheap, of the Divine Comedy, where there was only one clue, that is, a large ear on the page where Canto xxix of Purgatory began. While the small pages on Dante (and also on De Sade) in a small volume in French were much underlined: L'écriture et l'expérience des limit: by Philippe Sollers. They followed everything Swift, everything Hobbes, everything Pound. Particularly underlined and even annotated was all of Propp. Next to Propp, evidently [not by chance] there was Apollonius Rhodes, The Argonauts. And Ferenczi's Thalassa.

There were Plato's Republic and Aristotle's Politics: read, certainly, but not much underlined. AND

thus Schreber's Memoirs of a Nervous Sufferer and Strindberg's Inferno. The presence of Roberto Longhi in the middle is intriguing: Piero della Francesca, <...> evidently already passed through many owners, and a whole heap of various writings, mostly in magazines. In the center of the suitcase, as if in a 'corner of honour', there were the following five books: Don Quixote, Tristram Shandy, Anime pag. 105

death, Ulysses and Finnegans Wake. In the midst of another pile of books (the Old Testament, Belli's poems, and a dozen volumes on linguistics) spilled out of the briefcase. [There was <...> also Pasquale Bucciarelli's report. They had been stolen together.] The intellectual began to scroll through it a bit, amused, while down there, crouched next to their stuff, the three silent Neapolitans, in their excited bliss, peered at him waiting for his decisions; However, they did not give him the satisfaction of showing the slightest anxiety, sitting around 'posing' like a scoundrel, [marked] by fatigue

and the sun, with their eyes shining darkly above the cheekbones [of ravenous wolves].

- report some of the most significant passages underlined

- give the editions with some philological indications

Pen note on a page of the Argonauts (Greek-English): “Don't listen! Every great writer writes only to fill the blank page with signs" and in a smaller way "Every great writer loves first of all the Hundreds. The culture of every great writer is medieval"

pag. 106

Note 20 - Carlo (as in a novel by Sterne)

left when going to a reception

While that Carlo who I am unfortunately forced to call second, or to distinguish him by perhaps calling him a Carolus or a Karl who have an unpleasant taste of literature, lived his

'Poem of Return' in Turin, the Carlo who by symmetry I should call first, and who in fact is the Carlo par excellence (i.e. for social privilege), was also about to make his leap forward.

Commonly it is called a 'career'. However, it is actually something else. We should never accept the language of our enemies; there are no moral limits of any kind to a man's fulfillment. This Carlo n. r, was realized, for now, by looking for protectors: in order to then be able to realize himself fully and coherently with himself in historical life, in the life of the City: as it was something more than his right.

There is an inevitable symmetry in the beginning of the two stories that constitute the subject of this work of mine: the same goes for the story of Carlo n. It begins not far from the house he rented in the neighborhood that was elegant in those years. This is Mrs. F.'s living room, which however will be greatly expanded by a series of digressions. However, this does not mean - I would like to point out - that the symmetry I spoke about is unbalanced in

the slightest: in fact, even behind the place and the imaginary people who presided over the beginning of the story of Carlo n. 2, there is an enormous perspective that transcends them |goes far beyond them|: even if it is the miserable swarm of anthropologically inferior men who proclaim their right to history by offering blackmail in exchange for their servility: and they come from the lowest parts of the nation in every sense.

It was a mid-spring evening, mysteriously humid and cold, but also equally mysteriously dry and warm. What filled her with this mystery |such ambiguity| <...> it could be either a hurricane that was gathering - but in silence, without thunder or wind - over the large neighborhood, or, on the contrary, an opening of the sky and the earth towards the [peace] of the beautiful season, with its fringes still stormy with clouds illuminated by a [solemn] starry sky.

Breathing deeply that mysterious air, as if it were his own future made cold or warm by that evening full of omens, Carlo had just left the house, and was walking with long strides, with his open overcoat fluttering heavily, being a xxx of English rubber (and with this realistically contributing to the Oxymoron that presides over this step in our history).

pag. 107

Next to Carlo - breathing the air with less inspiration [cold-warm, dark-glittering] - and proceeding with less impetus along the Parioli street, towards Mrs. F.'s house, in the neighborhood

[calm-stormy, dull-fermenting] - walked a man of his age and almost identical to him.

He had the same youthful tuft, although now a little sparse, that danced like a wing on his forehead, the same brown color of his face and hair, the brown of the Northern Italians, the same athletic size hidden in an apparently small body, the same slightly ape-like gait. The shape of his face differed little: his cheekbone was a little rounder where Carlo's cheekbone was pronounced, his chin weaker where Carlo's chin was strongly marked; the most ironic and distracted look where Carlo's gaze was full of childish seriousness and as if petrified by a kind of terror, made up of anxiety and hope at the same time.

The rules that govern the exposition of my story, even if not yet explicit and autonomous

- and therefore comparable only with themselves - require me to get lost in the parenthesis regarding this friend of Carlo's. It does not matter if he is destined, after this crucial moment, never to reappear in our history. So here it is: it is a schoolmate of Carlo's, named Guido Casalegno. Not having had Carlo's problems, he was far ahead of him in that self-realization called career. Neither illusions nor disappointments had distracted him from that

'lusion', from that <...> 'ludic' construction <...> which does not disappoint expectations: and it is essentially, if I may continue to express myself in this way, with the illusion of having those who play better and for longer: the candies. In this case the large company Eni. Casalegno had been a classmate of Carlo Valletti at high school. At the university they had lost sight of each other. Due to family traditions, Casalegno had enrolled in Law, while Carlo, without such traditions, had chosen, as we have seen, Engineering. However, as soon as he graduated, Casalegno did not follow a traditional career. His culture was eclectic (as well as forensic, it was also literary and sociological): and it was eclectic at the very moment in which the boom in specialization was exploding. Where the expectation of an 'executive', i.e. a specialized technician, was logical, he offered the figure of a 'jack of all trades', even if essentially honest. Now, if Eni was a company, it was also a ['topos'] of power, as is too well known for me to go into explanations. The suture between these two forms or ways of being could not absorb, in its concrete historical aspect, that is in its descent and realization in floating staffs and almost nameless offices, regularly specialized personnel. And it was therefore in this mixed, sutural terrain that Casalegno had made his way. There had been in those years (in which these maneuvers had not yet come to light; they were considered innocent common administration) an obscure shifting of pawns in an important sector for an organism of power, both state and non-state, such as the Eni: the printing sector. For example, published by Nuova Editoriale Italiana Spa, the new “Avvenire” was published in Milan, born from the merger between the newspaper pag. 108

Bolognese Catholic and the Lombard newspaper of the same name. Eni had a particular predilection for this newspaper, which was not limited to advertising privileges. The salaries of the editors and collaborators were

increased so much as to arouse the envy of the "Corriere della sera"; the pages, sections, services, etc. were increased. They even hired journalists from the

“Corriere” - for example the deputy editor-in-chief of sports services - together with the editors of Ansa and “Panorama”; not to mention other more eccentric characters, such as the former director of

“Ciao Big”, the former director of the monthly magazine for single men “Kent”, the former director of “Sì” (offspring of

“ABC”) and the former editor-in-chief of “ABC” himself. The president of Nuova Editoriale Italiana Spa becomes one of Eni's top executives, Ettore Zolla: he is, above all, Troya's trusted man. I would like to draw the reader's attention to this point: in fact Aldo Troya, vice president of Eni, is destined to become one of the key characters in our history.

Vice president of the Nuova Editoriale Italiana is, precisely, at the moment in which we find ourselves in our history, Guido Casalegno. He had made an extraordinarily rapid career. He had started in Bonocore's Snam, president of Eni, when that literally meant

“Società Nazionale Metanodotti”: destined, as we will see, in due course, to be liquidated by Troya, to then be relaunched with the same name but without the old functions. At the first version of Snam, Casalegno was responsible for secretarial duties: and there he stood out for particular, and, as far as we are concerned, quite fictional merits. President Enrico Bonocore was in fact so caught up in the vortex of his activities - founding ones, belonging to mythical times - that he didn't even find the time to place his signature under the hundreds of letters of ordinary correspondence (for the most important letters he used an autograph seal) : it was therefore Casalegno - I repeat, a substantially honest man - who signed the ordinary courier for Enrico Bonocore: signing in full, with an admirable imitation of the Capo's original signature. As a consequence of his boundless manual patience, Guido Casalegno currently occupied the position we have mentioned: in addition to being Administrative Manager of Snam, and director of the Segisa Division, thus administratively and financially

controlling the "Giorno": and he had become part of of the small floating oligarchy of the so-called Troyan empire.

It was together with this powerful friend of his that Carlo went towards Mrs. F.'s living room, in a dramatic and enigmatic state of mind at the same time. The most diverse expressions passed tumultuously and chaotically across his face: now there was almost a smile, like someone caught in the ecstasy of a life that suddenly appears full of intense and profound promises, even if they are still unknown, even not named; now there was the dismay both of a debacle invariably pre-established by his own nature, and of a premature anguish for a kind of 'cosmic' vanity of any possible realization on earth. There was also no shortage of pages. 109

an almost vulgar and servile expression towards his friend, who, despite not having spoken about it, tacitly gave him his protection for a first xxx xxx; but there was also, at the same time, a certain hooligan sneer of contempt that - precisely because they are young - provincial youth, in the name of culture, (have) <...> against events like the one that awaited him on that night of spring in Mrs. F.'s living room (whose house, full of lights and the movement of cars in the street, was already visible at the end of the tree-lined driveway going downhill in the heart of Parioli).

Carlo was free. What had until then prevented him from throwing himself headlong into life (which, being a 'social' life, is [wonderful and distressing]), had separated from him, like a ballast that slows his flight. By separating from him, she had begun her own story, parallel to his: and he, in fact, was experiencing the first moments of his liberation. Not only the joy of him, but also the fear of him. And this was not the only contradiction, because, as we have seen, the one who, by detaching himself from him, had freed him, living his total freedom - even forgetting all duties and even social convenience - had in turn reached the limit beyond which not even the most total freedom can go. In fact, it too can be known. Indeed, it cannot fail to be known.

Such knowledge of freedom is the possibility of its end. Perhaps because behind him, knowingly or unknowingly, there was this inextricable knot of freedom gained and lost, boundless and monitored, Carlo looked towards Mrs. F.'s sparkling house with that suspended expression, open-mouthed, as

in a snapshot taken suddenly, and the impetuous and at the same time uncertain step - as if blocked in a conquering act by a metaphysical doubt - which 'fixed' the folds of his fluttering xxx as in a mannerist painting...

pag. 110

Note 21 - Flashes on Eni

pag. 111

Note 21 - The so-called empire of the Troya: him, Troya

He, Troya, is a man in his fifties, but he looks younger. The first thing that strikes you about him is his smile. He is striking, first of all, because he immediately feels that he has become a smile [stereotype]. He is a public man, so he is forced to smile, it seems: but instead of being a smile, <...> reassuring,

shining, indeed, radiant, like an 'average man', who, being a good family man, a nice worker, a good Catholic, has nothing to reproach himself for: [not even] naturally, that smile of his [with all his teeth out] with which basically declares that he doesn't take life so seriously, given that life in itself is already beautiful, worth living, and precisely in that way. No. It wasn't a smile of this kind, so common |widespread| among public men. Troya's smile is instead a smile of complicity, almost winking: it is definitely a guilty smile. With it, Troya seems to want to tell those who look at him that he knows well that those who look at him consider him an abject and ambitious man, capable of anything, absolutely devoid of a weak point, despite his air of a poor ex-collegiate student and a bootlicker from sacristy: and it means at the same time, to those who consider it as such, that <...> they can also do it <...>, and that, if by chance, on this point, there were accounts to settle, the what was, objectively, postponed sine die (i.e. until the day in which Troya was no longer powerful). Not only that, but any settling of accounts, with the impotent and idealistic

'simple citizen' who formulated a judgment on him on the [disgusting] truth he himself admitted, was always, in some way, prevented by something more urgent, more publicly urgent. And it was this 'secret of something more

urgent' that hid, above all, Troya's smile. Finally, this smile also expressed another message, which is an essential, indispensable and I would say almost sacred message in Italy: Troya, that is, by smiling slyly, wanted to let everyone know continuously, without interruption, that he was smart. So let him go, for goodness sake, that he 'knew certain things', 'had certain urgent matters of national importance' (which one day or another would be known), that he 'was so clever and let's just say creeping' to always get by in the best way and in everyone's interest. Naturally, being a smile of complicity, it was also a begging smile: that is, it begged for compassion over his obvious guilt. As if to confirm everything that smile meant to say - not without a certain affability from intellectual to intellectual, if not from citizen to citizen - his head was continually retracted between his shoulders, so much so as to give Troya the impression of a man a little

hunchback. And in fact, if we want, the head was a bit like the head of a hunchback: round, with a protruding forehead, straight hair, a small, weak chin. As for the eyes, behind the glasses, they were round and made expressive by the continuous exercise of that winking smile of guilt. They glued themselves keenly to those who observed them but only to escape immediately. His <...> proceeding <...> was rapid: an impression of rapidity increased by the fact that he always kept magazines, folders full of papers and even books under his arm, which made him busy.

It is known that he was born in Sacile - a town in the province of Pordenone (but in Udine when he was born) in 1921. His father was a farmer of a patrician Degano family, landowners (so to speak), which soon decayed and dispersed, before he even finished his studies. His father, an old Catholic, white if there ever was one (but a fascist until 1943) on the other hand became quite rich (but always a village wealth, from a parish). Despite this wealth, the Troyas continued to live in the old modest house near the church square: an old Venetian-style house, like all the others, with gray porticoes and flirtatious wrought iron pergolas underneath. Not far from there, that is, behind the Church, the Livenza flowed, green and deep, on whose banks, apparently, little Troya went to play with the other boys of the parish. This is all that is known about the first part of his life: a nebulous and flat legend, which Troya had never bothered, in any way, to clarify or xxx. He absolutely

did not like any form of advertising. He had, by the very nature of his power, to remain in the shadows. And in fact he stayed there.

Every possible 'source' of information about him was mysteriously and systematically made to disappear. There were no anecdotes about him, nor even any jokes. And this was extraordinarily un-Italian, in contrast to his 'sly' smile: but he was not, however, as we will see, devoid of logic. It was known that he traveled around with a car, a green Citroen xxx, not even registered to him (who therefore did not even own a modest Citroen); and it was also known that he collected white ceramic objects (which gave the air of small cemeteries to certain tables, certainly not rare antiques, in his house and even in his office).

Here is everything that was currently known about him. The language with which he expressed himself was his activity, therefore, to interpret it, I would have to be a mercantilist as well as a detective. I made do, and here's what I found out.

pag. 113

Note 22a - The so-called Troya empire: the branches closest to the parent company

Troya, who emigrated to Milan in 1943, was apparently not [unexpectedly] caught unprepared for his choices by the end of fascism and the beginning of the Resistance. In fact, he participated in the Resistance (this, as we will see, constitutes the scandal). There was a mixed Degasperian and Republican formation (the mixed formation began immediately, as you can see), fighting in the Brianza mountains. The leader of that partisan group was the current president of Eni, Ernesto Bonocore. (Both Troya and Bonocore, as the reader will have noticed, are not two northern surnames: they were actually immigrants. Those who were northern were the mothers: a certain Pinetta Springolo from Sacile, for Troya, and a certain Rosa Bonali, from Bescapè (xxx) for Bonocore). As regards the anti-fascist undertakings, impeccable and respectable, despite the mix, of the partisan formation led by Bonocore, I have already mentioned it in the paragraph entitled "Lampi sull'Eni", and I refer anyone wishing to refresh their memory to it. Mine is not a 'swarming' [novel], but a 'swarming' one and therefore it is understandable that the

reader remains a little <...> disoriented. The thing I would like to underline is the following: Troya was second in the partisan formation. And it seemed to suit him magnificently ever since. I don't want to mythologise: but Troya didn't care about excelling in order to excel. It was more than ambitious. He therefore did not have the weaknesses of the ambitious: his life, his appearance, his behavior were grey, or, better to say, ascetic.

They always had been. As a 'second' (deputy commander or vice-president) his ascetic tendency to 'achieve' was implemented much better. Probably he did not calculate it, but simply limited himself to amassing and building his own destiny according to his own nature. He didn't advance, he accumulated. He didn't go up, he expanded. It would be too long, and impossible for me, to follow the entire slow history (two decades) of this accumulation and expansion. I will therefore limit myself to giving a panorama as it might present itself to an observer [at the moment <...> of] our history. The <...> inconsistencies <...> between the gray and ascetic character of Troya, with the Tinto' physical portrait that I have given of him: but this is part of the swarm, or vortex, [which is the] structural figure of the my telling; and the reader must take it as entertainment.

Therefore, Troya is currently vice president of Eni. But this is only an official position, a premise for a further leap forward due not so much to an ambitious will but to the objective and massive accumulation of forces guided by this will. Troya's true power is for now in his private empire, if these distinctions are possible. Troya has always had pages. 114

consistently |instinctively| acted under the sign of the Mixed. Therefore there is never a real solution of continuity between what is his and what is public. However, at least one of the fiefdoms of the so-called empire is definitely, classically his: however, it is a fiefdom very far away, across the ocean, and precisely in Argentina, in the immense plains near Mar del Plata. Here he owns a real small 'region', whose feudal lord has been, apparently for many years, his brother Ivan. A brother who passed directly from Sacile, in fact, to Mar del Plata, and was transplanted there with the naturalness that, at any latitude, the land gives to those who cultivate it. Ivan was the portrait of Pinetta Springolo, the mother.

It was all Sacilese, or rather proto-Sacilese (the substratum of Sacile is Friulian, while the bourgeoisie, which also imposed itself linguistically, is Venetian). A Solomonic and hooked peasant, red in the face and especially in the nose, eternally wearing a crumpled hat with a floppy brim. This Ivan will never appear in our story again. The other primary foundation of the Troyan empire was the Società Immobiliari e Partecipazioni <?>, registered in the name of Amelia Gervasoni. This Amelia Gervasoni was one of those women who are only found in Milan, even if they are of provincial origin. She was already over forty, she was a spinster (or at least with that old-fashioned term she considered herself |

conceived itself|) and of an absolute morality and moralism. She had retained something inferior in her thin and bony features: as a woman (and spinster) and as a petty bourgeois (and provincial).

But these weaknesses were also his strength. In fact, they objectively prevented her from having unattainable ambitions, and consequently made her as ascetic as her powerful brother-in-law. She was the sister of Troya's wife, a Gervasoni who came from xxx. She therefore knew very well that she was a <...> figurehead, but, since she had no ambitions, she had made herself useful, not only nominally and even in a subordinate way, participating efficiently in the enterprise. This is why we will often find her name also in the sequel to this rather ... teeming 'dossier' of ours.

Amelia Gervasoni had also become an elegant woman, with a perfectly Monte-Napoleonic elegance: she had ended up resembling a bit, by antiphrase, Camilla Cederna: Camilla Cederna "not giving in". However [also] <...> her hairdresser, very perfect, was discreet; even her shawls were not showy, and so were her skirts, <...> her shoes. Except that all these 'discreet' things put together ended up becoming a bit indiscreet, and revealing its provenance: provenance which therefore also included that bit of 'antique' which, contrasting with its efficiency, made it if not likeable , at least not unpleasant. Enough. From “Immobiliari e Partecipazioni” there were born, arranging themselves in two rows so to speak, another eight companies or end, or I don't know what else on earth to call them. In the front row: Aronese, PInv. Imm., S. Floreano, Dbdi; in the second row: Spiritcasauno, Spiritcasadieci, Cen-Mer, and Sii.

The two names, rather 'teeming' with "Spiritcasauno" and "Spiritcasadieci", are simply due to the fact that Carlo Troya currently lived in Via di Santo Spirito, in Milan. Let's start from page. 115

front row: Aronese: limited partnership for the purchase, operation, ownership and management of real estate. Established in March 1959. There are two members: the first is a lady Donata Bandel Dragone, who is Aldo Troya's secretary, and who, unlike Amelia Gervasoni, is only a figurehead (and on several occasions, as we will see). Since she accepts this job literally and therefore does not care about the company at all, she can allow herself to be a very vain woman, but outside the Troya universe (where she is ascetic). The other member of the “Aronese” is la

“General Lake Investment Trust”, di Coita.

“Inv. Imm.”: “Real estate investments”. Limited partnership, for participation in industrial and commercial companies, real estate and securities management, buying and selling of properties. Among the partners there is again, as I had warned, Donata Bandel Dragone, but this time it is joined by Amelia Gervasoni, plus the usual "General Lake Investment Trust", of Coirà.

“San Floreano”: real estate limited partnership (established a little more recently) for participation in industrial and commercial companies, management of furniture, purchase and sale of properties. The first member is the eternal Donata Bandel Dragone, the second this time the "Ladina Établissement" of Coirà.

“Dodi”: i.e. “Donata Bandel Dragone Immobiliare”: for the management of real estate. Limited liability company established in March 1949 (when Donata Bandel Dragone was very young, and was in her first test as a mystical figurehead, still within the historical context of the Resistance). The detail that characterizes this archaic branch of the Trojan empire is that that famous bottle green Citroen already mentioned is registered to it.

And let's move on to the second row of proliferation.

“Spiritcasauno”: limited liability company for the purchase and management of real estate, established in February 1951, but taken over by Troya about ten years later. Sole director: Donata Bandel Dragone. It is also under the name of the latter that the Troya office in Via Santo Spirito is registered.

“Spiritcasadieci”: limited liability company, established in 1951, but also taken over by Troya about a decade later, for the purchase and management of real estate. Sole director: Donata Bandel Dragone, who doesn't necessarily know she was one.

“Cen-Mer” (Central-South): limited liability company for the purchase, sale and management of real estate, established in '58 but taken over by Troya later, in '60. Sole director: Donata Bandel Dragone.

“Sil”: “Società Immobiliare Lombarda”, limited liability, for the sale and management of real estate. Sole director: Donata Bandel Dragone.

pag. 116

Note 22b - The so-called Troyan empire: another important ramification

Aldo Troya had a third brother, Quirino, who was halfway between Aldo and Ivan, that is, between Ciociaria and Sacile, between Ciocie and Dalmine, although he was the oldest: he had Springolo from Pinetta, or rather, as they say up there, 'Springola' , the dry face and the narrow nose, but of the father Troya, the round head and the shrewd and slightly lost eye (the old Troya had always felt it was a sin to be an advanced southerner in the Veneto). Quirino was entrusted with the shuttle between Milan and Chur, almost by a Ladin destiny, however buried in time, at least in Sacile. But he was there next to him -

who commuted with peasant religiosity, when the farmer becomes a worker - an old friend, who in terms of Ladinity could boast a lot of it and intact: pure almost to the point of [purism]. He was in fact from Cividale, Civitas: the City of Friuli; the Florence of Friuli: a certain Erminio Cossut, who, in addition, probably to his surname, also had the long yellowish oblique <...> eye. After playing 'coram montes' - the hills now barren and almost cemetery-like, now divinely idyllic and [productive]

of very good white wine |vineyards| - and along the banks of the Isonzo, with divine turquoise-coloured currents in every season - he had devoted himself to studies that would have made him a modest accountant, if he had not become a schoolmate of the very Catholic Trova. The trips to Chur, however, were Quirino's infinitely less important activity, although probably the most delicate. He generally presided over relations with international partners, in other free places, including non-Ladin ones, such as Liechtenstein, Luxembourg or the Principality of Monaco: these were partners acting as limited partners, such as the “Pentavalor Trust Reg.” of Eschen <?>, the “Universoil Investment Trust” of Chur, the “Abat Finance Établissement” of Triesen <?>, the “Iskra Finance Établissement” of Triesen

<?>, the “Samko Trade Trustreg”, the “Vai” of Schaan <?>, the “Tech Finanzanstalt” of Chur, the “Filil Anstalt” of Triesen <?>, the “Monasvir Finanz und Industrie Anstalt” of Triesen , the “Nauticwarn Holding AF” of Mendrisio, the “Sosmel” of Vaduz, the “Walalla Établissement” of Baizers <?>: all companies entered precisely as limited partners for guarantees and obligations to third parties or to allow greater purchases of properties, industrial and commercial participations - also, it should be noted, on behalf of third parties - in other Trojan entities that we will see.

pag. 117

Note 22c - The so-called Troyan empire:

the most important branch of his brother Quirino

But the most important branch that was headed by brother Quirino was the activity relating to Applied Informatics, which depended directly on him. Applied Informatics in turn generated three [employee] companies. The “Lignea” of Troya Quirino & C. Sas, located not far from the Santo Spirito, in Via Manzoni: share capital: 100,000, but the limited partner is the “Pentavalor Trust Reg.” of Eschen <?> which I have already mentioned. The “Sdn” also by Quirino Troya & C, - L. 1200

000, this time, in capital - still near the Santo Spirito (Via della Spiga). Activities: the usual purchase and management of real estate. And finally the "Italian Pattern", which [has a bit of] a history [of its own].

It was born a few years ago

first under the name “Am.Da.” and had been introduced to Eni so that it could offer its expertise and collaboration at the level of subsidiary services: as for the other companies, however, also for this one, Troya had obtained a limited partner, found in Hong Kong. There

“Am.Da. ", Data Administration, Spa also has its headquarters in Via Manzoni, at the secret sister offices: its activity is, unlike these, "start-up and administration of data processing centers on behalf of third parties and its own, provision of services, etc. .”. At first, an honest man from Milan, or rather, from Cremona (honest man, that is, a little too conservative), was soon replaced by another Lombard, that Beolchini - Virgilio Beolchini - who we also find, with the same functions as Administrator Unique, to the already mentioned “Sdn”. He came from his wife's side, from the matrilineal branch xxx. As for her, Camilla xxx, his wife, had done nothing other than give Aldo Troya two children, a boy, Vincenzino, and a girl, Pinetta: two unhappy people, who, given that they were physically xxx, not to mention attractive, and in good health, they might in other circumstances have been commonly happy. In addition to the merit of having had those two children, Camilla xxx in Troya also had the merit of knowing how to feel perfectly at ease with her in church, especially at her funeral. And it was a real shame, as for this, that her husband didn't have more visible ambitions, for example that of being a minister. One year after the “Am.Da.”

is incorporated by “Li.De.” (Lineamenti Demografici Spa), with the subject “printing and sending of letters and correspondence, creation of files, etc.”. With the increase in the initial capital from one to fifteen million, the object becomes more specific: "programming of exercises for the research-collection of pages. 118

data, processing and dissemination of information, consultancy and services for electronic data processing".

Something in short, technically, like a little Sid (who in a few years would have so profitably placed himself at the service of Troya, having moved on, as we will see, to another [state position]). Furthermore, the cultural moment

of this Li.De. prefigures interests from which Troya is not entirely alien, and, at least initially, these interests directly concern our story.

Then the Li.De. he moves (precisely) to Rome, with a council of three members, until the faithful notary of the Troya (a figure that I have so far unjustly overlooked: his name is Eugenio [Tramontin], also classically 'speaking' Venetian in a Friulian context) does not announce that the share capital is three hundred million. A member resigns. He is replaced by another. And the company takes the name of “Da.Off”, “Data Office Spa”. But not for long, because soon the already appointed Virgilio Beolchini takes the place of the member who had replaced the resigning member, as well as that of the other members not removed so far: and the company calls itself “Am.Da.” again. It is at this point (capital nine hundred million) that Quirino Troya is appointed President, and the company, expanding and expanding, takes the definitive name of "Italian Pattern" (Beolchini leaves, one of the removed members returns, and Evelyn Lane is added, the man from Hong Kong). The "Italian Pattern" is precociously (for the years I am talking about) Americanized: it can offer Eni of the early Sixties its own cutting-edge techniques in the field of 'computer letters' and the composition of 'mailing lists' , in the problems of 'direct marketing'.

pag. 119

Note 22c - The so-called Troyan Empire: the flea speaks ill of the louse

At the head of the two other basic ramifications of the Troyan empire there are two perfect symbols of the Lombard-Venetian pact which constitutes (albeit with some dark southern roots) the foundations of this empire. One is that Erminio Cossut from Porpetto whose physiognomy and childhood days we have already outlined as well as the partnership with the Troya's older brother, Arduino. The other, he too, had played 'coram montes', but it wasn't the gloomy hills of Venezia Giulia, but rather the aerial ones of the pre-Alps xxx; he too had wandered among infinite white gravels and light blue currents, but not of the Isonzo, but of the Oglio. He came from an already solidly industrialized village between the provinces of Bergamo and Brescia. He therefore belonged to the xxx system, of feminine character: Ermenegildo xxx. Who knows for what reason, a mysterious rivalry had always arisen between Erminio Cossut, from Porpette, and Ermenegildo xxx,

from xxxese, which <...> however <...> ended in a few malicious jokes that the two were unable to avoid affair. On this point, Arduino Troya used to intervene with a fixed formula, always with a certain effect: "The flea speaks ill of the louse". Erminio Cossut was in charge of the "Direct Oil Works", Ermenegildo xxx, at

“Indirect methaniferous”.

From both these matrices which do not fail to have their own modern epic nature, if not of a Homeric character, certainly Hesiodic, new well-ordered [proliferations] descended: like, from a stump, the bifurcations and then the tangle of branches.

Let's start with the "direct petroleum", for the simple reason that it is with the "indirect petroleum"

which, in the interest of our story, we must end.

The reader must not forget - he is [strongly] requested - that this 'vortex' excursus has a purpose, and its delaying elements are ultimately nothing other than pure and simple 'suspense'. Following the empire of the Troya in all its ramifications, we will necessarily have to end up at a final branch, at the last branch, also marked, as will be seen, by a dramatic question mark, being of a double nature: it is in fact found, as we will see, at the crossing point between one universe and another, half here and half there, half in one domain and half in another. And its ambiguity will establish the meaning of Carlo's story and his choices. Enough: at the right moment, the reader will have very clear ideas on this.

So, let's not get ahead of ourselves.

However, let us proceed a little more quickly, having, I believe, established the mental precedents for a subsequent more certain meaning.

pag. 120

Bifurcations of the “Direct Oil Companies”: three: the “Mccc” (“Compressed Combustible Methane Fuels”) of which Cossut himself is still the director; the “Usi Meta” (use of methane for industrial and civil

purposes), still administered by Cossut; finally the “Petrochemical International Instrument Co.” <?>: (tanks, pipes, reservoirs: good joint interests are naturally needed not only in methane and oil, but also in materials and 'extraction infrastructures', storage and processing. The technical director is xxx xxx (Lombard), director commercial xxx xxx (Veneto), administrative director xxx xxx (Lombardy), and procurement xxx xxx (Veneto). This time Erminio is responsible for Iran, as if to say <...> Bengodi. Naturally, even if not the 'I have so far [said], Erminio Cossut has a brother - and how could he not have him? - Mariano: well Mariano Cossut (who only started the Cormons job) is director of the shipyard. (But he is also president of a Company, the "Lassem", outside the borders of the empire, but on whose board of directors we find the Lombard xxx xxx and the Venetian xxx xxx).

We are at the crown of the leafy tree, and I would like to limit myself, according to schemes that have very noble literary precedents, to the 'lists'. But I will dwell for a moment on just one of the eight companies, arranged in two rows although not [rankings], as a sample. It is the first of the first row: the “Fratelli Panzini”, the “STI” (Italian thermoplastic company). Half a dozen years earlier it had a capital of nine million; at the time of our history it is three hundred (declared). The fact is that Aldo Troya joined us as administrative councilor, together with Leone Panzini who is one of his loyalists, also found in Stiem (Eni) and in the Press Agency

"Information". Then Troya even becomes president of this marginal company for "molding plastic materials and similar"; and naturally with the presidency of Troya the range of activity expands: not only molding, but also manufacturing, production and trade of objects in plastic materials and synthetic resins, with particular reference to technical articles, housewares, stationery, electricity, sanitary ware, crafts sacred. Continuing in the front row: “Ferit”, “Italian-American Prentice” <?>, “Industria del wood A. Bortotto”. In the second row, the “Srm”, the “Po-Petrol”, the “Stilgraf”, the “Calzificio lombardo L. xxx”. In all the management and administrative councils of these companies, we always find the same names, naturally mixed with the interregional phalanges of what is commonly called the 'greppia'.

Note 22d - The so-called empire of the Troya: the ramification of the louse

De Sade teaches me that we must not "demand too much from the reader". Moving on to the "Indirect Metaniferes" which belong to Ermenegildo xxx, he will therefore try to be immensely briefer, and to adopt almost exclusively the 'list technique'.

Three basic bifurcations derive from the “Indirect Metaniferous” lineage: the “Alfa Group”, directed by xxx xxx (Lombardy), the “Beta Group” directed by xxx xxx (Veneto) and the “Gamma Group” (directed by a Tuscan, xxx xxx nephew of Gioacchino).

Below that we have the usual teeming [efflorescence]; “Fabbriche Riunite Fiorarti”, “Banca xxx”, “Italian Advertising Company Line”, “xxx Cinetelevisive Productions”, “Soc. Anonymous Tazio Giubertoni”, “Special Transport Company”, “Artificial Textile Fibres”.

And, finally, an anonymous body, or entity, or activity that cannot be indicated otherwise than by a question mark: “?”

pag. 122

Note 22f - Mrs F.'s living room: her artistic activities

This Mrs. F., from whom Carlo, like a poor, ironic initiate, was leaving in the spring night, was a completely round and almost dwarf woman. Her hair was little more than a tuft, a blonde mop, mostly kept in a ponytail; her eyes were big, cute and a little crazy; her complexion was white and diffused with a somewhat anachronistic infantile plumpness; her nose and mouth were small, too small, especially her mouth which was little more than a discolored cherry; her face, of course, was round, like everything else. F. was Neapolitan; and she mostly lived in a villa on the slopes of Vesuvius, above Castellammare. Her husband had left it to her, finally realizing it with her death

useful. With the Vesuvian villa (not far from the one where Leopardi had lived his last days, among the same brooms, [naturally]), the husband had also left F. a beautiful collection of paintings, the core of which was made up of a rare stock by Bamboccianti (expertise by Roberto Longhi).

All this was a great source of pride for F., a source of inexhaustible satisfaction: practically her 'special' place in society. The F. in Rome only had that small apartment to which Carlo went, no one knows with what murky, confused, humiliating and not a little anguishing hopes in his heart: but that small apartment was a real center of cultural radiation. In fact, F. invested her resourcefulness in cultural enterprises. Not only did it organize receptions almost weekly (like the current one) in which men of letters, journalists, scientists and politicians met, but it also dedicated itself to a certain more specific activity: a small school and theater laboratory, an audiovisual research center '. For this reason, F. needed funding, albeit minimal: a few million: let's say around twenty million throughout the year.

Who financed it, if we can <...> talk about financing? Well, apparently, the financing came to her in a totally amicable way from that institution or company "?" of which I spoke just above: since the hand that, concretely and physically, 'extended' the sum to F. was the hand of a certain Eleonora Gaffi or Cioffi, her friend, linked to her by complicated relationships (her husband's family , the paintings, a certain 'turbidity' of the illegal export abroad of such paintings, as well as of money, and, furthermore, certain links with the Florentine literary environment), F. only vaguely attached a political sense to the its financing. First of all by character - a character that tended to artificially exasperate the cynicism inherent in femininity accepted by xxx ideology as courtly if not whorish - a bit like certain priests are absolutely casual in begging or doing page. 123

perhaps stocking up on dirty stuff just to run their orphanages or kindergartens: and then for the particular cultural mentality of those years, whereby everything was vaguely pioneering and consecrated by a kind of left-wing 'establishment', the cultural hegemony communist, including large masses of intellectuals who nevertheless remained bourgeois. Reason why a man like Troya, or -

named with somewhat venerating respect, in an almost low voice - Bonocore - having been part of the Resistance -

it looked absolutely non-suspicious; On the contrary.

Note 22g - Continuation of the previous one

Mrs. F. had something 'higher' to pursue. The contradictions of both the end and the means were left in that state of particular unconsciousness which is reasonableness. Certain men are esteemed, obviously, beyond their political colour: and then, beyond a certain level, people of value and success are united among themselves by a certain equivalence which is identified - as if in a hallucinatory way, due to the 'identity of the respective 'rhetorical structures' - with a kind of pact or alliance.

Mrs. F.'s living room, I repeat, was a left-wing intellectual living room. But in Mrs. F., as well as in the culture of those years, there was a certain ecumenical and conciliatory tendency. I'm not saying that Mrs. F. was similar to the 'Governess', Julia Mikhailovna of Demons... but then why not? Ultimately, she loved to surround herself with young people and flatter them in order to be flattered: the aim of this mirrored adulation was precisely to "hold young people (who were possibly not left-wing) on the edge of the abyss"; or at least to play down their drama and make them presentable, due to their intelligence and inclination towards art, in a left-wing living room. We will see later what I mean by all this, and above all what I mean by my reference to Demons.

Around a dozen million were therefore donated by "?", the last of the last ramifications of the Troyan empire, now totally included in the universe of power, despite the already distant acquisition of democratic merits through the Resistance. Then (as it would be for many years to come) anti-fascism was not even remotely questioned as a 'value'.

I would also like to remind the reader that among the branches or twigs immediately above "?", there is a

“Italian Advertising Society Line” (and we know how close the links between intellectuals and advertising were in that period of 'discoveries': it was almost considered a literary genre), but above all there was a very eloquent. Therefore, through these non-explicitly oil-related branches, half of the financing necessary for her artistic initiatives flowed to Mrs. F.'s living room. But where did the other half come from?

Note 22h - Scheme of an elementary puzzle, and its playful joy

I don't want to mess with anyone. I couldn't do it with the 'contemplative' spirit of someone who conquers and kills the interest in these things within himself, as Balzac did; nor can I do it, evidently, with interest, that is, driven by the complicity of the love of money. I can therefore do all this only as long as I take it as a game, and as fun as possible. I say this because in a while

we will obviously be forced to play. Therefore, the fact that half of the financing for Mrs. F.'s salon came, through the branches, from Troya (who probably knew absolutely nothing about it) was something quite well known, or which, in any case, could have been known. On the contrary, who provided the other half was something that should not reasonably have been known. Instead it was known. And because, or thanks to, Mrs. F. herself. Not that Mrs. F., our little Governor of Piazza Buozzi, didn't know how to keep a secret. She simply forgot to do it.

Especially when the temptation to reveal a secret was particularly and sweetly irresistible. But the revelation would perhaps never have taken place if there had not been a special mechanism in Mrs. F.'s behavior that propitiated it and made it natural.

This mechanic was a linguistic mechanic. In fact, Mrs. F. had slowly built up, over the years, an idiolect that had almost Patanoidean characteristics: a real small linguistic system, in which things were named through rhetorical devices (or, better, oratories, because the Madame F.'s Iroquois was exclusively oral) which made them speakable through placement in certain syntactic-phonological folds that no other known sign system possessed. As in certain languages spoken in China (but also among the Red Indians of North America), intonation was enough to change the meaning of a sentence: but not in the nuances (Jakobson heard about sixty different 'intentions' in the way of pronounce «good evening» - in Russian - by an actor), but precisely in its literal meaning. It was precisely in one of her linguistic fits that Mrs. F. had 'revealed' the name of her Second Financier:

who therefore, in her living room, merged with the First, although this was, as we will see, ideologically impossible.

pag. 126

Note 22i - Continuation of the puzzle etc.

But, to explain this, I said we would play. It was not easy for me to make this “superfluous and disorderly” decision which in essence is nothing; but that's also a lot. If an author aims, in a linguistic system, to never use the word (this is the case of Petrarca)

'foot', which is not precisely

nothing, the moment he uses it it is [the scandal]. So I had decided not to use any device in my story that would interrupt a normality that I would say was almost severe, not to say downright austere5. But an absolute need for clarity pushes me to transform my text for a moment into the "superfluous and unordered" page of a puzzle magazine. So let the reader observe this graph. The rectangles representing the various companies or entities of the Troyan empire are hatched: the hatching means figure, that is, in this case, declared and real share capital. The last rectangle is only half hatched. These are the "Cultural Initiatives" of Mrs. F., of whose financial consistency only half is known to us.

5

'Austere' in the sense in which Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas use this word, cited by the sociologist Ivan Illich in Conviviality. While working on this work, I actually experience "the joy of using the convivial instrument".

I know the 'conviventiality' or the 'Mitmenschlichkeit'. So the tone is grim. "Austerity, according to which it is a virtue, does not exclude all pleasures, but superfluous and inordinate ones: whence it seems to belong to affability, which the Philosopher, lib. 4 Ethic. chap. He mentions friendship by force, or to eutrapelia, or to jocundity" (Summa Theologica). Il lettore che appena conosca questo non molto connosti sociologo Ivan Illich, capirà che non è senza ragione che io lo cito in questa prima serie di appunti della mia opera.

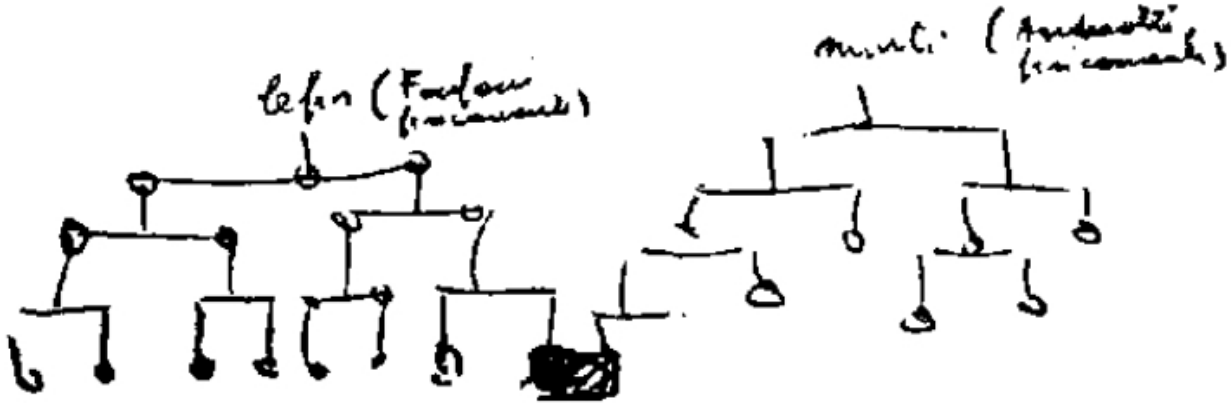
pag. 127

Note 23 - Second part of the puzzle

To fill in a small hatch, perhaps going from right to left rather than from left to right - that is, to find out who finances Mrs. F. for the second half - we will have to do what is done precisely in puzzle games: that is, retrace symmetrically a path already traveled, but from left to right rather than from right to left, and, at the same time, in our case, from bottom to top instead of from top to bottom: like going down and then going back up two contiguous staircases that have the last shared step.

Passing, always (symmetrically) brevi manu, that is, with a small and hairy real hand, the other twelve million approximately annually to Mrs. F., was...

pag. 128



Notes 20-30 - History of the oil problem and background

*LIGHTS ON ENI

Notes 20-25 arches (background): The sources

Approximately 25-30 notes (the plot): Yellow appendices

* novel not so much 'a schidionata' as 'a swarm', or perhaps a 'shish kebab') all of this is an enormous digression à la Sterne, who leaves Carlo in the act of going to Mrs. F.'s reception and picks him up when he enters.

- Mirror of the Eni Empire then Montedison

- Mirror from the Monti Empire according to this scheme

- The lady at whom the reception is held is the owner of a cultural institution financed (for reasons of friendship or kinship) by both Cefis and Monti (fascist) - The lounge, however, is an intellectual lounge of the Left.

- on this occasion Carlo is observed and hired by one of the two large companies: but, going back through the common petrochemical branches - he will become a big shot (vice president or nominal president, like Beolchini) of the other

* The story that leads to the crossing point of the Lady's living room is made up entirely of news and information about business and relatives, etc. (Notes 20-30). But even at the crossing point <?> facts of business, interests, intrigues, clientelism are told which prepare the second part. In this precise historical moment (I POLITICAL BLOCK) Troya (!) is about to be made president of Eni: and this implies the suppression of his predecessor (Mattei case, chronologically page 129

moved forward). He and his political clique need anti-communism ('68): bombs attributed to the fascists

(We still know him

in Mrs. F.'s living room)

The II POLITICAL BLOCK (app. will be characterized by the fact that the same person (Troya) is about to be made president of Montedison. He needs, with the clique of politicians, a fascist virginity (bombs attributed to the fascists)

** insert Cefis' speeches: which serve to divide the novel into two parts in a perfectly symmetrical and explicit way (a bit like the two episodes of the twenty boys etc.) (16 October 1974)

Carlo takes an active part in both crimes:

in Block I unconsciously (in an abnormal relationship between the Ego and the Id) becoming an active member of the conspiracy

in Block II hallucinatorily (detonating the visionary bomb at the Turin station)

(16 ott. 1974)

pag. 130

Note 31*

In this story of mine - I must be brutally explicit about this - psychology is substantially replaced by ideology. The reader must therefore not delude himself: he will never come across those characters who mysteriously unfold and evolve, revealing themselves to the other protagonists, and to the reader, as the events - which they cause or play with - force them to dramatic coherence. And so - in my story - there aren't even any extras of this type. There is therefore no reason or pleasure in describing receptions. And this is, I don't deny it, a good excuse for not describing what I don't love and therefore have no real experience of (which is above all, then, linguistic experience). [But there is still more to] justify all this: in psychology there is always something else and something more than psychology. And so also in the social figure there is something else and something more than the social figure. Please note that I did not say 'outside' or 'above' the psychology or the social figure, but within them themselves. I couldn't say that I don't know - perhaps even with the help of psychoanalysis - psychology. <...> [But knowledge] of the human soul is, in fact, something different and more. Similarly I could say that - once again perhaps through Marxist culture - I know the 'sociality' of an individual quite well. But, even in this case, knowledge of the human soul is something more than such social knowledge. What is this human soul? <...> It is a presence; a reality; that's all. It looms through the individual to whom it belongs, and over him, as a monumental and at the same time elusive double. This 'looming figure' (which in some way, albeit mysterious, is also physical) is only where it can be.

It has ownership of bodies. I will therefore never, in this story of mine, deal with psychology; but my knowledge of the human soul will certainly prevent me from putting psychology at the service of ideology in the wrong way. That is, every character, I am sure, will 'be' and 'act' as they can only 'be' and 'act', even according to the deductions of the most classic of psychologies: no one will be out of place, the reader can be very sure of this .

It is still 'imaginary characters' who set the story or action in motion. In that reception, partly outdoors in a narrow garden, partly indoors in the pleasantly warm and brightly lit apartment - in the lazy and happy coming and going of at least a hundred people - it is clear that these 'imaginary characters' have very little to share socially and psychologically with the 'imaginary characters' who made the decision to put a spy on Carlo's tail in order to know his entire life: however - like the sequel to this story - in part, and pag. 131

irregularly, very irregularly, perhaps, he will explain - there are, between the two groups of 'imaginary characters', analogies and links.

pag. 132

Note 32 - Provocateurs and spies (in 1960)*

[À la recherche comme à la recherche: I remember those receptions at the end of the 1950s and the beginning of the 1960s (which one day will certainly appear very poetic and completely shrouded in the mystery of times gone by) with a mixture of hatred (of which I mentioned) and emotion.

I am moved by the certain naivety in which such things were experienced by young men like Carlo. And I am also moved by the obstinate, hardened, monstrous naivety with which old people who were already then crumbling and now decrepit lived them; or men and women who are only elderly, [but in the midst of professional activity, at the height of social power.] Deeply marked in the lards, or pulled by

[unfortunate] thinness, they all believed it. They believed in it as they believed in the dead. Down there, in the eternity of a midsummer nocturnal reception, with the lights blazing in the chill of the evening, on the stunted

grass of a small garden nestled between luxury buildings, with the breeze that from time to time stirred the shiny leaves of the lemons, those people remained intact, with smiles glued on their lips, with glasses or pastries in their hands: and, above all, with that faith, that hope, that carefree lack of any charity. The problems were the problems of that moment, the truth was the truth of that moment (and all of them, there, were evidently, without the slightest doubt, to be counted among the privileged custodians of that truth: there was no gesture, no smile, no wink they made that didn't allude to this). The sparkle of the light, like a ship anchored in a dark but festive port, mixed with the 'light' of that truth so deeply and sincerely experienced: and the red of certain velvets or wallpapers, the green of the most daring dress of some lady, the glitter of gold and pearls: everything remains there, in that living corner of a world of the deceased. I remember the groups, as if carried here and there by the tide of good humor and the general very conciliatory, almost fraternal disposition of spirit (this was, it must be remembered, the first years of well-being: the society had 'taken off' with great personal satisfaction and secret everyone's hope); some arranged themselves around a clean xxx table, with people sitting on the slightly old silk sofa and the related armchairs; while those who couldn't find a place casually crouched on the carpet; others found their place standing, against a bookcase full of precious objects, and in this case they were all men, and they spoke about particularly 'serious' problems; still others gathered in the guest's bedroom, a room that was open for the occasion, or rather wide open and sparkling with light: some even sat on the heavy satin bedspread, and they were mostly young, who gave their contribution to the evening, well codified, of fatuity and cheerfulness; other pages 133

they still gathered in the garden, or rather between the living room and the garden, to take shelter from the cool air.

The men's jackets, navy or midnight blue, over London smoke flannel trousers - as if for a uniform - and the ladies' dresses, also very similar to each other, according to a model that was an [absolute model] - that neckline, that length of the skirt, that type of jewelery - there, between the strong light of the living room and the weaker and more lost light of the small lawn (which was mixed with a third light, that of the moon, very thin, engraved on the sky blue between Parioli and Villa Glori) had a particular prominence, whether gold or lobster, mauve or a bold turquoise.

I remember the people who were prominent in those groups (and who a journalist would have noticed first on her list, full of blind faith in an 'establishment' that was also 'taking off'). Those who didn't know them - and, as the young Carlo saw them perhaps for the first time - after hasty introductions - looked at them from afar with the same gaze with which one looks at the daily life of theophanies.

There was an intellectual, who had been working for many years and was therefore famous and venerable, who nevertheless still had the youthful air of someone who believes in nothing but is interested in everything: his hair was white and very short, his nose was pronounced , the mouth is recessed, without lips, and the chin is pointed; very thick, barbaric eyebrows, with under them the lively and eternally distracted eyes of someone who is a little deaf. In whatever pose he sat or stood, he was continually restless, restless almost violently. Although he was a complete stranger, he was at ease in such receptions, he was perfectly part of the picture: he was far from there, but since he was there, he accepted the game, and did not give up even for a moment from the tension of his intelligence. . Every word of his was a critical word: grandfather and grandson, he was in the midst of that eternally stranded flotilla, like the prow of an old ship that had sailed all the seas, but in an adventure that was more intellectual than poetic: which became poetic, however , due to an intellectual rigor never slowed down even for an instant Another intellectual, fifteen years younger than him, stood in another corner of the living room, infinitely more timid and therefore more aggressive: his aggression - mixed with the natural sweetness indeed, almost sweetness of his character - he seemed to make terms with a role that he had been forced to accept. He didn't seem at all comfortable with him; if anything he seemed to feel imposed there only by his success and his stormy prestige. The look was that of a teenager, thin and gaunt, with almost exotic cheekbones and lost brown eyes. An indecent sensuality dripped from his body no less ascetically and rigidly devoted to an entirely intellectual adventure, like his older friend: his socks, moreover, were then short, and his clothes a little too showy .

There was also a politician - he had been a minister for ten years and would then be for another fifteen -

sitting on a red armchair, with a round cat's face portrayed between his shoulders, as if he had no pages. 134

neck or was a little stunted: the thick intellectual forehead was in contrast with his sly smile, which had something indecent about it: that is, he wanted to demonstrate, with cunning and degradation, the awareness of his own cunning and degradation. After all, the feeling of life understood as a 'game', as

'bet' to lose or win, and therefore entirely based on action and behavior, if it had its real champion in him, it was a model of life that more or less unconsciously, was followed by everyone at that reception, including those who laughed at it, perhaps presumptuously (for example from the columns of “L'Espresso”). There was also a communist from the Central Committee of the PCI, still full of the 'popular' air that a militant of those years must have had, and, moreover, of the prestige of hegemony that, in those years, the Marxist culture still had solidly. His way of appearing was laughter: everything became laughter. Almost as if to exorcise the stupid fear of Communism (which, after all, no one there proved to have). This happened naturally in him, because laughter and good-naturedness (moralistic, of course) were in his likeable character as a man who remained a boy. And besides, everyone called him by his first name rather than his surname. And this name was a diminutive.

And all around the faces of the gentlemen and ladies, almost all elderly (the few young people were in a group by themselves, under the benevolent gaze of their fathers): faces as terribly and monstrously marked, ugly, hollowed out, swollen by time as they were well kept, well cared for, breathing comfort, well-being and brotherhood in truth. Among these people there were precisely those, the 'imaginary characters' who had focused their attention on the left-wing Catholic Charles (left-wing Catholic in the meaning that this word could have had during the papacy of John XXIII). Carlo, for those who observed him, presented an essential characteristic: that of being interested in everything and that of remaining perfectly [unchangeable] Just as a subordinate must be unalterable, who must not have feelings. But this inalterability, at the same time, was that of a manager, who, however, must not express his feelings, being above them. The lack of habit of being in power gave Carlo, it is true, a certain air of a sacristan, of a

provincial who had just left a college of priests: and his stocky body, with the gray trousers and black jacket which made his size stand out even more clumsy, massive and helpless; his round head, with his black hair already all fallen prematurely to the center of his neck, leaving a shiny void similar to the large clerical of a friar, his face also round, with two large sad eyes in the middle, almost crying, but over time himself full of a tension and an obstinate will, also priestly - everything in him reassured us about the good quality of his hypocrisy and his honesty not without Machiavellianism, that is, the ability to silence the conscience for good purposes.

Among these 'imaginary characters', in addition to a big Eni manager, a politician (of the same faction as the minister I spoke about above) etc., there was also an intellectual: young, perhaps pag. 135

even more than Carlo, also provincial (he came from the Veneto, and had a peasant surname ending in -on), with two large, burning black eyes, rather handsome, for a man of letters. From the speeches he made, from the knowledge he had, from the quality of his thought, he did not visibly differ - at least in the order of the 'category' - from that of the other intellectuals, even of the first order, present at the reception. Apparently, he had written some books: respectable but hopelessly mediocre; although young, it was clear that he was never destined to become a literary revelation, he would never go beyond the limits of a work that had earned him the interest of publishers and a certain good reception from critics. His 'made' was the same as that of the other intellectuals and men of letters who worked in those years. However, there was something more to him. For example, those relationships with politicians and economic operators. Those same people who were dealing with 'that Carlo Valletti', and who, to be precise, had [right there], at that party, decided to put him to the test, [while Carlo was there, present-absent, deferential, authoritative. The test for employment in a large organization like Eni, which, as we have seen, was anything but a simple company, even a state one, was almost purely formal: it was a task, of a bureaucratic nature, which involved a trip to the East].

With this I would have completed the meaning of this little chapter of my poem: a trip to the East is not an everyday thing, its meaning even finds its real explanation in myth, it is the repetition of one of the 'inaugural acts' of

man ([six the thing can be appreciated). Instead, if the reader patiently allows me to do so, I still have something to add.

In the not so distant era in which that 'evening' took place in Mrs F.'s house, the

Italian 'culture' was very unitary, both in its historical-ethnological meaning (in those years De Martino was writing his beautiful books), both in its specific, bourgeois and academic meaning, and finally in its meaning of [elite] culture , implying that hierarchization of values that placed it at the top of the country. The cultural hegemony of the Left still dominated as they [had emerged] from the Resistance; while sociology and the technological myth began to make headway, but as a 'renewal' that did nothing other than, on the one hand, put the old Marxist intellectual into crisis, and on the other revitalize him. But anti-fascism and progressivism still cemented everything, in an almost peasant Italy. The young people plotted their happy reinventions in the shadow of their fathers (who, as I said, looked at them benevolently, in a very traditional relationship). It worked well. Italy had never known a more fervent, intense and honest cultural activity than in that period. The scandal still had room, due to the [narrow] power of the Christian Democrats, whose obtuse brutality made the cause of those who lived there all the more noble. he opposed. In conclusion, the roles assigned to each were very distinct: a worker was clearly distinguished, by his physical presence alone, from a bourgeois; and so an apprentice mechanic from a student; one page 136

left-wing intellectual from a right-wing intellectual; an academic from a writer. Confusions were not possible. Never, for example, could an unrealistic man of letters, belonging to the subculture (in the hierarchical sense), have been confused with a man of letters of value, that is, belonging to the culture. His very physical presence would have betrayed him. Now, the question that the reader should ask me at this point is the following: whether provocateurs and spies were possible in those years. Well yes - I should answer - although this is contradictory - irreconcilable with the 'idea' that we rightly have of that historical moment - even in those years provocateurs, spies were possible.

pag. 137

Note 33*

pag. 138

Note 34bis* - First fairy tale about Power (from the "Project")

«I will tell you the story of an intellectual - begins the storyteller, as in The Arabian Nights, not omniscient but humbly intending only to 'report' what he himself had heard – I will tell you the story of an intellectual, but yes warns that selection and election will dominate my story, and that I will be linguistically poor: universal and therefore generic!

To begin with, I won't even tell you the name of this intellectual; just as I will not tell you his precise job, his age, his habits, the city where he lived; he might not even have been born in our country.

What I need to outline instead - as a strict function of the story - is its clinical picture. Neurosis. And perhaps more than neurosis, madness. In his fatness (he was not obese, but round, and swollen with unhealthy, yellowish flesh) there were also squalid signs of psychic degeneration. [His face was] all round, as if it were made of concentric circles, round eyebrows, and, underneath, round eyes, round cheeks - even if, despite his thirty-five years, already sagging - the round chin, the round mouth. Only the latter, in speaking, lost its roundness, and acquired irregular shapes, but always uncertain, imprecise - and hence a certain sense of repugnance -

the same as for slimy [things]. His forehead was also round, heavily balding, on which a round crown of sparse light hair was drawn - vaguely ascetic, of a village priest, of a provincial <...> lawyer. The roundness gave his physiognomy a childish air: but the child he resembled was a somewhat repulsive child. For the rest he behaved exactly as an adult should behave.

He still didn't know - at the beginning of our story - what the real purpose of his life was. He was like a worm inside the cocoon. Yet potentially it was already what he wanted to be; and, consequently, in his behavior - in his life and work [there were] already the maneuvers [(which I would objectively define as abject)] of someone who wants to reach goals for which in reality he was not made (although only conceiving goals grandiose or noble in a

certain sense you ennoble even those who are not worthy of it). He was precise, tireless, discreet, always efficiently in his place; and at the same time he was calculating and flattering. Not being yet a person in sight, no one (if he noticed: but in reality he was a repellent [monster of passionate servility] He would have been capable of the most abject actions in order to obtain [the favor] of a person. At the same time, he cultivated also the myth of his own innocence. The fact is that his desire to assert himself and advance belonged to page 139

to the order of clinically anxious desires: and it was therefore the 'disease' that ensured the preservation of innocence, as a primitive condition of grace, simultaneously justifying all the poor infractions of it. Our intellectual therefore seemed destined to fulfill himself in the most common of ways: with some satisfaction, obtained not only for his mediocre merits, but also for his moves calculated in the depths <...> of conscience. However, one night, while he was lost in the light drowsiness of the unfortunates who - without confessing it - suffer from insomnia, he was awakened by a voice calling him. He opened his eyes, stood up, and indeed something, a Presence, was at the foot of his bed ([neurosis, or his predestination to madness] had humbly accustomed him to similar phenomena, and he [humbly] also immediately accepted This). There followed the following brief moral dialogue between the man and what we might for now call the Dark Force, sitting at the foot of his bed. <...> «What is it?»

<...> «Do you know what the purpose of your life is?» [asked the other] which, for now, we could call the Dark Force. The intellectual widened his eyes and swallowed diligently, preparing to give a judicious answer that <?> His substantial innocence:

<...> «To get a position like everyone else in the society in which I live, he said - perhaps in the capital instead of in this provincial city».

<...> «Okay, okay – [admitted the Dark Force] - but this is a part, or a phase, of the true purpose of your life. Question yourself better, go deeper into your conscience" (a short benevolent laugh concluded this last sentence [as a priest]).

<...> «It's the maximum effort I can make, honestly» (he didn't intend to go deeper than that at all, interrupting the management of his life that was now so well stabilized. He didn't know, however, that he himself, so abject and impotent, and above all so devoid of any quality, [he had maneuvered] in such a way as to create for himself the possibilities of a destiny of greatness).

<...> «So, if you don't want to say it, I'll tell you: the purpose of your life is Power».

At that word, the intellectual sharpened his gaze better through the gloom that the sad provincial night thickened in his salaried room: and he managed, in fact, to better see the person who was speaking to him. His hair stood up on his head, and his terror froze him.

Trembling with a tremor that unhinged him, covered by a cold agonizing sweat, our intellectual did not in fact observe anyone else in front of him, sitting on the edge of his bed, [that the Devil himself: the Devil, with two] small horns protruding from his hoary remains, a small toothless face, red, flushed, like that of a drunkard, who knows he is miserable: he kept his lips tight in a kind of pointed smile, which was at the same time as [hideous] pity for himself and resigned resentment for those who looked at him. His abjection was like a scab, spread over the 6

The remote past, that is, the finite times, are suitable for heroes.

pag. 140

sick redness of his face, on the skin of his head, under the disheveled tufts of dirty white hair. He spread around the [unbearable] stench of someone who has slept in the dust or in rags, in some waiting room or in some closet, without taking off his clothes and shoes7.

Although frozen and with his hair standing on end, he understood that the Devil had [named] the truth. Power was in fact the aim of his life, he admitted, reserving for himself a possible way out through reticence.

<...> «If you say so...»

<...> «I'm here to help you»

<...> «And how? »8.

<...> «Ask me through what you want to achieve Power and I will give it to you».

<...> A flicker of intelligence passed in the intellectual's eyes, lighting up for a moment his fake torpor of a swollen child: and what he said in the end, after a few moments of concentration, hesitation and, I would say, inspiration, it was surprising.

He could have [named] a thousand ways to achieve power, quickly and surely: prestige

[literary] achieved both by writing literary works and by writing works of sociology and non-fiction, to which he was perhaps more inclined: prestige that should have been crowned, say, by the Nobel Prize (it would have been easy for the Devil to help him in Sweden); or he could have asked to enter as an employee in one of those large companies, traditionally inclined to direct intellectuals towards technical work (obtaining excellent results): even in this case it would have been very easy for the Devil to make him do it, within the company , a rapid career, to the point of directly working alongside the bosses in the management of the [immense] enterprise <…>, [even] transnational; or again, finally, he could have asked to have an openly political career, enrolling in a large party [very easy] to guide the exchange of favors, the combinations <...>, which ([combined] with the innate albeit still potential demagogic capacity, of our provincial intellectual), could have led him to the formal and real summits of power: making him a minister, even Head of Government, perhaps of a semi-dictatorial right-wing government9.

No, our intellectual did not propose to the Devil any of these 'natural' means to achieve Power: they would all have been mystified and inauthentic, and this quality of theirs would then have been 7

There was nothing that terrified our intellectual more than the extreme aspects of the misery to which failure leads.

8

<he dared to ask - almost) <...> it was an innocent pact - with his abstract unctuous air, the intellectual, then looking questioningly at the Devil, with his round, baggy face, the round bags of his sagging cheeks.

9

The father of our intellectual had been a well-known fascist in his provincial city: but he had not only limited himself to hiding this in the larger provincial city where he worked: but on the contrary - this definitive sign of his illness - he had let his father for a heroic anti-fascist!

pag. 141

reproduced in the Power obtained through them, devaluing it before his conscience. This, perhaps, our intellectual thought suddenly, before answering. [Finally] he said | spoke |:

<...> «I want to achieve Power through Holiness».

<...> «Why not? - replied the Devil - you will obtain Power through Holiness, all right! » <...> he gave his reassuring laugh once again, and disappeared.

Perhaps the Devil, caught, as they say, off guard, had behaved a little lightly, or perhaps, who knows, everything had been arranged by him for some complicated calculation of his: the fact is that from the next morning, our intellectual he began his new life as a saint, and a real contradiction in terms was experienced, with the utmost naturalness, by him.

He was one of those people who <?> have always known very well 'how to be saints': just like the misguided people in juvenile prisons, they know very well what 'good people' are like, and if they don't know it, it is the first thing they they learn, so that when they get out, it is precisely through this awareness that they become real criminals, those with no more innocence. He therefore naturally had no doubts: he had to be a Catholic saint, he should not have caused a scandal of sanctity.

He began the practices, in silence and secrecy: his right hand never knew what his left hand was doing. (It is logical that someone else knew this, who, not being a saint, did not intend to observe the rules of silence and secrecy at all: on the contrary, on a human level he loved to chat a lot, and above all to appear informed, to be aware of still obscure news <.. .>, etc. etc.) He spoke of Faith and Hope: and this could only be public. In private, however, he applied Charity, which if proclaimed loses its nature, indeed, it becomes an operation of the Devil (!).

He was careful not to interrupt the traditional dissociation of the Church between Faith and Hope on the one hand, and Charity on the other. He abandoned the world's goods in the name of the latter (i.e. his state employment of hers). He lived in pure poverty (in a very popular convent in the center of his hometown). He began to develop a thought which, while not being heretical at all, was nevertheless innovative with respect to ecclesiastical tradition. He approached the left-wing Catholic movements moderately, but always proclaimed his loyalty to the Vatican with contrition and modesty. All sexual contact was precluded, and 'love for women',

which had had so much importance in his previous social life, proving to be the necessary condition for all progress, was supplanted by chastity.

As all these operations were [carried out] to the extreme, the symptoms of power began to manifest themselves. Around our saintly intellectual, an atmosphere of prestige began to be created first, then of respect, then of deep and silent veneration, and finally of a high, inspired expectation.

pag. 142

But it was precisely when everything came to a head that the situation <...> was reversed.

Attracted by the smell of Holiness, a group of young Catholics were around our intellectual, in the courtyard of the convent (which was new, in neo-liberty style, built with the money of a large industry): the occasion of the meeting was a week of the city's Cineforum, and the convent was responsible for hosting the young participants in the conference. It was just after Easter, a Sunday - you could feel the warmth and serenity of spring;

violets and primroses had grown on the [sunny] lashes; the dry beds of the streams shimmered with a touching blue of water that had just come down from the mountains. The Apennines, in fact, brown and desolate, rose up behind the city, lost in the still uncertain clear sky, while, in front, the plain stretched out, down to the banks of the Po, swollen with flood water. Salimbene seemed to have just passed through there; or, at least, it seemed that the horses of some small barbarian population, destined to measure their old age against the great News of the Church, were grazing in that smell of hemp...

Our intellectual was at the center of a calm discussion, while somewhere the bells were ringing in celebration. He was able to measure at that moment how far his popularity had reached: he had not yet 'taken off' but there was around him the solemnity full of expectation that precedes the rise of exceptional men. He was in reality the center of that entire conference, and the convent was teeming with guests just for him: a few more days, a few weeks, a few months, and his case would have exploded in the nation. There would no longer be any limits to his fame, to his prestige. He perceived all this with the capacity for internal calculation that [had always characterized] his gloomy pessimism had never prevented him from lucidly analyzing the good news, when the time was right.

However, instead of exulting with joy at the future of glory that was beginning to open up before him, suddenly a shadow fell over his eyes, a winter cold froze him, a <...> desperation closed his throat and melted his the knees.

His eyes stared terrified into the void, filled with a pain full of a poignant sense of truth - and nobility: that every 'comic' element had fallen from the tragedy, only the sublime style remained: and the eyes of the 'saint' wide open in empty, under the sparse hair disheveled by the May wind, and the neck twisted like someone looking to the side or behind, trying to escape, but in reality remaining motionless where he is, as if petrified - they reflected the light of this sublimity.

To stick to the facts, [things], what struck him was [the radicalization] of dissociation

[theoretical] in which he had lived preparing for sanctity. Suddenly, as if in a vertigo, Faith and Hope became inconceivable to him if without the Charity from which they had been separated (as if it had been a question of Idealism or Nazism!) Every form of innovation in religious thought was revealed

unthinkable outside of heresy. Left-wing Catholicism proved irreconcilable with the Vatican.

But all these were just pretexts or <...>.

Our intellectual stared palpitating and amazed at the simple form of the Truth - of which he was now prey - when at the end of the convent courtyard - <...> [he saw the Devil pass by <...> who looked at him laughing with complicity, almost winking at him, full of his reddish drunken color.

Of course, <...> he had kept his word: it was Holiness that he had made him achieve: Holiness, not the fiction of Holiness. Poetry, not Literature].

Possessed by such real Holiness, he realized that such real Holiness had been a gift from the Devil; that the Truth in which he suddenly lived had been the work [of the Lie]; that the Good which he ineffably, [suddenly] enjoyed, was the product of Evil; that the Revelation [had occurred through] his worst feelings. But all this, thus stated, was only the letter. Under this series of rational and banal oppositions, another series of oppositions flowed, not only unspeakable, but not even intuitable, except as a Joke, Subtraction of the cosmos. Our intellectual let out a scream and fell to the ground <...>. The Devil took advantage of this to open |make sure that| on the palms of the hands two long, bloody stigmata...

He was taken into delirium (or raptus) in his cot; and whoever was lucky enough to hear him speak in those hours could (I would report that they were [stylistics] of a supreme level, that of Ecclesiastes or the Apocalypse, or the presumably lost real texts of Saint Francis: but he could not, naturally , report them or reconstruct them.

During the night while he was delirious in his bed, the saint's body was transported elsewhere10.

[There] in the light, a [stronger] light appeared to him, calling him by name. By analogy with the Dark Force, [we will call] this new presence the Light Force.

The saint fell to his knees before it, because he believed he could logically deduce that it was God.

The Luminous Force called his name.

The saint raised his eyes on it, and in fact recognized the features of the Divinity: he recognized, to put it better, and to stay on the merits, the Power, cast in [corporeal] guise but he recognized the authority, the knowledge, the peace, goodness: unlike the drunkard's face, immediately recognizable among a thousand, of the Dark Force, the

Luminous Force - God - had an anonymous face <...>. Follow the following dialogue:

<...> «God!» [murmured the saint]

<...> «Yes, He» [God replied]

10

[Presumably in a desert (as we will see), but this was only a first stage, from there - away from prying eyes - he was kidnapped to the Third Heaven.]

pag. 144

<...> «I am not worthy...» [stammered the saint; and he knew well why]

(God began to laugh lovingly. The saint looked at him dumbfounded: was it a joke?)

<...> «Yes, I am not worthy» [he insisted, ready for a full confession]

<...> «I know, I know – [the Lord always said with benign cheerfulness] - but do you really believe this story of the Devil? Do you really believe that?" (She stared at him, gently teasing him...)

<...> «How?» [the saint stammered again]

<...> «Do you really think that the Devil could have led you to Holiness, to true Holiness?* In this case there would be neither logic nor lack of logic. Evil is nothing but a transitory experience: it is neither in the beginning nor in the end. You have to go through it, that's all. So if the initiative did not come from the Devil, who is nothing but an accident, who did it come from?! Whose it is |can it be| the: plan to use you, the most abject sinner, to [redefine] holiness? Who could have needed the extreme cases, to bring down the [negative] extreme while living the [positive] extreme to the full?”

<...>«Tu!»

<...> «It was a joke. The Devil is not a person, but a simple appearance, [I put it on my face**, and I appeared to you, in the miserable house of the miserable city of the miserable world, where you live. I had to use the worst to make it become the best, and of an arbitrary contradiction in terms to make the absence of contradictions triumph] he Now he goes, he returns to earth; he goes to witness all this. There is only one pact, which I make to you..."

(Here his joy attenuated a little to give way to the solemnity of the inscrutable Will.)

<...> «Tell me» [said the saint humbly].

<...> «When leaving here, you must go straight away, without ever turning back to look at me».

<...> «I will do it» [said the saint, firmly]. That of God was a farewell, and therefore the saint, after prostrating himself once again before Him, stood up, turned his back on Him, and walked away with his head slightly lowered, looking straight ahead, very determined not to look back. But he had not taken about twenty steps before an irresistible curiosity took possession of him: it was a new abduction that overwhelmed him like a twig: he literally could not hold back (a force that at the cervix forced him to twist backwards and throw behind him a last look at what he was prevented from looking at. The regurgitation of the low feelings - which, evidently, are not overcome by

the high ones, but continue to coexist with them - was like a <...> law of nature: and he turned back, a moment, just a moment.

The Light Force was there. <...> But he no longer had the face of God. <...> He had the face of the Devil: three-quarter view, with the small eye that looked sparkling, the high cheekbone lit by his lurid blush, the smile <.. .> of beggar, <...>

pag. 145

Immediately, at that sight, like Lot, our saintly intellectual was petrified. He became a heavy boulder, and plummeted down from the Third Heaven.

Geologists found the boulder in the melancholy valley of a desert lost in the middle of another desert. In the middle, there was the stone that fell from the sky: which was divinely beautiful, like a shell or a statue of Moore. All the shades of the desert seen from afar were concentrated in it: the heavenly pink, the veins of a sublime orange-red, the ocher, the violet - an indefinable violet, similar rather to the luminous indigo of tropical evenings when it has just fallen the sun.

The geologists loaded that precious find onto the Land Rover as best they could, and took it to the world of civilization to analyze it. But they didn't succeed, and even today that stone remains a pure enigma.

The infinite variety of its soft colors corresponds to an infinite variety of materials, but none of them has really been identified, because each mineral presents contradictory characters, both in relation to itself and in relation to the other minerals with which it is amalgamated or compound: it has not been possible to separate in that stone what appeared precious from what appeared devoid of any value or even [poisonous]: it has not so far been possible even to define its impossibility of analysis and its absolute contradictory nature, because, in concrete terms , research, never suspended, always gives good partial results.»

* the other stories follow: the people and the power (as they were until or before '68), and how they began to no longer be [and this is the reason why it is being discussed]

maggio 1974

pag. 146

Note 34ter - End of the reception

At the end of the reception, report the sentence schizophrenic patient (Roheim quoted by Brown) page. 147

Notes 36-40 - The Argonauts

'Mythical* journey to the East, remake by Apollonio Rodio. Corner not mapped (where the figure of the preceding Hero appears11. Series of 'visions' remade on the Myth of the Journey as initiation etc., mixed with realistic visions of real journeys (without names or clarifications, as in dreams etc.)

write it all in Greek (with the translation summarized telegraphically but exhaustively in the paragraph titles)

Intended as an initiation, foundation of the second journey - but also as a passage of time for the maturation of a 'political time'; the situation came to a halt due to the replacement of Troya as the President of Eni and therefore the assassination of the latter. Carlo's arrival from a 'dream'

trip to the East puts him as a dreaming automaton in the hands of assassins.

11

Centaur <?> - coincidence ancient Greece with Africa.

pag. 148

Note 36 - The Argonauts: Book I

Departure on the jet - An interminable dawn - A young porter with an almost military cap on his head - The Greek newspapers Small mountains of white stone overlooking, without a beach, on the sea made blue by the 'molteni' - Appearance of the Giants - Their sweetness and enormity of their member -

Their escape towards the clouds piled up on Mount Dindimo - Awakening - American breakfast (xxx xxx xxx, good French 'champagne') - Landing in Tehran, with snow - Traces of the heroes passed in previous centuries for the first [mapping] of the world - Appearance of Heracles - His sweetness, enormity of his member - His lingering at a great distance - Heracles resumes his journey -

The Tehran Hilton - Umberto II's son, Vittorio Emanuele, sings the first part of the journey at the Orfeo bar - Operation of the teleprinter.

(Greek text)

pag. 149

Note 36b - The Argonauts. Book I (continued)

Reception in the Shah's palace - Crossing the city, covered in snow - Thousands and thousands of concrete tower blocks standing on the snow-covered desert - Large avenues reminiscent of the Boulevard Périphérique - The Shah's palace on the edge of the city, towards the rough, pointed , shapeless mountains

- In the middle of a group of hills that look like a newly reforested park - Part barracks, part spa complex: a lot of simplicity and gloom - The Reception pavilion: isolated among tall trees artificially crowded together - Vaguely Art Nouveau style Interior with large halls.

It's a bit reminiscent of the 'White Room' at Yulia Mikhailovna's party in Demons: except that the upholstery is not red, but is naturally made up of enormous Persian carpets that look fake - Household honors of the Shah's sister - In her fifties, youthful, but her hands are shaking, her face is full of tics - She is scared, full of uncertainties and at the same time vaguely despotic, like all millionairess - An enormous amount of rotisserie food is served.

(Greek text)

pag. 150

Note 36b - The Argonauts. Book II

Via Melli at night - Drunks in a small courtyard - Hovels made from old cellars and piles of rubble - a drunk stabbed in the back while sleeping on his stomach on an old filthy blanket, among the shit - Escape of the murderers in the large square xxx xxx - Lots of police, little welfare - National football team at the Hilton - Story of the Kurd xxx xxx perfectly identical to the one told by xxx xxx (only difference: xxx xxx is a footballer rather than a soldier) -

Giafari's episode: curiously similar to that of <...> in Voltaire's Zadig - The desert: a plateau that extends like a milky ocher barrier, containing in the center a dry, very white salt lake - Along the road an endless row of cars going towards the (modern) mosque of Qom - The desert again: sugarloaf-shaped mountains, violets, with scaly slopes, very irregular, like fjords, which enclose sandy valleys and boulders that seem to be made of metal, veined with sulfur - Apparition of Apollo - his adoration - Apparition of ceramics, all turquoise blue, both in the cone domes, among the ocher and clay houses, and in the handicraft objects

<In> a town that incorporates all the houses, like a beehive, in the middle of a narrow street closed between very high clay walls, interrupted by the entrances of the houses, half-vaulted (a ribbed vault, with the edges of the xxx xxx blue) and with two stone seats at the sides, a jar of canned meat or perhaps fruit juice stands out, painted a turquoise color which, on the tin, is enormously different than on the ceramic or terracotta - Arrival on the plain towards the Persian Gulf.

(Greek text)

Note 36c - The Argonauts. Book III

The mosques of Isfahan, turquoise blue and blue – Reception at xxx xxx, where the Shah's brother is staying, very informal The leader of the expedition explains his plans to the Argonauts - Arrival in Abadan - Arrival in Kuwait - The wind covers the city with whirlwinds of sand - It's like

Milan on a foggy day - The palaces of the sheikhs are like tents in the desert - The very luxurious halls are full of messy, dusty shoes, and also of socks, not very clean - On all the televisions, of which there are hundreds, the same interminable Ramadan song is sung at the top of one's lungs

- They sing old Arabs as thin as boys, and boys with well-shorn heads, gray trousers and white shirts - Jason's plans to take over the Golden Fleece are in reality pure and simple intentions - Long afternoons in the swimming pool of xxx xxx where the wives of the second degree diplomats who naturally boast of knowing Medea, come to exhibit their languors, whether uterine or snobbish, we don't know - One of these second degree diplomats, with a Roman pronunciation, speaks of the annoyances caused by the death of a such -The toy soldiers, of Palestinian or Jordanian origin, guarding all the buildings, with a red checked handkerchief under their military cap - Return to Abadan Evening at the nightclub, with young Iranians perfectly equal to the Italians, especially from the South -

Madness of Iran: they are all crazy Central squares of the cities with flowerbeds surrounded by shells and cupids - The taste of mint tea (the rough mint is like a pile of algae in the glass)

- Return to Isfahan – Jason meets the Shah's brother - A funeral passes by: the black stretcher is carried at a very fast pace by some young people, while other young people, in front, hold a dozen enormous black fans of perhaps peacock feathers.

(Greek text)

Note 36d - The Argonauts. Book III (continued)

Return to Kuwait - Forced landing in Dubai - Stunningly white sand, perhaps the most beautiful in the world, with tufts of very tall palm trees - The camels wander freely, unused, returned to their wild state - Absolute ingratitude towards them and their centuries-old services to man - An English nymphomaniac in the xxx xxx hotel on the port - She has pronounced jaws, blue eyes that look towards the crotches of all the men she

meets - A dirty and challenging smile - The port is full of ancient Persian ships - Squat, round, with carpets on the deck, the toilet like a small wooden cage hanging on the stern, a very long wooden rostrum on the bow - At night the crews drink tea and play their instruments - Return to Kuwait - The world of diplomats : reception with many of those women in uterine and snobbish tension, possessed and as if dehydrated by their fever - Medea's love for Jason, on everyone's lips As for the 'Golden Fleece', it shines [in tatters] - with a light oily and slightly throbbing, very red, here and there across the desert.

(Greek text)

pag. 153

Note 36e - The Argonauts. Book III (continued)

Orpheus Meditation - True birth is the second birth Initiation; the cultural birth, <?> Orpheus - The true journey is the second journey - The first is sleep (in the cave, under the tree: everything is inside the mother's womb) - The second journey is the real one because it is realistic - It couldn't be so if it didn't have the 'dream foundations' of the first - We go in the footsteps of Heracles who dreamed of our journey - Let's do what Alexander did, and what many others have done

- The time will come when the space of the dream of the journey will be saturated - There will only be the <...> space of the journey - We are perhaps the last, and in fact our dream is very close to reality: to the [trivial mapping] of every place – [We are 'late', we are rotten Alexandrians, we are cultured men] who somehow still have a certain possibility of initiation - Death of Orpheus (malaria) - Burial of Orpheus - At the hour of dusk on the outskirts towards the sea two young people who have just returned from work, spread a small faded carpet outside the house on the sand - They leave their shoes on the sand - They sit cross-legged on the carpet and begin to play two of their instruments (a drum and a kind of very rustic mandolin, with a swollen and round like Persian ships)

- They are two workers, immigrants, very dark skinned; two Sudanese.

(Greek text)

pag. 154

Note 36f - The Argonauts. Book III (continued)

Aeetes' plans against the Argonauts - Medea promises Chalciope to help her children and companions - Road trip to Basra. It is deep night on the border with Iraq - A truck drivers' station, with warehouses, cafes, barracks - In a ramshackle building with a small porch, in front of the [small shop] glittering with village festival lights, which however immediately die on the sand, two young workers are preparing to sleep by spreading their mats on the uneven floor -

They look for a long time with their childish and marked faces of tall young men, with mustaches - In the courtyard of a barracks, the soldiers have brought their beds outdoors - Against a high peeling wall there is a television, where a American film - Eighteen-year-old soldiers watch - Others go to sleep - Two sleep together, embracing and smiling, in the same bed - There is no moon

- There is a strong smell of stagnant sea - Among the enormous and shiny branches of the xxx estuary the oasis of Basra appears - They are squat and dense palm trees, covered in dust - They stretch out endlessly - He crosses them from time to time such a muddy canal - A large, half-rotten boat, all encrusted with salt and mud and painted with pitch, is pushed into that water by the little black arms of an old man who is leaning with all his strength on a long oar which he fishes in the muddy bottom - In the only large state hotel in Basra, immense, humid and noisy, on the crumbling carpets, Jason has a meeting with some bureaucrats, who, in that Balkan hotel, seem to feel perfectly at ease - Return to Kuwait - Preparation of Jason, who sacrifices to Hecate - Appearance of Hecate - Appearance of a group of sons of billionaire sheikhs, young people in their thirties, who sit on the lawn in front of the hotel xxx xxx and play cards like beggars or prostitutes - Hecate disappears - The moon hangs over the Persian Gulf as flat and warm as a lagoon.

(Greek text)

pag. 155

Note 36g - The Argonauts. Book III (continued)

Testament of Orpheus - There is a moment in the journey in which one begins to return - Alexander is not only Alexander, he is also Sikandar - It is Sikandar who was able to capture that miraculous moment which precedes the return by an instant - The background of every journey is Zulmàt (the Land of Darkness) - You go back by chance - You leave the inside, you return to the light - But is it worth it? Advice to the Tenelo tourist and the Lyncean observer - So as not to be excluded from the myth - Remember that the snake found in the desert was killed the day before by Heracles - Just sharpen your gaze and its little figure will appear, remote, at the edge of the desert - His footsteps, which have mapped the earth, are still fresh everywhere - Having sung the origins (he leaves Orpheus written in his will) made the journey possible - The myth is literary; but it is always myth - But now, having reached the culmination of the journey, if you realize it, stay there - Let everything in Zulmàt be dark and arbitrary: pure madness, or rather bizarreness - Have the head of Buzug-Ibn Sachriar, who sees portents and that's it, without any connection or any sense - If sacrifices are needed to go back, don't make them - Remember what a poet tells you from the grave (near an oil well): you are not 'late', you are not 'serious' ': you are the 'last' - If you go back with the new news, no one will ever be able to travel like you did again (i.e. lay dream foundations for further realistic journeys) -

Make monkeys pregnant with snake heads or duckling legs not Medee - Stand in the wonder under the light of the Purple Cloud - Don't come and tell anything to Propp and Blanchot

- Embarrassment and bewilderment of the crew at the reading of the Testament. No one feels they have the nature of a Gordon Pym nor of a 'Divine Rascal'.

(Greek text)

pag. 156

Note 36h - The Argonauts. Book IV (continued)

Short trip to Damascus - The city piled up like an enormous pile of bunkers on the ruins of souks and Arab villages, on bare, dusty hills, inhabited by howling dogs - The Minister of Foreign Affairs, xxx xxx, in his poor study, with furniture heavy that looks like it was bought from a second-hand dealer - It is

melancholic - In the evening <...> invites to a cocktail where the diplomats' wives don't even have the strength of any tension, neither of pussy nor of careerism <...>- The poor things are silent, melancholic - A young man pianist plays the score of an anonymous and unpublished seventeenth-century Italian master quite well - Very popular motif, reminiscent of Neapolitan songs - Perhaps the general lack of energy is due to the visit of the Italian Foreign Minister a week earlier - Trip offered by the government in Palmyra - Exultation of Tenelus and Lynceus - Bitterly cold - In the morning the nostrils are completely black down to the bottom of the throat due to the emanations from the small oil stoves of the hotel - Ruins of Palmyra - Desolate apparition on the horizon, of Heracles - Return to Kuwait.

(Greek text)

pag. 157

Note 36i - The Argonauts. Book IV (continued)

Medea's escape from the palace - Meeting with Jason - Gift of the Golden Fleece - Departure of the expedition towards Eritrea - Stopover in Aden - Stop in the fiery airport from which one cannot escape

Entrance 'Visa' - The enormous group of violet and jagged volcanoes at whose feet, on an infinity of peninsulas, isthmuses, lagoons, piers, islets - the [miserable] city extends - Signs of the struggle everywhere - Walls of council houses punctured by machine gun fire. Here and there some signs of bombing - Rubble - The large abandoned warehouses, the empty port (on whose slime lies some ancient Persian sailing ship) - The streets continually interrupted by Frisian horses and fences rust - Checkpoints of gaunt Yemeni soldiers - The deserted ex-colonial hotel - The club by the sea, English, desert - Deafening cawing of crows Formal reception in the desperate hotel

lobby by an undersecretary, or something similar, with a gray dress and some heart-wrenching dusty pointed shoes.

(Greek text)

pag. 158

Note 36i - The Argonauts. Book IV (continued)

Medea scenes - Apocalyptic crises of crying, recriminations, threats, xxx explosions of hatred -

Jason's Plans - 'Trip' to a fishing village, with rows of sharks lined up on the surf and flocks of birds flying around - Two hour jeep ride along the beach - The 'wild one'

she is abandoned there, after having been drunk on 'whisky' - Hasty departure from Aden -

Appendix to the Testament of Orpheus (found among his papers upon boarding) - Identification of death with the real destination of the journey - The Country of Darkness, or Zulmàt, would have been, curiously, for our Sikandar, Kuwait - The he would have had an intuition while spending an evening in a neighborhood of the old centre, full of an infinity of miserable cafes and small hotels - Large dusty squares teeming with people - Turbans, barracani (Kuwait is very traditional) and blue jeans -

Even more tingling alleys, and all without pavement or asphalt - Ancient dust, everywhere - Apparently, as Orpheus passed, all the young men who crowded the cafés (there wasn't even a woman) turned, with a festive smile and possessive, looking at the stranger as in the tales of the Arabian Nights - This would have been the sign.

(Greek text)

pag. 159

Note 36m - The Argonauts. Book IV (continued)

Arrival in Asmara - Meeting with the Ethiopian authorities - Subject: oil exploration project along the coast, in the Hassan area <?> - Meeting with the guerrilla command near Agordat (the subject of the meeting is the same) - Long journey to Agordat through Karen - The pretext is the warthog hunt Arrival in Agordat at dusk - Curfew: the poor all-white village is placed on the dust two palms high - Large empty rooms with beds as small as cots and tattered flowered canvas curtains - Carlo's prophetic dream - Interior of a Coptic church, where young priests are singing - They stand in an oval circle at the back of the roughly square church

- The Holy of Holies is in the centre: another rough square covered in gaudy naïve paintings with stories of Archangels - The singing priests have nothing clerical about them - They are little boys with curly and frizzy hair, very thick, which sticks out at the back of the neck and in front on the forehead - They have thin noses, swollen mouths, dark and wounded eyes of herbivorous animals - The old people are like them, just as fresh - Their hair, between curly and frizzy, has all become white -

Everyone sings the sacred song with great joy, leaning their body forward, offering it almost sensually, as if carried away by the music - In their smile, however, there is also something sweetly sly and familiar - Some accompany the singing by shaking sistrums, with movements regular; others hitting small drums - The old men are leaning on croziers, which end in a T in a sleeve of precious and worn metal. One of these old men has a dazzling smile - The dreamer approaches him, until the eyes of the gray-haired old man rest on of him It is a penetrating and revealing look - That old man 'knows everything' about Orpheus and his relationship with the Third World - 'He knows everything', too, about the poor deceived barbarian, whose bones whiten among the sharks (unless he is become a beggar, in front of the little door of the small mosque).

(Greek text)

“When you write without thinking of revealing a secret, that is, sincerely, you realize that you are revealing a secret that you didn't know you had” - “Die before these people recant” - “But also joyfully communicate to others what you know about these people” - Orpheus's last notebook -

Departure for Tel Aviv - Stopover in Cairo and Nicosia - Arrival in Tel Aviv at dusk - Quick view of a nineteenth-century Levantine city - On the beach not far from the hotel, poor kids spend the night by lighting fires - A bar, ahead, large, empty and glittering The morning 'reveals' a city full of soldiers - Something astonishing, mysterious and painful -

Transfer to Jerusalem - The climate of revelation continues, but leaves the most important thing concerning this nation obscure and suspended - Night - The entrance to a cinema sparkles - A group of boys and girls stand in front of it, in the empty street with idle uncertainty Permissiveness and shyness - A boy stands poised, a little neurotically, on the edge of the pavement - He is the most beautiful creature on all the earth - Perhaps he comes from Spain - With a flick of his large and strong body, which however seems still a boy, he leaves the pavement capriciously, suddenly -

He runs away - He reaches a deserted alley behind the cinema - Here there is a Vespasian all made of white majolica and a bit miserable - The dark boy goes to piss in it - But he pisses away from the small, peeling cup - The piss is a long glittering jet which draws a bold and at the same time innocent arc in the shadows - The dark boy, clasping his member between his two hands, leans his lap forward, keeping his solid adolescent legs wide - He is not afraid of being seen - He doesn't even notice the head of having some modesty or, at the same time, of putting on an exhibition - It's a boy's game - But at the same time that piss is possessive - It's

curious that an introverted Jewish boy pisses like this - Certainly no Arab boy pisses like this: he hides, a little sordidly, and perhaps crouches - There is no desire for affirmation in his pissing, even if perhaps innocent (and only socially a little spoiled) as in the Jewish boy.

(Greek text)

Note 37 - Something written

At the end of my "Argonautica" I feel that I owe the reader some explanation, referring to what I said in Note 22i about the stylistic 'bizarreness' in a novel that aimed to be austerely normal. Then it was the insert of a 'graphic', here it is the long insert of a Greek or neo-Greek text (or more precisely of the literary neo-Greek used by Kavafis). Well, these printed but illegible pages want to proclaim in an extreme way - but which also stands as symbolic for the rest of the Book - my decision: which is not to write a story, but to build a form (as will become better the more forward): form consisting simply of 'something written'. I don't deny that certainly the best thing would have been to even invent an alphabet, perhaps of an ideographic or hieroglyphic nature, and print the entire Book like that. After all, xxx Michaux <?> did it recently, drawing the entire book, line by line, in a patient and infinite invention of non-alphabetic signs. But my cultural background and my character prevented me from building my 'form' through similar methods, extremist, yes, but also extremely boring. This is why I chose to use apparently significant materials for my self-sufficient and useless construction.

pag. 162

Note 40 - Art that cheers the human heart

'Darkness and solemnity are completely out of place in the study

(even the most rigorous) of an art originally intended to cheer the human heart: Gravity, a mysterious carriage of the

body to conceal the defects of the mind

Laurence Sterne”12

We have reached the end of the first of the three parts that make up this poem in a rapid and concise style: it was merely a long prologue, or a long antecedent (that's why I was able to relatively hurry). Looking back, however, at this point I cannot prevent myself from making an observation which is also quite uncomfortable for me. In what context, under what 'roof'

cultural, do relationships occur between our protagonist's ego and his id? From the psychoanalytic point of view, both orthodox and heterodox, both Freudian and Jungian, both Frommian and Lacanian, these relationships are so free that they can legitimately be defined as arbitrary, indeed, provocative. Rarely have we seen one play with such disobedience with concepts 'obediently'

accepted. The repression with which Carlo's ego frees itself, classically, of the responsibility for the bloody event with which the first part of the poem ends, actually obeys completely invented laws. I have no other explanation to give than that fairy tales are crude. And therefore the division of Carlo's ego in two actually poses every time [the] relationship between a half ego and an entire id. The repression is half classical, scientifically analyzable repression, the other half is simply a numbness similar to that of certain paralytics whose brain only works. There is no darkness or gravity in this, it must be admitted: and all possible allegorical implications <...> can only be <...> entertaining. At least I hope so. And with this hope, I move on to the second part of the poem, which in reality is the actual first part.

12

Ezra Pound.

pag. 163

CULTIVATED STORIES

Speaking of 'popular culture', to introduce characters totally different from the bourgeois protagonists, the following stories are told and commented on in an intellectual meeting (see The Brothers Karamàzov):

The purchase of a slave (in Khartoum) - return trip (slave journey - return osmosis, between the two cultures, through sex)

The story of an Indian family whose members die one by one of hunger (see Notes for a film about India)

The destruction of the population of Bihar (the Whites try to destroy the 30 or 40 million hungry and cholera-stricken people, first by throwing

'packages' of poisoned food from above, then by carpet bombing cities and villages. But the population does not die: as soon as killed, massacred, everyone is resurrected.

The exchange of experiences between a young Israeli and a young Arab (both die in a battle on the Golan Heights etc. and each of them is reborn in the body of the other, living their cultural experiences: the Arab experiences industrialization and cosmopolitanism industrialist of Israel (in Bathsheba), and the Israeli lives the pre-industrial, peasant, magical existence of a village in poor Lebanon. The story ends with two real funerals.

Three stories of Botole

- in Morocco (Rabat) at the bottom of the world trapdoor: equal thanks to a King (dying, plague-stricken)

- in Nigeria (Kano) a degraded world, with the old woman in a cage

- in Algeria <?> the world of Paris, in which the boy becomes a toilet brush, truly degraded and servant

The re-foundation of the Kota religion

pag. 164

A story that takes place at the moment in which Sicily is re-romanised (Arabs and Sicilians) Discussions on the relationships between popular culture (popular poetry, royal traditions etc.) and dominant culture (Bourbon Catholicism etc.) in a Lucanian country.

Story of a Greek or Andalusian emigrant to Germany, seen in the early Sixties on the threshold of

'68 (still totally unexpected)

pag. 165

Note 41 - Purchase of a slave

«Our hero - he said <...>- who couldn't be Italian, and would sound false even as French, [let's say he is Anglo-Saxon; and let's call him] as a joke (because it has nothing to do with it) Tristram. [he is a guy who could resemble] the film critic of a major newspaper who wanted to rejuvenate his staff. Blonde, adolescent, stupid, witty13. He is

equipped with the usual 'half culture'. But he is 'initiated'. And this transforms 'half culture' into a social qualification that allows it to be both integrated and at the forefront. To write in the “Guardian” <?> and laugh with a nihilistic air and the utmost contempt (like certain young rebels encountered in Russian books from Dostoevsky to Bulgakov) at the establishment (which is extremely gratifying). Well, all this |this| I say this for the pleasure of telling, which, as we know, always errs on the side of excess (whoever decides to tell something immediately has the opportunity to tell the entire universe).

But now I'll be schematic. This Tristram would be an inhibited Puritan, if his half-culture wanted him uninhibited. Therefore his classical, Victorian etc. sadism. finds a way to be accepted by his conscience. Of course, the moment it is accepted, such sadism is also accommodated - needless to say. Even on an ideological level, moreover, our Tristram has accommodated his anti-authoritarian and anti-colonialist progressivism within the broader framework of a Eurocentrism which constitutes his real, and much deeper and ineradicable, racial prejudice. However, one day a friend told him that in certain places in the Sudanese area, that is, south of the Sahara, there still exists a slave market. For example, every year pilgrimages to Mecca are organized throughout the Islamic world. There are people who leave from Morocco, Mauritania, Senegal to dutifully go to pay homage to Muhammad's tomb. (Then it seems that they have the right to wear a green turban on their heads.) Let's take a group of young Mauritanian farmers: blacks of the Muslim religion. They want to go to Mecca. But they are as poor as you can't be. They have never seen more "dinar" together than it takes to buy a pair of trousers at the "souk". But there is someone who provides for them, that is, for their thirst for devotion. Their trip is organised, which they will pay for with work instead of money. They leave in rickety but very prettily painted trucks in the brightest colours. They say goodbye to their mothers, their many friends, their village, and leave. The route to get to the other end of 13

See Mr. Walter (critic, in fact, of the "...").

pag. 166

desert, long, in fact, the entire Sudanese strip, lasts three or four years. I won't describe such an odyssey to you. The work of pilgrims is naturally the work of labourers. And the journey is arranged so that they can work on the plantations or perhaps even on some construction site according to a regular cycle. Naturally nothing protects them and their work is practically <...> [unlimited]: after all they have no alternatives. Either work as slaves or no Mecca (and what's more, no return home). The oldest and weakest die on the streets. Those who arrive at the Red Sea, at Port Sudan or more likely in some smaller and more remote seaside location, can finally embark and hope to be at the end of their ordeal. However, as soon as they reach the other side of the Red Sea, in the vicinity of Jeddah (which is not considered necessary for them to reach Mecca), they are taken, chained and kept there as slaves14. Well, all this is little more than an excursus, too curious, perhaps, to be truly 'real'... But don't forget that the person speaking to you is a journalist. What matters in our little story, whose 'reality' is symbolic, is a detail which is then a kind of [excursus within the excursus]. Some of these 'pilgrims', together with other young men and women of the black race, whose origin [escapes me] (perhaps the pagan South of Sudan?), are even taken and sold as slaves even before they reach the other side of the Red Sea. This happens on the outskirts of Khartoum, probably in Abadam which is the old city (that of xxx xxx) still with its low ocher mud houses, its long walls that jealously close the almost religious intimacy of the peasant home, the its large dusty spaces blinded by the sun, with some shining bougainvillea or some red acacia in the background...

Such slave markets are on the margins of legality, but since the Abboud regime15 arose they are more or less tolerated. In short, anyone who wants can manage to find a way to clandestinely get to the slave auction and buy a girl or boy for a sum corresponding, I think, to around three four hundred thousand lire. Tristram was struck (ironically) by this story. And he decided (again ironically) to travel to Khartoum to buy a slave. He was, apparently, heterosexual. He then began what we have the weakness of calling his 'anabasis'. In fact, it was a question of going to a place (the Middle East and the Sudanese area) that was known but, to our traveller, unknown; and, at the

same time, to leave behind a well-known place, indeed THE place par excellence: England, Europe (Western civilization - I simply ask you to note it). Now, our brilliant Tristram had always had 'consciousness'

of the existence of another universe, and he did not hesitate, as a progressive, to attribute to this universe a dignity equal to that of his own... But 'consciousness' is one thing, 'knowledge' is another. All the more so since Tristram's social culture was, evidently, a very aristocratic empirical culture and 14

Our narrator told this story around 1961-66.

15

See previous note.

pag. 167

pragmatic, who believes only in 'field' research (even if Tristram was 'spoiled' by ideologies coming from the continent, utopian, dogmatic, crudely rational). Through the time of the anabasis, which is relatively slow, despite the airplane trips, our Tristram acquires to consciousness what it socially accepts, but which deep down (and precisely for social reasons) it rejects: the reality of another universe. It is one thing to think of the sun of Khartoum and one thing to experience it, to accept its silence in your body <...> the silence <?>, etc. It's one thing to think about the person he could have put in contact with the slave sellers, and it's another thing to meet him in the flesh (a tall, fat man, soft as a child, with two big moustaches, wrapped in a white barracano with a pair of black European trousers, and some shoes as if hardened by the dust that had penetrated them). The sale of slaves took place [on the sly] in a small hotel which on the ground floor was also a bar (a large, empty and smelly room due to the adjacent toilet, where urine overflowed from the hole). The rooms opened onto a small white internal courtyard with wooden balconies, massive and devoured by humidity. Inside those rooms there were some greyish cots, a few chairs that were also massive and half rotten, a rag at the sink. The slaves were crowded in threes or fours in these little rooms, all wet with sweat (because there weren't even fans there which were spinning desperately and almost

uselessly in the large bare room of the bar). Tristram expected to see the naked male and female slaves. Instead they were all very modestly dressed. When he told his boyfriend whether it was appropriate to see the slaves naked, in order to be able to choose them better, he immediately noticed that he had caused serious embarrassment, followed by a sort of state of confusion. Tristram realized he had made a gaffe, and according to the dictates of his philosophy he immediately ironically adapted to the situation. A moment of agitation followed: if black and Muslim puritanism, put together, were to be transgressed, this could not happen without a certain dismay. But - white man's power!

- immediately afterwards Tristram was introduced into another small room, similar to the previous ones but with a large fan, and here the slaves were in turn brought, who, as if by order received, began to undress. This did not happen without some mirth on their part. They laughed as peasant women laugh, with a great flash of teeth, and looking at the buyer with a certain almost mocking boldness (that is, as if from the depths of their blackness they considered that white 'other', exactly as he ultimately considered them: there is no it was the possibility of an encounter, in such strangeness: not even an encounter of a morally negative, dramatic, scandalous nature, like the one between those who buy a human being and those who are bought! Evidently those women felt so different, so far from man who bought them from feeling his act as non-existent, or at least not concerning their real life). Looking at those laughing and provocative faces, Tristram thought of whores. In fact, it often happens that whores have that excessive air of defiance (precisely laughing) towards their clients. And the thought of whores was immediately linked to the thought of page. 168

of the scam. Those women were just ordinary whores who had lent themselves to the game of selling slaves, organized by that fat black man with a mustache who was therefore nothing more than a brazen swindler [linked] to his scam by a relationship | (as always, obstinate and dismayed). Tristram immediately understood that there was no point in making direct accusations, and philosophically angry, smoking his pipe, he limited himself to saying that he didn't like any of them. And meanwhile they continued to laugh, looking at him, as if mocking the deplorable weakness he had shown by asking to see them naked. But the background of their laughter was so remote and so hopelessly foreign, that Tristram wondered whether he should

not be distressed. However, it was precisely at that point that he freed himself from that very unpleasant situation (the mediator already had a sort of stubborn and evil veil of tears in his eyes), with an unexpected idea for himself.

He asked to look at the male slaves, to possibly buy one. The mediator and his candid and apprehensive assassins, who were all teenagers of indefinable age, suspended all judgement. They rushed to satisfy the buyer's will: and immediately a dozen male slaves were herded into another small room, who, as soon as Tristram entered, hastened to undress, according to the same directive given to the women. They did it without laughing and without making fun of the stranger. Indeed, some of them smiled sweetly, with sympathy, dedication and obedience. Most, however, were serious, with dark eyes, or open in a stupor full of uncertainty and fear.

Those of perhaps Ethiopian origin - and perhaps non-Muslim - were even in the grip of a dramatic sense of offended modesty (linked to who knows what [desperate] taboos). If Tristram, instead of being there full of shy understanding towards his black 'brothers', committing an arbitrary act of guilt, had had a machine gun in his hand, like a marine or one of his old military ancestor, threatening them, and taking them with the force rather than money, the effect would not have been different. In fact, it would have been perfectly identical. That crowd of young men with their humble limbs dangling was on the other side of the bank, and did not relate to Tristram except existentially (and here they could just as well have been poor European peasants): while their cultural xxx remained lost in distances xxx. The very advanced <...> Tristram Walker therefore risked not being able to gain any experience; neither private (sadistic) nor social (the knowledge of a different world, which was then beginning to be called the Third World). It was from the immorality of the first that the authenticity of the second had to derive. And what was expected was a confirmation of Tristram's democratic progressivism. Having remained what he was - however - and disappointed by the fact that that 'other' world had not opened its arms to welcome him into its bosom, even if provoked, that is, attacked through a real and scandalous desire to know - Tristram succeeded in the gallery followed by the assassins, in which the innocent hope of a reward [even for an] unfinished business shone desperately and sinisterly in the eye. Except that it was right on the balcony page. 169

that Tristram had the apparition. She was a girl of about twelve or thirteen, but perhaps even younger. She was of such perfect and inhuman beauty that she appeared almost metallic (apart from the color of her skin): a Benin mask, with features engraved and [absolute] like vegetables. Her dress was that of a poor peasant: a faded pink rag with little flowers, narrow at the chest and wide at the bottom, up to half the leg. As Tristram saw her, the little girl did a pirouette and disappeared. But Tristram had decided: it was she who had to buy. He immediately said it clearly to the mediator. Who fell, as usual, into his own state of confusion, but, after consulting with the skinny teenage maintenance men, ended up decisively leading Tristram towards a third small room, where the boys were crowded together. She was there, among the others, but in the front row, submissive and at the same time proud as a toy soldier. She had perhaps understood everything about her and with her dazzling and firm eyes she confirmed that she was willing to be bought as a slave and by that very master of hers. The deal was soon (relatively soon) concluded to everyone's great satisfaction.

Tristram had rented a small house with a garden on the other side of Khartoum, in the elegant and European area, along the Nile. Here it generally felt like a very hot summer day "au bord de la Seine". In the secrecy of his villa where he could calmly "do his bidding", since no one would have had anything to say about his conduct as a citizen of the Commonwealth, while he busied himself writing the articles, with which [he had calculated] to pay for that trip, he began his practices of applying the “philosophie du boudoir”. For example, for the entire time that he was at the table writing, Giana, the black slave, was required to stay under the table, with her master's member in her mouth, even if not necessarily erect. The transgression of this obligation would have given rise to a pre-established punishment, with legislative wisdom, based on whippings: two if the little girl had abandoned for a single moment - seized by some bodily necessity or some childish distraction - her master's member: a dose which was naturally destined to increase in proportion to the extent of the disobedience. So Tristram spent the last three hours of the morning and the late afternoon (periods of the day when he worked) with his member in Giana's mouth. Any punishments were noted in a notebook and given all together in the evening. The little girl found all this natural, and did not bat an eyelid at any pretense or any xxx: being a slave was an idea in her that was radically part of her conscience. And the more she accepted with total passivity the

slavery, the pain, the oppression, the beatings of her [inscrutable] master, the more this master, for her part, was [delighted] and fierce. He also noticed that the little girl accepted her changes in mood and behavior in the most natural way. Tristram was in fact naturally kind, sweet and good to [her, except] when he [decided] to turn to sadistic practices. Pass that he [did without]

no violence, by means of a simple but mandatory invitation. And the little girl, in fact, doesn't pay. 170

she asked why the 'master' so suddenly went from a sweetness and understanding such as she had certainly never known, to the most [ruthless] demands, with the associated [equally ruthless] punishments. Tristram, noticing that he had done this, immediately made it part of the [masterly behavior] or rather the ceremonial. But [in the same way as] the child naturally accepted violence and punishment, she equally naturally accepted Tristram's kindness and civil favors: she had no gratitude towards him for this - just as she had no resentment for the evil what he did to her. During the sexual ceremonies, which she performed with the diligence with which children do their homework or fulfill their duties, with self-love and a certain desire to do well, it was not clear what was going on in her head. She was less beautiful than she had appeared the first time on the landing of the "National Hotel", she had become more miserable, gloomy, smaller: and this was all that transpired, indirectly, of her feelings about her.

When she was punished she regularly screamed and cried, only to stop immediately. When her master treated her well, in moments of normality, outside of ceremonies, she did not betray any feelings. Only when she [she ate] a greedy bliss shone in her eyes. <...> Tristram ended up realizing this too. And so the 'administration of food to the slave' also became part of the ceremony. This was a great pleasure to Tristram the first time. In fact she was absolutely innocent, and that day she was preparing to eat those good things that were eaten in the homes of the rich, with the usual peaceful happiness. Tristram - as he had calculated, abominably, to himself - as soon as Giana was about to begin her meal, she took it away from him, with a stern look, like Jupiter

“arcanely just”16, as a supplement to the punishments she had deserved in the morning. In fact, she was also responsible for washing him meticulously, everywhere, in the large bathtub of the house

colonial 'toilet': and that morning, in fact, he had shown a certain lack of diligence in rubbing Tristram's penis and anus. For the first time, taking away her dog's meal, Tristram could see a certain desperate disappointment on Giana's face, and an almost heartbreaking look up and down. From then on, even the meal depended on the inscrutable will of the master, and Giana, as with everything else, resigned herself to it.

This story only lasted a few days. Tristram, as you will well understand, was naturally devoid of greatness. So he had reserved a very short experiment for his sadistic experience, determined to remember it all his life, with irony, that is, without nostalgia, as regards the first part, the slavery, and without the slightest sentimentality as regards the second part, the liberation.

He had decided to free Giana in the best possible way: but, to tell the truth, there wasn't much choice.

Indeed, there was only one possibility, that of leaving her to a mission. [There was] only one Catholic mission in Khartoum, and it was run by a Dutch father, named xxx, a very young man, about 16

Dante, Purgatorio, Canto XXIX.

pag. 171

thirty-year-old, with enormous hair and an enormous red beard, and, in the midst of all that hair*, eternally and madly laughing eyes. When Tristram brought Giana to him to entrust her to him, it was already towards evening, the heat was atrocious, the bougainvilleas and red acacias hung inert in the peace of the African night with a distant drum, and not a single voice rising from the pink mud houses or ocher, in the immense neighborhood covered with two palms of soft dust. The mission was a villa a bit like the one Tristram had rented along the Nile: but infinitely more

[miserable]. As soon as Father xxx - who already knew Tristram's decision and was waiting for him - saw him coming, he began [immediately] to make

big and exaggerated signs to him with his hands, or rather, with his entire long arms. These nods regularly ended with the application of the long bony index finger against the lips and a happier flicker of laughter in the little [candid] eyes: father xxx more than evidently wanted to make Tristram understand with this that he had to keep quiet. So the broad nods underwent a change that was also well underlined. This time [they clearly indicated] to Tristram to follow, always [in silence, the friar]. So Tristram found himself, with Giana clasped by the hand, in the adjoining room (which naturally should have been the living room), with the doors wide open onto a veranda overlooking the dusty garden, ominously thick with xxx and palm trees. The heat was atrocious, the darkness profound. However, on the floor of the living room, almost devoid of furniture, about forty bodies could be glimpsed: they were the bodies of sleeping children. Sleep had overtaken them in the most diverse and disordered positions. If it hadn't been for the profound peace and a certain propriety of their poor white dresses, they would have looked like those shot. Father xxx with his big hands folded in his lap, was contemplating them almost a little moved, and certainly very amused. His eyes then fixing themselves with an intense and naive [twinkle] on his guest [made it clear that Father xxx] found it very funny. Shown that he had in Tristram his organizational masterpiece-

done in all simplicity of spirit and Christian poverty - Father xxx whispered to Tristram to follow him into his study. It was a suffocating little room, also due to the [heavy] bracket of the sofas and chairs piled around a small desk overflowing with papers. Here what was, in practice, Giana's second sale took place briefly, as she, without understanding, watched the two owners talking to each other. Until the new buyer took her by the hand, preparing to take her there, to her dormitory, with the others. But first he accompanied Tristram to the door. Tristram patted Giana on the head, shook the friar's hand, with his ironic smile, almost like a young American marine, prematurely wizened, as he took his leave. The friar turned, as always, with an exaggerated and cheerful pirouette, towards the inside of the house. Giana followed him, and although Tristram remained stationary on the

[soft] carpet of dust of the wide dusty road to look at it, it did not turn, not even for an instant.

A crescent moon had risen over the <...> [Islamic] landscape. The night was indigo. Not a voice could be heard. In the distance, American music was playing.

The katabasis began, which, in addition to being less clear and so to speak less 'expressive', was also much shorter than the anabasis. Tristram flew, it is true, to Cairo (where he paid a visit to the city), but then went by train to Alexandria to return to Europe by sea. Alexandria is a city with some cultural tradition, not only [archaeological]. Writers were born and lived there (for example Kavafis), there are some cultural circles. Wandering around the center while waiting to board, Tristram entered a bookshop, and, curiously, the first book that came into his hands was a small anthology of Marx's Capital, in who knows what edition. Tristram had never read it, having snubbed it both in Cambridge where he had studied and in London where he lived his intellectual life.

After all, there were many books that Tristram didn't know. Being an 'initiate' as a member of the most culturally unprejudiced elite of his country gave him the opportunity to read practically nothing except newspapers and magazines. Indeed, to tell the truth, after Cambridge he had not read any book, except for a few stupid monographs on Eisenstein and Hitchcock: he did not know a single line of the history of religions, linguistics, etc., and of anthropology he had only read a few pages of Lévi-Strauss at a time when this [was absolutely fashionable.] As for Fanon (because equally very fashionable) he knew him only by name. He therefore imagined that behind the mystery of Giana and her sellers, there was a 'magical world', but, instinctively, and out of pure ignorance, he downgraded it to a fact that was all in all insignificant and negative. For him, a progressive, the magical world was nothing more than superstition (of which, in truth, he only knew the four trivial facts that everyone knows). The 'otherness' of Giana's world, which had not turned around, also included the magical world, evidently, but it was not in this that it expressed itself: indeed, Tristram instinctively attributed to Giana, at least in an extremely crude and only potential way, his own feeling of condemnation towards it! <...> his negative judgment as an advanced man who interpreted the Third World as a mythical confirmation of his own reformist progressivism, and as a mythical march towards the future by which the New Left was comforted in its just struggle. But, even thus interpreted, Giana's Third World was a total frustration, without any

glimmer of reasonable hope: and in fact in the inevitable moment in which they broke up, each going their own way, it could not be said that Tristram had integrated their culture with the culture of Giana, nor that Giana, in turn, had integrated her culture with that of Tristram. But the integration of these two cultures was the only possibility of a democratic relationship between people like Tristram and people like Giana. There was no other solution in the world to coexist civilly and in accordance with reason. That this had not even occurred in the slightest was annoying Tristram terribly. But it was already a lot (for an impartial observer like me) that he was pag. 173

entered into crisis; and that he had wanted to endlessly prolong the time of his return journey to his homeland. The problem was: to save one's conscience in a relationship between two cultures that could not integrate with each other; and that indeed, despite all the good will, they remained perfectly strangers to each other. The solution <...> came suddenly. The ship with which Tristram would reach England on an eternal return voyage stopped for a day or two in Naples. Tristram naturally disembarked and set about exploring the city (although he had already been there). In certain gardens

[irresistibly] dirty, where children, like twenty years before, were bathing in their panties in a tub, he saw wildly aside, a 'street urchin', dark and ragged: xxxxxxxxxx

xxxxxxxxxxx

There was no doubt, she looked like Giana. She was almost her sister. She belonged to a 'culture'

the same. The one that gave the same physical quality (despite the purely accidental differences) to those plebeian kids from Naples who dived into the fountain and to those from Khartoum who slept in father xxx's dormitory. Pasta [of meat] was a different pasta from that <...> of the dominant culture <...>: <...> which could integrate popular culture only by making it its own, that is, by forcing it to degenerate, to remain within the low levels of consciousness just as it had remained, for centuries, in the low levels of society.

<...> And here Tristram <...> dropped onto the stinking grass of those little gardens in Forcella:

'fall', I say, like Saint Paul on the road to Damascus. He had suddenly converted to Marxism

<...>.»

<...>"Extraordinary story, also because [disappointing]" said one of the listeners.

<...> «Yes - said [the Reciting Voice] - but the story of Tristram is nothing compared to the story of xxx, of xxx and their three children».

«And what is this story about xxx, about xxx and their three children?» asked the same listener.

“Let me have a sip of whisky, and I'll tell you,” said the narrator with a happy face.

pag. 174

- experience of slavery (symbolic <?> etc.)

- Liberation of the slave

- the slave's indifference to both slavery and freedom. His disappearance without traces, non-existence. What is different does not exist, Enigma not posed as well as not solved etc. etc. [left on a Mission - she doesn't look back]

- missed cultural mixing and integration: in her and in him

- Catabasi: passage to Naples (by ship) - Neapolitan girl - Fall of Damascus -

Impossibility of real, living [democratic] cultural integration - The only possibility is to ask oneself the problem to save one's conscience and then not care. Tristram joins the Communist Party (converts to Marxism)

26 maggio 1974

pag. 175

Note 42 - The story of xxx and xxx and their three children xxx

pag. 176

Note 43 - History of the city of Patna and the Bihar region

«The city of Patna - begins the narrator - as you all know well is the capital of Bihar, and is located on the banks of the Ganges. The night our story begins was an ordinary night. At nine in the evening the silence was already profound, but many people, as is customary in India, were still awake |although|

<...>. Crouched in the corners, under the barracks, along some fetid drain, among the bushes at the end of the endless clearings, all marshy at that moment, in front of the violently lit doors of some hotel. There was also a dense though silent coming and going of bicycles].

Unlike the voices of the people, which were so discreet as to be more like whispers uttered in a sacred place (but with the calm, idle air of people who have known each other for a long time and see each other for that chatter every evening) the lights, on the other hand, [unlike the voices] they seemed devoid of any discretion: they sparkled white and violent in festoons, as if on an abandoned festival, reflecting on the puddles and mud (the rainy season had just begun). In a point where these lights shone with more naked and miserable [violence] and precisely in front of the "xxx Hotel", which was the most important hotel in the city, the group of nocturnal chatterboxes was more numerous and denser than elsewhere. In fact, all the 'coolies', there in front - in the muddy space [in front of] the hotel, some crumbling houses and the endless open space of the parade ground, all marshy and illuminated by the moon - had lined up their wheelchairs pulled by bicycles. Indeed, someone, wrapping himself in the same long rag, which, rolled up at his sides, served as his clothing, and which was now as taut and light as a shroud, had already fallen asleep on the seat of his wheelchair, which was also

<...>. But, generally, those who did this actually couldn't sleep, and listened <...> to the chatter of their friends. Then someone was entirely dedicated to the preparations that precede sleep: he tidied up his dilapidated mud-encrusted wheelchair, did his ablutions in some puddle, dried himself with some rag fished from the bottom of xxx, filled that mysterious amphora with water. of brass, which everyone in the city carried with them. And it was these preparations that put those who made them in a particularly cheerful mood; and if in the discreet chatter that followed, and which resonated like a whisper under the immense and humid blanket of the tropical night, [every now and then a cry or a call arose, or a louder laugh, they were those who were preparing to go to sleep that they were guilty of it]. At the xxx Hotel they were about to close. The red door, with perforated peepholes like in 'night clubs' and a ring of light bulbs around it, was already closed from the inside; there were only one or two customers left inside, pag. 177

who dined in the underground rooms, and the custodians tossed and turned with an aloof and collected air, like priests who repeat their useless gestures of which even the symbolic meaning has been lost. The waiters, as they finished their shift, went out, and for the most part, before going off on their own business, that is to sleep, they also started having a chat with the group of

'coolies' and the old night owls whose bedroom, moreover, could be glimpsed nearby, dimly lit: it was a bare dirt floor, with a bench, two or three rags, and, in front of the threshold, a fetid puddle. Only those who worked at the hotel were dressed in European style: and very roughly for that matter: he had a pair of very light white trousers and a shirt of the same cloth. For this reason, he did not fail to assume and maintain a certain haughty air. The others, as I said, had a single rag around their waist, and some had a poor faded blouse on top. Around ten o'clock, the last customers of the restaurant left the restaurant, all Indians. That night there was no foreigner passing through and the hotel rooms were empty with their enormous fans stopped and the doors open onto the long sinister dark wooden galleries. After the last customers - who left in the car - Sardar, one of the waiters of the restaurant, perhaps the youngest, but also the nicest and most robust, also left. He was in fact originally from the mountainous region on the borders of Nepal. He looked satisfied with his work, he was very elegant with his black trousers and his European, or rather, American, flowered blouse and his

pointed shoes (hardened by dust and dried mud, perhaps: but a sign of great luxury here where everyone was barefoot). His two eyes, which seemed darkened so much their oblique design was engraved in the socket and so thick were his eyebrows, shone with a joy without reason, like that of animals; and in fact he could not have been distinguished from those of all his peers who were gathered there, in that corner of the world. How you couldn't make out his straight hair, tight, shiny and black; black of such pure blackness that one can remember nothing but the plumage of birds; and shining with an equally pure brilliance.

Sardar was standing in silence in front of the group of robbers: he didn't dare intervene in the conversation, but he was smiling and involved. His was both shyness and pride. Shyness because he was more delicate than those poor coolies who owned the streets; pride, because he felt socially superior to them. But shyness and pride canceled each other out, and all that remained of their nicer side was their dazzling and silent smile.

His less fortunate and more rude peers - as much as it is possible to speak of rudeness in those creatures as delicate as lambs, weak and weak and with eyes full of harmlessness - continued to talk among themselves about their topic that evening, with their fast speech, and they had just perceived Sardar's presence as perfectly natural and irrelevant. Which Sardar, moreover, was happy with that inattention: he wanted to stay there only a little, because he was a boy, the page. 178

life always had many attractions for him, even if it was a common evening chat of pariahs, he didn't feel like going straight to his distant home to sleep. He simply enjoyed being there, being part of that small circle (the only authoritative community and keeping watch over it in the immense humid desert of sleeping Patna), getting to know, on the one hand with respect and on the other with a certain irony, the old behind the scenes both of any quarrels or jokes. There was a great purity in him, the one that all boys have without any sense of guilt and at the same time very humble and respectful: that purity seemed to be mirrored and shine in his skin and in his eyes.

Then something unexpected happened. Probably more unexpected for a potential Western observer than for a citizen of Patna. However, we know that when these things happen, there is always something new and sacred

about them. It is the realization of a fatality that threatens us, but which we always believe belongs to others or to tomorrow. When it happens to us and today, we remain there dismayed, in the grip of religious terror.

This is what also happened to the innocent coolie boys and old porters who were lounging around, on that hot night of the rainy season, in the square of the xxx Hotel.

They suddenly stopped speaking, and in their eyes, until a moment before, full of chatty and optimistic [peace], [there was] the <...> glimmer of fear.

The cause of all this was Sardar. In fact, suddenly his pure face had become covered with purulent, inflamed spots, and his liquid black eyes, full of happy splendor, had been reduced to two hideous slits, because his flesh had swollen around him <...> . Soon the blemishes on his skin turned into sores, and the swelling around his eyes cracked and became as bruised as trachoma. Pus flowed from his wounds, streaking Sardar's neck and white shirt with a repugnant, oily yellowish slime; while blood, still pure, dripped from the cracks around his eyes and mixed with the pus. As the blood and pus flowed down Sardar's body, this entire body also became filled with sores and bumps, from which pus and blood in turn purged and oozed.

Sardar - who had just had time to perceive, with amazement, what fell upon his body

- casting a final look of silent help - he fell onto the mud. And there she remained like a horrible mess from which an unbearable odor emanated. Everyone ran away shouting and shouting. Immediately even those who were sleeping awoke, and came to the doors and windows of their hovels. All the lights in the xxx Hotel came back on. Now people had something very specific and urgent to talk about. And it was soon seen that those who passed by on bicycles - who seemed so sparse - were in reality a crowd, who soon gathered around, but well away from the spot where Sardar's body lay, plaguing the air.

The commotion and shouting continued until late at night; indeed, until dawn. The whole neighborhood was buzzing, as if in broad daylight, the dogs were wandering here and there, hungry, the children were crying or playing. Only when the sun was already high did an ambulance arrive to take away Sardar's body, and he had begun to moan.

Sardar's illness soon infected those who had been close to him; first the doorman of the xxx Hotel, the one who gave himself so much airs, poor old breathless man, for having been an elite soldier under the English; then the kitchen servants; then the coolies, then, randomly, all the inhabitants of the surrounding neighborhood.

In short, an epidemic had broken out, but not of smallpox or cholera, but of an unknown disease,

<...> [which reduced] men to bloody pulp.

The epidemic, let's call it that, did not break out and spread only in Patna: but, the next day, it was the turn, at the same time, of many other places in Bihar."

pag. 180

- massacres etc.

- only happy story, <?> etc. (resurrection as the impossibility of destroying a [popular, poor] value

- the only note of sadness is that the only one who is not reborn is dead forever [innocent victim]

it is Sardar <?>, of whom one thinks with tears in his eyes.

N.B.

in one of the last stories conclude with the metalinguistic note “The delirium is exquisite, the pedantic etc.” - Operates as a joke

pag. 181

For Part II

* Carlo the meek's love for the young communists - which transforms him into a woman, makes him their slave - turns into hatred in Carlo del Potere, who participates (unconsciously, however in a psychoanalytically anomalous way) in the ongoing massacre anti-communist.

* After the massacre he feels the remorse of the entire Italian bourgeoisie for being bloodthirsty anti-communist (a bloody nightmare). This remorse lays the foundations for a similar anti-fascist action (which recreates a democratic conscience - naturally false)

October 1974

pag. 182

Note 41 - A significant dream

“Ten years have passed. Carlo is in his bed <...>, and he is dreaming ”

* Carlo dreams of blood: but the Russian of blood is red (i.e. communist).

It is a premonitory dream, so the rest of part II is nothing but a 'flashback*.

This dream is a): the terror of blood, and b) the indifference to blood.

The terror is the terror of the entire anti-communist Italian bourgeoisie, who however have an unhappy conscience because of this

Indifference is the indifference of the historic Italian bourgeoisie, insensitive to everything, regardless of its wild pragmatism.

From this dream of blood and the consequent repentance, the anti-fascist turning point and the series of massacres of part II are born.

30 ott. 1974

pag. 183

Note 42 - Clarification

<...> This poem is not a poem about dissociation, contrary to appearances. Dissociation is nothing more than a conventional motif (and a tribute to the great bourgeois narrative established by Cervantes). On the contrary, this poem is the poem of the obsession of identity and, at the same time, of its shattering.

Dissociation is order. The obsession with identity and its shattering is disorder. The reason for the dissociation is therefore none other than the narrative rule that ensures limitedness and readability to this poem; which, due to the other, truer reason, the obsession with identity and its shattering, would by its nature be unlimited and illegible.

But the opposite is also true: that is, it is on the first reason (that of dissociation) that the order of the novel was founded, the symbolic-allegorical idea in which the novel consists was also founded; and which therefore makes it, in practice, illegible. While it is from the second reason (that of the obsession with identity and its shattering) that those gusts of life and that concreteness arise, albeit crazy and aberrant (it could not be otherwise, unless one were to suffer the xxx of the convention) that they make the pedantic, vertical, inhuman readable

……
……

……
……

a sign of impotence (in need of literature's help) and testimony to the end of the novel.

So while our Carlo, who on certain occasions, for clarity, I am forced to call Carlo primo, or n. 1, was having these 'blood dreams', Carlo <...>, I sometimes call Carlo second or n. 2*

pag. 184

Appunto 43* - Lampi sul ‘Left Communism’

“The ideal way to present this section of the book would be to list the quotes WITHOUT any comments. But I fear that would be too revolutionary. In fact, I have had to learn, through long and exhausting experience, that, in the present imperfect condition of the world, the author MUST

guide the reader”17.

In a first draft of this text the various notes were followed by the words: "From the Mystery" or

“From the Project”. The texts belonging to the order of the "Mystery", i.e. the perfectly completed pages (at the time of that first draft still very fragmentary) were very few; consequently, the actual notes, i.e. those belonging to the order of, were predominant

"Project". The whole work was in any case conceived as a living coexistence of that

'Mystery' that it was supposed to be, and of its 'Project'. So much so that the two words “Mystery and Project” were also, provisionally, the subtitle of the novel. Then I gave in to the need that Pound had to give in to. Every author is a dictator, we know. But he is a mild dictator. He is a dictator always ready to repent, to back down, perhaps to allow himself to be killed. He is a dictator who never misses an opportunity to prostrate himself before the least of his supposed subjects. He is a dictator who is begging <...> for the attention of his court. So I was quick to throw the coexistence of 'Mystery' and 'Project' overboard as soon as I realized that the 'Mystery' was too difficult due to its completeness and the 'Project' was equally difficult due to its incompleteness. I mixed them by canceling them pedagogically.

The first pages of this second part would undoubtedly belong to the "Project" section; and, in fact, they are purely informative or, again, prologue. It can be explained like this. In this work the point of view is always at the top. Things are caught in a moment of such extreme relevance that they present themselves as crystallized or petrified. Everything is a series of friezes or simulacra, at the height of expressiveness, and, at the same time, aligned, as in the Theological Works or in the Allegories. However, this culminating point of view does not disdain taking into

consideration from time to time (in fact, quite often) the depths of the chasms: not only that, but even observing how things, forming down there in the chasms, slowly rise from altitude, to the point of emerging and crystallizing at the top: to even grasp them, in short, in their motion, in their evolution, in their history. But - between summits and abysses - there is still a third alternative: namely 17

E. Pound, The ABC of reading.

pag. 185

'mid-hill'. Well, the medieval verticality of the work does not even disdain the halfway point, which is typically modern. If the graphic of the work is made up of a series of 'jumps' between vertices and chasms, it is also made up - and with a certain continuity - of a regular line, which is precisely that of the mid-hill line. The initial contingent destined for the "Project" was reduced and identified to this 'figure of the hillside'.

follows the history of the '68 revolt and its historical significance.

(cfr. also left-wing communism)

The theme is that 'Left Communism' has renewed the fear of Communism among the bourgeoisie.

«I don't allow youth. They are all proclamations" (said by Governor Lembke, The Demons)

* Cfr. p. 499 there I demon.

pag. 186

Note xxx - The evening meetings

Every evening the first and second Carlo met. <...> They had nothing in common except their own ego. Which, [apparently] <...>, is a lot. But not enough, it seems, to provide any particular number of topics to talk about or to produce any particular mutual affection.

It is true, there was always something intimate, moving and solemn in their meetings: because, in such meetings, life was celebrated. It is a life, we must add, that is personal, that is, constituted only with itself and on itself, as something unique and objective, although destined to be so easily lost (hence the possible poignant sense of memories). However, the two Carlis experienced intimacy, emotion and solemnity from those meetings, but as if in an automatic state, in a [normal] dream, in which the events became routine, of common administration, and gradually lost all significance.

In other words, intimacy, emotion and solemnity were experienced by the two Carlis deeply (waiting for, one day or another, something to trigger them); while on the surface, or, to put it better, in practice, they were ignored.

But, regarding the absolute normality, or rather, [banality], of these meetings in which the two Carlis exchanged experiences, and, [so to speak], re-associated them, there is perhaps an even more important observation to be made (and certainly important as far as the economics of our story is concerned).

The experiences that the two exchanged had nothing special or dramatic: they never turned the meetings into [clashes].

And it is on this that the fact that this poem of mine is what it is depends.

I mean that if Charles I had lived a century ago, or perhaps even fifty years ago, he would have been a hero in whom I, his contemporary, would have believed. That is, I would have believed in the value and objectivity of his social anxiety. Consequently, he would have been guilty of such anxiety

- precisely because historically <...> [miserable] - something grandiose. Sin |Guilt|

of enriching, of possessing, of advancing, of achieving: all things that are tragically always done against one's own conscience and against the freedom of others. And which presuppose the reality of wealth, the reality of possession, the reality of advancement, the reality of achievement. A society which, having recently invented and applied its own laws, is [profoundly]

unitary, stable: it is so to the point of confusing its own uniqueness and stability with those of human history, if not of the universe. No one ever doubted for an instant, then - and thanks to the authority of the fable, pag. 187

not even now - of Balzac's need for a hero and his relationships with heritage: and therefore of his personal psychology.

I could repeat the same thing for Carlo II. His sexual freedom was ultimately nothing other than the affirmation, iterated a thousand times, of a right against a parchment repressiveness, in turn iterated. [In this] <...> stubborn, childish and ultimately humble reaffirmation of one's right to commit sexual [an infraction], there was ultimately nothing but a little anarchy and a lot of idyll. AND

It is true that in his infinite reaffirmation of the right to sexual infringement (and the consequent pleasure) Charles II lived what is called a totality: that is, he had committed his entire self to it once and for all (and we know what an immensity a man is). However, this totality - even if, rightly, understood as martyrdom and a radical alternative - was ultimately nothing other than anarchic and idyllic. Think about Stavrogin's sins, and you will understand me better. Through his sins, Stavrogin had the same idea of his own society as those who accepted it and set out to conquer him. Whether gained or lost, a value is still a value. Even our Charles the Second was not without the small dose of the demonic necessary to pave the way for his degradation. But since the value he thus lost was modest, his loss was also modest. Furthermore, since the standards of virtuous petty bourgeois behavior were mediocre, so too was his guilty petty bourgeois [transfuge] behavior. Charles II would never have let one of his minors hang herself in a closet while looking at a red spider. He did not know the |the true ones| abysses of infamy and perversion, just as Charles the First did not know presidential or dictatorial temptations.

Of course, you could ask me at this point (since I brought up my own [style]) why I didn't then choose to write a poem about Troya or Spigulin, who are, in their own way, heroes just like Balzac's heroes or Dostoevsky: that is, they know the greatness of both integration and crime. But to this question - if it were asked to me - I would answer that it is not possible to write a poem

about boring people. And they are boring because they are exceptions, and as such do not fall into the sphere of everyday experience. Once upon a time, when psychological poems could be written, there were no Troyas or Spigulins: but all were Troyas and Spigulins, more or less exceptional.

In the evening meetings - in that hour which is at the end of after dinner and the beginning of the dead of night - the two Carlis 'celebrated life', exchanging news of each other's experiences (experiences which, from a psychological point of view, for the reasons that I said, they had [nothing interesting]) with that low, monotonous and [natural] voice that one has, in practical and daily communications, inside the recesses of a house. In reality it was Carlo II that he was talking about, since it was Carlo Prima who had to be made a participant in the joys that he had given up. For Carlo the second, however, the two or three pieces of news <...> of a 'social' nature were enough, which Carlo the first gave him so as not to lose contact page. 188

with 'society': but already at the first syllables of his interlocutor he began to yawn. Indeed, anguish came over him. After all, that was the time when the last shows ended and the city came back to life. Sex was hungry: an arid, blind, feverish, spasmodic hunger, which made Carlo almost even begin to tremble. Nothing could have kept him sitting a minute longer than necessary in the privacy of the house, whose silence and peace were literally unbearable to him.

pag. 189

Note 43a - The continuity of daily life

Carlo then went out again, after having returned to the house for a short time, and lived out his night.

Night that was rigidly codified; and yet he was always in the grip of chance. It is true that sometimes - indeed, quite often - Carlo had already organized it, through an appointment or a series of appointments. But generally the appointments were also a prey to chance: everything that had been planned went up in smoke, and Carlo found himself alone in the night, with the whole city before him, to start again from the beginning. If the appointments

worked, then they were just repetitions. Carlo found himself in the same room, mostly sordid, with the same woman or the same little girl, and did again what he had done a few evenings before. Sometimes even instead of the room there was a lawn, a bush, full of waste paper and old or fresh shit. Both before and after the meeting, as we know, Carlo, in some way, perhaps even on the street, with his hand in his pocket, held his member and masturbated. But successful appointments, that is, repetitions, never satisfied Carlo, neither before, waiting for them, although he waited for them spasmodically, nor after. The anguish and existential misery were linked to the anxiety of waiting for pleasure and to pleasure itself. Furthermore, everything was in turn linked to miserable money deals, and to an economic world made dangerous and elusive by poverty. Then Carlo had not understood what intimate and supreme connection there was between poverty and the body: and how the body was benefited by it, preserved as it was, thus, in its popular 'paste', which was health, innocence, barbarism, delinquency: everything except guilt, banality and vulgarity. Carlo would discover this later. In reality he then loved the bodies of bourgeois women and girls, and was forced by necessity to repeat the scene of his sexual passion every evening, to make do in the world of work and poverty. However, the organization (the appointment, the room, the bed, the woman or girl already trained and obedient) was atrociously anti-aphrodisiac: because it suppressed the very high and desperate joy of true repetition, which is that of the miracle, with its risk perhaps even deadly, or almost. When the night was completely deserted, that is, around three in the morning, Carlo returned home and slept until eleven or twelve. At that time the other Carlo had already left on his business, in his historical world...

But, although it belongs to the order of 'achromatic works' (the vulgarisation of which was reproached by Alexander the Great to Aristotle), I would like to make an observation at the end of this note.

pag. 190

It is the first time, here, that I have used the imperfect inchoative when telling something (but the reader should also remember, passim, a part similar to this, that is, the 'poem of the return', around Notes 7-17).

The imperfect inchoative indicates the habitual repetition of actions for a generally quite long period of time (in our case it would be about a decade)*. Well, having used such an imperfect on my part is a mistake. What I tell should be, according to the spirit of my work and the norms that this spirit has issued when it was established, always in the present.

I can indulge in the remote past, it's true: which is a present, by pure mythical fiction, removed back in time. But both the present and a similar remote past powerfully bear witness to a desire: that of conceiving history as unique and unilinear, in which the actions and characters align as in a gallery or in a series of niches or altars. The inchoative imperfect, alluding to the passage of time and life, instead denounces the depth of history: it presents it as a vast and deep lava front, or rather, as an unlimited bottomless river, which flows, right up to the imperfect, which, of this flow he chooses and indicates a detail that is repeated, or indeed, a habit, but as a pure pattern (which the reader feels filled with an infinity of things and senses). In short, in that imperfect c'est la vie (threateningly ripe to become a memory).

On the other hand, what I said through this imperfect is all that I consider appropriate and sufficient to say about the relationship between the two Carli, in the 'continuity of life'.

pag. 191

Note 50 - What young men must have been like in '69 (from the "Project")

One evening in November - it was around six o'clock and it was already dark Carlo was walking near the Termini station. He was looking, in those days, for a [duplicate of] Rita. <...> Sexuality went in periods: now was precisely Rita's moment. The female sex had acquired the characteristics of Rita's sex. It was like a new light that was projected onto an old material, renewing it. And it was strange how this novelty presented itself as objective, how there was a large number of women and girls who lent themselves to the Rita function: they had the small, slightly hairy belly, her thin thighs, they kept their heads down, they sighed suffocatedly. from shyness without losing their courage to speak, to respond, they blushed with a blush more of childish obedience than of shame, and the blush made their lips and cheeks, etc., more swollen and intense. The night in dreams, the awakening in the

morning, the meaning of the day, everything was occupied by the idea of this Rita and the infinite series of its variations, which presented as new and poignant to the point of delirium an old desire destined to fill itself , forever, a human body.

[Rita's idea was therefore a formal idea, and, as a form it determined existence, it gave it meaning, order and also that particular 'selective' or 'tonal' light that is part of the figurative inspiration of a poet. Carlo was in fact in some way a poet, even if the idea of writing verses was far from him. He wrote, like many others, poetry while living. He was a bourgeois, it's true, and this was therefore not theoretically possible: that only a poor man can sometimes express himself poetically with his action and with his physical presence, especially in moments of joy. However, Carlo, being obsessed, was rejected out of his class. When he was old he could easily have become a bum. Now, he was on the margins anyway, living like a bandit, outside the law. Therefore, dragged through the streets of the city, far from any idea of duty, of work, of the future, lost only in his sexual search, the internal light that manifested his existence around him, choosing its forms according to rigor (the Rita function), it was the light with which a poet illuminates the

'particular' that fascinates him at that moment as the only physical truth.]

There was therefore a sexual exhilaration in the traffic at that hour around Termini station; the human dust that, as if dragged by the rainy wind, heavy and warm, swirled under the brown walls of the houses, along the windows of the bars and small shops; the lines of cars, which piled up to a grandiose exaggeration in the narrow streets, around the traffic lights strangely bright in the evening darkness: [everything was as if determined by Rita's idea, in everything there was her sex, pag . 192

his flesh with its little stink and its tenderness]. And so the world around, so swirling with bodies, each dragged into its own chaos, seemed complicit in Carlo's loneliness. The solitude, which he sought through the search for sex, and in which he lost himself with an inner happiness to which nothing in the world was equivalent |was comparable|.

Suddenly he heard himself singing.

Was it a radio on, a television, a group of conscripts under the station canopy? It wasn't clear. Covered by the traffic noise, powerful and uninterrupted, the song sung by those distant voices could not be distinguished. They were male voices, though. That extraordinary thing, which happened at six in the afternoon, in the humid and dark air of the November evening, threw around a kind of panic. The traffic seemed to crash; the dense, pedantic and strictly | rhythm dispersed

sadly| daily routine of prohibitions, interruptions, [free ways]. <...> Heads leaned out of the bus windows. Laughing faces appeared behind the windows of the crowded cars. On the sidewalks people looked around. At the doors of the shops, young men and old men appeared in their coats or overalls. Some boys ran, here and there, uncertainly towards different points.

The evening stopped, as if [a flag had flown over her] that had made her [exceptional]

only because she was suddenly happy (relieved of duties and greyness, poetic only in the depth of Carlo's solitude).

The song suddenly became close. From Via xxx, turning from Via Cavour, devoured by the sad chaos of darkness - among the gray and black puffins who crowded there, some hostile, some cheerfully curious and infected - first a truck appeared, then another, then another; and behind a row <...> of motorcycles. Red flags were waving on the trucks; many of them, piled up, soaked in rain, blackened by the evening light; and under their flaps many heads, also wet, whether they were uncovered or that they were covered by caps that only young people know how to put on like that, either pulled down over their eyes, or just placed on the back of their necks. They were the ones who sang. Crowded on those trucks like animals taken to the slaughterhouse or like soldiers transferred from a barracks to the other, without them being able to do anything about it, making the best of bad luck. But instead of remaining silent, ashamed or passive, or ironic, they showed off, crowding along the sides of the truck, and whoever wasn't in the front row

[he stuck out] his face between the dark heads of his companions. The race kidnapped them away. You could see their laughing eyes. [Also bundles] of

clenched fists. The evening swallowed them up in its gray darkness, among the [thousand]

desperate lights in the rain. And what had been exultant panic when they appeared - a revelation of a substantial happiness in living - was an incurable disappointment when they disappeared. What had expressed them was as gray and severe as what engulfed them. Other places in the city and the nation. Where things are born; where things end to continue. A certain will wanted them there at that hour, meteors that knew everything about themselves, that offered themselves to the gaze, that imposed their song pag. 193

glorious. They were poor kids; labourers, painters, tinsmiths, lift operators, delivery boys, carpenters, you could see it clearly. It was the end of November 1969. [All those young people seemed to have just been reborn in a new form. They anticipated something that was about to happen: even the way of being, the body of young men. The tufts on their foreheads and well-shorn napes were those of the obedient children of all previous decades and centuries. But in their attitude there was a novelty that filled, unreasonably, with happy surprise, with anxiety for the future, and also with participation in new events.] These were not students, but workers. In the haze of the impalpable adverse rain, they sang a partisan song, who knows what. A song they had never heard, and that they alone, who knows how they knew, who knows where they had learned it. It was like an announcement of the Kingdom, which immediately disappeared at the end of Via Nitti, towards the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. Those units of an immense army camped perhaps mysteriously on the outskirts of the city, towards which the trucks were evidently headed, were dressed in poor work clothes, but of a new style; his trousers were tighter than usual; <...> and [many wore] gray-green, American jackets and tunics.

Everyone had a red handkerchief around their neck. Everyone had tied it in the same elegant and cheerful way, like sensual and bold kids. They sang their song, clenched their fists and disappeared. Their youth, even carnally, was an apparition. It was as if they hadn't had a childhood, an education. [But they had always been ready like this, in their new form of young virility. And suddenly the dark will of the country, or of the people, had

offered them to the gaze of the citizens, lost in their sleep, releasing them from distant reserves, from those

<...> barracks on the outskirts. Their novelty in being young men rediscovered <...> being young men as if this in itself was a novelty. A novelty that threw those who were no longer young men into panic. With such sudden force, life was renewed, and, in the century, such virile carnality was already ready and mature to spread - in loves recreated for them, and once again mysterious for those who had already experienced them - a new seed, whose consciousness was absorbed by the authority of that song that passed through the troubled city. The political force and that of the body were one force.] And someone had foreseen it, this [identity] someone knew that there would be this sudden handover, someone had disposed of this new horde loyal to him.

Certainly not Carlo, lost in his solitude.

He stood watching like the other citizens watching the Apparition, silent, and miserably happy and involved, on the sidewalk. The first truck passed in front of him like a shadow, and he saw nothing but laughing eyes and clenched fists; and above the hedge of flags, very familiar to a man like him. The second truck passed equally quickly; the third instead slowed down for a moment, almost stopping right next to him; but so close to the sidewalk that, from below, he could not take in the whole thing with his gaze. What he could just see, just above his head, was a page. 194

row of legs and wombs. The humidity made the clothes that covered those legs and those sexes lined up even grayer and poorer: the folds of the cheap fabric, the tears, the buttons of the trousers loosened or sealed with poor zips, the belts with large belts pulled down on the lower abdomen, the stitches of the threadbare, worn or livid fabric on the knees or laps, where the swelling of the member protruded, now neglected, sunken and forgotten in the virile song of struggle. Which song therefore, on that pedestal of bodies cut at the height of their sexes in a row, poor, humble, all the same, but at the same time aggressive and glorious like their owners, seemed suspended and detached, like a spirit. Earthly spirit, of course, born in the neighborhoods where the poorest fathers were born and lived, with all the [most usual] tradition, <...> variant of the most [trite historical Nous] of

humble Italy, heard a thousand times: yet stronger than any logic and any memory. The truck resumed its journey, with its load, it was in the dark gorge of Via xxx, shots fired on the [large clearings] behind Santa Maria Maggiore, with the |between the| eaves and roofs shiny with rain. Life resumed its course. But an [irreversible] event had happened in its depth, with the announcement of a new youth.

pag. 195

Note 51 - First basic moment of the poem

[Carlo's chest became heavy. It was an unnatural weight, a pile that crushed him while rising. At the same time, his lower abdomen lightened and emptied. The consciousness of the member which in Carlo was a 'bass continuous', an endless note, fell. Never, for a single moment, never, did he forget that flesh in which desire pressed like a bubble that cannot evaporate <...>, a mixture of sweetness, exhaustion, burning: an indefinable circle in the soft flesh around the glans, which he continually needed caresses, squeezes, pulling, to obtain a relief that naturally he would never have obtained.

A sudden chastity invaded him. Suddenly the vision that restricted him to a unit where only sex counted (that day, the almost fleshless sex of a little girl) fell from the world. As if driven back by the unknown reality that chastity had recreated in the world - and which must have been the real reality - Carlo took a taxi and returned to the Parioli house. The 'other' did not begrudge him money and all the bourgeois comforts.]

For Carlo there was no gradualness. The gentle bandit he was did not know (like Des Esseintes!)

[stops] <...> average; she had no experience of feelings that were equally far from extremes.

He went straight to the room and undressed, looking at himself in the large unadorned mirror <...> of virile intimacy. He immediately saw what had become of him. Two large breasts hung-no longer fresh-into his chest; and there was nothing in his belly: the hair disappeared between his legs, and

only by touching it and spreading his lips, Carlo, with the clear gaze of someone who has learned the philosophy of the poor from an experience as a bandit, saw the small wound which was his new sex.

pag. 196

Note 51a - Bullicame

The Acqua Bullicante with the nocturnal platoon as it was at the end of the 1950s, remaining the same for another year or two. His description ensuring (swearing) on its authenticity. The infinity of types and episodes of nocturnal bedlam. Carlo passes through them and dares only observe.

Then Carlo takes the 'tram' and arrives at Termini Station, there, as if waiting for him, is Tonino.

pag. 197

Note 52 - Young cock (Tonino's story)

pag. 198

Note 52a - Moving to Via xxx xxx, in Quadraro

pag. 199

Note 52b - The Negro and the Red

pag. 200

Note 54 - The royal journey to the Middle East

The previous trip to the Middle East, which Eng. Carlo Valletti had taken part in a commission in which, at the time, he was the 'last wheel of the wagon', and had ended in semi-failure.

Through Comip, Eni had invested between 12 and 15 billion in Morocco: but not even a drop of oil had been found there. And this was before our engineer's trip. On the trip in question, things had not gone much better. In

Sudan <...> another good number of billions, and here too not a drop of oil. Precisely ten billion were invested in Eritrea - around five million a day to operate the probes - without the slightest positive result. In the Persian Gulf, however, oil - the new Golden Fleece according to our idiolect - was found: and thus the "Scarabeo", Eni's famous floating platform, came into operation triumphantly. Unfortunately, however, in exactly the same period, everything that was gained in the Persian Gulf was lost in the Zagros mountain massif: a useless year of drilling at an altitude of 3350. Now, about ten years later - let's repeat it - Eng. Carlo Valletti returns to the Middle East: but this time he is not the last wheel of the wagon, but the head of the Commission. Furthermore, precisely because he possesses 'dream foundations', as the reader well knows, he can be considered competent in the things of the East: someone he has already seen. He returns to places that he recognizes and judges: and in which he therefore moves freely, without the 'delay' due to the amazement of their appearance.

pag. 201

Note 54b - Sikandar

Arrival in Damascus - Reception by a diplomat - Story of one of the bystanders: Sikandar: Alexander the Great, his journey through Iran, to India. The transformation of the world: destruction of traditional and real cultures, replaced with a new alienating, homogenizing culture, etc.

Various events take place in the villages (from traces of local folk tales, Persian, Nepalese, Indian) which are interrupted by the passage of Alexander - just as the noble life of the villages and fields is interrupted - emptied and contaminated by the new civilization that covers them with rubbish, waste, unnatural objects etc. etc.

(about twenty stories)

(3 December 1974)

pag. 202

Note 55 - The Casilina meadow

Carlo, having made these arrangements, took a few steps forward on the lawn, without looking over his shoulder at who had decided to come first. He looked around to choose the right place. But here there were too many holes and small steep 'hills', there too many stones (mixed with shards and rubbish), further on the ground was without grass, all dusty dirt; further ahead there was actually a nice little clearing, with dry grass, flat, but it was too high and therefore exposed to the view of those waiting; further ahead there was a hole, but too deep though, and what's more full of thistles and nettles. Only beyond that hole, there was a small clearing that could be fine, it seemed. The group of others, left behind, were starting to get impatient and let out some whistles. The reason for this impatience remained mysterious. They felt too alone in the middle of the meadow, perhaps; or he was annoyed by having to travel all that distance, coming and going; or they wanted to be able to see the 'fucking' of the friend whose turn it was. At least these were Carlo's 'bourgeois' assumptions, and he felt a certain anguish over them. But that little space that he had spotted beyond the hole definitely seemed to be fine. He joined him; slipping and stumbling: it was a little lower than the previous one, but it was sheltered from prying eyes by three or four piles, or 'montarozzi', of dirt and gravel, mixed with the usual shards and the usual rubbish.

The grass in this small clearing was thick and dry, like stubble, but soft: it was probably all xxx, xxx or chamomile. She smelled sharply.

From there, you could only see three or four [things] around. The irregular and immense expanse of the meadow with its barriers of houses with flickering lights at the end (buildings, on one side, an expanse of serrated houses with dry stone walls on the other); the sky with a few clouds lightly brushed in its deep indigo; the moon, in the middle of that sky, which from red was becoming a fresh and pure light, with the faithful little star of twilight next to it, equally bright. This whole scenario - where there were no shades, except perhaps at the edges of the phosphorescent stretch of sky illuminated by the moon - was filled with a single profound smell, that of wild fennel. The whole cosmos was there, in that meadow, in that sky, in those barely visible urban horizons and in that intoxicating smell of summer grass.

At this point, my reader, this poem <...>. I would ask you to let yourself be carried away without putting up too much resistance. In the meantime, start by not smiling at the reference to the cosmos, made with perhaps a little inappropriate seriousness, even if, you will admit, not really excessive. The fact is that I don't pay. 203

I wish neither to smile nor joke about my subject. Smiling and joking, distancing ourselves, would actually be of great help to me, given the roughness of this subject - or, rather, its enormity.

But Carlo's heart was pure, despite the tension of his nerves: tension due, moreover, to a sexual desire so strong and exclusive that it was ultimately tragic, or at least that it imposed itself as such. On the other hand, all those winds there, silhouetted against the sky (stupidly crowded together on the top of a hill, where they could have seen them from the road) were poor.

I also realize that my landscape notes are 'applied' almost as forms of a scenography, rather than reality: but it is the very motion of this writing of mine that requires it.

Well, the first one who came after Carlo was Sandro. Carlo turned to look at him, crouching on the chamomile plants, dry and hard. He looked at him without expression, like someone preparing to carry out a duty reduced, if I may express it that way, to pure technique: and moreover already pre-established and agreed upon previously. There, all that remained was to [carry it out], so to speak. In vain, inside the chest, the heart recognized [in front of it] the miracle (as indeed it 'felt', around, that meadow fading into the crystalline solitude of the sky, and that moon lucidly equidistant from its faithful star of twilight): the heart he was wildly full - or, as they say in cases like the present, overflowing - with this consciousness of his. But Carlo's looks and actions were devoid - from the beginning, with the first <...> - of any apparent participation. In short, it was immediately part of Carlo's behavior, a certain imitation of the hasty performance of the whore, who must not admit that he does what he does for pleasure, as well as for money. If he expressed a certain pleasure, he could no longer ask for money. So Carlo, almost without having prepared it, got down on his knees in front of Sandro, and waited expressionless and almost detached to carry out the operations that were so important to the male: and to carry them out with

diligence, as well as with a certain complicit concern. Sandro was also a little shy. But in those years i

boys had codified, and therefore common, behavior even for such a private and personal feeling as shyness. There was a smile for shyness, there were words for shyness, and there were gestures for shyness. Naturally it was a slight shyness, and easily disguised. Sandro, who was taller than Carlo's entire head, and was quite strong, however, must have been much younger than he looked: perhaps he was just around sixteen: and in fact the smile shone in his eyes not only with the look of a boy , but also with the air of a boy who puts into practice the good manners that his mother taught him: a mother of the people, for whom good education is naturally an instinctive and well-rooted kindness. This maternal kindness was betrayed by all of Sandro's gestures and moves. She had stuck to him like a smell. Moreover, even his clothes, the simple trousers and the simple t-shirt, had the air of having been bought in some flea market, together with his mother, with the family money. Seeing page 204

the immobility of Carlo who waited obediently and docile like a sheep, but took no initiative, with the 'coded' gestures of his shyness, Sandro began to unbutton his trousers, hiding his embarrassment - always very slight - behind a kind of hastiness grumpy and a little

bossy. First he limited himself to unbuttoning his trousers, and, dipping his hand into the opening, to take out his cock, evidently too tight and sacrificed inside his dark blue briefs: then, since he couldn't extract it in this way, with an even more gruff and hastily, he undid his belt and pulled his trousers down to his crotch. The cock could thus be extracted from the briefs. And the reason he hadn't been able to pop out before was simple: he was upright. This was the cause of a new slight shame for Sandro; who in this way had shown his naive desire as a boy. But also for this reason he had the smile and the joke 'prepared': he smiled cheerfully and said: "It's already made me stand up", and, at the same time, he reached out a hand with which he just touched the back of Carlo's neck to make him come closer. Carlo's heart was in turmoil, for the vision of that cock, large, [clear], almost luminous in its pimento <...>, with the skin pulled over the glans just a little reddened, and with the slight cracking due to an odorless fluff, a sign that it had been a long time since Sandro 'didn't come': and moreover the load of semen and

desire was clearly visible in a certain palpitation of the entire member, clean, clear, but knotty, with the emerging veins, which pushed outwards and upwards, revealing more and more [desperately] the pink, shiny and dry glans. Faced with that spectacle, I repeat, Carlo's heart was in turmoil: but he didn't let anything show on his face, while mechanically he prepared himself to do what Sandro had shown he wanted. He simply raised his head and looked Sandro in the face for a moment, murmuring cheerfully and a little affectedly "Love", to compliment him. In that moment he had time to see Sandro and contemplate what he was at that moment in his life. The smile of the large fleshy mouth, almost black - while the structure of his face was light and almost blond - the round eyes, made smaller by the smile, the ears slightly protruding under the thick fluff of his light brown hair , almost like a recruit who had been shaved by some bad sergeant, with a slightly flattened nose and wide cheekbones: and, spread over everything, good maternal manners. Furthermore, Sandro's clothes gave off a certain pleasant smell of flour. He had to be a baker. Carlo bent over his cock with infinite tenderness, almost delicacy. He almost didn't dare touch it with his hands, and brought his lips closer, touching it. In short, he wanted to prolong as much as possible that moment in which he was allowed to touch it, feel it. But Sandro wasn't of this opinion and he said: "Come on", and he tried to push it against Carlo's mouth so that he could start doing more substantial work. Carlo meekly obeyed. In 'working' he tried to make Sandro feel his diligence and his humiliation which almost gave him a lump in his throat: to make him feel, that is, that he was serving him. AND

at first he did it mechanically, because this was precisely part of the behavior of the page. 205

'whore', which forces the customer to be satisfied with the mechanical nature of the act that she is paid for.

But then, as if [falling] more and more in love with that infantile and already so overbearingly paternal cock, with its knotty hardness, and at the same time its tenderness, she began to ['put more feeling into it']. Which gave him the shocking joy of hearing Sandro, slightly leaning over him, say: "Well done." This word made him feel like falling into an abyss of tenderness, and tears almost came to his eyes. Also because Sandro pushed it inside him as much as he could, which, in fact, by strangling him, made him cry. It was

inevitable that in the end Sandro's hand rested on the back of Carlo's neck: it was the heavy, calloused hand of a boy of large stature who had always been used to working. A little exaggerating, Carlo thought he felt the paw of a large animal on the back of his neck; and, what made him tremble the most, with an almost poignant feeling of gratitude, was that that big hand began to exert a light pressure on the back of his neck, which gradually became stronger and more overbearing. After a while Sandro's other hand also rose, and he went to rest it, pressing it, on Carlo's shoulder. She was now Sandro's prisoner, under the thumb of his will, it seemed. Half suffocated and with his eyes full of tears that were blinding him, now it wasn't Carlo who was moving his head up and down, but it was Sandro's hand that was making him do it, and with a violence and speed that would have seemed impossible if you thought about it. . Finally Sandro stopped suddenly, silent. Carlo felt his cock stiffen and <...> [squeeze]: almost melt.

He tried to break away: but Sandro's hands, silent, were a vice on the back of his neck and his shoulder. Only long after the last drop of semen had been squeezed out, Sandro loosened his grip and left Carlo's head free. Carlo pulled away, and looked at Sandro's cock, a few centimeters from his nose: thus, already a little soft, it seemed even more enormous; and then there was the shine of the semen and saliva, which gave the pimento of his skin a kind of bestial and slightly obscene lividity: and yet, that anointed man had something sacred. Carlo raised his eyes once again for a moment to Sandro's face. It was another moment equal to a century of contemplation. The laughter had faded a little on Sandro's features: the game was over. The new (slight) embarrassment this time was due to the moment of disgust that follows orgasm. But this was also why he was coded: a certain brutal hastiness and a certain not knowing where to put his hands to clean himself. Carlo smiled at him and murmured another "Love", as coy as xxx. And he hurried to clean that [proboscis] greasy with seed, which still hadn't decided to give up |give up|, and was dangling almost upright: while cleaning it, Carlo saw it in profile - indeed enormous - against the bottom of the lawn and the sky. But, while he was contemplating it like this, in a moment's hesitation, Sandro suddenly took it away from him. Carlo saw him running away, down the humps of the lawn, laughing and buttoning his trousers, turning to his friends. The shadow of another boy immediately broke away from the group of them, running, and came straight ahead, crossing with

Sandro, in front of Carlo. He was dressed in a mechanic's overalls, a very pale blue. 206

dark. It was all full of black spots and smelled very strongly of iron and machine oil. This second boy's name was Sergio. Unlike Sandro, he was serious: or if a slight smile wandered into his dark eyes, it seemed to split his face in half, like a wound. He took the hook of the zipper - which he called the shutter - at the level of his throat, and with a clean cut he opened it all the way to the bottom of his womb. The suit revealed a pair of gray trousers and a strawberry-colored T-shirt, black with grease. Sergio immediately undid the belt, and with a decisive gesture he pulled his cock out of the bottom of his briefs, where he was curled up, among the thick, frizzy hair. He wasn't straight, but almost. And, although he wasn't straight, he was already even bigger than Sandro's. So, still a little soft, he hung, powerful and heavy, like Sandro's [a little earlier]. Shocked by the pounding of his heart, Carlo put his nose a few centimeters from that [surprising] cock and contemplated it up close - as he had done shortly before with Sandro's - against the bottom of the lawn and the sky on the distant flickering lights of the buildings, sunk in the blue light of the moon. So Sergio's cock finished erecting before his eyes, as if it were an animated being. And he positioned himself, erect and [face upwards] <…> like that of prepubescents, with his fat and delicate skin pulled over the glans: which was thus revealed, also pink and dry, with the dry and dense skin around it, which covered the veins, and made the cock powerfully cylindrical. This time too Carlo looked up at Sergio for an instant and contemplated him. His smile was not pure and dazzling: there was something awkward and strained about it; the light in his eyes stagnated a little hostilely, and his whole dark face was sprinkled with a kind of pallor; what men who are weak in character and therefore treacherous have. But it was only a superficial impression, because deep down that smile was also the smile of a boy destined to lead a normal and all in all honest life. Perhaps he was starting to be a little unhappy with that unhappiness that befalls everyone when he spends his first youth naive and generous. His hair stuck to his head like a thick, black scab: black as pitch. Maybe if he had let them grow, they would have been wavy. Thus, compressed, they were attached to his beautiful head like the head of a statue, with a splendid nape. The beauty of his hair, simple and luxuriant like a tenacious climbing plant, which cannot be detached from the stone or tuff where it attaches, corrected the imperfection of his somewhat acidic and defensive smile. "Love," she said to

him too, to compliment his wonderful tool, Carlo. Sergio slightly accentuated his smile, with his black eyes narrowing, cloudy and almost short-sighted. In response, he too grabbed Carlo's shoulder with one hand - which however was small and nervous - and brought him closer to his lap with ostentatious strength, almost with bad grace. Carlo bowed his head, willingly surrendered to his fate, and prepared himself for the first, purely mechanical, moment of his work. He opened his mouth and could barely contain Sergio's cock: he had just started to move, reserving the right to do it with more courage and enjoyment after a while, when he felt his cock stiffen, almost becoming painfully tense, page. 207

and immediately afterwards he felt him move rapidly in a series of hasty contractions that filled his mouth with an enormous quantity of thick and sweet liquid: in the meantime, Sergio had crossed his hands behind his neck and had pulled him towards himself with all his strength. Force. Unlike Sandro, he didn't wait for even the last drop to come out. He took it out of Carlo's mouth, and turned to walk away, buttoning his trousers. "Wait until I clean it for you," said Carlo, with the poignant desire - suddenly terrible - to have that member in his hands again. But Sergio, without listening to him, shrugged his shoulders and ran towards his companions, laughing loudly this time. As he took the first steps away, another broke away, also running, from the group he was waiting for. It was Claudio, one of the three from Nettuno. Actually another one had also prepared to run to Carlo. But Claudio had preceded him; the other one had begun to remonstrate, in a loud voice, and Claudio had responded in the same tone. This is why he now arrived joyful, with a mischievous smile printed slyly on the wide mouth of a poor boy. That smile was unstoppable, and it was about something Carlo was excluded from. But Claudio seemed to understand this exclusion, and said kindly, upon arriving, to Carlo, with his dark voice and with a certain euphemistic complicity:

"HI". She thus personalized his turn; just, just, just enough to place a certain emphasis on his person, differentiating him from the others. Which perhaps deeply interested him; while on the surface it was nothing but something light and neglected. Still laughing with his wide mouth in the small, slightly delinquent blond face, he stopped a few steps from Carlo, on the edge of the small square: he unbuttoned his trousers and nimbly took out his cock. Not to have fun with Carlo right away, though, but simply to piss. He remained

silent for a moment, while the laughter faded from his eyes, which remained one

a little rascally cheerful, then he began to take his long piss. He was holding his still small and limp cock with two fingers. And he pissed right in Carlo's direction, while in his smile there was now an insolent, challenging expression, openly full of a certain equivocal claim: it seemed that he wanted to force Carlo to watch while he pissed. Unless it was actually the tacit request to piss on him. However, that piss was offered to him. In those long moments Carlo contemplated him. Now with his head low on his little cock held proudly with his fingers, now pointed directly at Carlo with his gaze fixed on him, Claudio was erect, thin, tender like a child. But from his whole body emanated an air of virile decision, mixed with that light and careless availability that the children of poor families have where agreement does not reign, and therefore they have always been left free. His hands were swollen and red: he was a laborer. But he could have stopped his work at any time to leave home to be a thief. If this wasn't exactly one of those moments. The blond hair that on his long head with protruding ears formed a large, smooth, round tuft on his forehead. 208

shining like silk, they seemed to be the seal of his destiny: too common and at the same time too fantastic to be that of any boy. On the contrary, however, everything else was common, and spoke, about him, of a destiny like any other: the long nose, the irregular oval of the smooth face, the brown eyes, with their delinquent smile and a bit stupid, big mouth.

As soon as he finished pissing, he took a few steps towards Carlo, took him without much fuss by the head, and shoved that small cock of his, still soft and dripping, into his mouth. This time Carlo was explicitly asked for the technique of a good whore. The duty to make the dick stand up, which is part of a normality more foreseen [by the codes], apparently, than that of the two previous cases. Carlo therefore tried to demonstrate his patient skill. This time too his heart was in turmoil, because it was always in the form of a miracle that the cock presented itself: limp as the cock of the one who resorts must be, taking turns with twenty others <...>, at the work of a whore.

Carlo therefore [resorted] to all the tricks of the art of love that he had learned during those months, recognizing each cock's particularities. He

sucked it hard, with slow, deep juices, or quickly, taking only the tip, and rubbing it at the same time with his tongue. He also used his hand, alternating it with his mouth. But Claudio didn't seem to want to get excited. Breaking away from him for a moment to spit, Carlo shot him a quick glance. The boy stood a little bent over, but with an air that was not at all worried or disinterested: his eyes continued to be full <...> of his accomplice <...> dark irony, full of expectations.

Reassured, Carlo continued his work at a good pace; and in fact shortly after here were the first results: the cock began to swell and harden. However, this phase was also a bit long. It took a while until he became, as they say, 'barzotto'. It was then that Carlo began to gloat again.

She had feared, seeing it limp, that Claudio's cock was one of those disappointing little cocks, which cause so much frustration and pain. But no. Claudio's cock was nice and big: if not like Sandro and Sergio's, [almost]. It was perhaps less thick, but on the other hand it was perhaps longer.

Until it hardened completely: and it was, unexpectedly, the hardness of a stone, [of a club]. And in fact it was immediately clear that Claudio conceived of his cock as a weapon. He shoved it into Carlo's mouth violently, making it penetrate to the bottom of the roof of his mouth. And he repeated this gesture, each time extracting his cock entirely, and each time seeking Carlo's mouth, as if to contemplate, from above, his oppression <...>. With a cruel blow <...> of his kidneys, he shoved it all the way down his throat, giving Carlo a terrible feeling of suffocation, and causing him to retch. Carlo naturally, surrendered and docile, let it happen. But then, partly because it was actually too much, partly, perhaps, to excite Claudio to do even worse, he pointed both hands against Claudio's spread thighs trying to prevent him from going so far in. With a nervous jerk, Claudio removed his hands from his thighs and pushed them away, almost behind pag's back. 209

Carlo, and holding them there for a moment as if to make him understand that that was their position. Then she cupped the back of Carlo's head with her tender adolescent right hand and began again with her calculated and violent thrusts. The tip of the cock entered right up against the wall of the palate, with such violence that the cock bent a little. Two or three times Carlo was on the verge of vomiting, his eyes full of burning tears; and

several times from his mouth, against his will, <...> groans and belches or gasps of vomiting so loud that the winds <...> down there must have heard them: so much so that they laughed. The number of times that Claudio repeated the gesture that excited him so much was, relatively, [infinite]. Then suddenly, Claudio took a step away from Carlo, holding his cock in his hand as if to hide Carlo's view of it, and with his hoarse voice he said to him: "Turn around."

Carlo understood [lightningly], and docile, almost distressed, he turned; pretending not to [understand] what he still had to do. In fact he felt Claudio's two hands on him, nervously, almost angrily, trying to pull down his trousers along his sides. Then he murmured, with the air of a patient victim, "Wait", and, having undone his belt, he himself took down his trousers. Claudio was on top of him, and, although with some difficulty, and without wanting to ask Carlo for help, he began to insert it again. He gave three or four thrusts with his back, with blind violence: but, as he had done <...> he wanted to extract it completely, he tried and then couldn't insert it again. He then ordered Carlo:

"Put it on the ground." Carlo blindly <...> obeyed. Claudio was immediately on top of him. And a little'

groping with his hands, he managed to put it on, and thus began a thick hail of blows, which seemed as if it would never end. The smell of the grass was stupefying, but the hard sticks, at the same time, hurt Carlo in the belly, on his neck. Seen with the eye glued to the ground, the cosmos was even more absolute: a single flat expanse divided at the end by an almost perfect line from the luminous strip of the sky. The moon was behind us. Carlo could think of this, while Claudio, almost as if he didn't exist, looked for what he liked to do. Now, in addition to the dry and penetrating thrusts, he had found another way to feel pleasure: pushing with all his strength, even clinging with his fists to the dry stems of the grass in front of Carlo's face, until he immersed his sex so deeply in belly [of the woman] that he couldn't go further than that unless he demanded the impossible: and in fact he had made Carlo crawl a few decimetres, belly, on the stubble. It took longer than anyone imagined. And when finally, also silent, Claudio left, and the two, stunned and in disarray, got up again, the moon seemed to be much higher in the sky: its light seemed to have changed, becoming clearer, purer. Claudio

smiled. He seemed to want to be forgiven for his exaggeration, but at the same time he seemed to be mocking his victim: an [a priori] and childish mockery, but how could it be in the face of someone who, on a different occasion, could |could have| behave <...> like a criminal. While, still looking like a victim, Carlo worked hard to clean Claudio's cock, the latter said to him: "Put it back in your mouth."

pag. 210

Carlo obeyed without saying a word. And he gently began sucking that cock again that had been just moments before [so rough on him]. Immediately the cock, which had not softened well while Carlo was cleaning it, began to harden again. Something that Carlo would never have expected, seeing

[that before] which was the first time, it had taken him a long time. The fact is that Claudio's cock was soon completely hard again, and he took it out of Carlo's mouth, as if to menacingly make him see it again. "No, that's enough," said Carlo; and this was enough for Claudio, this time taking him by the hair above his forehead and holding him so tight that it hurt, to search for his mouth with his cock, thrusting it inside him with such force that Carlo made a cavernous noise, like when the food is about to be emptied out. The twenty fellows down there started laughing again; but someone also began to whistle impatiently; and a cheerful voice rose saying: «Come on!». But Claudio continued unpunished. Until suddenly he said: "Wait with your hand." Almost relieved - although Claudio continued to hold him painfully by the hair above his forehead - Carlo squeezed his cock in his fist and began to masturbate it. This time too it took a long time beyond any possible imagination. This time too the moon, with its little companion, sadly shining, seemed to have visibly moved in the vault of the sky. Finally Claudio threatened: "Take it in your mouth", and hastily shoved his cock all the way down his throat, holding him by the hair so tightly that Carlo almost screamed. When he had unloaded the remaining seed into Carlo's mouth until the last spurt, Claudio calmed down, but not so much as not to order him peremptorily: "Clean up". Which Carlo carefully hastened to do. “Bye,” Claudio said finally before leaving. His sly laugh had become good and almost gentle again; and, before turning his back on him, he affectionately patted Carlo on the cheek. Meanwhile, Nettuno's second, Gianfranco, was already coming running, cheerfully, up and down the hillsides: a bit

bourgeois, as his name suggested. In fact he was a hairdresser, or rather, a lady's hairdresser. He was very cute: well proportioned, with a face perhaps a little too round, but with a beautiful full mouth, a regular little nose, large black eyes with large eyebrows, a tuft as high as a crest, shiny, wavy and soft, which fell back, flowing over the ears with long, capricious undulations, until it curled a little

in the back of the schoolboy's neck. He had clean and tidy trousers and a t-shirt (while Claudio was wearing a pair of dusty trousers and a red and white striped t-shirt that barely covered his navel). Despite all his good qualities, Carlo didn't like Gianfranco very much, and perhaps for this very reason - given that he actually deserved it - he welcomed him more friendly than the others, calling him more distinctly "Love", and: "Nice boy, come" . Gianfranco approached him; and <...> it was not for nothing that he was also from Neptune. Besides, he had probably seen from afar what his friend had done. Therefore, in contrast with the slightly feminine sweetness of his face, as soon as he was next to Carlo he said to him: "Put it down, come on." Carlo, as usual, for page. 211

as skeptical as he was, he was ready to obey. He heard Gianfranco struggling above him. He certainly didn't want to get his pants dirty. When finally, he had evidently settled down, Carlo felt him fall on top of him, and felt his belly glued against his sex, since he was, as his friends expressed it, 'doggy style'. But Gianfranco still wasn't supposed to be okay. He stood with his hands pointed on the ground, which might be fine as an athletic exercise, but certainly not for having a fuck in peace. With an impatient jerk Gianfranco then stood up again, and, as Carlo could observe, peeking at him, he pulled down his trousers and briefs to his ankles: but in that glance Carlo could also see that at the bottom of Gianfranco's very white belly there was 'It was, yes, a thick tuft of black hair: but you could barely see the cock. However Carlo, obedient with this new client as with the others, let him do it. Gianfranco lay down again, a little gasping on top of him, and began to rub his lower belly against his flesh with slightly rotary movements. He sat silent, breathlessly silent, trying to concentrate. "Why don't you make it stand up straight with your mouth" Carlo dared to propose. But Gianfranco, in response, gave him a blow on the shoulders as if to better adjust him under him, and began to rub against him with more ardor. After a few minutes, although it seemed impossible to Carlo, he felt the hardened cock seeking and pushing between

his thighs, blindly searching for the orifice, like dogs. And like dogs, in fact, Gianfranco [owned it]

With quick thrusts of the back, fast, breathless and orderly at the same time, all the same; in the end he fell on him, and he was the first who, by ejaculating, made a sort of moan heard or at least a stronger and more dragging breath. He remained like that for a while, as if to gather his strength; and finally he stood up, mostly concerned with his trousers. He pulled them over him, examining whether they were creased or dusty, and concentrating on fastening the complicated buckle on his belt. Meanwhile Carlo, with his usual handkerchief, cleaned him, and was thus finally able to see his secret. It was a nice medium cock, straight and proportionate: and, since it was going limp, it too seemed bigger, heavier and more powerful.

Looking at him like this, a sudden feeling of [love] took over Carlo, as if it rained on him from the cosmos, mixing with the sharp and fermenting smell of wild herbs, and the heat of the summer night. In that very common cock, which was softening, still swollen and greased with sperm, he saw those he had lost forever, Sandro, Sergio, Claudio, while a poignant desire for the sexes of those who were yet to come took him. It seemed that only now had he awakened as if from a sleep or from an artificial form of hypnosis or apathy. The desire had finally become a desire for baseness, obscenity, excess. “Piss,” he said to Gianfranco. "I don't run away," replied the boy. And then he immediately added, “Wait.” He seemed to be inspired for a moment, and then first with a trickle, and then with an irresistible gush the piss came out of his still swollen sex.

Carlo stood there contemplating it, then touching the dense skin of Gianfranco's cock with his lips, who, for his part, <...> hastened <...> to sheath it in his nice trousers tight at the hips and with the waist page . 212

tall, already [turned] with a laughing face towards his companions. He darted away after just giving Carlo a timid smile, <...> [and without] the courage - given his weakness of character which prevented him from discovering himself - to say the roguish "Hello" to him from his friend and boss, who Unlike him, he could even allow himself certain friendly confidences. Gianfranco did not cross paths with the third of Nettuno, but with a dark-haired man who lived in those parts. «My friend and I should go,

otherwise it will be late» he informed Carlo as he approached him (he also arrived, [there is no need to say it], in a hurry). «Who is your friend?» asked Carlo, to whom those affectionate and quick confidences did not make his desire for him less feverish and, so to speak, dirty, having turned into a frenzy. "He's the blond one, with his head on one side," the brunette said imprecisely, but made himself understood immediately. Over there, in the group of twenty - someone had sat down - one could immediately distinguish - at first glance, under the now almost solemn light of the moon which had reached [its zenith] - a blond head.

«If we arrived after midnight our mother would fuck us» added the dark-haired boy, who was called Fausto (while his blond friend was called Gustarello, that is, Augusto). Fausto was also in overalls.

"Wait!" she did confidentially, in good humor. With care he pulled down the 'shutter', and with equal care he unbuttoned his light trousers, of a delicate light blue colour, under which the brutal, livid swelling of his adolescent member, already a man, contrasted in such a way as to make it reach the throat Carlo's heart xxx. «Wait» said Carlo «Wait before you take it out». He wanted to look at that violent swelling under those delicate light summer trousers: slightly yellowed or bruised, in fact, above that swelling. And Fausto was precisely the boy with whom you could do these things; docile, obedient and curious as he was, at least as much as he was strong and virile. He was a hedgehog. His hair was curly, but he, perhaps ashamed of it, had had it cut short, and combed it with a strong, straight part on one side. Under those thick curls, which formed a quite [bold] tuft on his forehead even if so well pruned, his face was the honest face of a boy; cheerful in character and serious in purpose. "What's up?" he asked, smiling. And he looked questioningly at Carlo who in turn looked at his swelling under his trousers like xxx. It was a powerful swelling, of which, as usual, Fausto was a little ashamed, because it denounced his naivety and his forced chastity as a boy: as well as his deplorable weakness in being so excited at the first opportunity. It must have been from the beginning, from the moment they entered that large meadow, that he had kept that swelling inside his humble light canvas trousers. Which had something bestial and, indeed, obscene.

In fact, Fausto was not very tall in stature: and that stick, which was pressing against his trousers - now that, once unbuttoned, they had loosened their grip

a little - almost to the point of wanting to split them, had something excessive and [Priapesque] about it. observed [as] xxx; then slowly, so as not to miss even a moment of that [entrancing] opportunity, he himself began to bring it out to Fausto. It wasn't easy, because that stick was too big for the small opening of the unbuttoned pussy. «Ouch, you make me pay. 213

bad hair" said Fausto humorously: and the more innocent he was, the more that 'beast' at the bottom of his womb, monstrously large, massive and black, made Carlo tremble to the point of pangs. Finally Fausto's cock was out of those trousers, and stretched out into the open air, caressed by the warm scented air of the summer night. He was, [as Carlo's friends] [expressed themselves]

perfectly 'shaven': and it also seemed to smell like wild grass. Carlo stared at him intently, wishing that moment would never pass. "That? Are you obsessed" Fausto asked him cheerfully. "Yes," Carlo replied. And he stood still, his eyes fixed on that boy's cock, powerful and still pure. "That? Do we want him to stay here until tomorrow morning?" Fausto smiled. "Love!" was Carlo's reply; who, as if unable to resist any longer, gripped by an infinite yearning, grasped Fausto's cock in his hand, and pressed it against his cheek, and then against his lips. But Fausto pulled him back, and with his hands that smelled like a workshop, he removed Carlo's hands from his cock. Carlo looked at him questioningly. But it was simple. “Screw me!” said Fausto. This gave a new rush of poignant gratitude to Charles, who

she kissed it again, and started sucking it. “Let me do this a little first,” she said. Fausto let him do it for a while, then he insisted: «Screw me!». Carlo lay down on the ground. And the scent of dry grass from the cosmos hit him stronger than ever. Fausto knelt on him, then mounted him; with his own hands he searched for the [eternal] orifice, which he found immediately. He slowly, delicately inserted his huge cock, perhaps thinking that he wouldn't be able to fit in; and when, to his satisfaction, he had entered instead, he blissfully lay down on top of Carlo, seeking the most comfortable position for him, and holding him tightly in his arms. At a certain moment he even put his mouth close to his neck, under his ear, and while he was 'rubbing', he squeezed tighter and tighter and glued his mouth to his neck. He came away as if enraptured in ecstasy, melting inside Carlo's womb and impregnating perhaps for one of the first times in his life. "What a nice ass that is," he said,

in fact he finally got up. He had himself cleaned thoroughly, without haste. And finally he turned towards the group of companions, letting out a deafening whistle, sheep-like. At that whistle the 'blond' jumped up and came running forward.

Fausto didn't move. "Pay to us first," he said, "and then we'll have to go." Carlo understood: he took four thousand lire out of his pocket; he gave two thousand to Fausto, and two thousand to Gustarello who had meanwhile arrived fresh as a rose. «Thanks, huh!» said Fausto, leaving and giving way to his friend. He didn't understand if the pleasure of sharing | was more profound and 'natural' on his part

something beautiful and useful [with this] friend of his, or if the esteem he had for him was deeper and more 'natural', knowing that, like (him) he too would complete the his duty as a man. Gustarello's head was a true masterpiece of nature. His blonde was golden, but a light and well-polished gold. At the roots there was some darkness, but on the surface it was blindingly clear. He too had a parting on one side: but his hair pag. 214

they were much longer and more abundant than those of the curl, and the two piles of hair divided by the parting were like sheaves of wheat ruffled by the wind and glancingly illuminated by a setting sun. His head was long, so that those piles of hair, capriciously wavy, extended from the low forehead to the slightly prominent and narrow nape - as southerners, especially Sicilians, often have - thus displaying all their shining beauty. The warm breeze of the evening had disheveled them a little, and above the two compact rays, which on both sides of the accurate <...> line, went from the forehead to the nape of the neck, a sort of down or fluff had formed in whose gold was really white, and seemed like a kind of light emanating from the swirls and thicker knots of the hairdo, so wild and [precious] at the same time. Nothing, in truth, in Gustarello, was up to his head. His face was a little stocky. with marked cheekbones, a slightly bulbous nose, a fleshy mouth and eyes of an indefinable light colour: his forehead and cheeks were reddened by the sun; being blond, and of that stature, Gustarello must have had delicate skin: and his work was in fact heavy. He was also a labourer, in a construction company. His body was also coarse and a little stocky, like his face: but this did not constitute a defect in Carlo's eyes, on the contrary. Less cheerful than his friend, with cloudy eyes fixed and as if a little alarmed on Carlo, he let

his trousers be unbuttoned like an automaton. He too, like his friend, was ready. His cock hard as a rock, he popped out of his pants and leaned into the air. It wasn't very big: his [size] was normal. On the other hand, it was, in fact, hard in a [very] particular way, and full of knots and veins, which however did not alter his perfect shape: the skin enclosed the glans, rippling on his

<...> rosy, dry more than dry. Carlo opened it; and he contemplated it, as always, with anxiety

[unsatisfying] against the background of the meadow and the sky. Gustarello didn't say anything, so Carlo could stay in that state of contemplation, just moving him a little with his hand, as long as he wanted; which wasn't much, because an even duller anxiety than that of contemplation devoured him.

He began to kiss it, to suck it, feeling and measuring its substance, its reality, with its hardness, with its weight, its dimension, which included an entire way of being <...>: a gift, which however would soon be given to him been stolen. Gustarello's silence and extraneousness meant that Carlo could have a relationship with his sex as if he didn't exist. But anxiety was pressing him. He lay down on the dry grass and said to Gustarello "Come on, do it." Gustarello, ready, without arguing, mounted him. Closed in on himself and determined to go to the end, whether Carlo's will was there or not, he was physically strong like his friend Fausto, hardened by work: it was a game for him, bending down, taking Carlo without any clumsiness or trouble as if it were [a twig], hold it in your arms, mount it with the precision of a stud animal. He was - as Carlo's friends used to express themselves - 'hard of kidneys', yes. But the length of the coitus did not imply the slightest distress. Despite the heat of the summer night, the blond didn't sweat even a little. He made page. 215

everything he had to do calmly, with concentrated violence, with obsessive regularity, which nothing in the world seemed to be able to interrupt. When he came; he held Carlo in his arms as a teenage laborer so tightly that it almost [made his bones creak]. He stayed a little longer

motionless, in an even thicker silence than before. Then he got up, and with his legs apart, in silence, he waited for Carlo to clean him. Which Carlo did

with the care and respect one has for an adult husband. "Where are you from" asked Carlo at the end, intrigued by his blond hair, and thinking that he was from the north. «De Roma» said the blond. «But what about your relatives, your grandparents?»,

«De xxx xxx» said Gustarello and that was all: he stood a little undecided, as if waiting for a farewell, then, in silence, he turned and left. While the one who was on duty came along ("Come on again" shouted the usual cheerful voice in the group) Carlo stood by and watched what Fausto and Gustarello, who had said they would have to go home, were doing. Instead they were still there, among the others, half standing and half crouching, on top of their hill. Winds! They were a small army, and even seen from afar, each of them had his own masculinity, his own innocent way of hiding in his trousers, mostly American trousers, his own [animal] secret, considered by him only a cheerful and animal. In fact they argued with each other, with their jokes, as if they were in front of the little bar under the house, or in a <...> [social] meeting. They looked laughing at the one whose turn it was and then resumed their discussions, sometimes excited, full of enthusiasm, sometimes calm, almost good-natured. In that 'sociality' of theirs <...> - hypocritically - their sexual reality dissolved, almost as if it were secondary. Yet they wanted to show off to each other [the violence] of their wombs inside their American trousers, hard and tight, almost chaste; or the overbearing and oblique swelling inside the light, light, or even white trousers, swelling marked by a discoloration of the fabric <...> a little livid and indecent. It was useless for them to pretend, among themselves, that that spot on their trousers didn't exist, or that it was normal, so normal that it vanished into the 'special' atmosphere of their relationships between peers, all poor kids, who knew how to play the part of straight. [They knew] well what each one was carrying down there, behind those little bushes at the end of the scented meadow where they were expected. Their light-hearted spirit on this fact was certainly part of their way of being - light, careless, without real destiny - but it was also a tacit hypocrisy, which, if they had realized it, they would have laughed with another type of laughter - already ready <...> - more chirpy and I confess. What now came -

the sixth: there were therefore fourteen others! - was the third of Neptune. His poetic Burini parents had named him Erminio. He was the first to come slowly forward. In fact he wasn't a kid.

Meanwhile, he had his jacket on, a jacket the same color as his trousers; and a shirt instead of the usual t-shirt. And then her body was [full] and massive, full of a menacing dignity. She couldn't have been more than nineteen. But it was his character that made him more adult. In him there had been the unshakable decision, perhaps only a year or two before, to be a young man, a man, and not a boy.

pag. 216

His hair was thick and reddish: although it could not be called 'red', but if anything 'blond', the mane of a lion. And the 'squeaks', or freckles, of the dark face were also reddish: their beauty was not understood at first glance, as in Fausto or Gustarello. It was the beauty of a man, a little in the shadows, secret, irregular. First of all, that face expressed malice and threat; it was clear that no one would try to [do even the slightest bullying] towards him. His strength seemed to have been established once and for all, when he began to be a teenager: but perhaps even before, when he was a boy. Indeed, in truth, his strength seemed to have been established a few generations earlier, when his race was formed. His eye was dull, that is, xxx to laughter: it was golden brown, also a little red, as if bloodshot. And the shape of the face had the beauty that realist painters, free of mannerisms and aestheticisms, know how to identify: the beautiful nose, slightly wide with nostrils, the chin accentuated under the appropriately florid cheeks: and those evil, slightly ferocious eyes. . He was a bricklayer. No one since he worked must have ever bothered him even in the slightest; and perhaps not even the others. In fact he was serious but kind, almost gallant. He didn't say anything to Carlo when he introduced himself to him. Yet Carlo felt protected by him rather than threatened. He stopped on the edge of the small clearing, and, turning |

modestly| towards the bottom of the lawn, she began to piss. Meanwhile he finished taking the last puffs of a cigarette now reduced to an almost invisible stub between his large fingers. He threw away, with an almost rude jerk, the stub, and without putting his cock back inside his brown trousers, he came forward towards Carlo: he limited himself to shaking his cock, with a self-confidence that bordered on indifference. His particularly ferocious look at that moment wanted to say to Carlo, "Come on, work." And Carlo understood and obeyed, almost collapsing at his feet: the emotion took his

breath away. That cock that he, as the first boys came to give it to him, had dreamed of, as something detached from reality, until it became a sole reality, [violent], carnal, [brutal] concluded entirely in that irregular cylindrical shape and in that hairy sack was before him in all its entirety [of unmistakable appearance] Erminio's cock was hanging out of his trousers already swollen, but with a particular swelling; and his own brown pimento was particular, particularly brutal. Carlo took it in his hand, caressing it a little <...>, and then took it in his mouth, to make him excited. His work had to be effective and without sentimentality. The pounding of his heart that was now almost making him faint, he had to keep all to himself, in silence. After all, Erminio's silence was perhaps just as xxx. Soon the cock swelled, stretched out. Maybe it wasn't bigger than Sandro's or Sergio's, but it seemed double. Its straight shape, full of small knots of veins but compact, intense, up to the glans half exposed, and odorous: finally odorous both of urine, the gush of which had just finished flowing onto the lawn, and of congealed semen: or maybe not, Erminio wasn't the type to masturbate, and he shouldn't have even recently had [fucked], such was the violence and page. 217

the swelling of his member: perhaps it was the smell of the semen contained within; and <...> mixed with it was a smell [of sex], hot, intense, almost perfumed, which was accentuated in the testicles, strong and tense inside the hairy skin. It was the fur itself that smelled. It was the scent of the sex of a very [strong and healthy] man, whose cock is so virile that I have lost all memory of his childish tenderness. This was how he was supposed to become: huge, powerful, warm and smelling. Carlo continued his work, even if his role was now exhausted. If it had been up to him, he would have continued like this all night, and maybe even the next day. But there was another anxiety that continued to devour him! Therefore on the one hand he was heartbreakingly grateful to Erminio who let him continue like this without saying anything to him, almost pitying his weakness, on the other he waited with almost hysterical eagerness for him to give him some order: [i.e.] the only possible order, that of [succumb] to him. And in fact, just at the right moment, Erminio put his hands under his armpits, and lifting him up a little, almost delicately, turned him over, and laid him down, lengthwise on the grass. Then, after having undone his belt and having fully exposed his belly, he climbed on top of him. First he held him [well] in his arms, calmly, looking for the right position for him and for his victim. His arms were

strong, violent, even if for now they wanted to be delicate and almost affectionate in their grasp. A grip from which Carlo could never free himself. Then Erminio tried Carlo's sex with his sex. He would have found it immediately, if he had wanted, violently pushing that kind of of his

[stake] inside the orifice. But before arriving at this, Erminio evidently wanted to make Carlo feel good, making it slide between his thighs, aiming it against the tender flesh of his buttocks. Then he slowly [pointed] it at the hole, and pushed. If he had wanted, his strength would have immediately overcome the little physical resistance that the skin of Carlo's sex could have opposed.

But he didn't want to use that force. Instead she pulled away from what seemed to be his embrace

[organized] forever, tight and invincible, and murmured the first word since he was with Carlo:

"Wet it for me." And she leaned towards him, who had his head on the ground, with his entire member stretched out between the fur of his bare belly. Carlo obeyed, turning his head like a poor crushed snake: and he smelled that strong and [clean] smell of athletic sweat. He conscientiously wet Erminio's cock with his saliva, and Erminio calmly resumed his previous position. First of all he hugged him again, even tighter, almost as if to suffocate him, and with his hands crossed under his chest, he grabbed his breasts with sudden violence; then he felt for the hole with his cock, and stuck it there. Carlo groaned in pain, and this must have moved Erminio, because he squeezed Carlo's breasts more forcefully between his fingers as hard as stone; and he slowly began to go up and down. Carlo immediately understood that Erminio wasn't thinking only of himself; to the pleasure of his own cock, to his own hasty ejaculation. Erminio - it was clear - he also thought about Carlo's enjoyment. In fact, he penetrated him gently, sinking in so that, according to his presupposition, Carlo's internal organs had to receive him with xxx xxx pag. 218

Pleasure. And after having sunk it, she withdrew it back slowly, almost as if to feel its entire length; and then sink it again, perhaps harder, knowing full well that female flesh is weak, and he had to be understanding of that

weakness. He also began to rotate his cock inside Carlo's belly <...>; and then start going up and down again, with slow thrusts of that generous palm that measured his hot and intense stake. At a certain point, slowly, with an almost exasperating slowness, he took it out completely; certainly to try again himself, and to make Carlo feel again, the pleasure of hearing him return. Then he pulled himself further up, along Carlo's back: with his mouth he reached his ear. And he even bit it a little. In that position the cock was planted more perpendicularly in Carlo's sex, and its movement up and down was painful. Carlo groaned again, but this time Erminio had no compassion; indeed, he wanted to insist for a long time, with sweet arrogance on making people suffer in that way <...>: he knew that this too was part of his pleasure in him. But apparently he had reached the limit of his ability to control himself; he resumed the initial position, [so] that the cock entered Carlo regularly, and began to go up and down faster and more [regularly]. He came away as if in a dream, <...> continuing to go up and down.

Carlo felt in his bowels his cock contracting in hasty palpitations, each of which poured into him a burning jet of sperm. As the last drop was out, Erminio didn't take it out immediately; but he waited a little longer to make Carlo feel it, perhaps now enjoying that cleft, so deeply wounded, and which the anxiety of the orgasm had evidently previously prevented him from enjoying with a [clear] conscience to the full . Now it was clear that he was the one taking pleasure in the fact that that palm and a half of flesh from his hot and already a little softened stake was rubbing against such soft and welcoming walls. He then took it out suddenly, [evidently]

having decided it was finished. She waited, collected, for Carlo to get up too and clean it for her. AND

Carlo did it [hesitating], because the sight of that already soft cock, but, precisely for this reason, once again, more unspeakably large and powerful, made him almost faint with desire again.

When he left, Erminio overcame his slight embarrassment <...> by telling him: «I'll send you something else!».

Carlo was almost breathless from the pain of having been admitted once and for all to share with Erminio the pleasure so natural and therefore, for him,

so shocking, of his cock: natural for Erminio, but if natural it was also natural for Carlo, it was in the sense that Carlo had suffered, like a silent slave destined for this, without Erminio even remotely having asked himself the problem. There he was, going away, after having done what he wanted, without any obstacle opposing his will, after therefore having used Carlo as a thing. He was walking away from behind, with the calm and confident step of a somewhat feral man. "Whose turn is it?" the usual cheerful and slightly discordant voice sounded, unable to resist repeating the ritual line at every change; and not even the others could resist holding back a short laugh. Removed from intimacy, sociable and light-hearted (on page 219

unless they were having slightly more serious and committed conversations), the 'new' one broke away from the group,

[taking the road that led to the person to be used for one's own desire who gave pain and caused violence without this person being taken into the slightest consideration, with careless pretensions ultimately full of sanctity]. This new one had the very common name of Gianni; and it was, in fact, as common as his name. However, his extreme beauty consisted precisely in this common being. Objectively, indeed, he was the most handsome of all. First of all, he was by far the tallest; furthermore he had the narrow waist, broad shoulders and long, strong legs of a football player, or at least an athlete. His hair was short: a compact black fluff, in which, however, both on the nape and on the forehead a few tufts stood straight and bristling. His face was tanned, so much so that this Gianni looked like a black man: his tan had something yellowish about it, like Brazilians. Needless to say, his eyes were large and black, sparkling as big as two butterflies; the nose straight and thin, the mouth very wide, and full of the same sparkle as the eyes. But if you looked carefully, his head looked a bit like the bald noggin of a recruit (i.e. bald in a somewhat

humiliating, from boarding school or colony): if then <...> she had been shorn like this for sporting reasons, this made her a bit bourgeois. Her face, especially her chin, despite her dark and wild pimento, had something faint about it; and the sparkle of both her eyes and her teeth had something special about her. He arrived with his tall athletic body wrapped in a pair of gray checkered trousers and a white t-shirt, and smiling, he stood with his legs apart, slightly bent forward, in front of Carlo. As with Gianfranco, Carlo,

precisely because he was less fascinated by him than by the others, said a few kind words to him: «Hello, love!», And then: «What a beautiful body. How old are you?".

"Tenteen" replied Gianni, with a voice that made Carlo's heart skip a beat: it was in fact deep, virile, completely almost crudely dialectal. The pounding, dry, obsessed, feverish heartbeat gripped Carlo's stomach: like a fist that gripped him as if to [flash it out to him]. "Now I'm going to be a soldier" added Gianni simply. "When?" Carlo asked just to be polite, while what he was interested in was now Gianni's cock, enhanced almost to the point of stunning Carlo, by the [voice of his owner]. "I don't know, they have to make du' scajoni..." Gianni tried to explain, to whom the thing must have seemed complicated on the one hand, and extremely natural on the other. He had no objection to the State calling him to be a soldier, as if nothing had happened and nothing was happening in those years. Going into the military, being part of life, transcended and nullified every other political argument, old or new. This was thought of by Carlo, so this almost 'holy' simplicity [enhanced] Gianni's sex even more. "Come on," Carlo said as if by duty, almost identifying himself with those who were waiting. Gianni's trousers on his lap were taut and immaculate, as if everything was pure there. Carlo unbuttoned them with a certain tremor. But the secret reason for this scarcity, or excess of chastity, was immediately clear. The briefs that wrapped the page. 220

Gianni's lap were sporty briefs, extremely tight. With difficulty, and with a little loving help from him, Carlo pulled it out. Following all that manipulation, carried out precisely for the purpose of getting it out, the cock was once again a little 'baggy': and in a few moments it stood up straight. In the meantime, a burst of odor had emerged from his laboriously opened briefs: an odor completely identical to Erminio's: although smaller than Erminio's, Gianni's cock was also one of those cocks with a strong but good smell, of healthy sweat. , unmistakably warm and intimate, so to speak, floating from the pores of strong, adult skin and fur. In fact, Gianni's belly was flat, almost concave, completely dry and hard, and under the groin began thighs with powerful muscles.

At the first moment, as soon as it evaporated from the underwear in which it had remained closed for so long, that smell was too strong, almost an odor.

But it immediately became the scent of healthy exudation that it was, mixed with the seed that sex must have been full of.

Almost with delicacy, or respect, Gianni placed his large, agile hand on Carlo's head and exerted a light, inviting pressure on it. Carlo looked at his face, from below. As if his gesture were a question, Gianni responded to Carlo with a look of consent, accompanied by a slight gesture of the head that meant: "Yes, yes, do it." And with his hand he pressed harder on the back of Carlo's neck. For a kind of femininity calculation, whose victimhood, serious, honest and sulky, almost moved him so much he identified himself with what in any case was clearly a game for him - Carlo resisted the pressure of the boy's hand. In fact, he knew well that Gianni was, or at least could be, so innocent as to seriously believe in his victimhood, and therefore, consequently, to seriously believe in his own somewhat [blameable] arrogance. What moved Carlo was Gianni's inability to resist the voice of conscience that required him to desist from its pressure and demands on him: that is, Gianni's weakness in the face of his own flesh. And in fact Gianni pushed: even though he knew he was taking advantage of his strength and his youthful right. He forcefully pushed Carlo's head against his desperately straight cock, with the skin of his foreskin even red at the edge with desire. Carlo, of course, could not expect to resist too long, and his head gave way. But he let himself be pressed against Gianni's cock with just his cheek. Gianni, satisfied with this for a few moments, actually rubbed his cock against his cheek, pressing hard with his hand. But then, predictably, he started maneuvering again to get what he wanted. He pushed Carlo's head back, and then brought it closer to his cock, making sure to direct it into his mouth. But Carlo kept his mouth shut, as if refusing, in a last desperate gesture of protest as a 'girl who has fallen to the bottom', but he doesn't want to go that far. And Gianni, naively, believed he had to fight against real resistance. He did it with strength, but also with grace; rather disconcerted, although it was clear that he would not have given up for anything in the world to make Carlo do what he was doing with all his strength. 221

desired. After having tried two or three times to push his cock against Carlo's closed lips, he resorted to his other hand, which until then he had kept abandoned on his hip. With his hand he grabbed Carlo by the jaws, and, while he pushed violently, now almost angrily, his cock against his mouth, he squeezed them so hard that it hurt. Carlo suddenly gave in and opened his

mouth. The cock entered him all the way down his throat. But Carlo didn't move: it was as if, after having obeyed, he no longer knew, with the numbness of a raped girl, what he should do. It was then Gianni who slowly moved it up and down inside Carlo's mouth. Carlo remained immobile, as if hypnotized by obedience, stunned by the novelty; and it was actually true. These were exactly his feelings. He actually had to obey Gianni: this was in fact the case. Furthermore, that enormous member, soft and hard at the same time, which filled his mouth insatiably, was like the first that Carlo had ever felt and felt. And it would never have happened otherwise, even if the kids, instead of being twenty, had been a thousand. That powerful stake of flesh, hot, soft, and hardened to the point of spasm, penetrated inside him, was a true miracle: seeing it happen was, once again, hopelessly new for Carlo.

But Gianni had not even moved his cock up and down very slowly and, so to speak, carefully, even about ten times, in Carlo's mouth, before Carlo felt it quickly melt: it became, as it contracted, a sweet and warm liquid, of a stickiness that was like no other. In the spasm that tore that vital oil from him, Gianni had placed his hands on Carlo's shoulders, and his knees bent: it seemed that not only his member, but all of him, was melting inside Carlo. Then with a soft moan, he quickly removed himself from Carlo's mouth. And the cock still appeared mightily swollen and dripping in the moonlight. Even Gianni, before leaving, after Carlo had painfully cleaned him, as if for a definitive farewell that distressed him, felt compelled to give a brusque caress on the head of the one who had served him and indulged in his wishes. He ran away with his athlete's pace, towards the others.

Pietro * came forward from the group: Carlo recognized him by his overalls. It was one of those very loose overalls of a deep blue color, made even darker by the oil stains. Pietro was as if stuck in it, even though the 'shutter' was completely open, up to his crotch, and under him you could glimpse his red t-shirt, also darkened by the grease from the workshop. Coming forward very slowly, Pietro was smoking a cigarette. As soon as he was on the small square where Carlo was waiting for him on his knees, he quickly gave the last few puffs and, as usual, almost out of nerves, threw it away. He unbuttoned his trousers under his overalls: the little hook of the zipper shone right between Pietro's legs, where he was now naively fumbling with his hands to pull it out. The fact that he encountered a bit of difficulty, because his cock, now almost straight, was stuffed (and this was the main reason for

that difficulty) inside a pair of tight briefs, which in turn inside a pair of trousers, to them once inside a suit, it represented a page. 222

small embarrassment for Pietro: but he didn't want to show it, remaining frowning, with his pale and absent face. At the same time, that gesture that a boy makes when he is alone - to piss against a bush, or a wall, or in any case against a shelter, <...> as the rules advised <...> xxx xxx xxx xxx was done with a thoughtfulness full of naturalness. For thousands of times, that gesture <...>

[remains] hidden, removed from any profane curiosity, excluded from the gaze of strangers, men or women: and now in such a different situation it remained perfectly the same <...>, Carlo saw the edge of the undershirt flash, against the skin of the belly darkly dark, and here the cock is finally out, still held between my fingers. To extract it Pietro had bent down, pulling his belly back <...>: <...> now he was standing upright, with his legs wide apart and with his belly stretched forward. And the fact that the suit double-dressed him made the nakedness of the protruding cock more naked. It was one of the biggest Carlo had seen all evening. The skin of the foreskin [was not pulled] to reveal the entire glans: only a part of it emerged, a bright and livid pink, from the circle formed by the wrinkled skin. But the chapel thus covered by the skin pointed |pushed| forward as big and knotty as a small fist. Once again Carlo was hypnotized by it. But this time he would never have had the strength to play the game of <...> [rebelliousness]: Pietro was certainly less beautiful, in a social sense, so to speak, than Gianni. He had a [pale] and almost greenish face: perhaps he had worked too much indoors on that summer day. His forehead was low, and all his features a little irregular. There was a hostile expression in his eyes: and even his mouth didn't seem capable of smiling. His hair was thick, black, dusty, unkempt, and had not been shorn for a long time. Carlo, however, knew that that annoyed and slightly poisonous expression was due <...> (to [lust]). The desire to ejaculate, in that pale and slightly unhappy boy, manifested itself in that way. All the light violence exercised by others on Carlo - so far, at least, they were nothing compared to that silent desire. He was sure that Pietro would not raise a hand to force Carlo to do what he wanted. But Carlo felt his violence precisely in his remaining immobile, in a wait full of hatred towards those who forced him to [discover himself in that way] and, what's more, made him wait. Taken by the throat by the desire for cock as he had

felt a few minutes earlier with Gianni - and in exactly that way - Carlo didn't have to be asked; and he immediately bent against Pietro's belly, taking into his mouth that chapel with the dense skin that covered it and its circle, in the center, pink and livid, as if made of another material, light as silk, and already wet from the 'grease of sperm, which had already emerged from the small hole on the stretched thread. Carlo had just enough time to feel in his mouth, with his tongue, those forms so full of xxx, and to smell, together with the smell of the sperm, which was almost perfumed, the smell of iron and grease from the workshop of which the cock was so soaked that Pietro melted in his mouth, like Gianni just before. <...> he didn't make a gesture, he didn't let out a sigh: he didn't give Carlo the slightest satisfaction, as he would have expressed it.

pag. 223

Carlo, amazed and disappointed by the so rapid conclusion of that encounter, waited for the entire, long ejaculation to take place, trying to enjoy it, it must be said, until the last drop. As Pietro finished, he didn't have the same delicacy as Gianni: to remove Carlo's cock from his mouth, he almost gave him a shove. Thus pushed back, on his knees in front of Pietro who was standing, Carlo gave the boy a look of displeasure and pleading, albeit resigned, from below.

Besides, Pietro didn't look at him: he looked intently at his own cock, all greasy, with an annoyed grimace on his whitish face with the shadows of dirt from the workshop. Little by little he cleaned it with his hands, holding it tightly with his left hand, and passing the rough palm of his right hand over the uncovered circle of the [chapel]. The cock, on the other hand, didn't even show the slightest sign of deflating.

"Come on, I'll do it" said Carlo; and Pietro was convinced to leave it in his hands. Carlo slowly cleaned it, with his usual handkerchief. He took, as usual, longer than necessary, occasionally kissing him.

Strangely, Pietro patiently let things happen. The cock was just a little bigger than when Pietro had taken it out, but, with Carlo's hands cleaning it, he showed signs of becoming as hard as before. Carlo glanced up at Pietro, timidly smiling, as if in admiration; but also to spy on him. Pietro's face

didn't have the slightest expression: he was concentrated and hostile as always, looking down. Carlo then, in addition to kissing it, as if out of gratitude, also began to take it back into his mouth, feeling with a concentrated and almost religious dedication, those heavy and massive shapes: the knots of the glans covered by the thick skin, the delicacy of the exposed part with the taut fillet , and the smell of sperm - the dry one from the day before, and the still fresh one from now - mixed with the smell of grease and iron from the workshop. He started moving his mouth up and down again, as if everything still had to be done. Carlo was always afraid that Pietro would give him another shove and chase him away; instead the boy abruptly placed one hand on the back of his neck, and then the other, intertwining them and holding Carlo's head tightly to himself. With this gesture he expressed his consent to start again, and, even more than the consent, the demand. As if obeying, Carlo conscientiously set to work: he rejoiced, but this time he was the one hiding. The more his happiness gripped his heart like anguish, the more diligent and firm was the work that Peter required of him.

If they only love it for the money,

We only love them for the moment18.

This is more or less what Carlo was thinking while he was bent over to 'please' the boy: if they only love for money, they are only loved for that hour. But perhaps, he thought with pleasure, that it didn't eliminate the other

18

Villon.

pag. 224

voluptuousness, which he felt intensely in that act, trying not to be distracted by it - it wasn't true. Maybe she will love them forever. An hour is a hole. Where a time that has no succession accumulates. She didn't love Pietro only for that gigantic piece of meat that she had in her mouth, smooth and hard, with its shapes almost [created] from a mold, although they were so poignantly [themselves], new, [never]

seen: with their heat, their smell, and that amount of livid, almost abject - that is, not innocently animalistic - that they exuded. He loved that boy also for what he didn't give him and couldn't give him: for example, his not allowing himself to be enjoyed completely, without other thoughts, which [looked for] the reasons for enjoyment. His being there only for the purely necessary time to obtain that pleasure that seems so important to boys and which they cannot resist.

His impending departure and disappearance forever, taking with him everything he had given. As soon as that piece of meat came out of Carlo's mouth, and, still swollen and dripping, was put back obliquely inside his briefs and then closed inside his tightly buttoned trousers, it would become that untouchable and mysterious thing that it is by nature, by decision. of society. Pietro's return, shortly, into his life was the resealing of a social pact. Where Pietro returned was poverty, the world of work. For this reason Carlo liked him, as well as his sex, naked, powerfully revealed, the smell of iron from the workshop he wore, the absolute, innocent, approximation of his clothes, the expressive strength of that suit, and especially that being there for a short while, that being ready to disappear: because all this, despite being so obvious and so irrelevant, so transparent, in itself, was instead a symbol of a profound social diversity: the world of the other class , which was almost the world of another life. It was what endeared Peter, and everyone else; and their love for money, even if this money was only a pretext, derived from a whole way of being in life, from a whole economy. Which also included having no other way to let off steam - in an hour similar to that, and in general in their entire lives as poor people - than to go to a whore and pay her. Carlo was more or less thinking this, trying to distract himself as little as possible from the profound pleasure that holding Pietro's cock in his hand and mouth gave him - when Pietro came: almost suddenly, and with an abundance that he would not have never suggested that he had come five minutes earlier. Pietro felt this almost as a weakness and a bit of shame. In fact he pulled his cock out of Carlo's mouth almost quickly and impatiently let it dry. He tried not to show any feelings on his face other than those deriving from the conclusion of something.

He didn't even stand still long enough to pull up the 'shutter' of his trousers. She did so by running away, into

hurry, towards the small herd of companions. He ran agile, in his overalls, on the ups and downs of dry earth and the blonde hair of the grass, on the large prairie hit almost violently by the silent page. 225

[enormity] of the moonlight. Pietro had evoked to Carlo <...> his Penates, his little Lares made of dust, dry wood, a few household goods, a cot or a camp bed perhaps prepared in the kitchen or in the entrance <...>. But together with these Gods, almost in sacred league for that night, one could also feel the presence of underground Gods, of Demons: it was clear; that night so deeply penetrated by the smell of dry grass and fennel, so rooted in a moonlight that seemed inexhaustible, fallen there from the sky to found (a summer and eternal night)*, it was demonic: but it wasn't a question of Demons belonging to a Hell where sentences are served, but simply belonging to the Underworld, where we all end up. In short, poor Gods, who went around leaving behind them the smell of dogs, cunning and rude, [sinister and comradely], coming out of their tuff simulacra, xxx xxx, or of wood devoured by the sun and the rain , making the entire nocturnal world, and the cosmos, funereal. However, without mourning or pain: since being funereal consisted in the fragrant, silent, white, and hopelessly quiet and happy form of the nocturnal city, of the meadows, of the sky. Naturally, the Gods of the Underworld, walking around on that night without humidity, dry and odorous like midday, were above all attracted by that group of their kind who were at the top of a hill in the meadow: they had evidently gone to mix among they, it was clear, as protective Spirits or Geniuses, divine, but at the same time humble, subject and faithful like dogs.

pag. 226

Note 60 - Return from the second journey from the East (from the "Project")

The Arab East actually seemed to be Italy. It was only the sixteenth or seventeenth of March 1972, but the spring was so advanced that it already seemed like full summer. The humps <...> of the Syrian desert or the mangy Lebanese hills seemed pale backdrops of an almost Nordic landscape, familiar to French or German crusaders, in comparison to the crazy light that invaded Italy; and central Italy, then, not even Naples or Sicily. Carlo had landed in Milan and reached Rome by car.

In Milan, it's true, the weather was grey, albeit hot, enough to sweat inside the car. But there the 'orient' had other forms; a few days earlier there had been a battle between the extra-parliamentary groups and the police (while the fascists had calmly held their rally, I think, with Birindelli and Almirante). The extra-parliamentary groups had organized what would later be considered the first real 'urban guerrilla' clash in Italy: everything that preceded it was casual and amateurish. The young people of “Lotta Comunista” were technically armed and organized almost like a small army etc. Milan still retained the signs of that clash; and the fumes from the tear gas bombs and the canisters seemed to have not yet cleared. Then there was the news of Feltrinelli's death: the image of the pylon at the foot of which Feltrinelli had died devoured any other real image that the continuation of life immediately began to offer as a consolatory alternative (he succeeded | and he would have succeeded |, in the end). But on the day of Carlo's return from [Syria], nothing was yet known about the details of Feltrinelli's death: all that was known was that he was the dead man. And there was the hasty statement signed by a group of intellectuals declaring that he had been assassinated by the fascists - or rather, probably, by a non-Italian organisation, i.e. the CIA - to create an environment favorable to the right in the upcoming elections. [Carlo had immediately interpreted in his heart that Feltrinelli had killed himself, acting as a guerrilla; that if he had been poor, or simply an ordinary petty bourgeois, he would have ended up in a clinic, or even in a mental hospital a few years ago, and that ultimately he was a madman who had ended up like an idiot; there was no contempt, in this interpretation of his, there was actually a certain compassion - but there was certainly no pity.] So it was Feltrinelli's death that gave Italy an oriental air, almost Palestinian, in fact, in things, in bodies, in aspects of life, in the air; but at the same time it shed a light of crazy novelty on it: novelty which Carlo immediately felt he could not resist, that he was defeated.

pag. 227

But I want to come to the flowers. It was precisely the season in which, in the space of one night, the flowers made their mass appearance: and they are the first flowers of the year, certain large daisies, of an almost greyish white, deservedly devoid of any value. commercial, and also devoid of that poetic value that neglected, non-commercial things have. And those yellow flowers, even [more worthless], so much so that no one even knows their

name, although every year they appear thick and healthy, coloring the Italian meadows yellow, which in turn are green with an [excessive and ugly], on which the sun casts a [merciless] blinding and [unpoetic] light where everything is illuminated in the same way. Add to this the almost purple lilac of certain fruit trees (I think almond trees) lined up on those meadows so badly green, with the groups of other trees still dry, and the posts, the fences that bear witness to a now hopeless job, which was then done only for old people.

To Carlo's heart - since we are at [pure 'sensiblerie'] - which had to be hardened by the pride of success - consecrated by the last journey, as regards the past, and open towards the future, now definitively, as a value established that eastern sun, with those meadows, that countryside of central Italy kept so neatly, so well divided, and so well [maintained] corner by corner, against the painful hills, along small ditches surrounded by gray and reddish clouds of vines, covered from a [dumbly] clear sky, with some old clouds that didn't move

- it gave unbearable and reasonless pain. Nothing could be done against it, except to record its most acute moments, which almost gave one the desire to die. Because, [although] everything was so the same, everything was different. There was the air of the end of a world around: at least of the world of agriculture; and every old town had in front of it a row of new, horrible houses, with their fake red bricks or bare yellow walls, which made them [all the same]. Then there were people in the streets

[horrible]; the young people with their slutty hair, with pigtails and curls, and an eternally printed grin of satisfaction and presumption on their faces; the girls bundled up in their miserable <...> maxi coats, which gave them a begging look, almost like homosexuals looking for humiliating opportunities. The elderly around, like ghosts, [set aside], silent, closed in the pain of their <...> exclusion.

We know well that the light of three in the afternoon is painful, and that one should never go out at that hour: that therefore it is not surprising if everything hurts, if everything takes hold of oneself, and life becomes presents itself as a country of confinement, where crazy people believe they are free, and live their day as a right. But in the evening? The sweet <...>

evening? The hour in which the atrocious little clouds that are too light on days of good weather begin to turn pink, the green of the meadows with that ugly yellow or white that stains it badly, begins [to turn brown], to spread out in the great <... > of the sunset that opens silently across the skies from one horizon to the other? When the villages on the edges of the hills or on the tops of the hills resume their ancient forms, kneading the new pages in the fresh darkness. 228

forms that degrade |disfigure them|? And people seem to revive, at least when seen from afar, their old soul that made every place an 'other' place, experienced in its single depth, in its originality, which magnified those who, without participating in it, knew it, or wanted to know it , or did he just sense it?

[Even that evening, that evening of March 18, 1972, gave nothing to Carlo's heart but terrible, unbearable pangs of pain. Is it possible that a man like Carlo cared so much about changing the world? Hadn't he himself contributed to this change? Or, if his contribution to this change had been casual and insincere, had he not fought for possession of that world, however it was? Indeed, didn't this change guarantee him work and success?

Instead, the fact that things were no longer as they had been ten years ago presented itself to him as a tragedy. <...> She was not offended by his good taste which brought him the miserable world of progress, well-being, sexual freedom, the fight against oppression, the end of the power of the Church, the disappearance of the old masters, the reforms , of the restlessness that guaranteed the tireless struggle for freedom; it wasn't even just nostalgia for the past with the repression of him who had given such wonderful things, such sweet men; it was a real sense of tragedy. He had decided to sleep on the street, in Florence, or perhaps in Orvieto; instead he was so terrified of the world, as he appeared that afternoon, in that twilight, that he arrived in Rome, racing as hard as he could in the bad car rented from Hertz at Malpensa. It was already night. Although tired, at least one idea smiled at him: he would meet Karl, he would ask him, as usual, to go out into the night, for him, to enjoy at least all the solitude possible. And he - sweet and good like the men of the past, like them moral, and, like them, capable of violating the law for a purely internal or vital necessity - would have obeyed him. And as for solitude, he would have lived it to the fullest, without

regrets, and without a sense of guilt for his intoxication: if he had felt a sense of guilt for his intoxication, it wouldn't have served any purpose. than to make that exhilaration even greater and more poignant, the only real good of life.]

pag. 229

Note 61 - Karl is no longer here

[His beautiful and rich house in that Cassia neighborhood which had become fashionable for rich people at the beginning of the Sixties, was sweetly deserted. Nobody knew he was coming. He was so eager to enter his lair that he didn't even put the car in the garage. The living room was quiet and tidy: however Carlo immediately felt that something was wrong]

Without Karl, Carlo carried on for a few months as if nothing had happened. Every form, aspect or figure of life, it is true, continued to give him pain in itself. It was strange that he felt himself bleeding in front of a glass door that opened, or four faces of employees in an elevator, or a row of cars stopped at a traffic light in a summer and Sunday light. But this is natural in an 'ideal' phase of the life of a petty bourgeois intellectual, [it is neurosis.] This can be experienced together with everything else in life. And perhaps Carlo would have continued like this indefinitely, if he had never met, bought and used Karl, that poor dog who was now gone as a stray who knows where. The pretext to end this situation which was destined to be ended, [came] from the [historical] circumstances: the hierarchical position reached by Carlo in Eni , it is true, that he was working on his own misfortune, out of pleasure from the pain that everything in the world gave him, but above all and in this case due to the sudden and, up until a few months before, inconceivable competition from one of his fascist colleagues (or at least was suddenly revealed as such) which was probably proposed as a political counterpart by the MSI, and was now ineluctably destined to take the place held by that left-wing, pro-communist Catholic who had been or seemed to be Carlo until that moment. It is true that Carlo was offered another assignment xxx xxx: but this was evidently a diversion: even if the level of power (measured in practical terms) was approximately identical to that on which Carlo operated before, it was not what he had achieved 'per gradus', it did not have the sacred characteristics necessary for true power. This had begun to take shape

and materialize in Carlo's life with the appearance of the poor dog Karl, and began to vanish and end with the disappearance of Karl himself. And this objectively. The fact that Carlo also subjectively now desired its nullification and end is something that for the moment is only potential, and which will come true, after a long and tortuous underground course, much later in his history. *

pag. 230

Note 62 - [following Karl's disappearance]

|The imitation of the other Carlo (from the “Project”)|

But let's go back to that March 18, 1972, in which Carlo <...>.

Desperate, forced to live rather than wait for the other Carlo, but always hoping that sooner or later he would show up again, Carlo prepared to spend the evening in the way he had forgotten. What to do? What did he do with him while he delegated his real existence to Karl? But this made sense precisely as a pretext, a practical way to fill the void. And in any case, always when new things arrive, we believe that for a moment they can be abolished, in order to be able to go back and face them again prepared: this is why we don't immediately abandon ourselves to their real meaning, and we experience a moment of detachment from them, or even of skepticism, sometimes almost smiling; also because the news, perhaps the most desperate, are always an unexpected enrichment of life, something that comes true, that reveals itself. [And therefore something vital.] Carlo felt at the same time that there was no hope of Karl's return, that with Karl it was over forever, but that nevertheless this, which was now a tragedy, would not fail to give some another value to his life. That is, he immediately understood everything essential there was to understand.

The pain he felt when faced with the pure and simple aspects of life on that afternoon in March 1972 was a pain that could only be explained by himself: that is, he was already outside of life; it was pathological; it had been formed and crystallized, precisely, as almost always happens, in a moment of particular health or even existential triumph. It was nothing other than the prediction of Karl's disappearance, or rather it was Karl's disappearance.*

The first solution that Carlo could conceive was the most natural: take courage, reopen the front door, go out, get back in the car, start the car, leave:

Perhaps because of the 'novelty' of the thing he was full of strength of mind; even the speed of his own decision revived him. He brought into his private life the virility and capacity for action of his public life! Because of his social successes, he no longer felt like a provincial [Romagnolo] for some time, having immigrated to Rome and destined for positions of command almost by predestination, and yet slightly disgusting due to his shyness as a Catholic, his clumsiness as a right-thinking, of his credulity as an intellectual.

The time had come when he could allow himself to do what until then he had delegated a servant, a meek person, to do. Indeed, all in all he almost considered what was initially his page. 231

seemed like an irremediable misfortune, a just plan of destiny. But the reader has already understood that he was deluding himself, and was destined for immediate disillusionment.

With the night, spring had found its climate again; fresh, but not pungent; the warmth of the day persisted, and what is most curious, precisely in the dampness of the grassy beds, of the large tree-lined avenues.

Carlo knew Karl's itineraries very well; which, at least to a certain extent, were the obvious ones.

There was a certain avenue, along some reddish walls, on which, more than that of the moon, the duller light of the stars seemed to shine. During the day that avenue was crossed by rivers of cars; not at night; even if it was no longer deserted and out of this world - as it had once been, until a few years before - it was a place where whores could calmly wait for their clients. All this was familiar to Karl; the great red wall is familiar, opaquely illuminated by the night with the painful warmth, [of another] human race; the small grassy bank was familiar, in front of the wall, on the other side of the small avenue, which opened onto a large, poorly fenced meadow, which sank into the darkness, towards a gorge along which who knows what railway track

passed; the whores' little fires were familiar, with groups of young men and men around them, almost all of them now in the car, since the boys had no longer needed those women for a few years; the festoons of street lamps that disappeared beyond that meadow, against silent overpasses and forests of blocks of flats were familiar. But for Carlo it was all new, even if he was familiar. And here was the terrible pain that the very presence of things as they were gave him; not so much of those that the darkness made identical to how they were in the past, but of those that were unmistakably new and modern; the cars, clothes and hair of young people; their gestures, their words; their coming and going, their being there; life itself.

The first woman who came across him - one of the three who had chosen that embankment as their workplace, and to whom they had heroically and stubbornly clung - also accepting, poor things, with holy resignation the great decrease in customers - was a girl with the short leather skirts that barely covered her crotch, and a red t-shirt with a high collar; she was there shouting incomprehensible things at someone; she was a girl and an old woman at the same time, with two thick thighs and a protruding belly, against which she held her reddish hands holding the bag tightly: it was everything that Karl and Carlo liked about her. Yet approaching that girl, talking to her, letting her get into the car, like one of the innocent dirty old men, of Carlo's age, who wandered around those parts now definitively deserted by the boys, was a feat that immediately proved impossible.

The excruciating pang of pain that had been piercing his insides all day became, if possible, even more painful; and in any case it transformed into a feeling of nausea, which forced Carlo to accelerate towards a slightly shaded corner under the wall, where, pretending to piss - which was against all his principles, indeed, [it was the first time in his life] who did it - vomited; or

better he retched, without vomiting anything. Certainly he was not made to replace a man of another nature, or at least forced into another experience. About him His life

'private' for him undoubtedly had to be considered finished. All he had to do was choose <?> to be only 'public', and therefore 'holy'.

Note 63 - Clarifications and complications (from the "Project")

Feltrinelli's death, together with the revolts of the extra-parliamentarians, now isolated from the rest of the nation blackmailed by the events of '68, and therefore only willing to remember them with hatred, had given further strength to fascism, which, despite everything, despite the desperate efforts of the few honest [and naive] political forces, had already been so strengthened with the Milan massacre and the other two hundred bombs that no massacres had occurred, [but were part] of the same program. In all places of power the fascists began their [counter-offensive] their series of tactical exchanges [etc.] the Church was finished, the Curia remained, this was enough for a return of clericalism that could conceive the fascists as possible allies: the basis of their possible understanding - which began pragmatically with exchanges of men in the centers of power - was simply 'power', per se, stripped of any attribute; since a clericalism without the Church, which wants the power of the Church, is inconceivable; and a fascism without tradition that wants traditional power is inconceivable. The people were those who - in a terrible cross-section - on that day in March 1972 -

Carlo had seen it while driving from Milan to Rome, along the Aurelia; those were the people; and it was no longer without the archaic values of the Church or the perverted values of conservation; stupid, brutal, sneering, empty, neurotic, anxious, casual, undifferentiated; the young people all wanted the same thing, which was nothing more than the eternal repetition of a model, which made all contents the same; a civilization was beginning whose center was not a few men, but groups of men; the man-hero, as, still |albeit| modestly, it was Carlo, it was now something inconceivable except to men of a certain age, who still felt respect - respect perhaps even towards those who didn't deserve it - but which in itself was still a noble thing, which ennobled life.

Despite the fact that Carlo, like all petty bourgeois intellectuals, knew this - knowledge due to common sense - and had pronounced his condemnation, not simply against 'the opposing extremisms'

with which the old crooks of Italian politics tried to halo themselves with the halo of popularity, but desperately against everyone - nevertheless he had within himself something that obeyed, like an eel in a school of eels, which knows how to find the path from the bottom of the ocean it makes her return to the small source of the alpine stream, to a profound call that I don't even dare name.

pag. 234

Note 64 - The hesitations before sanctity (from the “Project”)

What does it matter even if this remained secret not only from public opinion, from the circle of friends or colleagues, and even from Carlo's conscience?

In the interlude of an existence, which lies between the occurrence of something new (in our case the disappearance of Karl) and its real effectiveness on the development of the life of those affected by it, there is a moment of inertia, in which things repeat themselves as if nothing had happened, and reason continues to function regularly.

There is nothing more innocent than an invitation to dinner; even when this dinner invitation begins to appear guilty, the pretense of innocence can easily and even justifiably be continued for a long time. Even more so since in this dinner nothing can be said, no proposal can be made, no answer can be given, no allusion can be made: and the dinner can remain dinner and that's it.

I can only say that before handing over even a single part of power, to be managed directly by the fascists (shamelessly now defined as such), the most clerical part of the Christian Democrats -

[let's say Andreotti - he naturally thought about it for a moment]; and not so much out of scruple, or out of the natural physical repugnance that a fascist can inspire (for whom twenty years were certainly not enough to wash his hands stained with blood), but out of the natural insecurity that even the most informed and skilled man can have in predicting the future; in the future history is still there, and history is confusion; although it is absurd to

think about it, in the immediate future there can always be something imponderable that can take away from the fascists the success that everyone predicts and they arrogantly expect.

All in all, it is better to push an already proven man to the right - and always good, in any eventuality, for the left - than to hire in his place a decidedly right-wing man, proposed (indeed, almost imposed!) by Almirante.

So there was this dinner (many months before Carlo had to make the 'big refusal'). And moreover, as we well know, Carlo was no stranger to attempts at corruption. Indeed he had been corrupted. But not publicly. This dinner, however, could not fail to include a dinner advertising corruption. Even if it had just remained dinner.

It was dinner and that was it. Never was dinner more ontological. She ate some polenta with stew, a little

alpine style, with some very good Trentino wine, because the gentleman from whom the dinner took place was one of those pages. 235

set off; while, except Carlo, of the other guests, two were Roman, and four southerners (one Sicilian), xxx xxx

Thus Carlo's shift to the right was objectified. He didn't say it, he didn't admit it, he never knew it publicly; he said it, admitted it and knew it privately, but as a purely momentary, diplomatic, tactical fact: Machiavellian.

However, there remained at the bottom of his soul, and ultimately not so dark, that unnameable call, which united his conscience to the pack of consciences.

pag. 236

Note 64bis - What happened during that dinner (from the "Project")

[I made a timid attempt to 'describe' a dinner between right-wing Christian Democrats (or rather, willing to do anything) and neo-fascists, adumbrating the presence, as always, of a very fleeting and mysteriously allusive

presence of Sicilian mafia deputies. This description consists of one or two timid hints (a certain dish, a certain brand of wine). The minimum required for a story that doesn't want to be completely up in the air. In reality I know nothing about similar dinners; and the hints are but suppositions. Others better than me could do a 'piece' on the said dinner, with lists not only of the food and wine, but also of the guests' clothes, the details of their physical and social presence (ties, rings, etc.); and what's more, brief excursus on their careers (which, moreover, I do not exclude doing in the rest of the story). I'm not saying all these details, or rather

'particulars' are superfluous or merely aesthetic. No. Indeed, I would like to be able to describe them, to give the illusion of truth, as well as conceptual truth (which would be enriched). I am unable to do so because I am loathe not only to experience similar dinners, but also to ask anyone about them. That is, doing what the novelist I would like to be does.

But there is something essential that interests me more, and I would like to limit myself to the simple denotative reference of this. And perhaps precisely for the economy of art.]

What essential thing happened during that dinner, which preceded the elections of the 7 by about a month

Maggio 1972?

First of all, and the reader will have already understood this, without the need for me to go into too precise |detailed| (which then, once made explicit, clear and ultimately banal, end up becoming false), the phenomenon of corruption occurred, albeit internal and not admitted, or admitted with all

the old justifications aimed at [globally] silencing the conscience.

But this is not the essential thing, at least as far as the facts of this story are concerned. The essential thing is something else.

Meanwhile <...> it was a dinner 'among men', or for men only.

This presents itself, I believe, as a [substantial] symptom for a ritual of corruption of southern (Sicilian) origin, structure and form, transplanted into

a bureaucratic capital, through a sub-government operation.

pag. 237

The lack of women was a lack of nuance. There wasn't even a landlady, perhaps provincial, or vaporously romanized, to act as a mysterious sounding board, and to give unspoken agreements that certain grace that she knows great instituted hypocrisy has.

No, nor the robust provincial married by the Trentino deputy when he was a young man, still smelling of the sacristy or even of the seminary, but already full of that beastly energy that presides over brilliant political careers; the provincial girl who has become chubby <...>, now unfamiliar with her husband, but there, bystander, like a smiling Erinyes the smile of the Venetian Catholic women, next to him; nor his wife from a higher social background, already well advanced in her career, vaguely intellectual etc. etc.

No wives.

To make it complete, the one serving was a waiter, who also came from the Alpine peaks, perhaps a former policeman, with a mustache still black, and the forehead [of a herbivorous animal].

Both the Trentinos and the Sicilians felt perfectly at ease in that atmosphere of virile complicity; while Carlo was forced to make a rather agonizing effort (he hadn't felt something similar since before Karl's birth) to keep up with that situation.

The presence of one or more women reassured him, not only because sex cements everything, makes everything recognizable and existentially easy: not only that, but through the infinite capacity that women have to lie or not accuse reality, plea bargaining (which is always underneath, in a man of action) has almost consecrated characteristics.

In front of all those faces of males, between thirty-five and fifty years old, devoured by lives spent in interests, all in all disgusting, so that the bodies - from which those interests were concretely lived -

they had undergone a kind of degeneration <...>, Carlo was like a child among adults. He had to play their game (which they knew so well), feigning their good humor, their optimism and their voracity - and - what was unknown to everyone - their repugnant vulgarity (which was expressed by those noses, those fat people, from those wrinkles, from those scruffs, from those mouths, from those pallors, from those sweats).

<...> Thanks to Karl, Carlo had acquired a profound, disinterested, blameless complicity with his own sex.

[He was in continuous contact with it, and always followed it, like a thread that led him through life (perhaps) into a dimension that life did not contemplate, etc. It was gratuitousness, freedom obtained through violence, without consensus or tolerance, etc. The guarantee of a protective secret, of an internalized 'elsewhere' etc. Therefore, Carlo always felt his own cock, it was a value that was always physically present and active.]

pag. 238

Towards the middle of that dinner (braised meat with polenta) Carlo suddenly stopped feeling his cock like meat. The physical link between him and his cock, that is, his underwear and trousers, had suddenly lost their capacity as inanimate intermediaries. They didn't pull or loosen on anything; and the drop of pleasure always vaguely fiery on the glans under the skin - the bubble of pleasure, which makes a gesture of compression, a healing squeeze, etc. necessary, even when it cannot be done. - seemed to have evaporated, lost like the first and guilty crazy pleasures of adolescence etc.

Neither during dinner nor after dinner did Carlo, among all those cronies and those in power, have the courage to go into the bathroom and look at himself. And let the reader remember that Carlo was not a sensitive and complex intellectual, but he was a man of action and power.

pag. 239

Note 65 - Prologue to the medieval garden (from the “Mystery”)

I feel a profound repugnance to stopping with my imagination, in order to be able to write about the neighborhood where Carlo lived, Vigna Clara, the

new part of Parioli, or even Olgiata. Why? Thinking about it gives me a pang in my heart. It is not moralism, it is not a social or classist feeling. In fact, for many years now I have belonged to the world that lives in similar neighborhoods. I haven't frequented him for (almost) as many years now, it's true. But I can't financially separate myself from it. I didn't experience it.

I lost it. Gladly, with joy, with liberating satisfaction, with unspeakable relief, but I lost it. Maybe that's why I'm worried about it. And to this we add a certain pity, but a pity that is felt for something that is nevertheless repugnant.

Well, what disastrously pushes me back from that environment is the lack of a halo in which it fades and deforms, or of a free zone from which it can contemplate and analyze itself. It is all there, before your eyes and feelings: without <...> [idealism] <...>. Yes, I repeat, without idealism, without the infamous idealism. It is a totality, which is created by a few but which is however expressed by the majority: the fronts of the buildings, of the (slightly poorer) palaces, seats of embassies, the gardens which are actually [picturesque] but nevertheless a sign of luxury in that sea of concrete, the silences of 'privacies' well sealed in respectable houses, with marble and stained glass windows (also all in all [pitiful]), with long lists of shiny bells [in the] brass, and the silence even more profound and almost wild of the garages: all this is a 'form' without redundancies: its meaning is entirely defined: and it essentially consists in the lack of margins and spaces for 'something else'.

This something else could be the class struggle, or a self-defeating restlessness of class entropy, or religious mysticism, or even literature or love for culture. Instead, none of this, nothing. The mere idea of this reality takes my breath away; it makes my imagination run away from it in terror. And instead I force myself to stay, and even to write a kind of poem whose environment is precisely [this. It means that there is something that, although repugnant to me, escapes me; and not only the fact of not having lived (with all my will) that world and therefore of having lost it; but perhaps the presence of a (perhaps aberrant) form of idealism, that is, of asceticism about that world, which escapes me] Without this liberation life would not be materially possible. And instead [there, in Vigna Clara, in Nuovi Parioli, or in Olgiata, people live, as far as I know; entire existences are consumed,

infinitely full of reality. [I suppose that just as the hatred of power is idealistic, the desire for power is also idealistic. And it is perhaps superficial page. 240

condemn, by election and without discussion, the desire for power. The form of idealism that makes that city live all the same with the rich, or at least with well-to-do bourgeois, with their internal hierarchies, clientele of snobs, tolerated outcasts, etc. up to the truly powerful, bank directors, big company executives, immovable bureaucrats, ministers, it is a natural and - I have to write it - innocent desire for power.]

Those who - as in my case - hate power, at one moment or another in their lives, in an inaugural moment, have loved it, because this is natural, and because it is what then causes justified hatred, beyond how almost religious!

Our hero, through all the metamorphoses - ambiguous and incomprehensible, and perhaps even as arbitrary as you like - was a man whose life was determined by a "natural and innocent will to power".

I love talking about grass and plants. Around eleven in the evening a strange warmth had settled in the air, after a fairly cold and even a little rainy day - like all of April and May of 1972.

pag. 241

Carlo arrives home as if in a hallucination (due to the wine?), and it seems to him that behind the city there are gardens etc. Quote almost verbatim the journey 'behind the city' of Alioša in The Brothers Karamàzov: instead of meeting his brother Dmitrij he meets an Angel * who makes him get on the 'chariot', and takes him in front of the garden of his house. This garden must also be doubled: the double is a courtyard or threshing floor, the description of which is taken partly from Dostoevsky (always Karamàzov) and partly from Gogòl (Dead Souls); while for the description of divinities or idols, resort to descriptions of sacred figures made by Longhi from fourteenth-century painting (Cimabue, Stefano Fiorentino, Giotto

'spacious')

(12 maggio 1974)

pag. 242

[<...> The herbs in the gardens <...> were <...> already thick; and even the half-wild plants, such as acacias, which in Rome can overflow, among the rubbish, along certain peeling walls or certain soggy fences, even in the heart of the richest residential neighbourhoods, were at the height of their luxuriance. The rain that fell during the day had nestled inside that poor vegetation, and the sudden warmth made it smell. <...> In front of Carlo's house, there was a large garden; certainly, a city garden, with well-mown grass, well-kept box bushes, large pine trees; however, upon entering, you could almost no longer see the houses of the residential neighborhood around (the buildings built in the last ten years), and it seemed like you had fallen into the heart of the countryside.]

That countryside, of course, had nothing to do with the countryside that Carlo had known as a child and young man (and which had become THE countryside); however, precisely because of this extraneousness, it gave a more acute and almost painful sensation of being outside the city, lost in a rural world where nature reappeared in all its mystery.

Returning from dinner, which I spoke about in the previous notes, and returning home, Carlo (perhaps a little

drunk because of that damned wine from who knows what damned hills with the German name), he witnessed a prodigious spectacle; or rather he had a vision, <...> whose protagonist was his father.

pag. 243

Note 65bis - Medieval garden

In the middle of the garden the father was sitting on a realistic wicker garden chair.

The light was not the electric one, modest and sad for its elegant discretion, almost obligatory in a world regulated by [transgressible] laws: the proper light of a sunken garden in a rich neighborhood defenseless against the nocturnal silence of an ancient spring night. Rather, it was a universal light, coming directly from the stars. [The old man was silent, as if everything had

been said, or as if speaking was superfluous. <...> As the author and inventor of this Vision, I must say that Anachronism can rediscover reality and relevance, but this does not happen by chance.]

And the necessity of the persistence of the Past in the [protective] modern time, which makes it eloquent. AND

It is true that it is a return and an ephemeral rearrangement, however in the moment in which it is, it is.

Next to the father, sitting on the grass of the Garden that had regressed to ancient times - also ephemeral, yet endowed with the quality of a stabilization no longer possible or even thinkable - was Social Security*. To top it all off, she wasn't even dressed like in the last years of the era that is ending, that is, the [1930s, or the 1920s - but I dare say also the 1940s, or the 1950s] No: she was dressed in a <...> Romanesque tunic. In line in front of her there were four little Gods - whose presence, certainly not to Carlo, who experienced them in her vision - but to me who reports about them, brings tears to her eyes. Oh Gods of humble Italy, which the peasants, after having seen them, used to reproduce by sculpting wood, making them stiff, clumsy and childish, yet deliciously precious, as no cultured poet has ever been able to |do|!

There was no light of Intelligence and Reason in them, no, it's true: and my emotion is not an emotion about the Intelligence and Reason of man. There was only his Reality, and his innocent way of managing to see it and express it, up to its perfection, which no language can define except by saying what is lost, and what remained unsaid and uninherited. in the fathers, poor creatures, who lived with such alacrity, such good will, such innocence. The first had a scythe, the second a basket full of grapes, the third an axe, the fourth, who was smiling, a branch with large buds.

Standing behind her father was Grazia, with her three little girls. Though, of course, pretty, and kindly smiling, there was nothing [affected] about them. <...> [They believed] really in the goodness of others and in the objectivity of good; they really believed in the rules that governed life; but their belief was late, serious, filial, inherited: but, precisely for this reason - although it seems

absurd - more perfect and enchanting. Good education had an ancient ideal source that made it natural today. Confidentiality, discretion, obedience, cheerfulness, respect,

[resignation and heroism], they were like second nature. They totally lacked the aggressiveness of those who, at a moment in history, established this source of norms: they accepted it, and diligently applied it to their lives, obtaining grace from it; in the mother the same as in the daughters, all equally ready to accept the sacrifices imposed by nature and by power, confused with each other, but not due to ideological error, but rather due to realism: a realism not thought of, but rather experienced in the bodies, in the sweet eyes, in the smiles of poor people, in their wonderful but humble hair like vegetation or animal fur, in their slightly rough features, a little snub, but equal to those of all those who resemble their fathers and mothers, beautiful and without defects.

Next to Grace, stood her sister Parsimonia, who resembled her [like a drop of water]. She had two sons, who played [with each other]. They played with balls: and the balls were the ones that you don't buy, but that the children [get] in some way, for example, once, from bottles of soda ([someone will surely remember]): they were two innocent boys and normal, with their slightly dusty quiff, wide and funny smile, well-shaven neck, gentle bodies.

In a circle, a little further back, all frontal, stood Obedience, Patience, Resignation, Piety, Cheerfulness, Good Will, Health, but also Disobedience, Bravado, Rivalry, Cruelty , Anger, Violence, Illness: they were all sisters, they had the same wild eyes and [giggling] the same gestures [plebeian and gentle] the same feeling, light and almost cheerful, of shame for their own presence.

All these were Divinities: the Divinities, evidently, <...> of the father. However their relationship with him was not one of authority; indeed, they seemed to be there not to guide or dominate or sponsor the life of their father, sitting and mute, but to place themselves at his service. Miraculous sacredness and humble reality were the same nature in them.

[Next to them] there was a Horse, also God, I couldn't tell if it was a stallion, or a draft horse or a saddle horse; nervous, a clear and shimmering shadow,

he persisted in grazing, shaking now his large tail, now his long mane: every now and then he raised his head and sniffed the wind. It too, a wonderful non-breeding animal, was there ready to watch over his father, [serving him]. Next to him was April, who was holding an acacia flower in her hand, with the strong, almost indecent scent of human semen. He had a bold cap on his topknot and wool trousers; he was whistling a song that kids usually sing in chorus.

There was also the God of the Primroses, with white hair, old (like Methuselah, with shoulder blades protruding on his small back almost like a child; he was holding a glass in his hand, and saying, with his eyes page 245

ironic (certainly not of an old bourgeois but of a slightly crazy peasant) a poem, of which one could not perceive the words, but only the accents.

There were also other Gods, but the list would be long and boring:* all these were friendly Gods, with a majestic and subordinate air at the same time, happy to be patrons. But at the end of the garden, at the two opposite corners - naturally in an almost perfect symmetry - there were two other groups of Divinities.

On the left, in the dim light, neglected, with their heads bowed, and some even tied at the wrists, there were the Devil, the Adolescent, Tarchet**, the Son, the Hermaphrodite, the Anarchist, Eros: all naked and beautiful, but without sex. Perhaps their services were useless, their protection unsolicited: nevertheless they too were part of that humble Celestial Circle.

On the right, [instead], there were Divinities of a completely different type and nature.

<...> They were the First Father, the State, the Order, the Madness: these divinities did not appear to be helpful at all: on the contrary, they seemed to demand silence and prayer. Their ability to concede was spotty. Something - also unpredictable - had to be able to distract them from the occupation they were engaged in. The First Father held a breast of Madness tightly in his hand, like an apple, and this caused him to get erect: he stared into space with his eyes lit and his hair blowing in the wind. Not Romanesque, but Art

Nouveau, <...> [in the] expert eyes of Carlo and the author. The Order was busy reading a book from the early twentieth century. The State consulted

[pompously] Greek texts: but not classical. Madness, with the nails of her bestial foot, was intent on scratching the head of a Divinity so short in stature that she could not be seen at first: her head was very large <...> and with her forehead protruding, on the turned up nose. It was Power.

The father did not look towards this group of Gods, perhaps he did not dare; or if by chance he turned his gaze towards them, it was a look of complete and total subordination, and, ultimately, of love.

Over this Vision [- like a musical accompaniment -] hovered a song: a song that was somewhere between a national anthem, a liturgical melody, and a choir of pilgrims. Singing were, in three regular rows - the lowest in front, the medium in the middle, the tall in the back - the Institutions.

[This is how the vision is almost completely described. I did it with a diligence and simplicity of form that borders on coquetry, I am well aware of this. But there is a reason. All this description is purely marginal and preparatory; it simply has the function of leading with the greatest possible economy of means - just enough to make me understand, perhaps by winking or quoting or dragging it out - to what is of real importance for the unfolding of the story.]

Among all these divinities, which I - who am neither Pizzuto nor Tostao - have summarily represented, there was one that I would call eslege or anomalous. And it is here that I should, if ever, engage my desire for style: on this divinity who has no precise place in the symmetry of the Medieval Garden, who perhaps is not even a Divinity, but a simple man - of a very young age pag. 246

assumed the divine nature. Or perhaps he is a fallen Divinity, who has emerged from the fixity of the place entrusted to him by the Ananche - an erratic, wandering, wandering, unstable Divinity; perhaps more at the service of the gods than of men; or placed by the gods at the direct service of men, and therefore servant of some first and then of others. Servant of all, and therefore of no one. <...> Made to serve the gods through men. [To the direct

service, therefore, of men, and to the indirect service of the gods - therefore authorized in this case to consider men as second-rate masters, and to pretend with the gods to be in the real services of men (as is in fact) and not of them, the Gods. Etc. etc.]

This God who wanders with his hands in his pockets, and [half] yawning, among those celestial Circles and Semicircles around his father, without finding a fixed place to place himself, out of boredom, impatience, contempt towards everyone or inadaptability - perhaps due inadaptability precisely to his inferiority - he is a dark young man, normal looking and not very intelligent, nor particularly bad.

With him the father does not have the venerable and repressed air that he has towards the Gods who are on his right (and yet he does not let it show too much, as a dignified professional, that he has nothing to fear from them, because his obedience and his loyalty towards them is established ab aeterno and sine die), but has the confidential and simple air it has with the God-Servants. Even with him, his eloquent silence presupposes and expresses mutual trust, security of relationships, certainty of being able to count on the satisfaction of one's needs, both private and, above all, public, aimed at the public good.

Yet there is something fundamentally different between that young man and the other Gods, both the Servant Gods and the Master Gods: and this difference is evidently social. In fact, the God-Masters visibly belong to the bourgeois race, perhaps with noble origins etc. etc.; they have [hard] noses, [smappy] chins, [guilty] dark circles, etc. etc. of bureaucrats, professionals, traders or industrialists; their entirely social aggression (because physically, even if athletic, they are weak), mixes with the sense of guilt that gives rise to it, etc. etc. And even where their weakness is poetic - and their uncertain and therefore ungenerous way of being there, arises from ancient family educations, for which it would be absurd and inhuman not to have understanding, and perhaps to feel a certain

[tenderness] - an incurable vulgarity deforms, consumes, darkens those features marked by [repugnant] senility.

But even the God-Servants belong ultimately to their own race: in them the peasant origins are more recent and visible, it is true, and therefore their lack of responsibility, their summary and diligent education, their alacrity with limited interests etc. . etc. they preserve their innocence, health and popular grace in their physicality. When Lenin said that the peasants are all potentially petty bourgeois, he [he was alluding] to these Gods of ours, who despite living a life page. 247

bourgeois, they have not completely lost the possibility of being human apparitions: with the laughing eye, the colored cheek, the features, as I said, slightly rough, but beautiful.

Unlike both the God-Masters and the God-Servants, the 'anomalous' young man, present in that beautiful company, whose God's name is Salvatore Dulcimascolo, does not belong to the bourgeois race at all.

His breed is clearly popular; and - given that physically she presents herself, to a barely expert glance, as southern - sub-proletarian. This is the reason why he is so isolated in the middle, he cannot merge or amalgamate with the other Gods: 'marked' by an ineliminable diversity [etc.].

He is simply accepted, both by the Gods - among whom he is hired - and by his human father: and he was able to transform this acceptance into a privilege. He doesn't hide it. Indeed, he manifests it visibly, in his look that is both threatening and bored, in his hooligan attitudes, which however always have the grace given to them (perhaps by other Gods?) Born in a poor house, in the heart of some old, dirty, desperate city southern. Probably, I add, Palermo, because if he were from some other large non-mafia city, perhaps the petty-bourgeois contagion would have transformed him more profoundly, giving him those characteristics of servility that he does not demonstrate at all. He does not lose his dignity for a single moment. If he is accepted into that world, he in turn has accepted to be hired into it. He is not a hitman (like a policeman, for example, convinced to be a servant of the rich for a small salary, passively and without alternatives). No, the God Savior Dulcimascle, he had but gave; he has but gives: his is an exchange, it is a pact. As a man of honor, of course. He values himself, by ancient instinct, and with grace: the first-born male of a Palermo mother who is proud of him. Faced with the rich who corrupt him - as a kid familiar with

corruption - he knows that he represents for them something that they cannot do without. So take it or leave it. You give me a lot and I give you a lot: we are equal. Among the circles of the Celesti he behaves with the same naturalness as in a neighborhood where poor kids go to work or turn to crime, choosing their own destiny, or undergoing it as something unique: personal and at the same time common: [therefore tragic]. Furthermore, from ancient experience as a corrupt man he knows his corruptors very well: that is, he knows their main sin, consisting precisely in the act with which they enter into relationship with him: corruption (tacit, for the most part, but ancient and therefore also 'it is always the same as itself, fatal).

In other words, the God Savior Dulcimascle is economically in the hands of the Gods, who have taken him on among themselves, but at the same time he too has the Gods in his hands: in fact he could always, at any time and for any reason, blackmail.

pag. 248

He does not know the lofty reasons, the great original sins, but certainly the small crimes - however contemplated with the greatest severity in the penal code - are well known to him, because he himself committed them on their commission.

Why did Carlo's father - who was an old anti-fascist, a Degasperian Christian Democrat, who had aged quite dignifiedly, that is, experiencing bourgeois guilt in a merely generic and innocent way - seemed to find the presence of that young man so natural?

His gaze, if it fell on him, wandering around from the Center of that Vision, did not betray any special feelings of wonder, embarrassment, etc. It seemed that he had always seen it, known it, accepted it, as one of the many habitual and daily presences in his world.

The lives of fathers always exude a <...> feeling of mystery: and that boy seemed at that moment to be one of the most enigmatic elements of this mystery. Because, as for Carlo, he had never focused his attention on such a character. Perhaps this was how his natural bourgeois racism manifested itself. He had not felt hatred, contempt, disgust, pain, misunderstanding etc.

for such a form of humanity: no, his eyes had simply never rested on it. And [it's strange] because Carlo was a man of culture; a scientist, even if he had dedicated himself not so much to science, but to applied science: he should therefore have felt at least once in his life a bit of curiosity, if nothing else intellectual, or practical, for people like Salvatore Dulcimascolo, his fathers, his mothers, his brothers, and all those like him. And it's not that he didn't lack opportunities - precisely because of his job; only recently |recently|

he had been in the Middle East, in Iraq, in Iran, where actually everyone around him -

with the exception of a few dozen people - technicians, employees and two or three ministers - they were of the race of the God Savior Dulcimasculus, even if milder or more ferocious at the same time. But Carlo's eyes had never really taken those human presences into consideration. (There must have been some good reason: something that prevented Carlo's eyes and perceptive capacity from realizing his sub-proletarian human brothers (I say brothers, since he was a Catholic). He knew that they were there, yes. And he also knew the their problem: seen from the left above all, given that it had always presented itself to him throughout his life as an abstract problem, and never once had the power to which he belonged concretely worked to put this problem on the table and resolve it. This is why it was a problem of the communists and the leftists; and therefore, the democratic, left-wing Catholic Carlo, could only pose it as such. Never once, I repeat, had he made the knowledge of this problem coincide with a person who lived it in his body. And it was from that body that his eyes fled.

pag. 249

Note 66 - Medieval garden (continued)

And it was to that body that his eyes were now drawn.

But while Carlo was about to realize it - that is, he was about to realize the body, the whole body, of the Dulcimasculine Savior God, there, now, present, living, carnal, with its smell, perhaps with its stench, with its weight, with its warmth, with its possibility of attacking or being attacked, of desiring or being desired, like a newly ripe fruit ready to be picked, or

denied, untouchable, reserved for actions that a bourgeois cannot imagine [which mythically] - here Heroism and Resignation began to sing. Their singing, sharp and sweet, popularly mannered, also ridiculous, a little, due to the [absolute] fidelity to the musical canons that [determined] it, and at the same time poignant, as it is when (once again) it attacks [suddenly] in a street along the sea, or in an alley between old [dilapidated] houses, or in a wheat field, in the thick [of trees] along ditches immersed |absorbed| in the peace of the sun -

suddenly he silenced the small, boring, reiterated chorus of the Institutions, who continued to sing in the void, undaunted, according to a cult canon, in multiple voices, perhaps an old popular tune reworked by some imitator of Hindemith, <.. .> on behalf of some ministry (and perhaps [candidate] to become the national anthem, I would add, if the Vision aspires to be exhaustive).

That song led elsewhere and into another [time. He restored] a reality as deeply forgotten as it had been deeply experienced. Oh, nothing specific: perhaps the countryside around Turin, or perhaps some other place in the countryside of the Po Valley - when the sun goes down, the evening is what it is, eternal and without alternatives - a rite to which the whole cosmos, with those one hundred, two hundred, one thousand men and women who live in that corner of the world - [among farmhouses,] fences, ancient reddish churches -

participates - with the light of the sun that loses its colors, and of the stars that re-emerge [from the sea], or behind a distant row of blue mountains edged by a white snow that separates them from the blue of the sky. At that moment a bell rings, and a voice, melancholy or cheerful, of a mother or a friend, rises to speak, indistinct, beyond domestic walls, or beyond walls or garden fences, because there is always someone who lingers at the open, in the air that is starting to become hostile, and the grass that is sadly starting to get damp.

While Carlo, an easy prey to that song, felt his heart tighten - to the point of feeling, not entirely sorry, a painful tear in his eyes - the young God Salvatore Dulcimascolo fell asleep.

He had been yawning for a while, it was obvious that he was tired, or bored, and that song, which had so much value for Carlo, was nothing more than a pleasant lullaby for him, and in short he fell asleep.

He had stretched out on the sacred grass, he had been there for a while, with his elbow pointed at the ground and the back of his head resting on the palm of his hand, chewing something between his teeth, perhaps the long, light stem of an ear of corn, then slowly he he was completely stretched out, with his forearm under his head, and had let himself go into his youthful sleep, as boys do, who believe they can exaggerate in work, or in making love, and then afterwards, at the [first occasion] collapse miserably and innocently.

The song of Heroism and Resignation - a monodic and monostrophic song, the one that two friends sing together in unison, but in reality each singing on his own - then stopped as suddenly as it had begun - and with it the vague visions of a world [buried in memory, and not even regretted, with its smell of hay, its alleys of earth or white dust, its gardens overflowing with peace, the rising or setting of its sun, the voices, the cries , the laughter or cries of its people].

He just remained there, that sleeping body.

In sleep it was even, so to speak, more corporeal. The defenses of vigil had fallen -

let's call them cultural - and only the meat was left.

It was therefore now easier for Carlo's eye to focus on it too. He only had to overcome his modesty with himself, [which] was not simple: however, although guilty, taking advantage of the fact that no one saw him, he, for the first time, not only laid his gaze on a human being like Salvatore Dulcimascolo , but he even stopped to observe it and [even] weigh it. He did it, without knowing the meaning, of course, even though he felt a profound pain: which manifested itself with tightness in his chest and a feeling of emptiness in his belly, like when you feel dizzy.

It was the dreamlike force of vision, which gave abnormal values to things: terrifying meanings to [insignificant and] common details. It was not a political or ideological interest that Carlo felt, for the first time in corpore vili, in the body of that underclass. He certainly wasn't thinking about how to resolve the southern question, or how to modify the relationship of Eni's plants with the Sicilian region, for example, or similar things; or, if he thought them, he thought them, as it were, in a second column that buzzed and vibrated in his desperate and [strangely] heavy chest.

The sleeping Salvatore Dulcimascolo had the possibility of attracting Carlo's attention precisely as a body, and as a personal body.

Carlo observed his black hair, with roots so thick as to recall the overflowing and overbearing grass that had reborn everywhere in that month of May, as if it were the first time in the history of the world; the narrow forehead, the irregular, somewhat animalistic, almost unpleasant features and on page. 251

at the same time full of the beauty of health and sexuality inherited as a good; the nose is a little hooked, the mouth is too full, the cheeks are pulled over the cheekbones; his body was long enough for a southerner, but not slender, his strength was the feline and square one of the dark boy, who will be devoured, when old, by thinness, or disfigured, more probably, by the fatness of the poor; and here is the belly, and the womb, that place of the body where Carlo's eyes were certainly more reluctant to rest, even when flying over them, and where now, more guiltily, due to the action carried out in secret, they rested. In that womb there was the purity and inviolability that the trousers of poor boys seal, as if their sex were closer to creative grace or in any case more equal and closer to the inaugural model [than any other]; the perfect repetition, by right, of a gift that is so laboriously granted to the bourgeois (and, if granted, immediately suffered, suffered, considered as undeserved, corrupt, degraded). The perfect repetition of a mechanism without the possibility of error, at a |completely worthy level| of nature which so designates it and wants it. Between the cultural sexuality of the trousers - closed by a simple zipper as if it were a <...> seal - and the natural sexuality of the body, whose conventionalized form could be glimpsed by the use of the trousers, there is it was a harmonious and perfect relationship: where nothing was against modesty or for modesty; immodesty was chaste, and chastity was immodest, the miracle was summary and crude, and

summaryness and crudeness were miraculous. Now, in his sleep, on the hard earth covered with sacred grass, perhaps due to some dream, or due to intractable youthful sexuality, the member had erected himself: Carlo's eyes, inexperienced in theory, expert in practice like those of a whore, they noticed immediately, and the perception of the image was formulated in him without words and unconsciously, according to custom: as well as the consideration that it was a stronger and larger member than those that Carlo imagined to be the average, and therefore <. ..> faithful to the mythical image that the bourgeois

[normal] has, without telling himself, some [proletarian] sex. [The trousers, slightly worn at that point, along the zipper that closed them - a slightly cloudy, slightly livid weariness, although barely perceptible - the position of the supine body being tense for the position and at the same time released for the sleep, they did not have the indefinable swelling of when the body is erect, standing, continuously changing and mobile swelling, which allows us to glimpse the power of sex ambiguously, keeping its true shape and true dimension uncertain; nor did they have the almost geometric swelling that occurs when the body is seated, or bent over, in the shape of a triangle in the first case, of a horizontally extended cylinder in the second, and in both severely unintelligible: now it was a shapeless and therefore defenseless swelling: the shape <...> that was hidden there was almost perfectly legible, in its disarming innocence.] Carlo analyzed and grasped all this in an instant, I repeat, without telling himself. He only felt more acutely, and almost unbearably, the weight that oppressed his chest, and the sense of emptiness, of contraction onto nothingness, that he felt deep in his belly. Unaware of everything page. 252

this, the God Savior Dulcimascolo, assassin of the Master Gods, was sleeping blissfully, with his head abandoned on the grass and his face a little pale, whose dark skin seemed transparent |of ebony or ivory|, framed by the open collar of black T-shirt.

pag. 253

Note 67 - The charm of fascism

I said in the previous note that there is a mystery in the life of fathers. That's not a great observation. But precisely for this reason I would like to add some variations |considerations|*. The mystery of the life of fathers is in their existence. There are even the most abstract or spiritual things

- which are experienced only through the carpus. Experienced through another body they are no longer the same.

What was experienced by the body of the fathers can no longer be experienced by ours. We try to reconstruct it, imagine it and interpret it: that is, we write its history. But history fascinates us so much (certainly more than any other science) because what is most important in it irreparably escapes us.

So |For the same reasons| we cannot experience children's problems physically; our bodies are different from theirs, and the reality experienced by their bodies is denied to us. We reconstruct it, we imagine it, we interpret it, but we don't live it. There is therefore a mystery also in the life of children: and consequently there is a continuity in the mystery (a body that experiences reality): continuity that is interrupted with us.

We know how the phenomenon happens - given that we too, in our bodies, experience reality, in all its infinity of forms: but in us the awareness of the transience of this experience is so strong that it deforms and degrades it. It therefore presents itself to us only as an experience to be used to understand the similar experiences of others: they [are] endowed with the quality denied to us, the absolute value.

Of course, we know well that the existential experiences of others are also fleeting, miserable, confused

- they haven't even begun, they've already finished. But this sense of transience becomes an element, one of the many permanent and absolute elements of the value of the bodily experiences of fathers and children.

[The sense of transience, also internal to future experiences, causes these experiences to present themselves as already past (as they are ideally so, by their nature).] Thus the mystery of the existential experience is a mystery par

excellence of the Past: not only of the Past as it appears to us in the Present (mystery of the fathers), but also of the Past as it appears to us in the Future (mystery of the children).

The continuity of the element of transience is identified with the continuity of the Past and its corporal mystery.

pag. 254

This continuity invades all of life, it is its continuous register.

The stabilization of the Present, the Institutions and the Power that defends them, are based on this feeling of the Past, as a mystery to be relived: if we did not delude ourselves into repeating the same existential experiences of our fathers, we would be seized by an intolerable anguish, we would lose the sense of us, the idea of us; and the disorientation would be absolute. Even more so since the mystery of the history of the fathers (I identified with the mystery of the history of the children.

Fascism expresses all of this in a primitive and [elementary] way: therefore it gives first place to irrational philosophy and action, which are the current and logical forms of the corporal Mystery. None of us are exempt, unscathed or free. Even when we don't want it, the Past determines the forms of life we imagine or plan for the future.

Fascism is the ideology of the powerful, the communist revolution is the ideology of the powerless. Powerful and impotent temporarily, of course. In the historical moment [in which this took place]. The powerful are also executioners, the powerless are also victims.

There is something absolute in the thoughts of the powerful who want to [stabilize] the Past; while there is something precarious in the thoughts of the victim who wants to destroy the past.

In the powerful there is no ambiguity; and so in those who decide to obey the powerful and therefore take advantage of power in return. The victims, on the other hand, are profoundly ambiguous: their decision to reject the power they have at hand, to create another in an uncertain, improbable, often idealized and utopian tomorrow, cannot help but arouse suspicion.

We can condemn the powerful (for his abuse of power, his violence, his aggression, his vulgarity) and we can condemn young people, who, having reached the moment of choice, decide to stay with the powerful, to serve them, with the aim of participating in power, and little by little, perhaps becoming truly powerful themselves: but in all this there is nothing that raises suspicion: it is, I would say, natural.

Indeed, it is difficult to think why anyone could ever think of making the opposite choice: that is, giving up following the course of life, which, putting him at the service of power, with his youthful

[boldness], ensures him power and prestige due to seniority and old age; and instead choose a life of victim, excluded from the great paternal banquet of power: of the glorious repetition of life as the Past [which perpetuates itself].

pag. 255

Note 58 - Second basic moment of the poem

[Here's how it ended in a nutshell.]

Carlo entered his room and undressed, half drunk (the permitted drunkenness of serious people). By now the Vision had remained behind, in the Garden sunk in the humidity, which now seemed almost frozen, of the night of that May. The Gods and the other Celestials, looking towards the street and the gate - motionless and frontal - now turned their backs on the house, inside which Carlo was undressing, with his hands shaking. His heart, sucked in by the drunkenness | which drunkenness had precipitated | in a dark muddy depth, he was shocked by an unknown feeling - and, although abject - and [perhaps] precisely for this reason - exhilarating, wonderful. There is a charm in Fascism that no one has ever had the courage to explain. As soon as Carlo was naked, his eyes fell on the mirror that reflected him: and suddenly, the reason for the weight that oppressed his chest and the emptiness that unpleasantly lightened his lower abdomen, under his trousers, became clear. In fact, two enormous breasts protruded from his chest; and between the legs, instead of the penis, there was nothing covered by a patch of hair: a vulva. But it was with other words - words used <...> by the

people, and which the bourgeoisie has never been able to replace - except by making them vulgar - that Carlo became aware of [his change of sex].

pag. 256

Note 59 - Passage of time

From May '72 to October of that year, nothing that was even foreseen as an Event happened. The MSI received many votes in the elections: it was even very successful, as the reader knows better than me. The socialists left the government which moved to the right, with the liberals, and Andreotti was head of the government. The old clerico-fascists raised their crest again, and a climate of restoration blew like a sirocco over Italy. But everything, at least for now, was limited to this. Which was old news. Reality, going forward on its own, as its real laws wanted, transformed Italians through new phenomena of permissiveness <...>: certain <...> acquisitions, which, with the socialists in government, were called Reforms, were have now become irreversible. Italy was headed towards the Hedonism of Consumption - [if the reader will allow me this hasty definition] - whose temple was certainly not the Church. A hedonistic fascist was a contradiction in terms. Power was caught [in the impasse] of this contradiction. What direction would he have set his mind by descending, in this case, into the Head of Government Andreotti? A more derided turn to the right - as demonstrated on the surface by the moralistic [revival] of the dying old clerical-fascists in the Judiciary, the Police, etc.? Or a more real turn to the right, along the long roads of tolerant democracy?

Power is eternally young, flexible, often doubtful and in crisis, [like everything human]. Now its lemmas were in question.

The Opposition had reorganized itself and had rediscovered a certain traditional unity based on that rhetorical idea of Power traditionally understood as 'old, idiotic, obtuse, without dilemmas'. Leftism had lost its masses, because subculture of protest against subculture of power is an antithesis that cannot fail to end with the defeat of the former. The masses of young people had enigmatically returned to the order, while visibly retaining the [traumatic] signs of its revolt of a few years earlier. However, things had turned against them. The total and intransigent condemnation that they had

pronounced without discrimination against all fathers had prevented them from having a dialectical relationship with those fathers, through which they could overcome them and move forward. Pure rejection is dry and evil. And so, through rejection, young people found themselves stuck in history. Which inevitably implied a regression. The psychological and corporal characteristics of an old unhappy bourgeoisie reappeared on them: signs that, at least to a small extent, had disappeared in their fathers: the faces of old priests, of guilty little lawyers, of empty judges, of corrupt sergeants, etc. were seen again.

pag. 257

etc.: this in the most defenseless of those young people, naturally. In the 'mass' there was nothing but discontent, neurosis, ignorance, aggression: integration did not pay for betrayal.

The drawing closer of the periphery to the centre, of the province to the capitals, had meanwhile also destroyed the various, particular popular cultures. The outskirts of Rome or the poor lands of the South, the small traditional cities and the peasant regions of the North, no longer produced their own human models, born precisely from their old cultures; human models to oppose to those offered by the centre, as forms of resistance and freedom - even if old and poor. The model was now unique: it was the one that the centre, through the press and television, [softly] imposed. And since it was a petty-bourgeois model, the immense quantity of poor young people who tried to adapt to it were frustrated |humiliated|. There was no longer any popular, <...> alternative <...> pride. Indeed, the extra thousand lire that well-being had stuffed into the pockets of young proletarians had made those young proletarians foolish, presumptuous, vain, evil. It is only in poverty that the goodness of man is manifested, even illusorily. There was no young man among the common people who did not now have a grin of self-sufficiency imprinted on his face, who no longer looked anyone in the eye, or who did not walk with his eyes lowered, like a schoolgirl, to demonstrate dignity, confidentiality and morality.

There was no longer any curiosity at all. Everything was already necessarily known. There was only the nervous anxiety that made one look ugly and pale - to consume one's slice of [cake]. Added to this were long hair, or

rather hair styled as if on filthy masks, with pulls, pigtails, bangs, rolled tufts: an irrepressible deformation, which presented itself as a result achieved through ineffable efforts, and which even replaced the word. Old whores, sluts of the Twenties, or thoughtless Santoni, the common boys imitated the students in this masquerade which made them spend the best years of their lives as [buffoons, ashamed] of the beardless splendor of their skin, <...> lightened by the old proud and innocent tufts, by the virile and humble shorn necks of the times of Poverty.

Among the educated men there was not one who had the courage to raise his voice to protest against all this. The risk of unpopularity was more scary than the old risk of truth. Moreover, specialized culture was also worthy of its time: by now its internal organization was definitively pragmatic: intellectual products were products like the others: they defined themselves through success or failure, and their heuristic was in their existence, as things or facts: bets lost or won. Bad faith was ideologized as an element of the way of being cultured or even poets. Some 'Groups' - also psychologically and physically similar to a bourgeoisie that seemed finished forever - made 'literary power' their declared and direct aim, not only without shame, but even simultaneously managing a moralistic function, page. 258

terrorist and blackmailer, deduced, with unprecedented brazenness, from pathetically defeated leftism.

The only reality that pulsated with the rhythm and anxiety of the truth was that - ruthless - of production, of the defense of the currency, of the maintenance of the old institutions still essential to the new power and they were certainly not the schools, nor the hospitals, nor the churches.

pag. 259

Note 60 - The incarnation of Salvatore Dulcimascolo

Carlo, as a man of power of course, as a public man, lived for all those months just as enigmatically as the Government to which he had given his technical support, in an unspoken, much less written, exchange. His was a state of suspension. To fascist violence -

as Great News - prudence had succeeded, advising to wait: not so much to do something, but to not do something: for example, not to make the mistake of overestimating fascism and readmitting it into the area of decisions [of power]. On the other hand, Carlo kept his breasts and his female genital organs, well guarded inside his old grisaille or tweed clothes, which, after some disorder in previous years, tended to resume their classic line, even if the hair did not they were still shorn with the shade... After the attempt at change or increase in power, as a 'pure proposal', which occurred in that May full of anxieties, and now, as a matter of fact, irreversible, Carlo had remained firm in his rank : what he had achieved with his trip to [Syria and other Arab countries] (where Eni had always preceded the State). In reality, nothing had happened: if not the irreversible fact of that tacit proposal.

Precisely as a consequence of the suspension (which did not mean renunciation) and the possibility (always open) of that First fact, there happened - as if by pure chance, with a cordial, light, disengaged, camaraderie air in the parliamentary manner - a Second fact. A second dinner. This time the Trentino deputy was joined by a southern (Neapolitan) deputy with the white name of Tortora, as host. While the remaining 'small company' remained unchanged. The thing was born cheerfully, casually, in a meeting xxx xxx xxx. Thrown there, the proposal of no importance, it came true, thanks to the unanimous, obstinate will of everyone. Who knows what was going through the minds of the four Sicilians, the two deputies and the two unidentified men of power. The fact is that they were invited by Tortora to Toulà, for an October evening: warm, with anxious stars on the alert, yet resigned to the worst.

Tortora had practically always booked a table at Toulà; and so the company sat around the white tablecloth, placing their heavy asses wrapped <...> in dark fabrics on the chairs reserved for the great of the earth, capable however of very modest earthly dinners. There was a lot of talk: but certainly not about Restivo, for example. Late everyone was happy, and the Sicilians began to caress their tablemates, patting them affectionately on the cheeks. In Tortora, on page. 260

taking those pats, the [sacristan] expression on the round face behind the clever glasses was accentuated. They didn't dare pat the honorable Trentino or caress him, even as servants to masters; nor, in truth, to Carlo, with his icy

northern hair, blond around his gloomy forehead, with his deep dark circles under his eyes, no less gloomy, and his mouth with large protruding teeth from which came a dry conversation conditioned by habit. to technical terminology. Neither Buscetta, nor Vassallo, nor Buttitta, nor Gallina, could ever have imagined that, behind that dryly clear northern face, and under those virilely impeccable clothes, the body of a woman, of a female, was hidden!

This Toulà, so pompously official and dedicated exclusively to political power, was not such a divine place: the old air was quite sad, and everything was a bit crammed in: the waiters carefully dressed in black with bow-ties, the bar in a small narrow space to the right of the entrance, the carefully laid tables naturally gave a sense of luxury and high privilege; but, so to speak, in that low room, where you went down, entering through a door that was almost like a bureaucratic building, through two or three steps, with other small, higher 'séparés' around it, the squalor of everything that is state, and therefore where power par excellence dwells. So even the wardrobe was narrow and narrow: the coats were hung in a closet that opened directly onto a small desk, in a small corridor where two or three people would have been squeezed together. Leaving, Carlo and the others queued in front of that small cloakroom, where the attendants pompously paid them their respects in parsimonious silence and almost contemplation (while a funny air of ironic complicity roamed their overly expressive pupils). When it was Carlo's turn to put on his coat - amidst the exuberant chatter of the

[mafiosi], already stuffed into their enormous, shiny furs and leathers - he noticed the young servant assigned to that task.

The gaze of that servant, first of all, <...>, was already focused on Carlo, when Carlo noticed him: it was the gaze of someone who 'already knew': not precisely an accomplice, but willing, immediately, or always, to become one. It was a declaration of willingness to complicity. However, he was not servile. It was simply the look of someone who - despite knowing full well his own social inferiority - proposes to a pact as an equal to an equal, in which however he would not transgress his subordinate condition, consisting for example in caring for the person of his superior - who would become in a certain way, his protégé. Like a son he is protected by his mother: by a

mother perhaps who, despite having other dubious, ambiguous thoughts in her head <...>, is nevertheless willing to sacrifice

<...> for the love of his creature, to be taken care of even in the most humble needs, poop, panties...

Yes, the look of that servant - who, from the comradely relationships of the others, already close to him, appeared to be called Carmelo - was a maternal look: and so were his gestures: the moment he put in page. 261

the coat to Carlo, even seemed to envelop him in an embrace - a light but overbearingly possessive embrace: the protective tenderness was also that which the executioner can have, as usual, with the victim. He was not very young, he had certainly already been a soldier for some years: his body, which would one day become fat, however still had the flourishing character of early youth, in which everything is softness and power: his face, already a little marked, it was that of a young man, exclusively such, and nothing else: and his youth, presenting itself as a strength, had the same function as his maternal attitude, which imposed, with silent violence, its own protective affection. Thus the youth seemed to want to place themselves under the orders of those who needed them, almost out of arrogance; tacit, of course. The only physical defect consisted in the fact that this maternal young man had already begun to lose the hair on his forehead, which already appeared almost completely uncovered up to the middle of his skull: however, his hair was still beautiful, flowing and wavy, as it is in virile men. mother's children who come from the people [more people], from the depths of sub-proletarian poverty, which combines, in an involuntary and poignant feeling of tragedy, <...> sexual destiny and death, military service and delinquency <. ..>. With an almost cloying smile, Carmelo then helped Carlo put on his coat, looking at him as if he knew him, or as if he knew something about him: in short, as if between them there should be - if there wasn't already - a certain friendliness and [sweet] complicity.

Carlo had completely lost his mind in those moments. His northern blond hair became, if possible, even harder and more gloomy, and, almost with bad humor and poorly contained anger (due to reasons of another and superior nature) he let a large tip slip into Carmelo's hand: which felt large, plump, hot, hard and helpful.

Note 61 - Attendance at Toulà

Although until then he had not been a customer, Carlo began to frequent the Toulà, and his situation immediately became embarrassing. You don't go alone to Toulà, and only to eat. It's very difficult to find the table. The Hon. Tortora is at home, and meeting him - without having calculated it - is embarrassing: how do you show him that you are - you can be alone - lost in a big city - outside the iron circle of political maneuvers, which require ease, good humour, aggression, and above all company - in front of any international dish, chicken or boiled beef? The Hon. Tortora is there, with his noisy company of Christian Democrat politicians from the province, who, at the table, demonstrate a noisy sense of security, which is the other side of prudent tastings, <...> power relations etc. <...> in official places: that if they result in defeats, around the Toulà table they are gloriously minimized and laughed at; if they are victories, they are hooliganistically enjoyed, [and if the phrase "we screwed their ass" is not always uttered, that is the meaning of the speeches.] The Hon. Tortora can also, having lost all restraint, due to the excess of that confidence, take out the yellow envelope that comes from the Vatican, perhaps directly from a person close to the Pope, in the (unspoken) name of the Pope himself, in which he congratulates the senior Christian Democratic leaders for their courageous fight in defense of morality, say, and for the repression of rampant sexual freedom, etc.

Being alone there is like saying: "Slaughter me." But of course the hon. Tortora and the others filtered everything through the aggressiveness of their triumphalistic good humor, and accused nothing, [taken by]

an intoxicating [blindness]

Naturally the complicity between Carlo and Carmelo had become more intense, and, above all, more justified: by now the gesture with which Carmelo slipped Carlo's coat was a ritual, and the thanks with which Carmelo took Carlo's substantial tip in his large hand [more than an 'Amen' it was a

'Introibo']: but nothing [damaged] the helpful virility of the honorable young man, who, if he bowed and crawled before the powerful, did so because - I repeat it once again - he had an equal dignity to put on that scale , which sooner or later would weigh their giving and taking.

pag. 263

Note 62 - Carmelo: his availability and his dissolution

One evening Carmelo, after having stretched out one hand to silently take the tip, extended, with a quick furtive move that Carlo was not used to, his other hand as well. Carlo mechanically grabbed what Carmelo held out to him. It was a small piece of paper. He didn't understand; he put it in his pocket; he too with the quick and furtive gesture that he had learned at that very moment, like a lesson that can immediately be applied. His eye, although fleeting like that of a businessman who can only quickly put on his coat, to quickly leave, naturally ignoring the cloakroom attendant, managed to catch something unexpected in Carmelo's face: a slight blush. But, perhaps due to Carmelo's ability, innocently due to his very ancient philosophy of being poor, that blush, which perhaps was of shame, presented itself as a blush of satisfaction, or, better, of joy.

As he left, Carlo, with his coat still fluttering, couldn't stop himself from glancing back again. Carmelo was already busy with something else, in a distraction that suddenly revealed all his substantial mystery, the mystery of a profoundly foreign person: but as soon as he noticed that look of the Lord, he immediately resumed again that shining childish and sub-proletarian smile of his that had made him turn slightly red, on the brown of his Sicilian skin, [which, at first ease, had immediately melted] from the gloom of the assassin or from the dazzling joy of the caruso |picciotto|, who laughs without knowing why: and he had immediately adopted that virile kindness towards the rich, as if wealth by its nature could only feminize: a kindness, it is evident, polite and hypocritical, and alluding [with allusion] to a [maternal] tenderness which, as soon as it is requested, would have been granted.

As soon as he was outside, Carlo took a quick, furious look at the note. There was only one number written: a telephone number.

It wasn't easy for a man who had been a man for forty years to suddenly behave like a woman. So the days that followed were [tremendous] for Carlo. The telephone became a monstrous mechanism, a little window into an infernal, cosmic darkness. A thousand times he was on the verge of calling, and a thousand times he gave up, just like in love stories. While - and this must be absolutely clear - love had nothing to do with that matter. [It is not true that sex and love are one thing: indeed, they are almost always two completely dissociated things. Even if it is true that there is always a drop of love. Even in the two minutes it takes to fuck on page. 264

walking a whore in a meadow full of shit and waste. It wasn't love that kept Carlo from calling, with his calculations and his worries.] It was, simply, sexual shame, the terror of admitting that in his lower abdomen there was a terrible contraction, to take your breath away, to desire to run any risk - even death - just to find peace, for just an instant: to receive the full healer, the manna, the charisma in the aching void; Carmelo's cock, certainly swollen with virility, blindly |obtusely| leaning towards fertilization (although ignoring this |end| function due to youthful recklessness and selfishness).

It is incredible that against such a desire, so poignant as to make one desire, in fact, death, cold reasoning such as that which safeguards one's own dignity could have force: such as that which wants at all costs to make others believe that, for certain things , you don't suffer, you don't even dream of suffering.

These are things that seem to happen at the time when Forster was writing Maurice, in the England of 1914, rather than in the Italy of the end of '72. But for Carlo (if the reader really needed [these justifications]) everything started from scratch, and he knew nothing about this type of relationship, absolutely nothing: like when, as a plump boy and vaguely eunuch, he left his native Alessandria , to go to Turin: where he would learn nothing more. Calling Carmelo meant not only revealing one's unseemly desire to him and oneself, but also placing oneself in the hands of a stranger: perhaps a murderer, perhaps a blackmailer, or in any case a racially different custodian of one's secret, who it was a bourgeois tragedy.

[Enough.] Naturally Carlo ended up calling Carmelo, at the time he supposed he would be at home, breakfast time. Carmelo's voice rang for the

first time in Carlo's ears: it was a much more Sicilian voice than he had imagined, and also much more popular. To express himself in Italian he could only pronounce Sicilian more clearly and slowly: for example, instead of saying "ci" he would say an almost gallantly pronounced "gni", or to say 'entertain' he would say, a little quickly, because maybe he felt something was wrong,

«to have fun». Carlo - as in naturalistic novels - had a kind of dizziness, and he 'felt he was sinking'; while the other, [sedative], continued to talk, making exact arrangements for the appointment, without any meanness, any vulgarity. [They found themselves at a 'corner' which for Carmelo <...> the most natural and innocent place in the world: the corner was a wall, along a former avenue now incorporated by the city and which, according to Carmelo's indications, led to a place called Casal Bertone.] Behind that wall we couldn't [understand] what there was, a warehouse, an abandoned factory, who knows. The night dominated there. At the corner there was a traffic light: and that former avenue crossed there; precisely with a street called Via Prenestina. The traffic on this street, at that moment, was indescribable. An endless row of cars stood still in front of that traffic light, pag. 265

like a drainage canal that had its source in the center of the city (a center that seemed cosmically distant to Carlo). Beyond the traffic lights, on one side there were small black lawns, with the remains of some shacks on them, and, behind them, tarred walls of blocks of flats that were lost in the sky full of a clear, cold and bluish vapour. In the middle of an open space in front of [those buildings], in a vague piece of land on which a Circus (yes, a Circus) had pitched its tents, there was a small isolated pink building: it was a very glittering bar, which, since it corresponded to a tram stop, it was full of passing crowds, old and elderly, as well as a [small gathering of 'regulars'], young people, with their filthy long hair on the small shoulders of stunted people, or on those [lardy] of fatties. Further back there was a terminus full of buses, a cinema, and, well, hell. Carlo was stopped with his car next to the pavement where parking was evidently prohibited, given the proximity of the traffic lights. But what can we do? Next door there was a urinal, a florist and a newsagent, not to mention another less important bus stop under an old tree that had survived who knows what time: so there was a lot of comings and goings around Carlo's car.

Just the right place for someone who wanted to be alone, to sink into the center of the earth. The desire to be possessed by Carmelo was a question of life and death for Carlo; yet although the probability that this would soon occur was great, Carlo was as if stiffened and frozen: <...> the Jesuses of possession that his imagination presented to him were extremely poor. Yet, when Carmelo appeared, or rather, manifested himself through his body appearing on the street corner, everything once again became so mysterious and complicated, so frighteningly rich, that Carlo almost fainted. Carmelo, on the contrary, seemed to take the matter very naturally. Who knows how many times he had slipped into cars that were waiting for him at some corner. Who knows how many times he had performed those erotic gestures, unbuttoning his trousers, taking it out, etc. which <...> seemed so supreme to Carlo.

“Hi,” she said to him, getting into the car. She addressed him firsthand. «Unni shall we go?» he then said, enunciating his pathetic Sicilian, which however, corrected by his physical presence and his vaguely unctuous smile, had lost some of his purity. Where to go? But Carlo believed that he knew Carmelo. That Carmelo was willing to go to any place on earth, to any house the Lord could think of, was another reason for wonder for Carlo, who he did not know and would never have suspected the existence of such availability. How long

[the little boy was presumably protected and settled, it was incredible that he had preserved the freshness of the poor man available for anything so intact. That he didn't have any organizational difficulties to oppose; no psychological resistance. He came with Carlo like an animal, a young beast so disinterested in the human world that even being taken to the slaughterhouse is something that doesn't seem to concern him: and therefore it all falls on the man's conscience. So to speak.

pag. 266

Carlo, as a woman, imagined that Carmelo would take the initiative. That he knew well where he would take him; perhaps to murder him, or blackmail him, and do who knows what to him. Instead, Carmelo put himself in his hands. Apart from the fact that Carlo didn't have the slightest idea where to go ([and the reader] excuse me for this new insertion of lived speech). In a

hotel? His hair stood on end just thinking about it: the entrance before the eyes of the doorman, the cashier, the porter...

The identity card! A dubious little hotel? Carlo didn't know about it, and moreover he had a terror of it that simply prevented him from considering the possibility. Going to his house then meant for him to automatically, and without the possibility of consolation, make Carmelo a murderer or a blackmailer [without taking the neighbors into account]. He tried to say these things to Carmelo, with a cracked voice that had suddenly become more northern than he remembered it having: certain words were pronounced with the Piedmontese pronunciation of the caricatures, [of the myth]

comedian from the region.

Carmelo also immediately adapted to these difficulties. He really had a [tremendous] innocence. He said:

«I know a place. A good place. I love 'nè!»

It had fallen like a fog in the air. <...> she It coagulated around the lights of the traffic lights, in the center, and in the infinite row of street lamps of the large roads that crossed there. But even each of the countless red or white lights in the crowded rows of cars had around it, like a halo, a few whiskers of that haze. The lights in the windows of the houses, lined up against the skies, without prospects, piled up row upon row, now very high, now very low, on corners still dark and muddy, were all veiled in black. [No one paid any attention. The fog united them, immersed them in the same world, where insolent and confident they floundered. The virgin Carlo was terrified of it. But the

'naturalistic' heartbeat, which hammered in her brain, flooding it with blood, was even stronger than that terror that rose around her like a wall of fog.] Her eye had fallen on Carmelo's body. Carmelo, taking a cigarette out of his pocket, had messed up a little

the order of his clothing, a splendid new raincoat, white and stiff, short above the knee and with a large sports collar that framed his Sicilian neck: a

flap of this coat had risen, elegantly, and left one thigh exposed (wrapped in a pair of tartan-patterned trousers) while the other layer remained to cover the leg up to the knee, but stretched taut.

[Thus, under the rigid raincoat opened in that way, one could glimpse the point where Carmelo's thighs met: but everything was immersed in a deep, impenetrable darkness. The raincoat shone white above the thighs wrapped in a virile fabric that was actually too colorful for them; truly Scottish king: but the light only reached, weakly, shaving one of these two thighs, the most exposed, while the womb was in the dark, protected by an infernal darkness of which Carmelo, innocently, was unaware. But, as soon as the car moved, detaching itself from the page. 267

sidewalk with its sad urinal, the light penetrated the darkness impalpably, and a certain swelling in the folded button of the trousers - of which even Carmelo, innocently, had not the slightest awareness - was illuminated for a few moments by a small strip of light, who knows as if penetrated into that cave, where Carmelo guarded the innocent naturalness of his virility - with his legs open, and the hand that rested between them every now and then, large, hard, heavy, with the cigarette between his fingers.]

They took a long road, neither old nor new, which was covered by an infinite series of festoons of colored lights |small light bulbs| in the shape of frontispieces, with silhouettes of crosses or other religious symbols in the center. They came to another traffic light similar to the previous one, but the road, coming from the center, was narrower, and downhill, and even more [crammed] with cars. They walked along this road, towards the opposite side of the centre, between old houses, mixed with some new buildings, overlooking with its lights as if lit on empty interiors; and old streets, to the right and to the left, which disappeared into the darkness, as if among the remains of a countryside reduced to a mass of mud. Further up the road it widened, and the streets that disappeared, perpendicular, into the darkness, were wider, with low walls and metal fences. The plaster of the houses was the ancient one, brown or blue. [And, over all this there was black fog.]

"Come on, come on," Carmelo said calmly, making a gesture with his hand that no bourgeois would ever know how to make; and which one could not fail to obey. The road, under the fog, had become a broad road; on the left,

scattered in the darkness, there were large buildings, colleges or flower nurseries, on the right there was the immense void of a dark prairie, on which the haze cleared, allowing a glimpse at the end of the prospect, full of buildings, of a 'other part of the city. And there, on that backdrop like a wall of light concrete and reddish windows along the horizon, the moon was born, in an oblong gash in the haze. The lips of that gash were as if whitened; and the light of the rising moon cast an earthy violet, a cadaverous whiteness. At the end of the deserted avenue along the prairie, there rose dark, studded with faintly luminous window holes, the shapes of yet another, older neighbourhood, from which a tram was advancing, rattling, which, in a not very reassuring contrast, was [new mint]. In front of the concrete shelter of that tram, also new, suspended as if in the void, between the old disused road, covered in crusts <...>, and the new avenue just built, Carmelo, with a displeased look, however, he motioned to stop the car.

On the embankment, in front of the enormous dark meadow dripping under the infernal mist, there was a long row of small pine plants; even on the ground, on the asphalt of the main road there were a dozen of them. Among these derelict trees, full of the sadness of their mountains, and of that, even more intolerable |depressing|, of the poor apartments of those neighborhoods - where they would have been covered with festoons and colored balls - a small fire was lit: it flickered weakly, as if . 268

those of whores, [on similar roadsides]. Around this fire there were dirty children

[tattered] and black as charcoal burners. They stood still, looking towards the street. One was already almost a teenager, and, perhaps precisely for this reason, because he already knew life with its humiliations, and the place that everyone must take, he stood aside, with the foreign air of someone who does his job . The other two, however, were smaller, still children. And for this reason their eyes were turned towards the street, bright with poorly concealed curiosity, with expectation. They were covered in rags, some trousers <?

>, light summer clothes, and woolen t-shirts from whose high, loose collars, dirty necks peeked out, tender like those of the weakest animals. The faces were transparent, due to congenital weakness, and while one had the virile

and mischievous glint in his eyes that would have made him a thief or a criminal, the other had two bewildered eyes, like that of a bourgeois son trying to save his life. dignity. They were looking straight at Carlo's car, immobile in the position they were in when they turned around. The flashing fire illuminated their faces black with smoke, in which their eyes glittered, oblique, motionless, expressionless. There was also a fourth, which was not noticeable at first. He was in fact lying on some bags piled up near the fire, on the damp weed, and was [wrapped] in a blanket. From that kennel, only his face emerged, pale, almost yellow and round. His eyes too looked towards Carlo's car: but sleep overcame him, and his eyelids fell over his pupils which were clouding over as if blinded.

«Turn around», said Carmelo, thoughtfully, with the certainty of a guide who, after having carefully observed, realizes that the trail is not good, and has to take another one. Carlo, obedient as a tourist, obeyed him. He started the car again, and, out of blind obedience, made a U-bend on the avenue <...>, then retracing it in the opposite direction. A few hundred meters ahead, Carmelo ordered again: "Stove to the left." And Carlo, as if suffocated by the pleasure of obeying him blindly, submissively, turned down a small road, which behind a similar group of buildings, turned towards the darkness, probably along another side of the immense lawn bordered by the avenue. In fact it was like this: after two or three sharp bends the little road passed over a bridge, along a pile of shacks, and then went straight towards the serrated neighborhood, with the large dome, and the long wound of the cloud above the horizon. - which had appeared, before, on the right, at the end of that [meadow the size of an airfield].

Along the edge of this meadow, once again, fires were shining, above the humps bristling with winter grass, piles of rubbish, and dirt. Very far from each other, like sentry signals.

Next to the first one could see, in a halo of colored light and streams of black smoke - because tires were burning - the whore, with her red skirt short to her thighs, and her black handbag. Next to him was a customer, with his back turned, with some poor old man's clothes hanging off him page. 269

wide on the curved body. Even next to the other distant fires, if you look closely, you can see sparse dark figures.

"Stop here," Carmelo said calmly. They were in the space that divided the first two fires, along a [dark] and high stretch of the edge, behind which the soaked humps of the meadow stretched out <...>. Carlo stopped the car near the half-open gate of a long fence. <...> Behind there was the void of a sports field. Behind this there was a torn hedge, devoured by winter, but still full of leaves: and, behind that, another neighbourhood. Of low buildings, this, of shacks, with

[some] three or four-storey house, built by some master builder, bare, gray without plaster.

But that neighborhood was also immense, and, with its windows melancholy lit, it [rose]

against a part of the sky where the sun, which had already set many hours ago, had left its mysterious, incurable trace of light.

Carmelo got out of the car, adjusting his elegant white trench coat with the raised collar with the air of a roguish male. His eyes were almost laughing at him. Carlo followed him, and found himself naked in the middle of the air - strangely warm - of that neighborhood which reminded him of the cities of the Middle East, Damascus or the outskirts of Cairo, where, in fact, he had been like a foreigner, condemned to feel around everything itself as exotic, separate from history. He followed Carmelo, beyond the short edge, into the meadow, which stretched as far as the eye could see towards other distant lights. The blind pleasure of obeying took away from him all the anxiety of a bourgeois, who only knows that that whole world exists: but he is careful not to deepen his knowledge of it in any way. On the other hand, the mystery of greater virility and fullness [of life], which he attributed - as a racist - to the quality of life of those poor neighborhoods, was the same one he attributed to Carmelo: and in the face of which therefore, one he felt inferior (and, at that moment, happy to be so). <...> Carmelo turned towards him, and there he gallantly held out his hand, to help him go up and down those muddy hills, bristling with stones and tufts of filthy grass. At that sudden gallant - and somewhat ostentatious - gesture of help and protection, Carlo entered as if into a trance: he said nothing, demonstrated nothing: obedience had to be blind, total. Carmelo's kindness was only proof of his strength. His desire for

possession made use of that chivalrous and ceremonious gesture - which concealed a real popular grace -

to further subjugate the consenting victim: whom he protected in that way as if to reassure and tame her. All this gave Carlo such a strong emotion that he began to tremble, and almost cry, from an exhilarating form of strange gratitude. He diligently followed his guide, who gently led him - with his large hand which he held tightly without realizing it - to that rugged place which was familiar to him and [which Carlo experienced for the first time].

pag. 270

Beyond the line of the whores' fires, which disappeared sparsely towards the distant new neighbourhood, shining on the haze, like the crenellated wall of an ancient city, the humps of the lawn ceased, and the ground became flatter. Carmelo released Carlo's hand and led the way at a quicker pace. After a few hundred meters, they came to a large metal fence, torn here and there. Here, depressions opened up in the ground, with thicker and cleaner grass. It was about the center of that great expanse of land, and all around, far away, against their different skies, the lights of the various neighborhoods shone. (The mountains of the Castles had also appeared, slightly more [dense] shadows in the black-blue of the sky, because the moon, along the very long and thin gash of the clouds, now shone brighter, almost victorious over the [mist] that covered the earth .)

“Here,” Carmelo said. And he lay down on his side on the grass, leaning on his elbow. He looked at Carlo with a kind of irony, which however was affectionate, and partly also intended for himself.

Carlo, attentive and silent, lay down next to him, with his head down. His heartbeat was inside him like the thunder of a waterfall: and the emptiness at the bottom of his belly was a contraction that almost gave a <...> spasm, <...> which Carlo would have wanted to last though eternal. Carmelo didn't mean it that way, though. And this gave Carlo a new leap of joy to his heart. The joy was almost unbearable; and it should not have been revealed. Silence had to be strictly observed.

Carmelo therefore had another claim, that of leaving Carlo there, pining while waiting.

In fact, with a worsening of his ironic smile - which perhaps hid a little embarrassment this time - he took Carlo's hand, almost afraid of disrespecting him, with the delicacy one has for the victim, and slowly drawing him towards him, so that the strength or arrogance with which he did it was not evident, he carried it under the white hem of the trench coat which still covered, taut, his lap, between his legs spread wide as when one is lying on the grass. Before her he placed it lightly, still holding it tightly in hers, always as if he were afraid of doing something inappropriate - [weak] too in the face of her need. Then he released his fist, but continued to press the back of Carlo's hand with his calloused palm. [At first] the pressure was very light and uncertain, [although] insistent. Carlo's whole body was infected by that contact [which was not]

he had no intention of stopping, on the contrary, little by little he became stronger, then brutally, almost suddenly, forcing Carlo's hand to press on that [heap] of flesh that his tight trousers compressed on his lap. The pressure now so strong that Carlo felt on the back of his hand, and which spread <...> over his entire body, had brought his anxiety [unbearable to the limit of] endurance: a [raptus] of happiness and gratitude shook him all over (in his prostrate silence) almost like the symptom of an epileptic attack. His eyes were clouded by it, and almost blinded; and he didn't dare raise them on Carmelo, who certainly, with his ironic smile - now a little less calm and less able to mask his different emotion as a man - was staring at him. The pressure on the page 271

back of his hand was almost more exhilarating than the pressure that his hand in turn was forced to make on Carmelo's lap. It was the first time that his hand had pressed a virile sex, but the violence that forces him to do so was even more exhilarating than that discovery: once again Carlo would have liked that moment to never end. But once again - according to a kind of calculation that must have been very familiar to Carmelo - the boy expressed his new claim.

He forced Carlo to widen his hand, which he had crushed in his lap and shrunken: he spread his fingers, so as to let him [grip] that flesh that his

trousers tightly wrapped. He still couldn't identify the simple shape, with that casual grasp: perhaps Carlo's hand was gripping the bottom of the member, between the testicles <...>. Then, patiently, now sure of himself, Carmelo helped him, moving Carlo's hand against that secret that was well known only to him. First he pushed his prey's hand down, towards the bottom, over the testicles, soft but [as if slightly hardened] by the tight binding of his trousers, then, slowly, he pulled it onto him, making him squeeze the part with his fingers

[tough]. Carlo seemed to sink into the earth in amazement: what his fingers were holding was not what he expected. [He expected <...> a member like his, or like that of some of his schoolmates, whom he had just glimpsed, in the toilets, or in the changing rooms of the sports fields. This one, however, was much bigger, <...> and as if it were made of another material: it was another sex, exactly what the myth of the people made Carlo imagine, but abstractly, however, not concretely.]

And, furthermore, from that massive proboscis, tender and hard as stone at the same time, emanated a [deep] warmth, which, through Carlo's fingers that pressed it, invaded, once again, the whole body, flooding it with a joy thirsty [for death]. And it wasn't over yet. Carmelo, still victoriously maneuvering Carlo's hand, now pulled it upwards, so that his member was measured in its entire length, according to his virile need, as well as according to the carnal pleasure that the grasp of that obedient hand gave him. . It evidently took a few moments for this length to be covered; but to Carlo it seemed like an eternity, because this time too the measurement was beyond his imagination. If the boys of the people had to have a member larger and more powerful than that of their masters far from nature, now that member was there, confirming a normal and current opinion: yet this confirmation was more astonishing than if it had been a discovery unexpected: because reality, as we know, is always bigger than our heads. The hem of the trench coat, meanwhile, had slipped down, beyond the knee of Carmelo's raised left leg: and his lap emerged from the dense darkness in which he had until now been enveloped. The moonlight that flooded the meadow reached there: the two long-thighed legs separated elegantly, and, at their attachment, Carlo could see his own hand, pressed by Carmelo's, touching the untouchable, however leaving him as strangely untouched and immaculate. Suddenly - now on page. 272

completely in control of himself - Carmelo removed his hand from Carlo's, leaving it alone on his lap. He aimed her at the grass, and sat down better, spreading her legs even further. The embarrassment had disappeared from the affectionate and complicit ironic smile with which he looked at Carlo: and his will was now brutally evident. Carlo had to do it alone. Once again submissive, obedient, clearly without his own will, moved almost to tears, with his head down, Carlo satisfied him. He began to move his hand up and down on his own along that warm member tightened by his trousers. He mechanically continued to do what Carmelo had pushed him to do the first time, that is, to measure it, from bottom to top. And every time he felt the initial emotion: the sense of his immensity. Indeed, by repeating the gesture <...> that is, aware of what he was doing with that gesture: measuring something that would have seemed immeasurable to him - his pleasure continued to increase: by now his bowels were undone and he was caught in the painful whirlpool .

But a sudden outburst from Carmelo scared him: the boy had in fact suddenly pulled back, almost in anger. Carlo was filled with terror that someone would arrive who had seen them; or that Carmelo had suddenly, who knows for what mysterious reason, decided to stop that game; or even that he wanted to harm him, throw him to the ground, steal his money, kill him. Instead Carmelo had pulled back so eagerly, with so much impatience, just to unbutton his trousers. He unbuttoned them all, carefully, finally undid the belt, and pulled down his white briefs with an effort, completely revealing his belly. Carlo just had time to see the apparition: the member that stood proudly erect, madly straining to reach who knows where, emerging from the burnt tuft of hair that was lost inside his trousers. It was perhaps a little less enormous than it had seemed to the touch, under the fabric of the trousers: but equally enormous, and above all perfect, as if worked by a [wonderful] craftsman: white, in the moonlight, yet gilded by a livid allspice brown, the glans completely exposed, almost the same color as the rest, only pinker, a brownish pink, and the skin - which covers it when the member is not erect - was completely tense, perfectly revealing its shape: it seemed not just freshly washed - which would already have been humiliating and prosaic - but as clean and immaculate as always. Carlo, I repeat, was just in time to see his appearance when Carmelo's hand rested on the back of his neck.

It was, again, pressure. That is, the presence of the force of another body on a part of Carlo's body. This pressure meant command and possession. It meant Carmelo's willingness not to have the intention of letting the prey escape, now that he had it in his hands, and that even with respect and delicacy - almost with gallantry - he would not admit contradictions.

If the pressure on the hand had been shocking, almost paralyzing - like that of a master on the tamed beast - the pressure on the back of the neck almost made Carlo lose consciousness. What did that hand, large and massive, resting on his delicate nape of the bourgeois neck that he had always been page want? 273

weak and made ridiculous before himself by his complexes and his duties? His entire history seemed to no longer exist: the strength of a body exercised with such overbearing delicacy on him through that palm of a calloused hand, reduced him too to a body: a body re-evaluated by the fact that it could be a source, albeit a miserable one. , of pleasure. Furthermore, the back of the neck proved to be an infinitely more sensitive point than the hand, and it reacted to the pressure giving Carlo a kind of prostration so shocking that Carlo already felt himself despairing at the idea that it would soon be over, and he now regretted it as if it were something lost. forever...

It should be noted that Carlo continually resisted the poignant naturalistic feelings to which he was inevitably prey, objectively. More than a late-romantic character, described in the "1880 writing", he was a character of De Sade - of a presumed De Sade - in which a senile but persistent streak of ironic fatuity desecrates the most atrocious sexual act, being nothing else , this, that the realization, rationally predictable, of a plan: a realization so predictable as to give, in the act, almost a certain boredom, arouse a certain ironic temptation to yawn, to dissociate, that is |in other words|, from the prosaic and by the banality that characterize the realization compared to the reason that plans it.

Now, in reality, nothing of what happened to Carlo that evening, in that hollow in the ground, above the grass and the dirt, next to that torn metal fence, under that moon that shone all the stronger the more cadaverous the his pallor - was predictable for him. Indeed, above all it was something infinitely superior to his imagination.

Yet a thread of irony, almost a sense of comedy, never completely abandoned Carlo to the supreme and dramatic things he was experiencing.

A kind of comic satisfaction coexisted in him with the wonderful dizziness and the shocking contrition of an obedient slave to which Carmelo's pressure on the back of his neck forced him19.

So Carmelo's hand pressed the back of Carlo's neck, throwing him into a state of confusion which, if prolonged, could have bordered on hypnosis or delirium. Carlo believed he had to interpret that sign as Carmelo's desire for him to touch his sex, now alive and naked. He reached out and grabbed it. With clumsiness, that is, by mystifying with unconscious cunning the inability of the woman who, not possessing it, does not know the sensations of the male member: furthermore, of the woman, certainly unconsciously, Carlo mimicked the desire to do what the male asks of her, not to enjoy herself, but to make him enjoy.

19

And I apologize to the reader for the essayistic - perhaps vaguely Proustian - nature of these descriptions of mine: it is that 'comic' detachment that imposes it on me. Carlo is not a character who lives his existence completely: and his sexual encounter with Carmelo can only be a succession of data, with a rhythm that is certainly not realistic. But the reader will have already understood this.

pag. 274

However the fist, clenching out of pure obedience, that is conventionally, Carmelo's member could not help but feel the reality <...>. And it was a new sinking into wonderful martyrdom. Now he had the naked sex in his hands: the miracle had therefore been fully realized.

There was no longer anything that separated Carlo from his desire which until now had always been considered unattainable. Carmelo's sacred trousers were unbuttoned, his briefs were laboriously pulled down under his testicles, and his cock was out in the open, in the cold, yet strangely warm

air of the evening, under the grim light of the moon: naked more of the same nudity.

The warmth of that flesh proved to be even stronger: it was almost burning. Even her tenderness proved even more tender; and its hardness harder. But above all what exalted to the point of trembling was her absolute nakedness.

Carlo repeated on that naked member the gesture he had made before, when it was covered by his trousers: that is, he caressed it from bottom to top, measuring its length each time, as if it were a fact that one could not get enough of. The rest's insatiability was made even more exasperated by the pressure on the back of his neck, with which Carmelo pulled him towards him.

Carmelo's hand persisted in its pressure which forced Carlo to keep his head down, almost continuing to express a will that he hesitated to express openly.

Carlo's head resisted that pressure, which attracted him towards Carmelo's belly: but it attracted him, precisely, delicately, as if it were nothing more than force exercised with unconscious obstinacy, a sign of possession that does not allow resistance. There was now something mechanical in that pressure of the warm hand, which remained heavy and inert on the back of Carlo's neck. And it was perhaps mechanically - almost as if to replace something else that a certain wonderful regard on Carmelo's part prevented him from doing - that he began to move his hand up and down the nape of his neck, stroking. At first it was a normal, almost instinctive caress, a lightening and weighing down of the usual pressure; a gentle variation of pressure. But then it was a dense succession of real caresses, which passed equally and heavily over the poor nape of Carlo's neck. They were mechanical, inert, iterative, hasty: of course, they kept replacing something else.

Carlo was overwhelmed, this time truly on the verge of losing consciousness and falling to the ground like the lovers in the Arabian Nights: but the most exhilarating, most intolerably miraculous thing was yet to come. In fact, Carlo, despite the tremor that seemed to destroy the roots of his being, continued to analyze the situation, almost with a deep internal smile. And he wondered what the real character of those caresses was, and that for the

moment it escaped him, like a well-known name that he can't remember, even though it presses on the threshold of his memory. The revelation - as happens in this case - was sudden and dazzling.

pag. 275

Here, Carmelo was caressing Carlo's head as one would caress the head of a dog; or rather, a bitch.

For a few moments Carlo contemplated, so to speak, this situation: Carmelo caressing him as one would caress a bitch. Then suddenly he no longer held back, he let his feelings overflow, as if enraptured by a sudden current that [carried him away] in its whirlpool: two tears appeared as big as drops of rain in his eyes, they ran down his cheeks, and they were immediately followed profusely by other tears, which flowed down uncontrollably and abundantly, wetting him (damn, even washing his face. But he cried silently, with his head down. It was like wax hardened for centuries that was melting. He hoped that Carmelo wouldn't notice; but at a certain point he was forced to sniff (again mimicking, certainly without wanting to, a woman), and Carmelo, understanding and paternal, perceived it. However, he didn't console him at all; on the contrary, right at that moment he found the strength to do what up to that point he had evidently demanded without showing it. With a violent jerk, he pulled Carlo towards him brutally, with his hand on the back of his neck, and crushed his face against his sex, pressing it against it, so hard that Carlo couldn't breathe, and he was about to suffocate.

But the boy didn't seem to notice it at all: it must have seemed to him, of course, that nothing was impossible when it came to doing to him what he had the right to do to him, to enjoy himself.

And while Carlo was half suffocated, and all wet with the tears that were drying up, Carmelo ordered him, [imperative] but still, out of the usual respectful fear, barely whispering:

«Succate» («suck»). She called him informal.

Carlo hastened to obey: with the always feminine haste of someone who thinks that if he doesn't obey, it's worse for him. He opened his mouth and inserted the enormous glans: it was perfumed, with a childish flavour, and not only the glans but also the skin underneath, lividly brown, seemed like silk.

With his usual clumsiness - certainly natural, but which was always, at the same time, a calculated mystification of inexperienced femininity - Carlo remained still, with his mouth open, full of that sex. But Carmelo, still, was certainly not satisfied with this. With a push on the head, he forced Carlo to swallow all that was possible of that ardent sex and as if crazy with hardness which entered Carlo's throat so much, [that he] drew back suffocated, with a retch of vomit. But Carmelo took him back, and with a new push, forced him to swallow it almost all the way down. New tears, this time from suffocation, appeared in Carlo's eyes, which were wide open, and soaked him all over. Not yet happy, Carmelo, this time grabbed Carlo's head with both hands, and began to make it go up and down with such violence that Carlo was frightened, shaken by continuous efforts to vomit. He was like a twig in the grip of a hurricane, determined however not to fail in the rule of obedience. But it wasn't enough: still using both hands, Carmelo removed Carlo's head from his sex and threw him on the ground, supine, then knelt above him at the height of his penis. 276

chest, placed his hands on the ground, and stuck his sex back into Carlo's mouth, starting to give violent blows with his back, going up and down, and [slapping] his sex all the way down Carlo's throat, which he writhed and suffocated. It was a new storm that overwhelmed Carlo. Carmelo possessing him like that, furiously - but where did he want to go? It was already beyond the possible - but he certainly didn't realize it, he had to consider that satisfaction of his pleasure as an absolute natural possibility - suddenly, with almost rude anger he ordered him: "Don't hurt me with your teeth." Surprised, but immediately obedient, Carlo, as best he could, opened his mouth even further, letting that fury that was going up and down penetrate even further into his throat, although not

it was humanly possible to bear it; and certainly Carlo would have suffocated, or would have had to <...> break the rule of the most absolute passivity, if Carmelo, even more impatient and rude, had not repeated to

him: "Don't hurt me with your teeth!", and then, had not grabbed him by the shoulders, lifting him from the ground, and dragging him with him, had not gone to lean his back against the metal fence.

Carlo just had time to glimpse him like that, standing, in the moonlight that illuminated his belly under his white undershirt, making the tuft of hair even darker, and in the middle,

[coming out of] the open trousers, the member, even more enormous and perfect, like a small monument: that Carmelo had taken back his head, and had slipped it into his mouth again, starting to suffocate him again for the demand of making it enter him completely, as in a female sex or an anus, and going up and down furiously, if possible even more than before. But then, again suddenly, he grabbed Carlo under the armpits, and pulled him towards him, as if he were a child, and looked at him for a moment, with a dim smile, in his eyes. A moment: then he held him against him, against his chest, squeezing him with open hands: you could feel both the palms of those large, well-stretched hands, gripping as much of his back as they could, squeezing Carlo almost, still, to suffocate him, forcefully, but at the same time with immense and studied delicacy: a protective and affectionate delicacy, like a mother's embrace.

[(Abandon) those two straits, in the middle of that clear and immense meadow (which the lips of the wound of the clouds along the entire horizon had detached, leaving uncovered a long strip of serene, blue like the sea) where things they stood out in a hallucinatory clarity (it would certainly be the most poetic solution.

But the function of my story is different, and requires that it remain on the subject.)]

After holding him close to his chest for a while, with the palms of his hands covering his entire back, as if to delicately measure, as one does with a sacred thing entrusted to one's protection, the entire [extension of flesh] that arouses affection |tenderness| - after that long page. 277

maternal embrace - Carmelo put a hand on Carlo's shoulder, and in his usual overbearing way but as if restrained out of delicacy, began to push Carlo

back. And since Carlo still didn't understand - like a child who needs to be guided - he gave him a hasty and repeated tap on the shoulder, to make him understand that something new was beginning, and that he had to take another position, do other things. things. It was the same tap that the masseurs gave in the Turkish baths of Damascus or Cairo (where Carlo once wanted to go with some friends) when, having finished the massage of the chest muscles, they warn the client, precisely so hastily and mechanically , that the time has come to massage his back, and he must turn around. There was in that hasty and respectful tap from Carmelo a kind of eagerness, a clear orgasm that he was unable to hold back: obeying was urgent, it was definitively urgent. And since Carlo didn't understand (or, still in his unconscious mimesis of the woman, he pretended not to understand), Carmelo bent over him, and fumbling eagerly, undid the belt of his trousers, unbuttoned them and carefully pulled them down to his knees. . Then, with a gesture that he believed to be gentle, but which in reality was violent, almost like that of an animal that doesn't know its own strength, he pushed Carlo to the ground, face down, climbed on top of him, and with blind fury searched for her vulva with his member. While she was doing this she exposed his breasts, and desperately began to bite them.

The possession was rapid: Carlo didn't even have time to perceive the terrible pain of the member that entered his flesh furiously - and to think that he would never have been able to resist - before Carmelo had already fallen motionless on him, almost without having given any thrust of the kidneys, and almost as if just the squeeze of the vulva was enough to dissolve his member into semen, [like a stick of] wax. He took it out still dripping - even more enormous precisely because it was no longer completely erect and a little dangling - he forgot Carlo and began to clean himself.

So everything was over. Carlo found himself faced with this fait accompli and in some ways tragic, absolutely unprepared. Fortunately, the rule of silence and obedience in contrition still seemed to apply. Then, like a poor woman who had succumbed to guilt, unable to contradict the domineering male, he zipped up his trousers and tidied himself up.

Made almost a stranger, far away, [resealed] in his enigma, Carmelo lit a cigarette with a gesture and a grimace full of elegance, threw away the match with equal elegance, and taking the first puff, wrapped in his

immaculate white trench coat, he set about to cross the meadow towards the road again.

And Carlo followed him, like a dog. Actually, like a bitch.

The whores' fires continued to shine melancholy and alive: all the more so as the moonlight had darkened again, and the black vapor on the earth had thickened again. [They disappeared], those fires, one after the other, at almost regular intervals, with their streams of black smoke, along the curve of the road, towards the neighborhood that loomed in the distance with its dome that seemed to be made of metal. They looked like pages 278

fires lit by sentries <...>, quiet and ancient signals announcing the daily and normal events of the late evening, unaware of their tragic nature:

(verses from the beginning of the Orestiade)

Carlo, defeated, with new tears in his throat, wondered if, now, Carmelo would turn around, to offer him his hand gallantly as before, to overcome those muddy humps and those piles of rubbish that separated from the road. <...> Instead - contrary to his bitter prediction -

Carmelo turned and held out his hand to help him, with the same real, if slightly ostentatious kindness as before. Only this time the gesture was a little less delicate and [trepidatious], and had acquired the characteristics of normality: almost as if Carmelo, now master - boyfriend, or husband, or in any case official lover - wanted to stabilize the ritual of his dutiful gallantry .

They got back into the car, Carlo, silent and sullen, made the usual U-shaped curve: and retracing the road taken shortly before in reverse, suddenly the Christmas festoons appeared, hanging at regular intervals on a road that went straight into the neighborhood of old houses and miserable new buildings, all lost in the dry dust, in the mud. The immobility was what happens [to a bombing] or to an [earthquake]. The disorder had settled in forever, in layers: chipped pavements, peeling asphalt, edges of mud against the wreckage of cars, collapsing cornices, small walls with frames encrusted with dust as old as a lifetime, roofs of shacks, blocks, gates broken down and rusty, rows of shiny shops, overhangs of shiny new walls with rows of old

clothes hanging on the balconies. And in that scenario of an upheaval that has become fossil and daily, thousands and thousands of human beings of all ages walked, ran, crossed paths, called each other, went alone or in droves, stopped, crossed the road, gathered, left each other, dressed like poor puffins, frenetic and noisy.

The festoons of the parish festival shone above them, with their rows of small light bulbs, with pale green, pink and yellow colours, and their geometric curlicues, which contained in their center the symbols of the Church, one after the other, in a infinite perspective, all the way to the end of the long road.

[Carmelo had moved on to other topics] <...>*. With a little hesitation, despite her confident and affable tone, she asked Carlo if sometimes he could bring a girl with him, who would satisfy her first and then him. But, at Carlo's shocked reaction to this proposal, Carmelo immediately backed down, as if he hadn't said anything. He then asked if Carlo by any chance knew of any lotion or cure to regrow hair. *

pag. 279

They had thus arrived at the meeting place, but at the opposite corner of the intersection. Carmelo asked Carlo to stop, telling him that he could reach the center by always going straight, down the Prenestina, up to Porta Maggiore. He would get out and take a short walk to the 'Casal Bertone' where he lived. He conspicuously held out his hand to Carlo as if to greet him, but also as if there was something left unsaid or incomplete between the two of them. Even in Carmelo's eyes, which shone with a somewhat stereotyped and too happy smile, there was this vaguely questioning sense, the awareness of something suspended and, at the same time, of a complicity between him and Carlo regarding something easily understandable and cheerful. Carlo didn't understand.

Carmelo then made the decisive gesture of getting out of the car, but he had just put his hand on the handle to push the door when he instead sat back down on the seat, looking at Carlo with laughing eyes. “Aren't you leaving me anything?” he asked. Carlo knew that there was this detail to resolve, if he was expecting it, he was also expecting worse, but he didn't know what to

do on his own. He was grateful to Carmelo for this, and overcome by confusion and almost an anxiety of repentance or fear, he hastily took out his wallet and gave Carmelo everything it contained, perhaps about a hundred thousand lire. Carmelo looked at that fairy-tale figure for him, and took it in his hand, full of amazement: but then his smile became paternal again. "No, it's too much," he said, "I need some money to pay the rent, I'm going to be slaughtered." He took twenty thousand lire a little undecided, and, with a smile that was now sweeter and friendlier, got out of the car, after shaking Carlo's hand with the warmth of a friend.

Carlo saw him walking away from behind, down the main road, which had on the right a pile of shacks on certain wet lawns strewn with rubbish, on the left a long wall overlooking the silent night, and at the end an overpass with a few lights in a row . Soon he was far away, at the end of that road that took him who knows where, with the decisive step of his bowed legs and that white raincoat that he had perhaps put on for the first time that evening, to go to his appointment.

Carmelo soon arrived at the overpass at the end of the wide road. Anyone who followed him would have seen him light a cigarette, pausing for a moment under the shadow of the overpass, bringing his hands like a bowl against his face, then throwing away the match with his gesture of elegant impatience. From behind there was a thoughtful expression in his eyes: every mask had fallen; and his face was the usual, true one; what he had with himself. And, as if he no longer joked, or knew, by ancient wisdom, how to be alone, he was immersed in something far away - a thought | a flow of thoughts | which, following him from the origins, was what now formed the source of his life.

He was thus walking away from behind, towards his immediate destiny; and whoever followed him would have seen him go down the long avenue, with a row of pine trees in the middle, great walls of warehouses, and the serrated mass of Casal Bertone opaque and scattered with dull lights against the glass of the sky: a little further up, on the left, there was a small street that ran along the high edge of the railway, covered by mountains of pag. 280

rubbish and machine scrap, piled up in the courtyards of small dilapidated workshops. From there he would turn towards the house where he had <...>

a room to live <...>. As he went home step by step, the fog thickened, illuminated, behind him, by the moon now high and swollen in the sky. Casal Bertone disappeared from sight, and so did the high dry stone walls of the warehouses and the empty expanses of meadows.

In the shadow of a tall concrete building that cut across the narrow street along the railway, a voice was heard

<...>: «Wow, Cammelo!», and another who laughed. <...> They were two mushrooms of haze suspended against the shadow. The moon depicted them objectively like the other few objects emerging from the milky darkness. They were, those [two Spirits], right at the point where Carmelo should have turned, and disappeared into the places known only to him, where his chance had placed <...> the stairs he had to climb, the little room where he lived , his bed, his suitcase, [the things of his body]; in short, where his existence took place.

Whoever followed him - violating that secret that would reveal itself, in all its humble misery, behind that corner - would have seen him stop, look at those two Shadows, and, at a nod from their old acquaintances, <.. .> follow them, in fact, down towards the muddy road, along the walls of the workshops and machine depots. He in the middle with his immaculate white raincoat, and on either side, like two guards or two old relatives, those two companions indistinct from the [mist]

fuming and black: the dark back and the white collars, and, above, the napes, with the hard cervixes and the narrow ears of the charging animals, buffaloes or bulls: [for they were not adolescents, like Carmelo, immaculate on the mud, but two old Spirits, hardened by life. <...> They went forward, as if driven by a common will, which united them in life and death.

This is what Carmelo's disappearance would have been - before the eyes of those who had violated it.

[That simple disappearance of someone who turns a corner and goes towards the neighborhood where his house is located, lost among thousands of other houses, to leave, like every night to sleep the sleep of his body.

<...>]

Seen like this, from behind, it was impossible to understand if there was an understanding, an agreement between them; or if Carmelo accepted that situation as a new, sudden one - but certainly not unexpected. They were silent, as precisely happens, either when there is an agreement for a meeting of accomplices, or when there is an irremediably pre-established relationship between the victim and the persecutors belonging to the same world, and therefore interchangeable with each other; aware of each other's reasons. Perhaps those two, with the massive plebeian shoulders, were two colleagues of Toulà, doormen, scullions, or gorillas; or perhaps they came straight from Sicily. There didn't seem to be any other alternative.

They got into a car stopped sadly between two endless rows on the corner of a street called xxx xxx. Shortly afterwards the car, with a sinister scrape in the silence of that place lost like an islet in the cosmos, left without haste; he reached the end of that road, turned to page. 281

another street whose name sounded, silent in the silence, xxx xxx; and he reached a wide avenue (the same one that Carmelo had abandoned immediately after the overpass, to enter his neighborhood).

There were large lumber yards here and there; gutted hedges with the voids of deserted earthworks behind them; huts with bandone roofs, boarded-up and empty warehouses, vegetable gardens full of loose and fragrant earth, with disordered rows of fat cabbages or broad beans, and wild figs: and, behind, an immense barrier of distant skyscrapers, with their lights lit on nothing . With a long detour, that now country or extreme suburban road led [to the Tiburtina], still in the heart of the city, <...> with the traffic lights whose vented yellow lights turned on and off; <...> and hysterical cars passed returning from the cinemas; and even a group of Bersaglieri, returning from leave, who were hurrying with their packs towards the barracks of the Pietralata Fort.

Just before the Tiburtina, the haze had suddenly dissolved: and the world had re-emerged as clear as from a bath. The tower blocks rose sharply above the peeling asphalt. The closed newsstands, the rows of lowered shutters, the trestles and piles of wood from work in progress, everything had the

excessive evidence of apparitions. The car had turned onto the Tiburtina, and was going straight ahead, leaving the city behind.

You could see, from the rear window, the figure of Carmelo, sitting almost rigidly on the seat, in his white raincoat; while the silhouettes of the other two could be glimpsed in the front seat; they were silent; their motionless backs were filled with an impenetrable sense.

At the height of a sort of mangy hill, on whose sides sort of dens were dug for small workshops, and beyond whose profile other barriers of darkly glittering buildings could be glimpsed, the car left the Tiburtina, and entered a road on this side and beyond which stretched large plots of land with the remains of recently destroyed houses, all of which were identical in shape. A few walls remained standing; and among the rubble there were white pieces of lime, and a few cups <...> of toilet. Shortly afterwards the houses began again, all the same, still standing; the road had a small climb and a small descent, it turned left between those miserable houses that survived the destroyed village, and entered a new country road, <...> between immense cultivated alfalfa prairies, with old trees abandoned to their fate; a gas depot rose up, hallucinated by excessive cleanliness, with large pylons around it.

Far away (with their minute lights flickering in other silences) they rose clearly dark against the clear darkness of the sky, the first offshoots of the Apennines. The car turned right along that country road, then, after a narrow bridge over a railway set between banks filled with intense and fragrant wild vegetation, left again (heading towards those distant hills). And here is the city again: a completely deserted village, with its poor buildings page. 282

leaning against each other, with streets that opened onto the mess of construction sites lost in the rural darkness.

Upon leaving that village - once again on a small consular road that headed towards the hills - a dog attacked the car: a small dog that only wandered in those parts, perhaps representing life. He thought he recognized an enemy presence in that car, and attacked it, barking sternly. Even when she was far away, he continued to bark for a while, with the little breath he had in his lungs, weak from fasting; given the last reproaches, he calmed down, and soon resigned himself. In the clear night there was much more to<...> his

wanderings as a night owl, who had lost the regular rhythm of life, but had recognized its ancient mysterious warmth.

With a small junction, the consular road that headed towards the unfortunate hills of Ciociaria, entered a large road, nestled between deep embankments, with a new double lane. [Along that] the car began to go at a more [sustained] speed. A short climb brought that trunk of sunken highway to the height of the great plain rising towards the hills, with its reddish lights in groups here and there, under the moon - suddenly reappeared - setting. With the moon, a large warehouse of used cars appeared on the right, under the embankment, illuminated by the blinding white light of a village festival: in the middle there was a shed from which an even whiter and stronger light shone (in the void and in the silence), and all around in the asphalted space fenced with high metal fences, the Fiats, the Alfa Romeos, the Volkswagens, the Citroens, the BMWs stretched out in long, glittering rows. It was difficult to spot it, in the midst of all that light and that orderly chaos of cars, but right next to it there was a small Shell petrol station, which contributed its yellow light to all that illumination, among the highway lost in the foothill plain and an immense village with dense little gray houses without lime crowded together on the moonless side of the sky.

The car slowed down, horribly reversed where it couldn't do so, and went down another narrow consular road, perhaps the Casilina, along the ramp along which the direction was forbidden, serving to get onto the motorway, not to descend from it.

But the will of the three, closed inside that machine, in the inexpressive and hard shell of their backs and their necks, had decided this, as was presumably in their nature. The car then stopped in front of the petrol pump. He was locked in his glass cage. He went out. No expression was on his face. He had certainly found the irregular maneuvering of those nocturnal clients of his natural, the only living and awake beings with him in those parts. He went silently to the pump, and served them, with his clear blind eyes turned towards the xxx where the small numbers clicked: he questioned them intently with the look of a beggar. Then he humbly approached the window, and pocketed the money that an impatient and overbearing large and hairy hand held out to him. He saluted, putting his hand to his cap, and stood watching the departure of the page. 283

car, then pausing with his thin peasant body in the midst of all that light in the cold and humidity of the night. The time that mattered to him was not that: and the indecipherable intensity with which he stared at the car as it went up the large ring road, meticulously stuffing the three smelly thousand bills into the greasy wallet, seemed to pronounce a judgment neither negative nor positive on the sense of that night on duty. His dull blue eyes and long blond beard indicated that the day had already been tiring.

Carmelo always stood upright with his white back in the back seat; he let himself be taken by that moving car towards a destination that let nothing be known whether he knew it or not; whether it was a planned nocturnal journey, a common occurrence in the life of a little boy, or whether it was the almost solemn, although unknown to everyone, fulfillment of his destiny. From some of his slow gestures, which flashed due to the whiteness of his raincoat, it could be deduced that he was now smoking, thoughtfully, with the cigarette made smaller and lighter by the thickness of his fingers.

At the end of that long highway on the plateau along the hills, another junction appeared, this time with quite scenic curves (under the moon close to its death). In the countryside, thick with grass, there were large clumps of gaggies and elders, and also large oaks, almost petrified in the too still light, with their leaves standing out one by one, as if sculpted - large ruins, of towers and aqueducts. The new consular road that the car took coming down from that junction was more important and wider than the others. You could feel the majesty of a long decadence around you, which the plants and their smells survived with brazen, almost sexual freshness: for example the almost obscene one of the lime trees (even though it was winter!). The warmth brooded threateningly over that no longer abandoned and proletarian countryside, and made one feel that even there - where the mind of man and his ancient civilization seemed to dominate with its slow task of devouring itself - it was the true reality: a spring Christmas , a May

absurdly early. And the blind sleep of the men, of the workers, in those little villages, in those farmhouses.

A smaller road, after a dozen kilometers, turned to the right, and was lost among the swelling hedges still full of leaves. With long and continuous turns, that little road led to another road, similar, but wider and straighter:

until it became a straight road, and at the end of it appeared a cluster, arranged horizontally, of low white houses, with a few buildings. taller almost all under construction. The air was, if possible, even calmer, and the silence deeper. Even the warmth was stronger: it now even felt like a midsummer night.

That town, up close, looked like a large building site; even the finished houses were almost all unplastered, and were lined up |aligned| casually one after the other, with miserable walls or pretentious but equally miserable gates in front of them. There was construction going on everywhere, pages. 284

small gardens inside the houses were unkempt, or with only a few small [pine] trees; thousands of terraces and balconies in a row showed their blind shutters. There was no laundry. [There were]

few cars in front of the houses, and as if abandoned. All hermetically sealed, there were restaurants and bars, and every now and then, some messy reed sheds. The sidewalks were either dirt, or just [marked] and already peeling. No light filtered from the houses. Only the very bright street lighting showed all the meanness of that area, which was not of poor people, like a sort of abandoned camp, with polished wooden window frames and whitewashed walls.

After a while a roundabout appeared, and, behind it, the sea. It was dull, grey, muddy and still as a lake. But above it yawned an infinite sky with its darkness. The extraordinary clarity of the air had disappeared again; and, if not the fog, a warm mist had descended over everything.

In front of the roundabout, where the car had stopped - without anyone getting out - the three could be seen motionless in their seats - a night policeman passed, with his Lambretta. He stopped at the corner, in front of a bar, leaving the Lambretta with the engine running near the pavement, and fumbled [around the shutter] in silence, turning his back to the world. He stopped for a long time; then he went to another shutter (there were large porticoes in front of the shops, on both sides of the roundabout). His step sounded in the calm, veiled, boundless warmth of the night. Then silence fell again. They

[he fumbled] again, bent and patient, in front of the <...> shutter, then, with sudden decision, but still very slowly, he turned towards his Lambretta which was faithfully waiting for him, and coming out of the shadow of the porticoes, he showed a big face, of a <...> family man, with hair with a high shade like it used to be and a slightly long beard, still all black. He didn't look around, didn't observe the car. He took the Lambretta by the handles and rode on it, lifting his heavy father's leg, he sat down on it as if in a small armchair, and, absently, without any interest in anything, he continued on his way with his roaring engine whose noise soon vanished. .

The car continued its journey on the opposite side [of the pawl]. The houses in the town became sparser, and, if possible, even meaner and more disorderly. There were more frequent fences and reed shacks for car parking. More and more frequently, through the gaps between one group of houses and another, you could see the sea; until, after a small bridge over a filthy canal, the houses ceased, and only the beach remained, like an enormous garbage dump of dried rubbish.

The car stopped in front of a bush of xxx; and, <...> as if they had to go and do something, the three got out, lazily slamming the doors. So they disappeared behind the bush: the two men, one on this side and one on that side, and Carmelo in the middle.

pag. 285

Only apparently the sea was still. In reality on the beach, among the blackish rubbish, it moved as always, rolling with incessant obstinacy, wave after wave, falling, inert waves, whose edge of foam, of a [supreme] elegance, was an apparition every time too short on that one

human dirt and on that sadness of the world. The continuous splash of the sea had ended up raising above the surf a sort of white column of slight humidity, which remained suspended like the shadow of a ghost in the mist that covered the entire length of the beach.

Perhaps it was no longer night, and it was beginning to dawn; and hence that unnatural whiteness.

pag. 286

Note 63a*

[Now], at the bottom of the sea, as on an island, or on a peninsula joined by a thin and invisible isthmus to the land (was it Ostia? or Fiumicino? or Anzio? or even further away, some of the first towns on the sea of Campania or Tuscany?) rows of lights could be glimpsed. But the distance was such that they seemed like a single light, made of an infinite flickering, at the bottom of the sea or at the bottom of the sky. And strange, although the air was all whitish with humidity, that little lump of light was reddish, or shorn. As if filtered by a twilight atmosphere. Now, although there was a very distant, and perhaps only dreamed, premonition of dawn, the night was still deep, right in the middle of it, lost in itself and in its silence. That remote flickering of lights was the only sign of life in the whole world: people lived down there, there were houses, streets, silences of sleep and passing cars, perhaps music, loves: everything without relief, everything grey, everything melancholy , everything has already happened, of course.

Yet those clotted and reddish lights at the bottom of the darkness testified that all this was existence anyway. So why, if that was the case, did they have nothing that cheered them up, that gave them a minimum [of comfort], that called them towards them; and indeed, they seemed to want to say: "Don't come here", [albeit with the acute voluptuousness of the now melancholy accomplished facts], like the lights in the cemeteries?

Their duty accomplished, their task accomplished, the two who had accompanied Carmelo's body there vanished. And it was right there, in the small, heartfelt brazier [that was that town at the bottom of the sea], that they repaired. Each of the two spirits <...> went to palpitate barely perceptibly, like the other brothers, in one of those small lights which miserably made of their trembling a language with a monotonous and tremendous meaning, although barely whispered, and from such extreme distances. **

pag. 287

Next paragraph (or the same one):

boarding on a small motor vessel

The Three Old Men

the crew - Sicilian nicknames

I travel a day and a night - <?> light on the sea

Arrival in a port, towards evening - (Palermo)

passage through a city - cemetery (Palermo cemetery)

[quote Dante - Charon's little boat]

Previously:

in front of the chthonic divinities (Andrì and the Mothers - the characters - the petrol station attendant, the night guard etc.

) they have a shiver in their back, they feel their blood running cold, etc. [greater mortuary suspense e

'yellow' in the journey]

(August 1974)

pag. 288

Note 63b - Boarding, travel, new lights in the evening

Beyond the xxx xxx bushes flattened on the sand, inside the high column of foam suspended over the surf, there was a small marina, which could not be seen from the road. In front stood two or three shacks, and perhaps even a row of cabins, half smashed; and also a concrete building that was to contain toilets. <...> A canal ran in the middle, with very dark water, like that of drains or sewers, under two high concrete docks, which were also duly devoured and chipped. In this canal, there were boats, under the xxx and the long winches of the fishing rods. They were very small boats, dilapidated boats, barges, some motorboats, probably out of use since the previous

summer: only at the end of the canal, against the open sea, was a large motorboat, white, which seemed empty. It was swinging very lightly. It was towards it that Carmelo, coming down the road, had been accompanied by Andri and xxx, <...> There, moreover, others no less trustworthy than them were waiting for him: four-five boys of Carmelo's age, and three Vecchi. Carmelo entered the motorboat, jumping directly from the dock it was alongside, and disappeared with the others inside the walls. Very slowly, without making any noise, and without any haste, the sailors began to untie the moorings: they exchanged a few words almost in a whisper, and moreover their presence was testified only by those short words in dialect. Their bodies could not be seen: one went up onto the small bow deck for a moment, but then immediately disappeared again. As always, the maneuvers to set sail were long and complicated, and were carried out calmly and meticulously: someone started whistling; someone began to scold severely: perhaps he was one of the three Old Men. It seemed that there, inside that motorboat, <...> they were tossing and turning as if to waste time, for who knows what calculation. It seemed like a miracle that at a certain moment the engines started up, and their dull noise mixed with that of the surf. Despite this, it still took a while for the motorboat to finally detach itself from the small concrete pier, and, sliding slowly, with extreme caution, begin to head out to sea. Its small lighthouse, at the top of the tree, remained swinging for a long time, in that xxx xxx, before disappearing beyond the <...> barrier of white vapor suspended along the entire coast.

But just a few hundred meters away from land, the air was crisp and clean. There was no moon, but the stars were bright, thus clearly distinguishing the darkness of the sky from that of the sea. Moreover, the sea was smooth, and on its surface mysterious light, oily patches swelled, which seemed to reflect the brightness of the starry sky. The motorboat proceeded slowly, it's true; and page 289

anyone who had observed its light at the top of the tree, out of curiosity to see it go away, would have had the exasperating impression that it was almost still. Instead, after a few minutes the motorboat had already slipped away, had reached the open sea, and was already lost towards the point on the horizon to which its route [destined it.]

For some time we had felt that the night was about to end, and precisely at the moment when it was deepest. Now on the mainland - to the east, that is, behind the motorboat that was leaving, the sky changed colour. A [terrible] <...> gray <...> that reached up to the height of the stars, replaced the blue or deep indigo of the night. With the same slowness, but also with the same rapidity, with which the boat was lost further and further into the open sea, that gray began to be tinged with pink.

Inside the motorboat everyone seemed to be asleep. Only one of the three Old Men, being at the helm, naturally showed any sign of life. But he too was dreamy, barely touching the bar with his black, gnarled hand. Who knows what he was thinking. Sunken into the bones of his face, between the white hair of his beard, only his eyes burned black as coals, looking at the distant horizon that was beginning to lighten.

Soon dawn came, and then the sun rose.

It was a clear, almost warm day. Around midday, the sky and the sea were so blue that it seemed like a high summer day, or at least a spring day. And if the blue was just a little bleached or faded, this seemed to be due to the heat, and not to the feeble strength of the winter sun.

In the immense deserted expanse of the sea, only the engine could be heard, strong, safe, full: and this increased the peace and silence. On board everyone kept to themselves, finding a way, even in such a limited space, to retreat into their own solitude. Maybe someone was sleeping. Two were playing cards, and, occasionally discussing in a low voice, they called each other, curiously, by surname: one was called Aneli, the other Scafili. The youngest of all, a black boy like a Moroccan who couldn't have been more than eighteen years old, was sitting by himself, on the bridge, hunched over, contemplating something: what he was carefully observing was his card. identity, and precisely his photograph, next to which his name was written: Sapienza Saro. The name of another of the crew was shouted, with the usual authoritarian irritation, by one of the three Old Men:

«Agatino!», with a voice so hoarse and dialectal, that 'Agatino' no longer seemed like a personal name, but an exclamation or a threat. And in fact his

name was followed by an equally irritated and sententious exclamation: «Fuck! xxx xxx xxx".

Around one o'clock they ate, and for this occasion they all gathered together on deck (excluding the three Old Men, <...> who ate on their own in the cabin, served by that Saro Sapienza, who was the youngest of the crew). Eating with great hunger the loaves of bread that contained oily vegetables, pag. 290

that greased their mouths, everyone felt a little happy, and they had some discussion in their naive, sinister and incomprehensible language. “Shit, xxx xxx xxx.”

The afternoon and then the first shadows fell with the same illusory slowness with which the sun had risen and the light had spread. It was with the first shadows - which cast their chill into the sea - that the land appeared. It was a veiled profile of sugarloaf mountains, on which darker islands and the coast with its irregular plains and cropped hills loomed. Then the <...> city could be distinguished, immense, in a semicircle, but with long offshoots around the streets that moved away along the coast and towards the interior. It was an [inextricable] mass <...> of white houses all mixed together by the steam of dusk. Only by getting a little closer, he stood out in that xxx xxx some shape. The lights <...> of the sunset glowed red to the right of the motorboat: but at the very last moment, just before disappearing behind the sea, the sun came out of the vapors, hitting the city with its grazing light: precisely then shapes appeared of <...> dove gray buildings, with barbaric xxx, with pointed but rounded windows, as in an exotic, oriental and crumbling world; there were also large, heavily seventeenth-century domes and loggias suspended between palm trees; and, in the midst of the greenery of a garden, which must have been of orange trees, the sun illuminated a small Romanesque church, whose domes were bright red xxx. Soon, however, the sun was blotted out by the heavy winter mists, and instead of its grazing rays, a cold twilight fell on the city and on the sea in front.

When the motorboat arrived at the port, all the lights were already on. And also the light suspended at the top of her tree. Up close, the houses that crowded around the small round port revealed all their [dilapidated] misery; not only the new ones, but also the old ones, in any case in ruins, and

reduced to garbage dumps and toilets, where in the warm evening, amidst the stench, children played. Besides being shitty, the old port smelled of stale fish and rotten vegetables; but also of orange blossoms, and perhaps of jasmine. The maneuver of the motorboat to enter the port was, as usual, interminable. When he docked it was already late evening; and that meant, for that city, deep night.

The three Old Men, followed by the crew and Carmelo, disembarked and headed towards the centre, along alleys that passed between the ancient empty houses, reduced to rubbish dumps and shitholes. But immediately behind it there was a beautiful road, paved with large xxx of xxx, on the sides of which, together with the old houses, churches or palaces arose from time to time, with stupendous portals of xxx; further ahead there was a small square, in which there must have been a fish market: but at that moment everything was tidy and clean; large buckets of water, not yet dry, had swept the pavement, which shone with all its distinct irregular xxx. At the end of this little square, the alley that the three Old Men and their company took consisted of a narrow staircase, also completely clean, under a page. 291

baroque tabernacle left without a statue - leading to an upper layer of the city's street level.

pag. 292

Note 63 - Was it a deviation?

The next day Carlo woke up early. The light in the cracks in the shutters was still grey. Like a Flaubert hero he thought about the night before, about what had happened to him. It was certainly a miracle.

Like a feeling of glory animated everything. He felt like raising his face and eyes to heaven, but without thanking God: the joy he thought he had had with him was stronger than whoever had granted it to him.

It existed for itself, as for atheists, who have no other horizon than their life.

He was trembling with impatience to see Carmelo again that evening at Toulà. A new chapter in his life was born. You had to live it day by day. And

to do so there was no need other than that telephone number (still written on the crumpled piece of paper), a now simple and almost

[ordinary], of an appointment in that infernal place, which has become the [symbol of a strange kindness] of destiny.

Everything that separated him from the moment he would see Carmelo again - young, almost a boy, despite that balding forehead, through which someone or something had mysteriously decided to make him vulnerable, and to hurt him in an early revelation of his inevitable future - perhaps a punishment for his innocence - because in that future certainly nothing but misery awaited him, given that the only thing he possessed was youth, and he could never possess anything else in the world that separated him from the moment of seeing Carmelo again it was for Carlo [the void]. The gestures and words with which he should have filled that void repelled him. They were so repugnant to him that he couldn't face them. Had he perhaps entered into that taedium vitae * which leads slowly, or sometimes suddenly, to a change in life? His career, his ambitions, his power (the reader knows everything), everything seemed to him perfectly stupid and devoid of any value.

The epoché, perhaps, the epoché was being fulfilled.

And it wasn't even love that suddenly called into question and nullified everything in life that up until that moment, [as for the Unnamed,] had been reality, value. Or, perhaps yes, there was also a drop of love (in the poetry - which the bourgeois Carlo did not understand - of Carmelo): but in essence it was pure <...> [sex]. However, sex alone could fill a life and give it meaning: the acts and words of sex could be infinite, always new, always full of anxiety and terror: Carmelo's member could have hardened ("The dick is tisa", he would have said, as if to say: ["It's raining, sir", or "It's hot, sir"]) and this would have been a shocking miracle every time, to be experienced - first in thought and then in memory - with one's heart in one's mouth. Why page 293

the wound that that tense member had to - with such naturalness on his part - inflict on Carlo's flesh was definitive every time: and while for Carmelo it would have been a temporary desire to kill, suddenly calmed down with the ejaculation of his white and perfumed Sicilian seed of that day, for Carlo it

would have been the fulfillment of something contrary, [the staging] of his death wish. He remembered well when he was a man, and when he too had a member like Carmelo's. He remembered well the rapid mechanism, preceded by an immense, story-telling mythology of the female sex. But all this was nothing compared to the enormity of her expectation as a female, because possessing is nothing compared to being possessed, doing violence is nothing compared to suffering violence. Therefore, conceived and organized in this way, sex could well fill life. But, to do this, it needed solitude, the most absolute solitude. A solitude such that even Carmelo, in some way, was something superfluous and cumbersome, at least in the moment in which his body was not simply an instrument. A solitude that gave Carlo, already old from the experience he had just begun, as a passive apprentice, plenty of time [to rejoice] <...>.

But he had to get up soon and go to Eur to the Eni building! It was a distant world, white, cold, still like the Pole: it made him laugh to think about it. Yet, still, he would do it.

In fact, he got up immediately. She looked with a shiver in the mirror at her breasts and her [pussy], feeling dying of yearning at the idea that this would once again be Carmelo's meal, blindly eager to impregnate, believing - the innocent - to only fulfill a desire of his tense member.

He took a bath, got dressed, and found himself in front of the statue of Salvatore Dulcimascolo. «But Carmelo – he asked himself – is he really the incarnation of Salvatore Dulcimascolo?»

pag. 294

Note 64 - Concurrent causes of the clinical picture

A bourgeois does not really know how to appreciate an innocence other than that taught in school books and in the unwritten code of society. Indeed, he feels a certain repugnance for innocence, of a racist nature. He invented the duties to be able to condemn the innocence that he does not know.

Even more so since innocence is often linked to delinquency: and if, therefore, it is outside culture it is also outside the law. The bourgeois always

feels a sense of fear when faced with innocence, and, at best, judges it as an inferior product of his own way of life, not knowing or not wanting to imagine the terms of the other way of life, to which it belongs. . Thus, by annexing it to his own history, he can free himself from it, wash his hands of it, escape it, [cut the rope] from places where it is relegated.

Now, since in a life, even when it is not symbolic, everything is organized according to the plan of our dark will, all this had to be revealed to Carlo.

For example, it was evidently part of the plan of Carlo's dark will that near his home - in Parioli, in Vigna Clara or in Olgiata, this is ad libitum of the reader - there should be a school, a high school.

This school, this high school, had been the scene of a series of attacks, occupations, scuffles, etc. for some years. Even in those days there was a punitive action by fascists against democratic students who were demonstrating for I don't know what, but certainly for some good reason.

Leaving the house, Carlo, as he opened the door of his car, saw a group of these fascists. Or, rather, he glimpsed them. They appeared at the end of a street, and immediately turned their backs, taking a street parallel to the previous one, almost running, seized by an agitation, which, however dismaying it may be, always appears to the excluded spectator as exhilarating, blessed.

He saw those faces for a few moments. As chance would have it, the ugly ones - the vulgar long-haired ones, dressed and coiffed like their left-wing enemies, with Italian [round] or oblong faces, in which hunger and an unhappy conscience mingled hideously - passed by more quickly than the others, or remained in the shadows. : that that November day shone with a tropical sun. For a few moments, only the beautiful ones remained, almost isolated (the speed of the action allows for this lightning-fast schematization, which is actually the truth). They too were Italian: young Italians of seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, and they were so in an almost exaggerated, calculated, laboratory way. They weren't very tall, of course, but they weren't short-legged or short-assed either: their height was just above average, but

it surpassed her by just enough to make them look like young athletes. They had square, Spartan shoulders. And the trousers they wore, very tight at the hips, but wide at the legs, especially at the bottom, with a large massive turn-up on the shoe, accentuated their square air of slender young men. They too had rather long hair, but as an ancient restraint prevented it from falling hideously over the shoulders, like that of whores, and, by now, of the young sub-proletarians from the suburbs: it stopped on the neck, black, wavy, abundant, like grass bursting out in spring, with thick and solid roots.

They ran, their fists gripped bars, or stakes, on which black canvases were wrapped: it was not clear whether they were banners or weapons, this was part of the mysteries, albeit elementary, of urban guerrilla warfare. In the race their virility was forgotten as sex, and exalted in their undoubtedly monstrous, civic passion, it revealed itself almost shamelessly. The trousers were so tight to the pelvis that you could see everything about their sex, the member and the testicles, but everything was crushed into a single soft block, with a mysterious shape, which swelled both on this side and on the other side of the zipper of the trousers, like if that sex were not to assume |present itself in the| its usual animal form, but it was a pure weight, a quality, an attribute, infinitely more functional than its function, ultimately very humble. They were ignorant of all this. Not only were they far, at that moment, from such a thought; but perhaps they never had nor would have ever thought of it. They carried that massive weight of their virility, crushed by the tightness of their trousers, like a dark threat, something that at that moment was extra, but which was everything, it was at the center of their body, and therefore of the world they wanted to be masters of.

For a moment Carlo's breasts were swollen like those of a cow that hasn't been milked for days: he needed to feed, an eager, nagging, uncontainable need: a need to feed until he wasted himself and died malnourished, there on the ground, on that abject asphalt. They, those young masters - who came from who knows where to the earth, and were already so determined to live there, so familiar with it - where they sucked him in vain - because they had the right - to the point of taking his life. But this delirious craving for the breasts was nothing compared to that of the lower abdomen, equal and opposite. Here was another need of those young masters that had to be satisfied: the need that they in turn had, to give and to die, even if they didn't realize it at all, and what they wanted to do was nothing other than to find a

certain pleasure that only they knew. Then the desire to realize this pleasure was a temporary and ferocious arrogance, and the awareness of everything was no more consistent than a breath of wind, this did not diminish, but rather increased, the need to put oneself at their service, to satisfy them, to leave them do, with all the affectless brutality they wanted.

It was their careless naturalness, their haste, that was most fascinating: even if they were young bourgeois people. Moreover, their political choice was also careless, hasty, natural and overbearing.

pag. 296

[Carlo looked at them like Hierophanies. Where did they come from? What had led those young Italians to be fascists? What series of circumstances - and linked in what places - had led them so punctually to appear on that road (and in countless others)? From what heuristics did their actions arise, which seemed so perfectly organised? However this was certain: that they presented themselves as masters, and had taken over the rights of the masters. They would have possessed and fertilized only if they wanted. But their will was as irrepressible as their race: it could not be paid.]

pag. 297

Note 64 - The last evening at the Toulà

Carlo enters Toulà as usual, very early, when there is still no one there, and the state squalor of the restaurant appears in all its evidence, illuminated by dim nauseating lights. He does not see, on the cloakroom balcony, Carmelo's face with his short balding forehead, and his swollen lips, the gray eyes that have always known everything, his complicit smile that is no less than him. He will be inside, taking care of the coats of the only two customers, foreigners, sitting at the table. He sits and eats, looked after by a crowd of northern waiters, who have for him the ironic distrust that one has for someone who is alone and defenseless, outside the rules, but at the same time a certain kindness due to their common regional origin. Here the place slowly fills up, and here, inevitable, fatal as an Erinyes, the Hon.

Tortora, with one of his usual companies in full parliamentary fair play. Carlo has finished eating, pays, gets up, goes towards the wardrobe closet. Carmelo isn't there. In his place there is a new waitress, expressionless, yellowish, with a Venetian pronunciation. Carlo feels faint. At that moment, he mechanically turns towards the inside of Toulà, to hide his annoyance, his tragedy: and here his eyes meet for an instant with Tortora's eyes. It is true that Tortora is talking to a distant diner, at the other end of the table, and therefore his lawyerly joke is almost shouted, and therefore his attention is on the table: however, as if detached from his face and from reality where in that moment he finds himself, his two eyes, which should be cheerful or at least excited, rest as if they were two other eyes, opaque and without any expression, on Carlo and on the wardrobe window. It is, of course, what is said for a moment: and the Hon. Tortora is there again talking to her brothers who have come down from the North or come up from the South. Exactly like certain girls, who while walking and talking intently with their friend, know how to look straight in the face of a bystander who interests them, as if he were made of air, continuing to speak with the most absolute and total detachment towards the person distractedly looking at him. Carlo notices it, and takes in that look. But, in that same moment, he realizes that Carmelo's absence is not a pain, no, it is a liberation. The solitude in which she suddenly finds herself is the | the new | was necessary for the world to belong to her.

pag. 298

Note 65 - Confidences with the reader

What kept Carlo from feeling the deep pain that was logically foreseeable for the loss of Carmelo? What dissuaded him from despairing and crying over such a 'cosmic'

deprivation?

The analysis of his interiority is outside the task I have undertaken (which, in truth, does not even foresee the objective existence of this interiority). All I can do is resort to a registry change. Promote a moralistic analysis instead of a psychological one: I, the omniscient manager of this story. Never, no one can say everything, that is, be totally honest |

pure|: there is also a mafia |mystification| of the structure, universally accepted by tacit consent. The said is regulated by the unsaid; testimony from reticence; civic sentiment from silence. Only by basing itself on what is not form, form is such. And the exclusion of form is always a project, a calculation. Unfortunately, I oppose the 'tacit consent' with the verbality of my guilt: I don't know how to pretend to create an object, a mystery. But it [will be recreated, I hope] in the head of the reader, who I ask precisely now to accept these confidences of mine.

Carlo had always learned the sense of possession: <...> his Piedmontese grandparents, previously landowners, had founded a textile industry around 1850, hiring boys under the age of twelve as workers, possibly orphans and already sick, in so that the low wage was naturally [stabilized] <...>. [But this 'infamy'] of Carlo's great-grandfather (a right-thinking Catholic) is nothing |an episode|, if one thinks that previously, before the Napoleonic invasion, before the French revolution, [in the night of bourgeois times], the long line of ancestors, already rich, or still poor, had always based the meaning of existence on nothing other than possession. This sense of possession [(whether of a small field, a large estate or a textile industry)] was materially depicted in Carlo's physical appearance. His swollen and childish face, under the blond of his already thinning hair, as if dulled by the clever decision not to do anything imprudent, to formally stick to the education that had been given to him in childhood, that awkward look, in his body , like someone who still pees on himself, almost like a disabled child, corrected however by the skill and information of a boy scout, who, on difficult occasions, knows how to manage better than a virile and innocent proletarian - in short, the physical appearance that made Carlo [a

'fake'], that is, an inelegant sucker [dressed] in a gray suit that is too large and a branded but absolutely anonymous shirt - all this was nothing more than a barrier of naivety, of honesty page. 299

and of stupidity raised around Carlo to defend and mask his reality as master. Master who directs and owns for a privilege so embodied in him that he is not aware of it. This duty to defend himself and silence his sense of guilt had, so to speak, [pruned] all of Carlo's feelings. His sentimental world was phocomelic, maimed.

The other Carlo, his gentle brother, was the contradiction. He <...> would not have needed the gradualness, the passage, constituted by Carmelo, to reach the extremes. The extremes: this area forbidden to those who, having their feelings curtailed or atrophied, become first theorists, then the practicing blackmailers, of 'average feelings', of the philosophy of the 'golden mean', and, consequently, of 'graduality' .

I know well that in a 'Mystery', in an 'Auto sacramental', graduality is inconceivable, as a twilight and petty bourgeois element; that there cannot be deviated experiences, and therefore to be left suspended. In this context, a cause corresponds to an effect: the logical and consequent effect.

This is what the sublimity of fate consists of. Mistakes due to a shrunken soul are not tragic. And so his hesitations and his inability to interpret in their fatality, tragic because mathematical, the accumulation of cases that happen to him.

Carlo had encountered a body, and had experienced its corporeality. Well. But the fact is that this body - Carmelo's body - lived a different 'quality of life' *, a different social universe.

Therefore, knowing such a body it was obvious that one should also know - in its historical concreteness - its life. By loving this body, it was obvious that one should also love his world.

This would in fact have happened (that is, had happened) to the other Carlo, who did not even consider the problem of extreme consequences, and did not hesitate to draw from a cause the awareness of its inevitable effect.

Now for the bourgeois Carlo - who was not the most despicable of the bourgeois - being, as we know, a progressive Catholic, with a substantially secular education, [opened] <...> by the empirical experiences of advanced and unscrupulous work, not totally devoid, like his colleagues, of cultural interests, or, at least, of the sociological aspect of his work - this problem arose: it was the inability to love Carmelo that prevented him from loving his world, or, on the contrary, Was it the impossibility of loving the popular world that took away the possibility of loving Carmelo?

If, for example, Carmelo had been one of those fascists that Carlo, as in a vision, had seen running in front of his house, in a small armed horde, emerging from a dark background of the country that suddenly, seemed to foresee it, historically , as it was, mature and complete in its renewed relevance - would it have been more likely to be loved by Carlo? The nature of his page. 300

social world - being the same as that of Carlo - would it not have been an impediment to the expression of the young male's violence towards the man who had become female?

In this regard it would have been perfectly useless to question the obtuse, negative, hostile body of the engineer Carlo, that forehead of his bourgeois puppet without physical strength, that cowardly eye of his with within it the light of fear, hypocrisy and the determination not to lose one of his privileges as a master, that sticky hair of his, a wretched, unhealthy blonde, always combed in the same sporty way as when he went to high school in Piedmont, that shameless body of his, but unaware of it, given that everything that mattered it worked, and everything else was a dream and idealism, to be left to proletarian narcissists or inefficient bourgeois. Since Carlo's intelligence in understanding the psychology of others, although regulated by the insurmountable racist and classist prejudice, was quite acute and immediately got to the point empirically - presumably he had understood everything about Carmelo: but this does not mean that this understanding had become rational and verbal. Carlo's was more cunning than intelligence, and censorship had an easy time with it.

Furthermore, there is a whole other discussion to be had. Carlo remembered very well - even if now only conceptually - the time when he had a penis. His sense of possession was what they call a

'basso continuo', or, better yet, 'ostinato': it had no interruption. It was precisely this continuity that allowed him even long interruptions and deviations; it was this security that gave him the opportunity to dedicate himself to something else. His life was therefore normal. The sexual act was a form of rapid possession, sometimes artificially protracted. It was an episode, however, with a beginning and an end. This end, it is true, as similar to death, 'opened' the episode towards the whole, let's say towards a cosmic

[dimension]. But this was not what characterized the act: it was just a background to it. The act remained, in fact, episodic; it was a violent experience, inexpressibly necessary and therefore immense, but partial.

Possessing a body implies the limitation of that body. And also an almost economic evaluation of it: it appears as 'a tanto' (wonderful, dinner, even if it is an ordinary woman, of little price, of little quality). Ceno, love as a need for protection masked by the will to protect, tends to broaden the 'limited' sense of the sexual act as penetration of the penis into the possessed body for the short time necessary for ejaculation. But the limit, essentially, cannot be exceeded. The possessed body is an entity that is in the arms; it is measured by the gaze. It's a tool that once you've used it, you put it aside for next time.

It is true that alongside the 'ostinato bass' of the presence of the penis, in Carlo's life as a normal man there was also another 'ostinato bass', namely the obsession with women. But this was something other than actual intercourse. After all, even the male has the right to [his bribe] that drags him off page. 301

from the circle and project it into infinity! And this tangent was precisely the obsession with the female genital organ, understood as a place where one gets lost and dies and for which one lives.

But, I repeat, actual coitus - that is, the most significant moment apart subiecti of love - as possession, was possession of something fatally limited. In fact, by definition, one cannot possess everything.

Instead, being possessed is an experience cosmically opposite to that of possessing.

There is no relationship between the two things. They are not simply the opposite of each other. He who possesses does not communicate except illusively with he who is possessed, because he who is possessed has an experience incomparable to hers: she is of a completely different species, she is, I repeat, cosmically distant from it.

On the other hand, not even those who are possessed communicate with those who possess them: because the latter does not appear to them as a

limited entity, an individual. <...> And he cannot communicate with the whole! Because it is everything, precisely, that he possesses, through the penis and its violence. Whoever is possessed loses awareness of the shape of the penis, of its limited completeness, and feels it as an infinite and shapeless medium, through which Something or Someone takes possession of him, reducing him to possession, to a nothingness that has no other will than that of losing oneself in that different Will that [annuls it].

[On the part of those who are possessed, the one who possesses is therefore perceived as a Good, even if it involves sacrifice, pain, humiliation, death. The impact that violates the flesh extends across the entire infinite front of the flesh, not in just one point. The entire body, whose consciousness from within is unlimited because it coincides with that of the universe, is involved in the violence with which the one who possesses manifests himself, and who knows no pity, half terms, respect, extensions: his desire to possessing does not grant limits to the one who is possessed, who must be blindly passive, obedient, and who at most, even in suffering and degradation, can only be allowed to express his gratitude.

On the other hand, it is beyond question that Possession is Evil, indeed, by definition, it is EVIL: therefore being possessed is what is furthest from Evil, or rather, it is the only possible experience of Good, as Grace, life in its pure, cosmic state. That all comes when he wants and goes when he wants. But even this whim of his is wonderful, innocent, and leaves the one who is possessed in a state of expectation which, again, fills him with gratitude, pushes him to purifying tears.]

pag. 302

Note 70 - Night chats at the Colosseum

Carlo arrives at the Colosseum on foot. A tram that comes up from Prenestino took him to the vicinity.

The winter night (of '73 or '74) abandoned the streets to the freezing north wind.

The large streets of the suburbs with the [large] disorderly buildings seem like empty corridors: only a few dirty papers dragged here and there by the wind move there.

The small, old streets between San Giovanni and the Colosseum have already been cleared by the wind; and even the dirty paper no longer moves in them.

If by chance a human being, bundled up in an old coat, moves, he seems to do so secretly, obeying a dark [destiny].

Cars race incessantly around the Colosseum; but almost without noise, and with distant destinations to be reached quickly.

On the large expanses of asphalt the wind creeps sideways, swirling; and it barely makes the scaffolding applied to the old arches tremble.

The shadow descends from the sides of Oppio and Celio, and falls on those expanses of illuminated asphalt. On a hump of the Caelian Hill a small fire shines, lit by a [whore], who stands motionless nearby, thinking about who knows what, and doesn't even look at two customers, perhaps two soldiers, who anyway continue on their way and disappear for a small avenue towards Caracalla, [like the shadows of two deserters].

While the whore's little fire twists crookedly, as if inside a whirlpool, because the north wind blows from all sides and doesn't give it a moment's peace.

The Colosseum is fenced off by iron scaffolding and insurmountable nets. Despite this, a small group of regulars is there, under a sort of metal cage, next to the wall of Via xxx which goes uphill like a circular track.

One or two of the regulars stay apart. One is [completely bald] and has an aquiline face, which he holds proudly leaning against the north wind.

The cold has made him almost white, making his hard black beard stand out, although perhaps recently shaved.

He keeps his coat unbuttoned and his arms folded; one shoulder is slightly raised, fifth, and it is from behind that shoulder that his impassive face looms, casting proud, cold, protective glances around.

pag. 303

The other block is shorter in stature and rounder; he is much younger; he has all his hair, wavy, which goes down to his shoulders, and visibly forms his pride in him. He stands, composed and diligent, also with his arms folded, which gives him the cold air of a poor woman who has left home, who looks with hostility at the world around her, in which she is forced by some duty to venture out, beaten by the north wind, desert.

Then if someone passes by, his black and badly streaked eye looks at him with an hostile air, weighing him distractedly and suspiciously, almost as if he were thinking to himself: «Who is this foreigner?

|foreigner passing through these parts|?».

The other regulars, however, were gathered in groups, five or six, and laughing. Yes, they laughed, with their wide mouths made scarlet by the cold under their jaws black with beard, their large cheekbones, their balding foreheads.

They were long laughs, either stupid or too loud, of those who are calm and [self-sufficient]. So much so that if by chance some shadow passed by in the distance or some car slowed down a little, they did not stop laughing and talking, limiting themselves to turning towards those intruders an empty look, which was glued to them casually, <...> [while] the face was completely full of that cheerfulness that showed off a good-natured but total contempt for life, already too savored, enjoyed, [eviscerated] to still represent something relevant.

Among these, shamelessly laughing, [however, someone was] lost, although, as in a social evening, he tried to keep himself up, at the level of social lightness.

On his face there was the mask of someone who once and for all decided to give in to blackmail: "Whoever doesn't joke isn't one of us." And a grin

twisted even those poor features; a blissful happiness lay at the bottom of the sparkle of the desperate eye.

pag. 304

Note 70 - Chats at the Colosseum (continued)

Who knows from which corner some filthy paper had come out, and even some straw: and the north wind dragged it hysterically along the surface of the asphalt crudely illuminated by festoons of useless lights.

Following the crazy flight, full of long stops, of that garbage, Carlo timidly arrived next to that small group where he was known by sight - and stood aside with them.

He soon laughed too: on his large face of a peasant from the Po Valley - a sick grandson who resembles his healthy grandfather or his father who died of a heartache - the brownish pupils, set between the large wrinkles of mature age, had a sparkle that was almost of tears: instead it was laughter, a crafty laughter, which feigned an absolute certainty, an invincible optimism, which knows how to see the good everywhere. The slightly floppy brim of his brown hat protected him, although it was held a little high on his forehead like the brokers at the market: and the knobs around his slightly hooked nose were red, an almost artificial red, which faded into violet. And it was in them that it manifested itself above all, in theirs

[splendour], the eternally renewed gratitude for that little - very little, albeit - that life can always give, even in moments of [famine], of emptiness.

His acquaintances told each other stories they had experienced, as if the plague had broken out in the city, and only in that equestrian circus circle around the Colosseum, in the deserted night beaten by the north wind, had there remained any hope of surviving, reduced perhaps to just knowing and remember.

Listening to the words of those poor creatures, Carlo had a Vision.

pag. 305

Note 71 - The Shit (Vision: first paragraph)

I would like to conquer everything,

all the favors of the Gods.

Marx, early verses (1836)

[I first used the expression "the material the scene is made of": it would have been better to say

'remade'. In reality the scene reproduces, through the style - the material and the light - as I said - a real scene: and exactly the intersection of Via Casilina with Via Torpignattara and Via Torpignattara itself with the first twenty of its transversals, to the right and left, starting from the intersection and going back in the direction of Via Tuscolana. In this first paragraph of the Vision we see the totality of the scene.

This is all made of light metal and other transparent and unbreakable materials, at least as regards the essential structures: but there is also no shortage of other materials, presumably crystal, alabaster and xxx xxx xxx, perhaps even plastic. But however hard and rigid, all these materials are transparent. In fact in the Scene of the Vision there is no light. The light is behind, and shines through the material of which the scene is made, therefore taking on different colors depending on the shades of this material. The scene is consequently luminous, of a regular, diffused brightness, without shadows or penumbras, but rather with nuances, due to the greater or lesser intensity of the hue of the materials through which it shines; and it is, of course, polychrome. To be precise, the Vision Scene is regularly divided into an ordered series of sub-scenes or circles, each of which has a different hue.]

pag. 306

Note 71a - The Shit (Vision: second paragraph)

In this second paragraph of the Vision we see the characters whose movement acts as a common thread to the Vision itself. It is about a young man, Merda, and his girlfriend apparently named Cinzia. At the beginning of

the Vision, these two young people are crossing the traffic light, precisely at the intersection of Via Casilina and Via di Torpignattara: and they proceed towards Torpignattara. Carlo, the one who sees, contemplates them coming [towards] him: in fact he is in the middle of the Via di Torpignattara, on a cart with cork wheels, exactly like a director on a trolley. And since the two Protagonists of the Vision come, as I said, towards him, so that the distance of the point of view is always the same, the cart is dragged back, along the Via di Torpignattara, at the same pace - which is very slow - with which the two advance. To use cinematographic jargon once again, we therefore have a long, slow tracking shot backwards. Dragging the cart - also made of light and luminous metal - in which Carlo is sitting on the rear edge, with his back to the helm, are three Gods, who, however, Carlo does not see.

Merda is a young man of about twenty-five years of age, therefore no longer a beginner, he is small in stature and has a very wide pelvis. On the other hand, his shoulders are narrow. He is not fat but he has, as they say in the suburbs, a bit of a stomach. His face is full of freckles, or, as his friends express themselves, lentils or squeaks; and his flesh and fur are reddish: the bottom of his face is pink, a little

the color of the squeaks and hair is brownish instead. This hair is rather sparse, sparse and somewhat greasy: but it is long. Behind, they reach up to the shoulders: <...> pins emerge from behind the ears, which however are covered by other pins no less greasy and spinach-shaped than those that fall behind the back; in front of the ears they form two types of whiskers. Merda's head is triangular in shape: wide at the top (once his friends would have told him: "To walk around around, a louse would take a year": but now similar expressions are no longer used), and very narrow underneath, that is, at the chin: which on the other hand is a bit pointed, under the wide mouth. A smile is 'fixed' in this mouth, revealing the yellow teeth: this smile expresses confidence and satiety, and therefore a certain contempt for everything. At the same time it alludes to certain reassuring and respectable facts of his life which, naturally, you can't see while out walking, and which, it is clear, has nothing to do with his nickname: Shit. The eyes are also yellow, but more in a [metaphorical] than real sense: they are yellow with satiety and contempt: but the smile that stagnates there, watery and forced, gives that color an invincible shade of envy, bitterness, pain and [begging]. All the things that Shit pag. 307

he doesn't <...> admit: and therefore every now and then a light yawn arises in his mouth, closing his eyes, followed by a sort of 'pciàc pciàc' of the tongue against the palate. This is an expressive fossil of times gone by, which however now has other values and other references.

His girlfriend, Cinzia, is an ordinary girl, with blue jeans, a big butt and a blouse bought at Standa.

Of this entire Apparition, the most important and significant fact is that the two walk arm in arm. That is, Merda passed an arm under Cinzia's side, until he squeezed her opposite shoulder with her hand. Now, since Merda is a little shorter than Cinzia, he is forced to keep her folded over him, and therefore to give the idea, to anyone who looks at him, that he is walking holding her up, as if she were ill or disabled.

The two come forward in silence, hiding in the most casual and xxx way, the discomfort of their position: in silence, because between them - in their previous life, currently only alluded to

- everything has been said, and as for the others, their presence is enough to say everything.

pag. 308

Note 71b - The Shit (Vision: third paragraph)

In this third paragraph, attention must be brought to the Real Scene reproduced by the Vision Scene: the first remains inside the second, like a 'double', completely covered by its reproduction, it is true, but not without a slight phase shift, which allows to be able to recognize it and always keep it in mind. This 'double', or Real Scene, is not contemporary, chronologically, with the present aspect, or Vision Scene.

In other words, the intersection of Via Casilina with Via di Torpignattara della Realtà - which is 'behind'

the intersection of Via Casilina with Via di Torpignattara della Visione - is 'that of the past', that is, from six or seven years ago.

This 'establishes' the possibility of continuous comparison. Without this comparison it would be impossible to interpret everything that takes place in the Vision Scene: gestures, looks, attitudes, facts, places and people.

The scene of the crossing of the Vision is [made] entirely of large blocks of transparent metal and alabaster through which a violent and regular garnet-red light expands, which is clear, almost white, as if by incandescence, in the center of the objects (the walls of houses, sidewalks, shop shutters, small trees, electricity poles, etc.) while it darkens, to the point of becoming almost bloody, at the edges. This monochrome light causes things and lights of different colors to stand out in an optically anomalous way: for example the green or orange light of the traffic light, or people's clothes, all brightly colored - blouses, jackets, helmets, waistcoats made of the fabric of jeans, tennis shoes etc.

The scene of the crossroads of Reality, however - which through a slight phase shift, shines through in the background of the crossroads of Vision, albeit in a very uncertain way, almost due to a casual and hallucinatory concentration of the gaze on it - is shown in all its remoteness , faded, ancient [confusion]: the houses are whitish and peeling, or yellowish (only a few groups of new buildings are

<...> in the background), the sagging doors open onto the small dark and dusty entrance halls, the pavements are chipped, the small trees alternate with the light poles, stunted and dirty. People walk there confusedly, dressed in grey, almost in rags; only the youngsters have white or colored t-shirts with bright stripes. There is a light warm wind that raises vortices of heavy and dirty dust ([full] however of those laws, ancient and forgotten, which have always animated history and the cosmos since the beginning of the world).

pag. 309

pag. 310

Note 71c - The Shit (Vision: fourth paragraph)

In this fourth paragraph of the Vision, Merda and Cinzia are seen, always closely linked, and she supported by her man, as if she were 'sick or handicapped', that is, practically like a sack of potatoes - reaching the height of Via xxx xxx, which is the first perpendicular to the right of Via di Torpignattara.

The color which, as if from the depths of the Euresi - which there has the name of Periphery, and is part of the Theater of the City - explodes clear and violently monochrome - although always clear and incandescent more in the center than at the edges and joints of the large blocks of transparent material -

it is, this time, a vermilion-red. However, at the end of the small and narrow Via xxx xxx, made up entirely of miserable council houses from fifty or sixty years ago, this vermilion red fades and becomes fainter and more uniform: it almost becomes a strawberry pink dust, which fades into the sky. Over there, in that pink, mammoth new and, apparently empty, buildings line up.

The 'double' has the usual color of the old life, dull, grey, miserable, confused: a narrow passage in perspective with rickety frames, faded doors, rusty shutters, signs of old taverns and poor grocers and butchers' shops, a few steam ovens; and over there, precisely, in the mist of the heat, the new buildings.

In this miserable perspective, however - along the cracked sidewalks or even consisting of nothing other than a dirt base with a long and disconnected stone edge - beautiful people walk: fat, disheveled women with black and dirty dressing gowns, old men with lustful faces, or because of the brutality of old drunken criminals, or, what amounts to the same thing, because of the

<...> meekness of people who have never hurt anyone; and then pissing about half-naked kids, with their bellies hanging out, all snotty, but equally full of a strange sex appeal as they used to say back then - warm and tender as loaves of bread - and already rogues; and, above all, cliques of youngsters, who laugh, joke, throw jokes at each other, some racing on a rickety bicycle with the parannanza, some sitting like a beggar on the step of the front door, with dusty trousers and a striped t-shirt which, according to as

they are, they leave either the bones of the back or the belliculus exposed; those who ran wild on the seats of the street bar, known as the Coltellata or the xxx, with their hands on their dicks and sleepy eyes, ready to flicker like knives in the sun.

The most beautiful thing about those bodies are the heads. <...> The one who rides a bicycle has a head as black as pitch, with hair cut high at the nape of the neck, long and with a long groove, but abundant pages. 311

on the forehead, a tuft full of irregular and capricious waves or curls - like the grass that grows out of order on a wall in spring: a tuft that, after completing a turn, is wide and

[solemn] like the wing of a bird of prey, on the forehead, goes to [extinguish] behind the ears in perfect disorder, regulated by a [capricious grace].

Those who sit on the steps of the doors, on the other hand, have short, blond hair, with dark roots and light tips, which resemble a sort of ray, which becomes smooth and tidy at the nape of the neck, which is also long, and well-defined on the the arch of the shoulders.

Those who sit wildly on the seats in the bars have a series of little heads that are a whole sample of [ancient, almost] Neapolitan elegance: [gift and coat of arms] of the male children, the beauties of the house.

Who has thick, black waves that stick to his skull like that of a statue, revealing a beautiful soldier's neck behind him; who instead has abundant, straight and blond hair, which falls everywhere as he moves, but always with elegance and lightness, sliding as if it were silk (and always well shorn behind the ears, on the exposed nape of the neck, where it shines < ...> virility); who, again, has razor-cut hair, short, but freshly washed, black as pitch but, above, almost light, so fluffy and shiny it is: behind the neck the razor has worked it to perfection, that is, without nuance, in so that they run compactly behind the ears and on the neck, with an almost cruel and xxx perfection. <...>

But in the Vision Scene things are not exactly like that. Following, in the long backward tracking shot, the progress of Merda and his girlfriend, Carlo

takes a long contemplative look at Via xxx xxx, in the blaze of its crimson light: and observes there, practically, a [museum of horrors].

Everyone stands still, and turned towards him, like wax statues: the gestures, the actions, the smiles, the actions, the words, are insignificant or irrelevant. What is on display in this Group is the pure and simple physical presence.

The women - although still massive and disheveled, even if the black aprons are partly replaced by floral-printed robes - are immersed |lost| in a kind of mist, in which <...> [I am]

indistinct; and so the old people - both bad drunks and <...> already half-dead pensioners; even the elderly men are immersed in that sort of crimson fog, which makes them into insignificant silhouettes, painfully trying to show off, to be equal to the situation.

Some people succeed: for example, they are a 'big-bellied' guy with olive skin, two big mustaches that hang down like a Tartar, with a flowered shirt untucked. Or a tall one, with watery eyes and the face of an old pimp who passes himself off as an employee: he has hair like a saint, which waves behind his back, already half gray, while in front of him he is all balding, shiny as page. 312

a small oven [of a manhole]. Those who are all, perfectly illuminated by the metallic red-vermilion light of the Girone, are the young people and the boys.

pag. 313

Note 71d - The Shit (Vision: fourth paragraph, II)

They all seem to be brothers and cousins of the flesh of Shit, who passes by at the entrance to their street giving them a complicit and sleepy look (while in reality he must demonstrate that his gaze is drawn away, in front of him - in a no less sleepy distraction - mixed with the light and fixed smile of satiety - verse

other horizons: the Tuscolano). But no matter how ugly and repugnant Shit is, with those pins on the back of his neck and on his sideburns, those little

yellow dirty teeth, that greasy face full of creaks that look like fly droppings, and that expression whose smugness is full of hatred against everything and everyone although not [separated] from an anxiety [(well hidden)] with which he goes begging for attention - his 'peers' and 'peers' who are 'exposed' in the crimson light of Via xxx xxx are even uglier and more repulsive.

Because they don't smile, they don't hold a girl by the shoulder, they don't behave, they don't look ahead of themselves, they don't keep their eyes fixed on the ground like boarders, they don't talk to each other, they don't move, they aren't intent on any action : they are only there to show their ugliness and their repugnance.

pag. 314

Note 71e - II Shit (Vision: fourth paragraph, III)

Since at this point the real contemplation begins - and it is an intellectual contemplation - the three Gods who drag Carlo's cart begin, behind his back, to give him explanations: which however are internal suggestions, which pass from thought to thought, as in a dream. There are actually only two of those Gods speaking. The third is silent. But Carlo cannot see them. Only he 'gets to know' from them - invaded by their inner communication as if by a light -

what is necessary for him to understand [what] his eyes see.

The first thing [he 'knows'] is that each Group represents a Category, and that therefore each of those Apparitions is partial: it favors an isolated Element of the new Euresis of Via <...>. The second [thing he 'knows'] is that all the Elements which from time to time will be privileged by the Representation - as immobile and almost crystallized - live and are articulated when they are mixed with all the others, or with a good part of the others. And that anyway (this is the third thing that

[is communicated] to Carlo) all those isolated Representative Elements actually coexist in people who from time to time reveal them on themselves, on their own bodies. However, finally - and this is the fourth great preliminary notion - there is some of those Representatives in which the

privileged and isolated Element is found in a pure state. In the present case of the Path xxx xxx, in fact, is the Element of ugliness and repugnance.

This individual in whom there is no other Element of life than ugliness and repugnance, is a Model.

But this Model is invisible, because no one could sustain its sight. He is buried in the heart of the Girone, inside a small marble tomb which is the tabernacle, and above which is placed a statuette (of various colors depending on the Gironi: in this case vermilion) which reproduces his features: also however, it is covered with a cloth, because even its sight would, logically, be unbearable.

This 'Tomb' or 'Tabernacle' of the Model is located at the end of the road, down there where the vermilion color fades into a strawberry-coloured dust, but faded and almost whitish due to the distance.

That the sight of both the Model and his Statuette is intolerable is [largely] demonstrated by those who, scattered on the street, and turned towards Carlo who contemplates them, try to imitate him.

Imitation (as the Gods say) is the 'formal' foundation of their life code. These, therefore, in the Group of ugliness and repugnance, imitate the Model of ugliness and page. 315

repugnance: which however - it must be kept in mind - is one of the many Models that they imitate, as in a Cult. And they imitate them, in fact, at the same time. The Model of Models is found in a Tabernacle located in a place still unknown to everyone <...>. Much more precise is the information from the two Gods on what concerns the specific and current meaning of the Model represented in the Girone di Via xxx xxx. The information is the following: since the first Model, at least in the physical sense of the approach, is that of ugliness and repugnance, it follows that those who are by nature endowed with some ugliness and repugnance take in life the place that once was held by

'beautiful', those 'endowed with grace': that is, they are the living and registered 'models', who in some way approximate the First and Invisible

Model, the object of cultic anxiety. If one is a little stunted, or obese, if one shoulder is a little lower than the other, if one has skeletal or crooked legs, if one is short in stature, or lanky, if one has a long, bony nose, or flattened and deformed, if he has inexpressive eyes, or full of an idiotic, frightened, evil expression, without personality, that is, erased by anxiety or self-affirmation, if he has a deformed mouth, with a grim, slimy smile , bruise, or a large mouth with teeth bared by an unjustified and intrusive cheerfulness, etc. etc., here he presents himself, in his circle, in his street, in his bar, as a possible model,

close to the Prime Model closed in his Tabernacle.

To underline, correct, increase, enhance and above all make 'significant' all these physical defects of the lucky ones who have been gifted by nature with a certain dose of ugliness and repugnance, hair, in the form of a mustache, has enormous importance. , of beards, of sideburns, of fringes, of curls, of tails, of other forms to which the previous civilization did not give a name. <...> Who has a full, swollen head, with hair with thick roots on the forehead and temples and ending at the bottom of the neck with a long xxx that gives the final touch to the dense waviness that moves them all as if in a perfect styling or the 'perm' of the ladies of the Forties: generally under such a hairstyle the face is not particularly ugly and repugnant, it is on the contrary, rather regular: but it is grey, anonymous, and so humiliated by that aforementioned hairdo ' from a period he doesn't know, to be monstrous, to the point of heartbreaking. Another, however, makes, without wanting to, a citation of even more distant eras: the Twenties or the early Thirties: he is generally very dark, his hair falls straight here and there from his forehead, but, along the forehead, it flows a long neat fringe. Even in this case it is generally a brunette, perhaps with southern features, not ugly, but also made monstrous by that quotation full of a coquetry ['fanée'], of which he, like a horse, knows nothing. In some cases the bangs are replaced by kisses. Someone else, having hair without resources, let it grow wildly: but they are in locks, black, disheveled: the perfect head of a whore pag. 316

neorealism of the 1950s. Especially since such a type is generally fat, or even obese, with pale cheeks and a hooked nose: the ass is also shaped like a cello, and the tight trousers highlight it conspicuously. Even in this case the citation is perfectly unconscious, and the ugliness and repugnance are

achieved with an innocence that makes them even more uglier and repugnant. Then there are others who cite men, rather than women: that is, they cite Greats of the Past who are perfectly unknown to them: some [Christ], some Cavour, some a reactionary eighteenth-century intellectual, some a magistrate portrayed by an anonymous neoclassical painter, etc. etc. Those who make such quotes are generally kids who are already a little older, already in their mid-twenties. Even beards, of all types, seem to be xxx choices of the latter: short and thick beards that cover the whole cheek up to the eyes, or long, flowing beards, but with hard hair, which keeps them stiff; someone, blond, instead has light hair, and so his beard flows waving, like a 'liberty' apostle (since naturally the unconscious quotes continue to horribly tighten the heart). Who has both a beard and long hair, thus achieving a kind of

cultic 'extremism', recalls the saints of a religion unknown to him, such as the Hindu religion, or the old fire eaters: especially since these extremists generally have miserable bodies, are dressed in a pair of blue jeans and a Neapolitan boy's t-shirt , and in short, as they say in Rome, "they have an ass de fora". Then there are those who have 'constructed' hair: generally they are those who, having frizzy or too thickly wavy hair, have overcome this misfortune by letting it grow and then cutting it equal to the height of the neck, or pointed to the head, or still on the forehead, so as to be almost shaved in the center with two enormous protrusions around the ears: recalling once again unconsciously and therefore wounding the heart [to the point of tearing it apart] - the hairstyles of certain primitive initiates, which disfigure the face, making it a unrecognizable mask. In this sense, the best results seem to be achieved by those who, having had the great misfortune of being born with curly hair (and who once would have been the 'Crickets') had their hair drawn: and therefore, with similar artificial hair, they been able to do with their heads what they wanted, completely deforming their nature and consequently approximating in the apparently most satisfactory way the Prime Model <...> of their Group: the Model, precisely, of Ugliness and Repugnance. From the greater or lesser approximation to such a Model they derive two more or less satisfied attitudes (but full satisfaction is by far prevalent). The first attitude is the blissful attitude, which manifests itself in the calm light of the eyes and the moderation of the gestures, of one who has fully realized his own dream, and, as for this, no longer has anything to blame himself for, to ask himself, or to expect from destiny. He has fully

fulfilled himself: he is at peace with the society to which he exhibits his | own | approximation to the Model, page 317

precisely, social, which he considers almost perfect. Indeed, this perfection of imitation of the Model also undergoes in him the typical 'reversal' that all perfectly conformist positions have; that is, he becomes aggressive and violent. In short, total adherence to the Authority becomes a demonstration of violence towards minorities that this adherence in one way or another does not implement or does not confirm. So that, with the blessed, stagnant light of satisfaction of those who have given themselves wholeheartedly to implement the Dictates of Authority in their own Body, coexists a grim light of resentment, anger, fury, which almost transforms excess into Anarchy. of Obedience: perfect normality is scandalous.

The second attitude that derives from the approximation to the Model is silence. The word has become a word of pure physical and mimic presence: the expression is devolved to the way of being of the Body, and, in particular, to the hair: a way of being derived precisely from an indisputable Model, and whose imitation per se says already everything.

At least the two Gods made Carlo aware of these things.

pag. 318

Note 71f - II Shit (Vision: fifth paragraph)

In this fifth paragraph of the Vision we see Shit and his girlfriend - always connected in that special way that they seem not to want to abandon for any reason in the world -

arrive at Via xxx xxx, the second crossroads of Via Torpignattara. This time the Scene of the Vision is to the right of Carlo who, leaning back on the cart, contemplates it. The light is ruby-red. Always very bright in the center of the surfaces and darker at the edges. And always, at the end of the perspective of the poor suburban street, evanescent in a mist that has no more than a faded memory of the ruby. But, in its almost colorless light, new and perhaps uninhabited buildings do not loom large: but hovels, construction sites and the walls of an Aqueduct. “Here is what was once a great plebeian

metropolis" [is the idea that the two Gods instill in Carlo. And he watches diligently. He sees, in the double - in the hallucination of the phase shift (almost in a printing error) -

swarm the ancient plebs: they are rags, gray trousers, white shirts, colored t-shirts, and some anomalous items of clothing, a red handkerchief, a 'marine' cap pulled down over the eyes and with the back of the head uncovered.

Now, however, in the ruby light of the Vision, everyone seems to have stepped out of a clothing store. Objectively there is nothing shameful or heartbreaking. But it is enough to observe a little: the language of those clothes that seem to still have the price attached, and have nothing to envy of those of the bourgeois, perfectly up to the level as they are of their absolute modernity and even good taste, in the fiction of the 'poor ' and the 'patched', in the range of colors of powder blue, turquoise, light blue, grey, with sudden flashes of yellow or red, in the impeccable narrowness of the trousers at the waist and on the lap and in their equally impeccable width below the knees, etc. etc. - the language of those clothes is no less significant than that of bodies and hair. <...> It too provides <...> to the eyes and gestures the calm light of bliss of one who is satisfied and has fulfilled himself, <...> together with the furious light of one who confuses the resulting bad conscience from this subservience to the Model with a [heretical and revolutionary restlessness from which] he feels inspired to dress according to a taste that he considers at least as anarchic and scandalous as it is legalistic and codified. And naturally, because of the raw innocence through which all this is accomplished, the ugliness becomes uglier and the repugnance more repugnant. But the Element that is isolated and represented in this Group is no longer ugliness and repugnance, but rather the way of dressing and its conformism. <...> In describing the various Elements isolated and represented in the various Groups, I do not pay. 319

I can <...> stick strictly to the theme and therefore end up instinctively obeying, by expressing myself, their effective temporariness. I can't, talking about hair, not talk about asses, and, talking about asses, not talk about hair. Regarding the conformism of clothing, the thought communicated by the two Gods to Carlo is approximately the following. It is true that - apart from the small bags held tightly between the forefinger and the thumb, or under the armpit, ridiculous peripatetic bags which have the power to humiliate

and make heartbreakingly ridiculous even the most gifted of young men - the whole of clothing does not objectively reach the level of horror achieved for example by the use of beards and hair: however, in clothing a fact is expressed at a level of greater and xxx clarity which, by the use of beards and hair, is expressed too dramatically and repellently to be noticed: it is interclassism. Those clothes are no longer the clothes of the poor - this is the interpretative key of the Vision inspired by Charles by the two Gods - but not because the poor have fought to achieve (in clothes) social equality: but because this has been granted to them. In short, why [repeat ourselves]?, it is precisely a humiliating and deplorable phenomenon of interclassism, and that says it all. It is this, therefore, that - looking at those people, especially young ones - in the second picture of the Vision - tightens the heart and gives a [deep and irremediable consternation] And over there, in the fading light of distance and twilight, in the fading of the ruby-colored light in whiteness of a dream, where life repeats and multiplies infinitely, as if out of time (a late spring or a warm winter) everything becomes fatal. It is distant to the eye and even to consciousness. It's irremediable.

pag. 320

Note 71g - II Shit (Vision: sixth paragraph)

In this sixth paragraph of the Vision, Merda and his girlfriend pass, tenaciously embracing, in front of Via xxx xxx, to the left of Carlo who regularly continues to recoil while contemplating it.

This Via xxx xxx therefore points towards the belt of tower blocks that rise in the faded haze, heat or dusk. The time of the dream does not allow us to distinguish it. The slabs of metallic or alabaster material which here reproduce the low houses and shops squeezed in a long perspective towards the chain of popular skyscrapers, are black-cherry red: shining in the center of the slabs, opaque, almost purple at the edges. This purple one has something sinister, the Girone di Via xxx xxx [has something] different from the others: and its feral air immediately makes it suspicious. The Gods make this clear to Carlo. The Circle is without Tabernacle: the usual Tabernacle erected on the underground crypt where the Idol is kept hidden. Since the Tabernacle is missing, the statuette that reproduces the Idol is naturally also missing. Therefore the way of being, isolated and revealed by this Group,

does not have a Model that makes it practically historical, current, concrete: a Model that presents itself [in concrete terms] as an object of Imitation, replacing the ancient one that preceded it in previous centuries and valid, in fact, up to a few years ahead. A glance at the 'double', the profound original scene of reality remaining in the <...> of the Vision - and already yellowed like an old photograph - leaves no doubt about what <...> the Imitation [and the Value]

antecedents: now, apparently, overcome by history. There is an air of celebration, of happiness: sun and misery.

Weekday time is precisely that of the dream. A late spring, I repeat, or a warm winter. There is no reference. But everything hovers as if it were eternal. Older and younger women speak; the girls pass by stealthily, but full of anticipation about what certainly awaits them in life. Their colors are those of health: and their poor garments full of [dignity]. The old people have lost the certainty that awaited them in life, but, sitting at the tables of the taverns or on the benches of the small gardens that [appear] at the end, they know that they have nevertheless lived a life: a unique and irreplaceable life . Their faces have the impenetrability of statues. Nothing in them is cracked or desecrated. They go towards the end and death, but they do not reveal the secret of what they feel. It seems that they have always known how to become and how to be old. Young people and children are also full of this dignity. They spend their sunny afternoon carelessly, some working, some doing nothing: but in their hearts shines the certainty that what they are going through is what is right to go through. AND

eternal in their illusion and eternal in the reality that contains them. Over time, this peace shines through on pages. 321

their eyes full of a strong and cheerful feeling. Maybe there are other expressions in those eyes: mischievous, evil, dangerous, or simple, innocent and cheerful. But what is common to all is the awareness of being creating a single Model: that of their street, their neighborhood, their universe. A single Model who, although it involves poverty, is the best and nicest Model in the world. This ensures them, I repeat, inner strength, cohesion and therefore health. <...> In the Scene of the Vision, however, it is quite the opposite: the characters, elderly and young - who began to appear in their physical and

social actuality in the previous Groups - here testify to the absence of a Model, and therefore disorientation and illness. Steps for the old and the elderly: they have lost it, but, at least, they have had it. Many of them didn't even realize they had lost it. But young people suffer [atrociously] from this absence: they don't know who to look like, that is, precisely, what Model to create. They have others, as we have seen in the previous Groups and as we will see in the following Groups: but this Model, which is that of certainty in the eternal values of existence, that is, in health, does not exist. The colors of their faces are therefore [the colors of the disease] An unhealthy pallor is on all of them, sometimes even livid or cadaverous. Their eyes are without light, or full of an exalted light, <...> or even of a purely physical, senseless light, like that of certain animals that turn and turn on themselves as if crazy because they still retain greed despite having lost the reasons. This paleness of the skin and this [despair] or apathy of the <...> are clear symptoms of a disease which has the generic name of Neurosis. It ranges from the most common and light cases to almost frightening cases of madness: the pallor is ghostly, the eyes unfathomable, and, at the corners of the crooked and livid mouths, a little drool drips.

pag. 322

Note 71h - II Shit (Vision: seventh paragraph)

In this seventh paragraph of the Vision, we have reached the fourth street perpendicular to Via di Torpignattara: here there is a small traffic light. The Vision Scene is to Carlo's left. The light is cherry-red. The blocks from which it emanates reproduce a winding street, which goes towards the distant shacks [clinging like chickens] to the walls of the Aqueduct. There is, immediately around the corner, a small supermarket, and a bar with chairs outside. The traffic light is red. Shit and his mecca stop on the edge of the sidewalk. Everything suggests that here, at least for an instant, Shit abandons the grip with which he holds the burden of his girlfriend, folded on himself - to rest a little, to loosen up a little the muscles of the arm that must be shrunken , sore, or at least, angina. However, not at all: Merda continues to maintain that position which evidently seems irreplaceable to him. Indeed, with a patient and almost mocking smile, to hide the tenderness that is customary in those cases, he gives a tighter squeeze to his girlfriend, who responds, so as not to fail in her role, with a sick smile (while you can

clearly see that she is healthy, strong, with the face of a gypsy, who if by chance he were to soak a pizza at Merda would make him fly to the other side of the street].

Here - as the Gods point out to Carlo - in the cherry-red light of the Scenography, the Tabernacle is there, indeed. But, in fact, there is an anomaly here too. The Model is outside his grave, whose stone lies on the overturned road. He is sitting next to you with his legs crossed, and, also displaying his own Statuette, he is there to give oral advice, like an oracle, to those who are initiated into the Cult of his Imitation of him. The Model is a kind of Saint, therefore, who 'preaches'

apostolically the new Word. At this moment, there he is, precisely - next to his open tomb, under his cherry-red tabernacle, with the unpleasant face of all priests, although he is dressed with rigid secular taste, as seen in the Second Circle - who is speaking to a group of acolytes, who have the same unpleasant face and the same clothes as him: the sentence he is pronouncing is: «What, is there anyone who still hangs out with the fags?». The tone is sarcastic, triumphalistic, full of hatred, [certain] <...> that he has the whole future on his side. The Word preached by the TV Girone Model is (say the Gods) the Word of Abjuration.

pag. 323

Note 71i - II Shit (Vision: eighth paragraph)

In this eighth paragraph of the Vision we contemplate the V Circle: Via xxx xxx. The light is raspberry-red. The barrier of buildings, at the end, is finished, and you can see the antennas of a power plant. As for the Tabernacle, this time it is there: here it is over there in front of a dairy. The tomb on which it stands is regularly closed, and above the tombstone there is the statuette covered by the cloth.

Shit passes in front of the entrance to this Via xxx xxx, maintaining his imperturbable grip, which so much trust and serene complicity seems to imply with a friendly world, all willing to admit and approve. But a sheen of sweat begins to cover his face, smiling amiably between the lentils.

The Element embodied in the buried Model - the sight of which would, this time without doubt, be particularly intolerable, and therefore represented in this Group - is Respectfulness, as at least the Gods express themselves. [So, in summary]: champions of ugliness and repugnance,

[interclassists] in appearance, disfigured by the pallor of neurosis, dedicated with hateful recklessness to the abjuration of everything they have been, the young people and boys of this Group triumphantly show, with a certain haughty distraction, a new aspect of theirs: respectability bourgeois. They talk to each other about serious things, they keep their distance from any bystanders, they do not speak to those they do not know, they clearly demonstrate that their standard of living is full of dignity, they show off decent and clean clothes, they leave no doubt about the fact that they ignore those don't follow their people rules

[series] give serious and staid guarantees about their future, they clearly allude to the most complete self-sufficiency of their life which illuminates them from within like a [revealing] light. Their gaze does not even touch the viewer for an instant.

pag. 324

Note 711 - II Shit (Vision: ninth paragraph)

In this ninth paragraph of the Vision the Element embodied in the Model and offered to the Imitation of the Initiates - all young people is Dignity: but not human Dignity, but bourgeois dignity. This is what the Gods or Dukes say [papal papal] to Charles who retreats on his chariot. Shit advances, with his wife: and they both know well what this dignity is, although, among the Imitators, they are undoubtedly the least skilled, indeed, even the xxx. Those who expose themselves in the Group of Via xxx xxx - sculpted in its visionary form which is suffused with a powerful scarlet colored light - are instead xxx perfect imitators of their closed Model

under the newly built Tabernacle. This Dignity would be a negligible variant of the previous Element, Respectfulness, if it had not been incarnated in bodies, rather than remaining a rather ostentatious attitude in its limp and

livid feeling of superiority. No: unfortunately bourgeois Dignity has become, in bodies, in some way, a kind of new virile dignity.

The recantation, in this particular application, has become oblivion. The abjured Model - which represented the value of human Dignity, and virile Dignity <...> as a well-codified form <...> strictly popular - has been replaced by a Model that no longer even deigns to know it: ignores it. A profound distraction attracts these better-fed and better-dressed males elsewhere, who no longer even conceive of being treated as innocents or inferiors; and who do not even dream that their virility must be manifested through righteousness and malandrinism, the pride of one's cock and one's chastity, the poverty and innocence of appearance, the arrogance of the Underworld with its Seven Cities : no: on the contrary, according to them, and in full good faith, virility must be flaunted - without having planned it -

with a certain almost intellectual attitude, with a certain way of dressing like a daddy's boy, with a delicate dinner of habits, with a certain sporty xxx, even with a certain shyness and reserve strangely linked to greater muscular strength and greater prestige physicist. As will become clearer at the end of the Vision - and as the Gods already anticipate to Carlo -

this of Dignity thus established is the path to achieving a new form of military pride.

In the scene of reality - miserable and whitish - under the powerful scenographic structure of the scene of the Vision with its scarlet light - we can in fact see the 'cannon fodder'. The poor were asked to be soldiers. Now we no longer ask anyone to be soldiers. [There at the end of Via xxx xxx, where the scarlet fades and bleaches, two little soldiers on leave: they have their tufts out, their caps on page. 325

ordinance placed mischievously on the back of the neck, the uniform worn like pajamas, all unbuttoned and untangled]. But if there are to be new soldiers they must be like American soldiers.

Or rather - as the Model buried in the Tabernacle evidently suggests to his Adepts - the true militarism already unconsciously adopted is that of the SS. In fact, who was it made up of?

SS 'troop'? Evidently from young people of the people who industrialization had just bourgeoisized, like these.

pag. 326

Note 71m - II Merda (Vision: tenth paragraph)

In this tenth paragraph of the Vision we contemplate the passage of Merda and his woman in front of Via xxx xxx. The Shit, pretending nothing has happened, wipes the sweat that wets his small wrinkled forehead with his free hand.

The Gods tell Carlo that here is the Circle of Cowardice (or even Weakness, or better yet Renunciation, Unavailability). Yes, because the world that tingles [behind] <...>, is a world where the boy has decided - perhaps without knowing it - because his Model told him so - to be strong and ready for anything. If someone had told him to follow him, he would have followed him, saying goodbye to his village, to the end of the world: at least until he got bored. Any change or event was welcome. His life was pure, absolute, but not self-sufficient, because she was poor. And so each of those who swarmed in that poor street was willing and prepared for other destinies, he who had such a perfect destiny.

Now the Model -<...> buried, <...> because repugnant, in a crypt under the crypt - and whose ritual Statuette is wrapped in a double cloth - instead tells his Cultivators that they must fear everything and everyone, don't trust anyone, with all the things that happen, mind your own business, but not like it used to -

that this was a bold and xxx phrase - but in a very literal sense: that is, not to come out of one's shell: one's family, one's fuzzy house, one's group of friends, one's job (those who work: but for those who go it's the same thing to steal), and go to bed early in the evening (the only exception being for those who go stealing, in this case). Don't talk to strangers, and if someone looks at you, go on your way, looking straight ahead, or better yet with your eyes lowered, like a good schoolgirl, since you also have angel hair and white skin .

The light of the Scene of this Circle is red-purple. At the end, where the houses on the street mixed with the new buildings, face the last antennas of the power station, the purple color becomes a beautiful pink dust, [which seems to be the work of an ice cream maker].

pag. 327

Note 71n - The Shit (Vision: eleventh paragraph)

In this eleventh paragraph of the Vision, as is clear to the reader who has kept his calculations well, we reach the VIII Circle. Shit advances. Surely the effort he is forced to make to keep Mecca close to him in the same way always makes him see [infanticides].

The arm certainly doesn't feel like it anymore.

The light is orange: and exploding with blinding violence in the center of the slabs or blocks of crystal - where the crystal is evidently less thick - the orange becomes a strange lemon yellow suffused with fire. This shade which, as usual, fades, the orange also reaches the background: where there is no longer either the barrier of the new buildings or the antennas of the power station: but the pure and simple emptiness of the sky. The earth seems to sink: perhaps into some valley full of drainage.

Via xxx xxx, which is precisely the VIII Girone, widens in the center into a small round square, almost like a village. In the center of the square, there is the Tabernacle: orange, a sacred colour. But here too there is something new, although not entirely new. The Model is outside his tomb, and stands in front of his Tabernacle with his legs crossed: however, unlike the Model of Abjuration, this one, which <...> is the Model of Tolerance, has no face. Instead of a face it has a large egg. A talking egg: because he too is apostolic: he preaches his Word. Although strong, self-confident, open to the future, from his modern words, of freedom, <...> the listeners are eager, their weak and feminine little bodies are almost seized by a nervous tremor, they are incapable of attention, they make faces bored by gentlemen. They don't want to know but to be. The words of the Model are already words [of the Code], and they, born under this lucky star, are <...> impatient to realize [what] is normality for them,

<...> that afternoon, that evening, that night and throughout their future.

pag. 328

Note 71o - II Shit (Vision: twelfth paragraph)

In this twelfth paragraph of the Vision the Shit passes in front of Via xxx xxx, Girone IX.

Holding Cinzia close, so that for heaven's sake she doesn't run away from him, Shit walks slowly, white as a sheet with tiredness - and casts a winking look at the clique of his friends, crowded together |piled up| on the road.

In the canary-yellow light that the Vision Scene emanates through its massive transparent walls, those 'companions' stand out with [particular] clarity, given the dominant blue color of their clothes. The Chapel, at the end, of the Model of the Circle is also canary-yellow: which embodies the Element of Free Love. Free Love, apparently, of a rather narcissistic nature. <...> Even their predecessors, <...> who appear, like shadows, in the 'Reality' <...> buried behind that Vision, do not joke about narcissism: but it does not contradict their nature as children males immediately made proud - by their own mother - of their own dicks.

They dressed and posed to show off to each other, after all: looking after themselves as they could have done a few years earlier, in the not yet concluded years of centuries-old sub-proletarian poverty.

Tuxedo trousers or toga shirts, or the 'dress' par excellence - dark with a white shirt -

they were made to show off their beauties (seven) and their talents, in front of other males. The alley, and the entire universe of the suburbs, was one big <...>. Where the males educated each other, competing to achieve in the most xxx <...> the old <...> Model.

Now, these here from the Vision - LX Girone - are actually required to show off their masculinity in front of women. This is therefore the reason why their narcissism presents itself as an anomalous element: <...> of pity.

They stand or lean against the wall, or lie on the chairs in the bars: and everyone, without distinction, shows off their sex: but not metaphorically. It's really about their cock and balls. In fact, the trousers are very tight, at the waist and at the crotch, and whatever they have underneath takes on an objectively [indecent] importance, but which the usual 'bold' innocence plays down and makes a bit disgustingly painful. Where the swelling without any mystery xxx its protuberances, the trousers are threadbare, worn, almost discolored into a worn and livid [colour].

Which accentuates <...> the performance. For some you can actually see the entire little gun pressed against <...> a thigh, like the one children draw in the toilets. To some, however, the shape appears a little more confusing: on one side of the buttoning there must be the balls, as on page. 329

two chips, on the other side the dick, like a cucumber or a tender courgette. Finally, someone, in one way or another, manages to preserve their mystery a little better, showing off an oblique and livid swelling: in any case always too cloyingly innocent. <...> The Gods point this out to Carlo; and they reveal to him that, as predicted from the exhibition of that <...> priapism, there is a Newness in the Vision.

pag. 330

Note 71p - II Shit (Vision: thirteenth paragraph)

In this thirteenth paragraph of the Vision, the journey along the Via di Torpignattara del Merda and his woman leads to the height of Via xxx xxx, that is to the X Girone. Here Carlo's eyes narrow for a moment, hurt by the sudden change in light. It is now green: pea-green, not even on purpose. In this new light that emanates from the depths of Vision, the Spectacle is also new. The males are replaced by the females: this remains uncertain for a few moments, probably also due to the sudden change in light, but after a while it is made evident if only by the presence of the breasts.

Here, according to the Gods, one of the continuous Elements ceases, namely the Element of Ugliness and Repugnance: while all the other Elements continue more or less to be valid. Even, for example, the Element of Free Love continues to coexist with the others: in fact, almost all the young men

and women have blue jeans no less tight than those of the males: so tight that you can see the bottom of their belly the cleft of the vulva. This phenomenon presents less variety than the analogous male phenomenon: the cracks are in fact all the same. A minimum of variety is given by the fabric of the trousers: some lighter fabrics form a series of horizontal folds around the vertical cut of the vulva. Those who don't have blue jeans have such a short skirt (the two Gods have the linguistic modesty not to mention it by its current name) that you can practically see their panties, and, under the panties, the well-known protuberance. Even the Elements represented in the Women's Groups and embodied in their Models are valid for males, and coexist with all the other Elements of the Vision. Under his Tabernacle, well closed inside his crypt, lies the Model of the modern mentality in this X Circle. It is the twin brother of the previous two - the Model of Tolerance and the so-called Model of Free Love. It is therefore useless to insist on it. The body language of all these girls clearly says that they [are modern].

pag. 331

Note 71q - The Shit (Vision: fourteenth paragraph)

In this fourteenth paragraph of the Vision the Merda is seen passing in front of Via xxx xxx. The color is emerald green. The Tabernacle is dedicated to the Model of Imitation of the bourgeois standard of living. Also on this point the girls' clothes, their bodies, their behavior, their expressions speak clearly. The Gods reiterate this to Carlo. This Model is not only imitated by girls - who dedicate themselves to his cult only with a little more particular devotion - but is also imitated by males. [To be honest, in Imitation there is a little more fanaticism in girls], something of which they make themselves apostles (and with good arguments to convince them) in relationships with men. I repeat: if age-grouping works, sex-grouping absolutely does not.

pag. 332

Note 71r - II Shit (Vision: fifteenth paragraph)

In this fifteenth paragraph of the Vision, the Shit passes - giving himself a particular attitude -

in front of the XII Girone, Via xxx xxx. He must now be on the verge of moaning from the pain in his arm: but instead, he still smiles, handsome, calm, well-disposed, modest, almost blessing, so much does he feel at peace with everything and everyone: only in his mouth is the ironic smile with which , as is regular, hides all this, it's a little crooked. The light of the Girone is Veronese-green: the road leads again, at the end, where the green becomes greenish, against a certain group of buildings, but much taller than the previous ones, which appeared immediately after Via Casilina: these are real skyscrapers, with a lot of glass and a lot of metal,

<...>. Here the Tabernacle is dedicated to the Model of the Lay Spirit. Moreover, it is clearly seen that the girls are no longer part of the church, and they use everything they can to convince the boys out other than to take them to Mass on Sunday. The ignorance of the Vatican has been the model of the ignorance of the people for centuries. An ignorance made entirely of practicality, as the Gods suggest to Carlo: a practicality that American pragmatism and even the most fanatical and provincial behaviorism 'make a fool of'. Well, once the Vatican is over, its ignorance remains, in which, due to its totally irreligious practicalism, it is easy for the Model of the Secular Spirit, from its Tabernacle, to insinuate the Word of hedonism and materialism of an American character , or at least typical of the entire new civilization. Also in this case the silent Preaching of the Model of the present XII Group applies to both females and males. Except that females are by nature more impervious to his arguments, as they are substantially less compromised with the old Models of the Past, omnipotent in Torpignattara until a few years earlier, and now ended up who knows where.

pag. 333

Note 71s - II Merda (Vision: sixteenth paragraph)

In this sixteenth paragraph of the Vision, Shit passes in front of Via xxx xxx, and here his ironic smile becomes sly and satisfied, although by now such pangs of pain must be shooting from his arm as to make his head numb. This is the XIII Circle: where the cult of the Model of the New Family is practiced (also always valid for males). The light is olive-green, vaguely sinister. In the background, in the lightened green that turns vaguely sepia, the skyscrapers of the

[New] Neighborhood. It is clear that the New Family, whose spirit is xxx from the Cult and Imitation of the Model of the XIII Circle, has nothing to do with the Christian family, that is, with the petty-bourgeois family [formed on the pattern] of the previous family peasant woman: the family as [clan], den, shelter against the horror of the economy of poverty (say the Gods). All these girls seem to know very well that one should not get married to fight against poverty, but to achieve and socially express well-being. While the family of poverty was blessed by the Catholic Church, which had deposited its usual criminal ignorance, the new family of well-being, as we have seen, emancipated itself from the Catholic Church which therefore left it historically as a legacy nothing other than the aforementioned ignorance (always to report the words of the Gods).

At the end of Via xxx xxx, the Via del XIII Girone, there is a small Largo, in a semicircle. The houses are small, built a few decades earlier by the owners themselves, with their own hands, and plastered in bright colours: behind, there are small gardens: two or three of these houses are very old, and without plaster. They are 19th century farmhouses, or perhaps even older, made of tuff, with an external staircase, a door with an architrave, and small arched windows. The Largo is not asphalted, but its bottom is an old cobblestone with some grass growing between it. In front of the doors of the new houses, there are curtains of poor fabric, with flowers. While the old farmhouses, like small rustic fortresses, with their old tuff blocks with somewhat uncertain contours and covered with sparse patches of rust-coloured moss, are no longer without their old, solid doors. There are fences, which in turn have become decrepit, in the doorways, against the dusty windows, which overlook the darkness of the interior. In one of these fences, which had certainly been disused for many years, a small plant of [roses] grew from a bit of soil and are now in flower. Some old flies, as well as some bluebottles or wasps, go round and round in that sun-swept corner. Then there is an old woman, dressed all in black, bent over certain boxes, which must be smelly of fish or machine oil. <...> page. 334

pag. 335

Note 71t - II Shit (Vision: seventeenth paragraph)

In this seventeenth paragraph of the Vision, Shit passes in front of the Street xxx xxx, and if, passing in front of the Street xxx xxx, his smile, from ironic, had become sly and satisfied, here he even makes his way, happy, ecstatic, up to to expose all his yellow and gnawed teeth: he immediately remedies the |to such|

naivety by sketching a yawn of boredom and looking up to the left (i.e. on the other side of Via xxx xxx): he also does not fail to give Cinzia a [further] squeeze, as if to reassure her and confirm her in his protection. This must give him excruciating pain, even if he still feels his arm. Via xxx xxx is the XIV Group. And it is the third in which the Model is outside his tomb, sitting in front of his Tabernacle to integrate his action of xxx through preaching and the issuing of norms. It is - according to the prosaic definition of the Gods - the Model of Conformism.

The young men and women, all diligent and fierce, with the air of knowing well what they want, even when they are <...> being bitches or giving blowjobs, follow the preaching of this Model with great attention. What does this preaching consist of? In codifying, regulating, normalizing, quotidianizing and fanaticizing everything that is new and revolutionary - compared to the recent Past - may have been desired and imposed silently (and in some cases, as we have seen, also through an explicit intervention) by the previous Models of Life. The Gods never tire of repeating it to Carlo: although this Model of Conformism is inserted in a visionary context of only females, the spirit that it emanates and imposes is also valid for males. The Element of Conformity is an Element coexisting in everyone - male and female - with all the others. But it is the females who have had a special delegation to assimilate and spread the spirit of this Model: without the females it would have [lived] among the males in a disorderly manner, perhaps leaving them the illusion of the new and the revolutionary: which is unforgivable, and after all, not even conceivable.

pag. 336

Note 71u - II Shit (Vision: eighteenth paragraph)

[In this eighteenth paragraph of the Vision, we have arrived with Shit at Via xxx xxx.

There is a new traffic light, which is red. Shit then, protecting and supporting his lover, stops. And the cart Carlo is on also stops. The towing Gods take the opportunity to recap to Carlo what he has seen, and to take stock of the situation. Ugly and repulsive; devoured by a degrading interclass anxiety (with their whore handbags); bleached by a neurosis that makes him foam at the mouth and distorts it lividly; brutally ready to deny everything that they or their brothers have been; disdainful and all on their own to be respectable kids, in complicity with the rich classes; totally forgetful of every simple smile

<...> by subalterns because of a dignity that has become incarnate in them, and which is not human dignity but the unwelcoming bourgeois dignity; completely caught up in the loop that is their life, beyond which everything is suspect or a source of fear; free, with painful indecency, to take advantage of a sexual (freedom) which in reality does nothing but expose the poverty of their flesh and their xxx vulgarity - the New Young People are, above all, perfectly militarized by the same contrary Conformism but equal to the Conformism that had issued written and unwritten laws for centuries in defense of the ancient Values - which has already given the SS troops: and which is entrusted to the particular care of young females, delegated, therefore, to recover to the most rigid and fanatic everything new and

'scandalous' may have brought into life habits a new modern mentality, the imitation of the upper classes, a secular and materialistic conception of the family <...> etc. But that is not all; there's even worse.] *

pag. 337

Note 71v - II Shit (Vision: nineteenth paragraph)

The traffic light turns green. The towing Gods begin to pull the cart again, and Merda, nimbly descending the step on the sidewalk, crosses the street, carefully supporting his poor paralytic.

The great scenographic reconstruction of Via xxx xxx, i.e. of the The Gods cannot find a name for the Model who lies in his Tabernacle, this time, moreover, honored with garlands of flowers (made of plastic: cultic concern almost certainly due to female hand). If they cannot find a name for the

Model, the Gods however are quick to give Carlo a necessary premise to understand the meaning of this XV Group. The Element of Ugliness and Repugnance remained suspended, invalid (as we have seen) for the previous four Groups, populated exclusively by females: here, however, in the XV Group, it returns to be present, indeed, to be particularly alive and operating, despite the presence of females.

In fact, Via xxx xxx is frequented only by couples. Couples of young people, of course: the elderly, as usual semi-invisible in the sad mixed color of sepia and rust, are not noticeable; or, if they are noticed, their function is reduced to the pure and simple function of spectators, or rather admirers. Couples are of all types: but they all behave perfectly in the same way, observing the following rules: 1) They demand the admiration of all those present, although they manage, and what's more, smiling, serene, not to rest even for an instant the gaze on no one; 2) They demonstrate in the most unequivocal way their absolute self-sufficiency and total lack of any interest in anything that does not concern their xxx relationship; 3) They regularly hold each other closely - and without derogating for a moment from this rule - closely: either it is he who holds her at her side or by the shoulder (like Merda); or is it she who holds him (by her side); or finally, they hold hands by mutual agreement, even if he is the one holding it, with her tacit consent; 4) They are silent <...> because of the demonstrative ineffability of their relationship, which <...> [show off] as provocative (among hundreds of other couples doing exactly the same thing); 5) They speak, when they speak, in a dense and intimate way, as if they were speaking the jargon of initiates, barely perceptible, so much so that the understanding between them is immediate; 6) They don't miss the opportunity to exchange a few kisses, the effect of which (which must be amazing) on passers-by is never seen once.

pag. 338

All these rules, and a few other minor ones, are, I repeat, strictly observed, when couples walk down the street. If, however, they remain still, next to a wall or on a bench in the garden, the rule is reduced to just one, n. 1.

Then there is another, very common case. Moreover, in Via xxx xxx there is a typical example. A whole family group is sitting in a pizzeria (this time the elderly are in the spotlight): three or four fat men with their wives, the old

mother with a flowered dress, a young man, single, fat, pale, with sparkling glasses on his bulbous nose, 'constructed' hair that stands on top of his head like a huge pine cone, and the usual little bag under his arm. In the midst of all these guests, in the place of honor, stands the couple. Both the girl and the boy are silent, secretive and secluded: but their silence is the official one of those who are successful and know that it is up to them to be cultivated and honored. The girl, with her blue jeans so tight that as usual you can see the cut of her pussy, is silent, mushy, according to an ancient model that has not yet been completely overcome. He, on the other hand, is exquisitely modern, consumed to the point of exhaustion in the art of being admired. He is thin, tall, sheathed in a very simple, dark turquoise silk blouse; <...> he carelessly holds the purse in his hand; he has rather wild long hair, which however is finely tuned to a face which, on the contrary, is anything but wild: thin, sharp, smooth, with a red mouth under the accentuated cheekbones, but delicately, like the rest of the jaws. . Her eyes are <...> black. His silence is due to a sadness that makes him distant and distant. Perhaps it is his neurosis - the one that causes repugnance and pity - that makes him so <...> dismayed: but he masks all this with the vaguely fussy silence of someone who is beautiful, lucky, the object of envy and [has] the future all for him, in a society that ingratiates him and in which he clearly expects to be welcomed as a husband and father, <...> naturally very modern. He places a thin white elbow on the pizzeria table, with an intellectual and feminine delicacy. He is not a bourgeois or a student, he is someone who lives there, in Via xxx xxx at the intersection with Via di Torpignattara.

[The ostentation of all these loves that bind couples, fatal and manifestly carnal loves, as permissiveness allows, indeed, imposes - clearly reveals that these are |love| relationships.

profoundly insincere.] <...> And this is why, even in this Group, where there are Women, the spirit of Ugliness and Repugnance applies. In addition to couples, Via xxx xxx is full of mixed groups of boys and girls, even if the latter are fewer. They stay among themselves, establishing even in their plurality, the secrecy and venerable self-sufficiency of the couple. They laugh, they joke. Now the women are a little awkward, trying to cope with a situation to which they are not yet completely accustomed, and they mask their awkwardness by wagging their tails and acting silly with shouts and

grimaces; now, however, it is the males who are embarrassed, laughing with watery or stiff smiles, or keeping to the side like dogs with their tails between their pages. 339

legs, put on the ropes by the intrusiveness and arrogance of the girls who have taken control of the situation and are holding the court. But these are extreme cases. [Generally the mixed groups of boys and girls, like the one down there at the end of Via xxx xxx, along the fence of certain consumptive and dusty gardens, behave as if the camaraderie between males and females was something of ancient date, indeed of immemorial tradition , in Torpignattara, and made everyone happy and happy. In reality, the presence of women in male gangs <...> slows them down <...>, not only physically, in running, in joking, in <...> violence - but also, for example, in speaking, and, above all, in thinking. Education takes place in common; and since in these things the woman is the strongest - because conformism is stronger than any other feeling - education is actually done by women. Which, moreover, assimilate males to themselves. Here are the ancient uprights and bullies of Torpignattara, who consider their thinness, their finesse, their delicate attitudes, their standing with their shoulders a little high and their hips out, their making slightly '

sagging and xxx.] Their older brothers - whose bodies had been there, strong, poor and violent, only a few years before<...> [would have] fucked them all in the ass, or set them on fire . But they probably wouldn't believe their eyes and would take them for [hallucinations].

pag. 340

Note 71z - II Shit (Vision: twentieth paragraph)

In this twentieth paragraph of the Vision here is the Shit that arrives at Via xxx xxx: <...> this is no longer a Girone, but a Bolgia.

A second part of the Inferno20 therefore begins < ...> The Bolge, which are five, compared to the fifteen Gironi, are characterized by a different constitution of the Model. It is in fact 'double' or 'two-faced'. It is made up of two physicalities and therefore two senses. It is ambiguous: but the two natures that constitute this ambiguity are like oil and vinegar: each, having

developed autonomously, maintains and confirms its own autonomy. And one turns their back to the other.

The Bolge Models, therefore, are ultimately a Contradiction that does not want to be resolved: but it does not want to be an Opposition either. They are one Thing with two Faces, classically attached by the neck, and therefore eternally unable to know each other, or, more simply, to look at each other.

However, these Siamese brothers in the form of Janus' herm have two other characteristics.

First: they are dying. They are about to die, dissolve, no longer be. History wanted them this way, because, at the moment, it could not do better, and had to be satisfied with the coexistence of two competing Forms, perhaps, but, precisely, not contradictory.

At the foot of the Gods of the five Bolge, in addition to the usual sacred statuette which, so to speak, 'crystallizes'

their figure, there is also an axe. It is the ax with which before long - a few years - the Two-faced Models will be split in two: and it will be seen which of the two surviving halves will prevail, eliminating the rival.

Second: the Gods of the five Bolge have no name or definition. And this for the same reasons why they are temporary and moribund. History produced them, placed them as Models in the streets of the (People), but, so to speak, found them underfoot. I am the Unexpected and therefore, for now, the Unrelated.

A thousand qualifications and a thousand probable meanings can be predicated on them; or they can be defined with circumlocutions and generic references: but one thing is certain: that is, their perfect cohesion and solidarity with the Models of the previous Groups. Except that the latter are somehow acquired, and therefore clear; while they are in the process of being acquired, and therefore still enigmatic. Acquired is 20

Italian: it is not for nothing that the toponyms are of the easiest and most casual Dante reference.

however the transformation, whether double or coexistent, that they caused in the way of being, in the quality of life, [in the body] of their Imitators.

And let's move on to the first Bolgia.

Here the Two-faced God could be a God who presides over smells: but saying smells, evidently, means nothing: it is a simple metaphorical suggestion, along poetic lines. In the absence of anything better, however, we can follow this lead.

From the scene of Reality (the Street xxx xxx of a few years earlier) which, as usual, flickers and xxx under the scene of Vision, smells flow, and precisely the smells of the bodies of the young people and boys who populate the pavements and bars (at usually, the elderly are out of the game), They are smells of sweat and dust, that is, of poverty and innocence. The trousers (worn with elegance even if miserable, torn or bought second hand in Via Sannio) and the cheap cotton t-shirts are soaked in it; even the tufts of hair and the beautiful, well-shaped, naked napes of the neck are imbued with it.

A bit of a stench comes out of shoes, this is true, especially if they are made of rubber. But it's a forgivable and funny stench, as old as time. Furthermore there is the smell of a workshop, with its machine greases, a little nauseating <...> [but also] with its <...> hint of rusty iron. And again the smell of freshly baked bread, or even bread dough. Smell that naturally comes from someone who is a baker.

Let's not even talk about the smell of the fruit seller. But even the fishmongers - although the ingrown stink of the fish is noticeable - are not repugnant; on the contrary, [they make] <...> sympathy.

In the butchers' premises there is the smell of blood, which, to tell the truth, is also a bit nauseating:

[yet no less nice]. It smells like work.

The smell that the pizzicaroli boys carry with them is almost an aroma; smell of wrapping paper and pepper. And so on: I could go on for pages and pages.

Even the smell of sex, although not too well washed, and in some cases decidedly xxx - be it urine or what those boys then laughingly called 'caciotta' - is not repellent: it is the smell of nature and people.

Let's now see what happens in the superimposed Vision Scene. Meanwhile, here is the Model over there, standing on his little pedestal, with his two dull faces that say nothing.

[But its duplicity] has repercussions and is xxx throughout Via xxx xxx, <...> clearly. On one side are the young people and boys who imitate one of the two Forms of the God, on the other side are the young men and boys who imitate the other. But they are Imitators: not Adepts or Initiates. The double spirit of the God descends upon them, dividing them into two different groups, without them not only wanting it, but even without them knowing it. No longer the 'wild' innocence but the total passivity, almost on page. 342

automatons, completely played by their destiny, is the reason that makes here particularly <...> the Model of the first Group, that of Ugliness and Repugnance.

All the young people and boys who appear in this Bolgia therefore have the common characteristic of being particularly ugly and repulsive, both those who are on the right side of the road and those who are on the left side, discriminated by the resemblance to one or the other face of the Patron.

Let's look at those on the right side first.

They stand in picturesque, and above all photogenic, groups and clusters along the road. They don't look anyone in the face. They probably talk to each other about serious reasons; or they chat amiably, with grinning irony. Each of them displays an exemplary outfit: trousers with splendid star-shaped patches; t-shirts in the shape of a 'double face' waistcoat, inside blue <...>, outside ash gray vaguely on turquoise; long trousers, very tight at the waist and flared at the bottom; naturally great displays of 'bumps' (i.e. the

potato or tuber-like swellings of the sexes). <...> Everything else that does not concern them is a source of squeamish boredom and almost disgust [nausea], in their pale faces, in their circled eyes. When they are not tanned and toned after some intense sporting activity. However, everyone <...> seems to carry a glimmer of medals in their chest:

[i.e.] <...> the admiration of all the girls who held hands and shook shoulders, in the neighborhood and outside. They are <...> there to be admired; and presumption deforms their faces no less than their enormous hair, 'built' by competition in the most disfiguring ways. The picture is completed by the little purse that they squeamishly hold in their hands, with the air of someone who is used to a standard of living full of delicacies that spoil and, curiously, make one sad and self-absorbed.

Well, all of them - let's not forget, they are ugly and repulsive, even if by chance they could have been, in other historical circumstances, cute or beautiful - give off a smell, all the same, of a barber shop and a badly washed body.

It is a smell that hovers over them, perceptible only by particularly sensitive nostrils: the specter of an odor: but if by chance it is perceived, it becomes a moral judgment without remission and without pity. AND

the smell of the fascist clerk or the clerical lawyer: of the shopkeeper who emerges clean-shaven, fresh, tanned from the bathroom; of the young and efficient company manager who uses French cologne.

This smell is also the smell of the sexes: which, either they are washed badly - and then the soap, mixed with urine, makes the smell of urine a stench; or the talc, mixed with the 'caciotta', makes the smell of the caciotta, for what little xxx, asphyxiating. If, however, they are washed well, their aseptic smell of nothing makes those sexes, disgustingly, poor flesh, weak dangling anatomical organs.

And now we come to those on the left side.

The light that emanates from inside the large blocks probably of xxx that reconstruct, in the Formalism of Vision*, Via xxx xxx, is bluish: a dirty nocturnal blue of operetta choreography, or if you want an indigo of primitive illustration. It is therefore night. But the hypothetical moon or electric lighting as usual splits the road clearly in two. The right side is in light, the left in shadow. The shadow of these 'slums', of those old villages, which, in the middle of the night, once remained isolated from the world, populated only by those who knew them as themselves: sparse people who xxx xxx. On this left side in the shade, therefore, on the small steps of the shops with their shutters down, or around the street lamps, there are symmetrical groups of kids who are on the other side of the street, in the light.

By straining your eyes carefully, however, in their cursed dim light, and observing these kids better, you end up <...> making a <...> shocking discovery: these kids are the same ones who are on the other side. They are their doubles, or, better yet, their 'doubles', [in short] <...>, a repetition of them: the incarnation of another possibility of their being.

This phenomenon will repeat itself - as the Gods forewarn in the other Bolge. The Duplicity of the Model is not a simple curiosity, but a drama: even a drama that does not take place, which is dead Representation.

These kids sitting on the steps of closed shops, or standing around the lampposts - as in a nineteenth century illustration, are waiting for something, they are ready for something: this escapes the bourgeois observer, because this 'something' has nothing to do with his life. It is otherness. As if for an organization of their evening and their night that hovers with imperceptible passwords and secret signals, they remain strangely quiet and [regulated]. The only sign of life that is somehow too lively and compromising is a small fire lit on the pavement, on the corner of a side street, in front of a closed bar. This fire stirs and flickers without shooting and without making smoke, as if it too respected the rules of confidentiality and silence.

The kids on this left side in the shade - that is, the same 'duplicated' kids, who are, all so respectable, on the right side - are <...> horrible, [prey] to a degradation that makes them almost bestial: the faces are disfigured by cadaverous pallor, as well as by horrifying hair. Drool drips from his mouth.

The eyes are circled like those of old people, and they stare in a daze, certainly due to some drug.

The smell that emanates from them is that of the oldest and most repellent dirt. The clothes, also in the latest fashion and elegant, are evidently the only ones they have, and they have been wearing them for weeks, so that sweat and dust have impregnated them, mixing with the <...> stench that page. 344

it emanates from those who slept during the night without undressing, and <...> [naturally without] washing when they woke up. This odor is naturally strongest in the mouths and feet.

It is accentuated in the sexes, which concentrate it: and it is no longer the smell of stale urine or of xxx, suffocated in briefs reduced to a rag, it is an indefinable smell: a smell of gas, mixed with onions, chewed tobacco, vomit.

pag. 345

Note 72a - II Shit (Vision: twenty-first paragraph)

In the second Bolgia (Via xxx xxx), the night is even deeper. Although the road is always split in two by the cutting of the light. A [sinister] dark violet in the shadow part, an equally

[left] light violet in the highlighted part.

The Two-Faced Model sits down there, in the cleavage of light and shadow, on its pedestal, like a traffic bollard in the middle of the night. Its two faces look one here and one there, into space,

Here the ambiguous element that this Model represents is something like <...> the 'new crime', with its new laws and its new characteristics <?>, apparently, in the process of being formed, and for now entrusted to chance and necessity, which precede conscience (always last to arrive, always fatally late)21.

Let's focus for a moment on the image of the ancient Via xxx xxx. as it was before appearing in the form of the present second Bolgia. Image that

appears and disappears, like a light that flashes disorderly before going out forever. An image therefore now difficult to grasp.

There they are, moving in the silence of the night, the ancient criminals.

[In a nutshell] <...>: they realize better than anyone else the ideal of the poor man of a large plebeian metropolis. The jargon and code are applied by them, with perfection equal to unawareness, to themselves: to their own body. They live the tradition of the Seven Cities of the Underworld in the heart of their village: and their morality, if it is certainly not love, is honor. Humanity and respect were taught to them by their mothers. And although theirs is a perfectly urban education, they belong to the great world of crops and tabernacles, of sacred groves and slavery, of the return of the seasons and misery. Their rustic innocence is secular: but the rationalism that has [denied] the Gods (for men, but not for women) is also peasant: like that of the Stoa or Epicurus. They face the difficulties of an unjust life with a toughness that is inferior only to cheerfulness. They steal the belongings of the dominant social class, and, when it is really necessary, rarely, they kill some of its members. For the rest they ignore it: indeed they consider it completely non-existent. It lives in an insignificant elsewhere which, by obeying other (fake) rules of life, has discredited itself so much as to have no meaning or reality.

21

“It is not consciousness that determines life, but life that determines consciousness” Marx-Engels. Die deutsche Ideologie (1845-46). “It is not the consciousness of men that determines their social being, but it is their social being that determines their consciousness” Marx, Vorwort.

pag. 346

The Vision's criminals are something else entirely. The Model over there doesn't say anything. But it's clear -

and it's time to say it - that it was put there to kill and destroy. Someone brought it to us. And this someone can declare themselves satisfied. The

Genocide is accomplished. All those who were not only <...> are there anymore. <...>

Those who are now in their place know no rules of the Underworld, nor honor nor humanity.

Even their tattoos are quotes.

Let's look first at those on the left side.

The alienation from the rich class has totally disappeared from their bodies. The dough of these bodies, which was precisely the extraneousness from official history that was kneaded, has remained a poor dough, which breathes scarcity and otherness. A new destiny, however, together with the old one - now without strength - has been busy kneading that flesh. Instead of massacring it and wiping it off the face of the earth in a [bloody] genocide, he found a much easier (final) solution: reshuffling it. Here she is.

<...> Pale and livid, <...> with a dull, empty eye. She is cunning like a clotted cry; the grin like a plea, nipped in the bud, for mercy. Expressions, these, that emerge on the yellow skin and the blanched eye, like a last flash of a totally repressed life, and so taken away from others that it is also taken away from itself. That this subtraction corresponds to the need to hide their criminal activity is not enough to explain the absolute naturalness with which these criminals manage to behave like perfect professionals, like employees

<...> bespectacled and haughty, if not <...> jovial. The air of contempt and superiority that disfigures their faces under the long hair falling on their shoulders or the mane <...> around their reddish foreheads, is the awareness of a better social success in comparison to others, hence the the rest don't stand out at all. <...> Their ideal of life is represented by professionals or employees who rob or rob. The void left by the life that has retreated from their body like water that dries up and leaves the shore full of stinking rubbish, is filled by bourgeois, professional, technical, organizational dignity, whose Vulgarity, combined with the Misery that still in any case the sacred horror [of a body] tortured and murdered persists in those Bodies.

Their doubles or doubles on the right side of Bolgia have also lost the appearance of the 'well of the intellect', even if towards xxx, and are pure and simple forms of Mad Bestiality (if it is too modestly permissible for me to refer to a negative fact of a Past and a Culture that no longer have real references). It is also a new Crazy Bestiality, like everything else. Because the victims of the genocide took everything with them. The organization of the underworld as a professional form becomes in these Beasts with crooked faces, dripping noses, bruised cheekbones, circled eyes, vile mouths that curl at the edge in a sneer of hatred (but for the most part they are perfectly without expression), organization, I say, becomes <...> dissociation. I pages. 347

delinquents are in fact confirmed by the organization in the absoluteness of their function and in the invariability of their specialization. Once you decide to steal and kill, everything arranges itself around this decision with perfect cohesiveness. Massacres and bloodthirsty, they carry out their actions with bias and like drug addicts. They return home in the night with a shred of human flesh between their exposed teeth, they drop it, they scissore their mouth with their forearm, but their lips remain smeared with blood, and in their eyes the light of a vaguely comical exaltation.

pag. 348

Note 72b - The Shit (Vision: twenty-second paragraph)

The Shit reaches Via xxx xxx, the third Bolgia. The light is a black bruise. Reliving, in the greatest simplification, the discourse of the Gods - we have, as usual, at the end of the street, the Two-faced Model, placed there by the Exterminators, to cause death through transformation.

From its two faces arise the light and the shadow parts of the street, with the two groups piled up here and there, of the Doppelgangers with their double Representation. On the left there are vulnerable and sensitive young people, who, together with the usual repugnance to which they are condemned, also cause a bit of sincere pity. It is the poetic nature of the unhappiness and neurosis in which they struggle, trying to

[be] in search of that cultured and revolutionary 'something' that is made available to them. The results of such research are disastrous. The clichés, the certainties, the fanaticisms, the moral blackmail, the presumptions of an ignorance enormously increased by that little bit of acquired knowledge fall upon their heads. In this context the sneers, the unreturned glances, the contempt, the sufficiency, the self-sufficiency etc. reappear, and that bit of sincere sorrow on the part of those who contemplate them, and of confused and slightly disgusting poeticity in them, they are reduced to little more than shadows.

On the other side of the nocturnal road, their mirrored bodies have the appearance of having given up any search, and of having rather taken possession of that little bit of cultured and revolutionary that is made available to them, together with that much of falsely cultured and thuggishly conformist, through which the Assassin Model suggests to them how to put themselves on the level of the children of the bourgeois and the rich. The thing has now become natural in them, it has hardened into their bodies. Their relationship with others is as equals: they are naturally unable to see any mystery in others, nor do they have any mystery themselves anymore, since they have lost the naivety of their subordinates and human dignity22. Having acquired an equality (which they do not know is purely illusory) and abjured human dignity in favor of a normality that perfectly speaks the 'prose' of the bourgeois, they have become totally, ineluctably unpoetic.

22

“... [the bourgeoisie] has made personal dignity a simple exchange value” K. Marx, Manifest etc. (1848).

Note 72c - II Shit (Vision: twenty-third paragraph)

In this twenty-third paragraph we contemplate the Shit that reaches the height of Via xxx xxx, the third Bolgia.

Shit must be on the verge of not being able to do it anymore. He is white as a dead man. But his arm continues to hold the square Cinzia, as if glued to it.

No one must miss the passage of that fatal couple tied exactly in that way.

Having reiterated this, here is what this important third Bolgia looks like.

The light is a blood-red, very dark. In the center of the slabs it looks like dried blood; at the edges, blood poorly washed with water.

In the two faces of the Two-Faced Model there is a smile. And our Sicario, sent there by the Masters <...> to massacre, can well smile, and doubly so, and perhaps rub his hands: the massacre could not have been more complete. <...> (And the reader forgive me if I 'let myself go' to [registers] not

[properly controlled] reliving, as I relive, the 'inner monologue' of the two Gods, resonating in a Carlo, absent due to trauma.)

On the left side of the road, where the color is that of washed-out blood, young people and boys talk animatedly (but, in the following Bolgia, we will see what kind of language it is).

'Animamente', however, is not the right adverb: an adverb which, after all, does not exist. The discussion is in fact half affable-worldly, with <...> contemptuous and stereotyped sneers on the prosaic faces: almost as if the object of this discussion and its topics were pre-established and already peaceful, according to a profound agreement that binds those who they are speaking this way and those who want them to speak this way. In short, there is the air of agreement, [with the air] of a livid, <...> and a somewhat limp contempt for anyone who may not accept that agreement, or has the misfortune of not being at the social and intellectual level of accepting it, remaining excluded from it. At the same time, however, this discussion is 'angry' (not 'animated', which would presuppose a certain - intolerable - naivety).

The 'anger' - there is no doubt - is not due to naivety, but to certainty. Whoever expresses it seems invested with a duty, <...> Freely assumed: and in expressing it he invests all the vulgarity that he would have invested in making, for example, fascist declarations. The fact that his statements are completely reversed compared to fascism only increases his certainty, that is, his vulgarity.

pag. 350

However, as a whole, the discussion that takes place along that sidewalk is perfectly

'comme il faut': ideas are all those one must have to be modern and advanced; a bit

of nausea and almost boredom, in the faces, to hide the satisfaction of so much progressivism and so much modernity. The lesson was learned well, there's no denying it. This is what one of the two faces of the Two-Faced Idol placed there by the Roman Power smiles about.

And we come to the other sidewalk, immersed in darkness the color of dried blood. The doubles that repeat here, on this sidewalk, the 'fucking gentlemen' (as, deplorably, the Gods express themselves) do not talk at all about social and political problems: on the contrary, their faces express, in this regard, an invincible disgust. They even close their eyes, making a painful grimace with their mouths: like someone who sleeps with a stomach ache. They don't want to hear, they don't want to talk. And these are the best. The others, who are more, don't even know that there is a problem with refusing to talk about political problems, or even knowing anything about them. Something else is what fills their faces with interest, distorted by nervous exhilaration, or by bursts of 'non-verbal expressions', such as laughter or farting. The other side of the Two-Faced Idol laughs at this.

pag. 351

Note 72d - The Shit (Vision: twenty-fourth paragraph)

But before leaving the third Bolgia, we must take a look at the Scene of Reality that glimmers there, before disappearing forever.

In the street named after xxx xxx, on the edge, now, of Torpignattara, towards the Mandrione, with its walls - which in crossing those poor neighborhoods, split them in two, opening up large spaces, where the sky sinks in (behind little houses with walls in leaf, two or three-storey buildings, hovels, hovels) - there is the usual swarm of people: a swarm that

includes everyone, women, old women, old men, elderly people, kids, kids, youngsters and young men.

The latter have a red handkerchief around their neck: <...> on their poor trousers and their cheap t-shirts, and, if anyone has it, on their cap or cap pulled so low over their eyes that they have to be with his nose up. The napes, shorn and full of thick curls, are drawn boldly on the thin shoulders, and tenderly on the square and robust ones.

They are communists, returning, at that time, perhaps, from some demonstration at the Center. They are cheerful. The eyes sparkle with light. A [black], southern light. The poverty and injustice against which they fight do not dismay them. In their hearts they enjoy life as it is; because they also know, in their hearts, that one day they will win, and the world, the whole world, will be theirs.

Red flags are also waving. The Communist Party is not a big clean party; it is a big dirty party: but it is dirty with workshop grease, iron, rust, flour, dried fish, blood, mint, sweat and dust. What it gives is no less great and human than the one who receives. Those who give the flag and those who carry it are true comrades, even if perhaps they are as different from each other as an intellectual can be different from a worker or a worker from a poor person.

pag. 352

Note 72e - The Shit (Vision: twenty-fifth paragraph)

Even in the fourth Bolgia - which is the Way xxx xxx - reached by Shit pulled in a supreme effort

- what remains of the Reality Scene cannot be ignored.

The shadows of the living who appear intermittently in the marvelous fullness of their lost day - on the verge of sinking into oblivion not of yesterday but of millennia - are here endowed with the sublime ability to speak. Their inventions are not innovations, that's true. They are inventions that break the code according to certain rules that the code suggests to be broken. But the linguistic exaltation is continuous: from the frenzy of the

wives who open and close their mouths in a concert of pure sounds, interrupted by some long screeching: «Nadiaaaaa!», nasal in the «Na», irritated and plaintive in the long «iaaaaaa» ; from the harsh arguments and replies of the senators, who in front of pipes or fojettes, readapt the old allocutions |expressions|, which gave them so much glory, thousands of times a day for thousands of days, to the toothless mouths - to the dry, withering 'shots ' of the young people, Tiaikàil inspired by some Attic spirit that survived the slow Italianisation, to which the 'li mortacci tua' and the 'vaffanculo' are added as sung clauses. Every combination of words is a poem, and every mention of facts is a novel. Hermes Trismegistus still presides over the jargon, there is no doubt about this: given that the hand, when it steals, steals in the same way as two thousand years before. And the reader will excuse me if the discourse, relived by me, of the Gods turns at this point on the madrigal and on the prose of art: but, “I don't do the opening, I only do the essays en comptant toujours preluder.. .”23.

23

Paraphrasing Leopardi (a letter to one of his admirers dated 6 April 1936).

Note 72f - The Shit (Vision: twenty-sixth paragraph)

We are towards the end of the Vision. I don't want to tell the reader how much effort and anguish it cost me to describe it: it will be enough for me to remind him that it is atrocious to live and know a world where the eyes no longer know how to give a look, not just of love, but not even of curiosity or sympathy. Although I am now 'happy with the desert', thinking about it makes me feel one of those pangs that usually prevent one from expressing oneself or speaking civilly: only those who love suffer when they see that the people they love change. Those who don't love don't even realize it. Politicians don't care about the poor; intellectuals don't care about young people. And therefore not only do they not suffer because of their change, but, in fact, they don't even notice it. And it is not even a simple change, albeit painful, as it is degrading: but it is, as I said, a real genocide24.

The Shit reaches where the Pattern imposed on poor young people, now apparently no longer poor, is responsible for the destruction of the Language. Because the xxx logic of this modest Vision of mine presupposes that the Elements that form Life, and therefore the Living, are destroyed xxxente one by one.

Along the sidewalk hit by the livid light of the extreme twilight or night, those who

“they took the place of those who should have been”, in truth, they speak. They therefore possess linguistic faculties. Indeed, their speech is free, flowing, it seems that it knows no obstacles and that it considers everything talkable. But it soon becomes clear that they are repeating an automatism obtained for them 'elsewhere'. Their aphasia manifests itself in the mechanical application of a verbality whose lexicon has increased only to become fixed, in this expansion, forever: a fixation which also applies to the cognitive expansion that required the lexical expansion. The illusion is that of knowing, and therefore speaking, the whole world. The result is an unconscious uncertainty, the usual source of ugliness and repugnance - and a presumptuous certainty - a no less fertile source of ugliness and repugnance. One of the two faces of the Model laughs satisfied at having spread this national language which, by widening the need |through the enlargement of the xxx need|, has proportionally narrowed, reducing its expressive capacity to nothing. The speaker excludes feelings (especially naivety, amazement, respect, interest): but strictly adheres to the 24

“With the valorisation of the world of things, the devaluation of the world of men grows in direct relation.” K.

Marx, Economic Phylosophiche (1844). Manuscripts (1844).

pag. 354

greyness of those who know themselves, the other and the mutual relationship without any margins25. Along the right pavement, where the livid light of dusk or night turns into darkness, the dialect is still spoken - by those who know how to speak. But it is also a gray and purely informative dialect, remodeled on the language. It's little more than pronunciation. It has

lost all expressiveness, and the jargon words have fallen from its dead branches, like dry leaves. If one of the ancient brothers - those who lived there until a few years before, and whose place they stole - could, by a whim of history, reappear there in the midst, and speak in his own language, it could only be understood with the help of a dictionary accompanied by a specialist glossary on jargon. But most of those who are on this dark sidewalk no longer even know how to speak, sic et simpliciter.

They moan, they push each other, they utter some guttural sounds: if they have to express wonder, they let out an exaggeratedly loud scream, and they are exhibitionistically skilled (in imitating a sheep, a hen, a dog | some beast |) they specialize; if they have to express joy, they raise strident and offensive laughs that end in a grunt or an epileptic's gasp, which is not painful but horrifying.

25

“...every sacred thing is deconsecrated (by the bourgeoisie) and men are finally forced to consider with eyes free from all illusion (their position in life, their mutual relationships” K. Marx, Manifest etc. (1848).

pag. 355

Note 72g - The Shit (End of the Vision)

The Gods are already, with the care of the good Virgil, explaining to Carlo the meaning of the current Bolgia (from which comes an - it must be said - infernal noise), also anticipating how the present Hell will continue, after the fifth Bolgia, beyond a ditch which, stinking of shit, splits Torpignattara in two when the Shit suddenly stops.

It is on the corner with the street which should be the V Bolgia, and whose name plate cannot yet be seen: instead, one can glimpse rows of engines, cars, mopeds, all running, with the xxx mufflers, and around they, damned centaurs with helmets. But it's certainly not Shit who glimpses all this. His eyes are clouded, or rather, almost bulging, so much so that you can see the white; a deathly paleness covers his face, with a [sheen] of sweat that must be frozen. The harm caused to him by the arm with which he squeezes and

holds his wife around him like a sack must now be unbearable. He tries to smile patiently and indifferently; but then instead, suddenly, he gives in. His face collapses <...> a grimace of inhuman pain, his arm detaches from the shoulder of the mecca, remaining however stoned, and, disconcerted, Shit "falls like a dead body falls" 26.

26

At the time in which the events of this novel take place, the 'couple' rather than being blessed is cursed. And the more it is flattered, advertised and imposed through so-called sexual permissiveness. But its evident insincerity reveals beyond a shadow of a doubt that it is criminal. In fact, once upon a time, every child born to that couple contributed to the prevalence of births over deaths, that is, it was a necessary good: today it is a real crime against humanity, threatened by excessive growth, and therefore by hunger and devaluation. of individual men.

pag. 356

Note 73 - Grand finale of the Vision

As the Shit fell to the ground, the Chariot rose up. The earth seemed to sink under Carlo's feet: Via di Torpignattara stretched dizzily into infinity; Via Casilina appeared in front of it, at the end, and, behind it, endless masses of large buildings and lots of popular huts, mixed with lawns or sinkholes with the sparkling blade of some marrana: everything whitened shapelessly under a sun of chalk, among dirty mists.

At the wheel of the chariot, the Gods giggled: and they never stopped chuckling until the end of the Vision.

Sucked up by the vortex of ascension, Carlo was breathless, terrified. Yet it was precisely in those moments that some thoughts crossed his mind - and were engraved there forever - about what he had just seen along the road to the Vision. First of all [he thought] <...> that among all those young people and those boys who crowded the Gironi and Bolge of Torpignattara, THERE WAS NOT A SINGLE ONE, who had had towards someone or something

look, I'm not saying of love, or of sympathy, but simply of curiosity. Secondly

<...> he realized that, if those young people and boys had become like this, it meant that they had the possibility of becoming so: their degradation therefore also degraded their past, [which was therefore all a deception]. Thirdly, Carlo sensed that those young men and boys would pay for their degradation with blood: in a massacre that would make their presumptuous illusion of well-being [fiercely ridiculous].

[Always commented] by the chuckling of the Gods, the chariot having reached its peak, after an instant of immobility, began to fly horizontally: it was clear that it was heading towards the Center of the City. Half suffocated by the dizzying flight, Carlo began to observe how, at his feet, from the shapeless mass of skyscrapers and ancient buildings, as the Center approached, real well-defined shapes began to emerge. With eyes burning with tears,

<...> Carlo [observed] that all the domes, covered with new materials, had taken on the unmistakable appearance of breasts, with their anatomically perfect, 'trompe l'oeil' nipples. All the squares, also, had been modified - both the large and the small ones - so as to make them take the shape, always impeccable, of enormous chips. Finally, all the bell towers, which in Rome are not many nor very large, with the same precautions, had been transformed into a series of cocks of all sizes.

When the Chariot reached its zenith, on the Center, and stopped, the whole of the City could be seen. 357

embraced with a single glance: its shape was that - also unmistakable - of an immense Hooked Cross.

Carlo's thoughts (the three dots in the visions) come first during the carriage ride to the edge of the Infernal Zone. Here is the small monument described in notes 74-74a - with the writing

"to laugh".

It is next to this little monument which is a kind of border stone or tabernacle (i.e. it marks the limit of Hell) that Shit faints and falls,

pag. 358

Note 74 - Last glimpse of the Vision*

Despite this almost pyrotechnic ending, the Vision was not supposed to end like this. There was evidently something residual in it that had yet to be expressed, even if, as we will see, somewhat ambiguously. [My usual honesty forces me to warn the reader - evading the rules of ambiguity, which I should strictly adhere to that this residue of the Vision also has metalinguistic value:] its meaning is valid for the "Mysterion", in the precise moment in which it is represented, but also applies on the general level of the author's intentions (no less ambiguously than in the story).

When Carlo timidly took leave of those who were chatting under the arches of the Colosseum (who didn't even notice him or the timid greeting he ventured as he left), the night was already deep. It still felt like midwinter, although the wind that was blowing was not a northerly wind, but a damp sirocco. Everything was deserted. The wind seemed to have swept away not only the waste paper or the unimaginable rubbish collected on the asphalt - there was even straw - but also the men and their very ghosts.

In any case, a tram still passed, screeching, bright and completely empty. Carlo chased after him and he reached the stop in front of the lowered shutters of two or three bars and a newsstand. He just had time to observe that on the other side of the Colosseum, two or three boys were sitting on the fence which prohibited entry to the arches. But they were distant shadows, and soon remained behind with their [secret intentions]. The tram took Carlo to the station, and here he waited a long time for another tram that would take him to the neighborhood where he lived, that is, the Tuscolano towards Cinecittà: and precisely the Quadraro. His house was far from the tram stop: so he had to walk for a while through the deserted, windswept streets.

The Quadrato was an old poor neighborhood, made up entirely of houses built by their own owners with their own hands, or of miserable two or three-storey buildings. The plaster was not there, or it was old, decrepit.

Even the sidewalks were little more than dirt tracks along the houses, separated by a bumpy stone plank from the chipped asphalt of the streets.

There were voids between the houses, haphazardly filled with small gardens or outdoor closets, full of fences, sheds and a quantity of tools abandoned on the hard, smelly dirt. The old shutters on the windows were all closed, as were the doors on pages. 359

miserable passages or the shutters of small shops. Only public lighting spread its <...> [yellow and mortuary] light.

The house that Carlo had rented, as we have seen, was one of those poor semi-illegal houses, in a street parallel to the main road of Quadraro, which ran along a railway line, beyond which rose the barrier of the old seventeenth-century walls of Mandrione . To reach that road, Carlo had to deviate into a small street, full of vegetable gardens and small warehouses, which, at a certain moment, opened into a rounded clearing, which had the air of a small town square (distant, dotted with lights dull, the new buildings of Cinecittà loomed large). It was precisely while passing through that clearing, just before his house-

where the bed with the horsehair mattress and the poor furniture of an interior worse than working class awaited him: a place where it had been so wonderful to make love - which appeared to Carlo - detached -

the last scene of his vision.

The wind dropped suddenly. She moaned in the distance, in a heartfelt gasp like a train whistle, and for a few moments a newborn baby could be heard crying. <...>

The little houses around them suddenly seemed to be falling apart and mouldering: and above them the sky, full of stars but without a moon, seemed to become more present, strong, luminous; as it is in the deserts.

In place of those houses, a huge Tabernacle appeared. The pedestal was made of bricks, also worn by time, as in dreams: small red bricks of rustic buildings: but the Tabernacle was made of wood: four tall columns, very agile, of worm-eaten and almost soaked wood, supported a roof, also It is

very rustic, but at the same time precious, as it could be the door to the courtyard of an oriental palace. The tiles - which could be glimpsed above the elegant architrave carved with small figures, and the lead gutter - were black, and also very old.

In this Tabernacle - whose shapes, moreover, were very imprecise and fell apart in the glittering sky - there was contained a large simulacrum, of different material: nefra or tumo <?>. The dimensions of this simulacrum could not be considered gigantic: however it was grandiose: at least three times as tall as a man of normal height. To say that he represented a woman would be inaccurate, although this was the first impression. [It was] in fact rather a feminine monster, consisting of two rather stumpy legs, on which a large woman's head was stuck in place of the groin - so much so that the cut of the vulva coincided with the cut of the chin. The hair was styled like that of peasant women, but on feast days: two circles (of metal or fabric, it could not be distinguished) tightened them: so one part crowned the forehead, one part formed a sort of bun in the middle of the head. This feminine monster, however, was holding in her right hand a long stick, of the same height as her: and this stick was without a doubt, a long and gnarled virile member.

pag. 360

In front of that enormous porous simulacrum of dark tumo, which blended in with the sky behind, full of stars, there was a small crowd, distracted or indifferent: however serious and almost dismayed: in any case it was, how can I put it?, a crowd of deceased people, who no longer had any interest or curiosity for anything that might appear to them or happen to them in that nocturnal and abandoned corner of the present world.

The simulacrum rested its feet on a sort of high nephro step <?>: and, on the split of this step, there was an inscription.

Carlo approached and read the following words: “I erected this statue for laughter”.

pag. 361

Note 74a - Gloss

I repeat: this inscription is not only the inscription of the monument that at this moment of

“Mysterion” has importance and interest. In addition to this, it: A) predicts or prefigures a 'mystical' act that will happen at the end of this novel: and it will be a decisive, vital, fully positive and orgiastic act: it will re-establish the serenity of life and the recovery of course of history; B) even stands as the epigraph of the entire present work ('monu mentum' par excellence): but its meaning in this case is diametrically opposed to the one mentioned above: it is in fact mocking, corrosive, delusive (but not however therefore less sacred!)

“I ERECTED THIS STATUE FOR LAUGHING”

I want to add that the 'laughter' referred to here - through this archaeological quotation - finds its explanation in a long mysterious tradition, which links it to the 'symbol aponeta', real or artificial, such as the 'ólisbos' (the stick used in female onanism); and perhaps mixed, like those of Iacchos: “eleleu kore dìmorphe!”, in defiance of the moralism of Aristotle (much later after all)27. On the other hand, it is known that 'laughter'28 has a resolving function in cosmic crises, if caused by the exhibition of a 'member' or 'vulva'.

Moreover, to cut a long story short <...>: “Moreover I also make people laugh sometimes, and this is even precious”.

27

Aristotle made a recommendation to the magistrates, advising them to promulgate laws against foul language ("aiskrologhian... ospe ti allo"), against sculptures, paintings and obscene mimesis.

28

I mean that when the meaning of life changes, this naturally includes the pattern of a cosmic crisis. And it goes without saying that the characters seen by Carlo in his Vision do not know that the crisis they experience is a cosmic crisis consisting in the transition from the natural 'Cycle' of the seasons to the industrial 'Cycle' of production and consumption. The first was slow and common to all men of a community: the wheat was sown, the wheat was

harvested, the wheat was processed, the wheat was consumed. The second is purely abstract and diachronic. It therefore has no dates, no solemnities, no returns. Each different product has its own different cycle, which is also very rapid. For each product, therefore, its own recurring ceremonial would be needed, but according to a rhythm that is so decentralized and pluralistic as to be inconceivable. This also means that the 'initiations' have disappeared. Children are immediately educated in the general imitation of 'patterns': they enter society already initiated. Therefore rice, among other things, has lost all revitalizing sacredness. And it is no wonder that the characters in Carlo's Vision have first of all forgotten how to laugh.

pag. 362

- Insert into the groups of the various Gironi and the various Bolge della Visione, some of the twenty boys of the Fratone della Casilina, completely transformed and degraded [naturally still a little]

grown up)

- Organize the various visions of the Gironi and Bolge with more narrative and concrete episodes and situations

(16 ott. 1974)

pag. 363

Note 81 - Giving the c...

[The Italian bourgeoisie is divided into two categories: one is the majority, enormously majority; the other a tiny minority. 0.06 percent (statistics say) read a book every now and then: those who read regularly, that is, those who can be defined as educated men, should therefore be around 0.02 percent: but among these there are the traditionalists , official university officials etc.; in conclusion, only 0.01 percent will end up constituting the true intelligentsia of the Italian bourgeoisie]

The latter should, in theory, clearly dissociate itself from the society in which it operates. In reality, this is not the case.

Many members of this intelligentsia are, in fact, conservatives, or moderates, who, it is true, take on the role of contradiction - or rather, of simple classical opposition - to the world as it is. Culture is above all critical spirit and rationality. But the bourgeoisie is also critical and rational. And since the world of practice (the application of science, social organization, production, consumption) is also culture, it cannot be said that this culture of the bourgeoisie, in its actions, is not critical and rational.

The real intelligentsia, the one that truly contradicts the bourgeoisie and truly opposes it, is therefore even more restricted: a few thousand people scattered in a hundred small (very open) ghettos here and there across the nation, in Milan, in Turin, Rome and to varying degrees in the various provincial cities. If a conservative or moderate opposition, with necessarily critical and rational characteristics, in reality does not distinguish itself - except in a theoretical greater desire for good - from bourgeois society; how does a progressive and revolutionary opposition differ from it? In simple words I would answer: the revolutionary intelligentsia distinguishes itself from the enlightened intelligentsia through its desire to place itself outside the bourgeois universe (whose values have autonomous mutations) to insert itself into an uncreated and only designed universe that prefigures a democratic workers' society. This places them in a state of perpetual, [biological]

ambiguity. They live ubiquitously: in the real world - this bourgeois one - and in the ideal world, yet to be founded, in opposition to the real world, and presupposing its destruction.

In short, what [I wanted to say] is this: the most advanced intelligentsia gratifies itself with a clandestine and frondist spirit which allows it to dissociate itself both from the rest of the moderate (and therefore fascist!) intelligentsia and from the enormous and repellent body of fascist bourgeoisie tout court. The first page. 364

feeling of this intelligentsia is that of being right. Indeed it is, there is no doubt. But in this sense of being right it brings with it habits contracted by being born into the bourgeois world from which it later dissociated.

First of all, for example, moralism, both in its highest expressions and in its most banal ones (it is not for nothing that the 'free love' planning of communist society was completely banned).

Moralism creates choices, canons: that is, a conformism which unfortunately has no dictates (because theoretically it denies them), but which is no less rigid for this reason.

His dictates could actually be written; the rites described by him. It is enough to participate in a cultural meeting of left-wing men, in one of the groups of the aforementioned intelligentsia: the choice of names, books, sympathies, memberships, condemnations, is all perfectly predictable, [from top to bottom].

A work of culture - elected to represent the spirit of this minority and to benefit from it

curiously uncritical 'fruition' - is defended with the same formal passion and the same desperate conventionality with which a mediocre work is defended at the lowest or even lowest level of official culture.

Our protagonist Carlo is a man who has experienced the entire gradual nature of being bourgeois: since potentially he always tended to belong to the higher level. And not formally, but really. The good bourgeois family of Turin in which he was born and educated belonged to the enormous bourgeois majority: industrial grandfather - as we have seen - professional father etc.; agricultural property, industry and professionalism also in the maternal branch, etc. This bourgeois world therefore potentially contained - despite its profound and perfect naturalness - its own criticism made in the name of the development of its own purely practical critical and rational spirit.

As Carlo grew up <...> he therefore automatically became part of the intelligentsia that I called enlightened; he triumphantly entered the leading minority, the elite, which has an ethical as well as pragmatic awareness of power; and that, precisely through his critical attitude towards it, [lo

<...> preserves], masking its violence.

Finally, this elite could only potentially contain, in turn, as we have seen, the further more advanced and even revolutionary elite: because the critical spirit, once set in motion, can no longer stop (except for an artificial act of will).

Thus Carlo potentially also came to belong to the second highest elite, the progressive and revolutionary one. And if he did not actually belong to it (because that artificial act of will had certainly occurred unconsciously) he certainly knew it.

All this made him a bourgeois deeply linked to the bourgeoisie, indeed, destined for power: but it made him, at the same time, a man who bore the burden of the bourgeoisie and its power. 365

contribution of a radical critique (with the annexed knowledge); and, what's more, (and guaranteed a kind of openness towards the extreme left, without which modern power is not even conceivable.

This 'perfection' of Carlo, which was also reflected in his physical appearance (the beautiful white hair cut short but not too much, which, with its pure whiteness, framed a healthy face,

[drawn, tanned] by the vaguely imploring and slightly drunk meekness of the cerulean eyes, which, due to the habit of power, every now and then stiffened into a metallic grey) this 'perfection' of Carlo, a man of power without illusions - that is, without the naivety of the practical man, who has an ancient and infantile idea of power - should have preserved him from even the slightest impurity of being: guaranteed him the absolute irreproachability of the tolerant man. <...>

pag. 366

Note 82 - Don't give any more f...

Meanwhile the other Carlo, the Carlo of Tetis clearly felt, <...> one morning <...> in the <...> same spring of 1973, <...> that the end of his experience had come. He was waking up. The sun was already high. Charles the Poor did not lead the existence of the poor, and <...> he slept late, because, to be with the poor, he stayed very late at night. He would return to the room not

yet tired and therefore not yet happy, when there was no one left in the streets, at that moment of the night before the reappearance of the people going to work. The darkness is melancholy, at that hour, with a universal melancholy, and even more so if the air is clear, if you can distinguish the distant outlines of other neighborhoods of the city, with their useless lights, the profiles of the hills; [<...> or if by chance, after the wind had fallen, a smell of lime trees or wisteria remained, <...> motionless on the dry pavements, on the beaten earth; And

<...> (from some bush on the banks of a railway or in the middle of an excavation, where a construction site never arose) a nightingale sings as if unearthed but strangely intact.]

That May 21st was, above all, a [particular] day: the light was very strong, but the sky was completely overcast, compact, white. The sun shone through that fog like a whiter circle. It had been years and years since we had seen dust on the streets. Now it was there. Agitated by an irregular wind, it veiled the streets, the wide open spaces full of construction sites: it seemed to be on the outskirts of an Arab city near the desert, where the sand turns into a dirty and tormenting dust. Even near Termini station, where Carlo arrived after an hour's journey on trams coming from the suburbs, that absurd barrier of dust was suspended.

The time was poor, life reduced to the bare bones. The traffic continued ghostly, but the streets around the station were almost empty. It was there, in those streets that it all began, on a rainy evening in 1969. Carlo remembered it with the precision of someone who has the memory of a poet. Was it right? It had certainly been right. The thing man has the most right to is vacation, escape, disappearance, solitude. The matrix that had borne the last fruits of beauty was rotten. Here were two idiots, one with his hair down to his shoulders, and the other with a string tied behind his neck. They were old, no longer of interest to anyone, they wandered like survivors. Their story, however, would end slowly, and a new one would equally slowly begin, with contaminations, confusions, regressions and advances. The fact is that for Carlo the end of an era and the beginning of another was May 21, 1973, a day chosen at random. Carlo arrived at his house, in that Parioli street that the author is loathe to describe or even mention, 'guided' by a new spirit in which pag. 367

curiously, an absolute novelty coincided, that is, a look of great lightness on the world, and a very old feeling of return and surrender. Wisdom is probably inevitable, and inevitably leads to understanding and forgiveness. But the lightness of this wisdom deforms and nullifies it: and understanding and forgiveness end up becoming a game.

The Parioli house was empty, the Carlo who had lived there was no longer there: but everything was in order.

It seemed that the shift change was expected: one comes back and the other leaves. The same reasons that attract one, repel the other. But if returning meant accepting a negative and degrading situation, having left did not mean having rejected it: on the contrary. The reader rightly sees in this symmetry a false symmetry. Those who had returned returned from an illusion and accepted a reality which was itself an illusion for those who had left. Objectively the first illusion was highly positive; the second was, with its charm, a sin. But as much horror as there was in accepting it, he became almost innocent in suffering it. A saint accepted it, a guilty person suffered it. But a change of attributions evidently could not happen: the saint (so to speak) remained holy, and the guilty guilty. Once it has determined them, history can perhaps contradict its data, but not change them: it is powerless with its laws and its first decisions, like Allah.

pag. 368

Note 82 - Third basic moment of the poem

Having crossed the garden of Vision, Carlo enters his empty and abandoned apartment. He feels a lightness in his chest [which however makes no sense], and a weight in his belly which equally makes no sense.

He goes into the room, in front of the mirror and undresses. In fact, the chest is without breasts, and the virile member hangs under the belly.

He gets dressed and calls a clinic not far from his home, towards Piazzale delle Muse: he makes the necessary arrangements to be admitted to hospital that same evening. There would have been no need for the doctor's intervention: any novice doctor would have been enough: in fact the

operation Carlo decided to undergo is one of the oldest and simplest: castration. Freedom is worth a couple of balls:

My life is sweet

today, without why:

she got up from me

I don't know what's serious...

pag. 369

Note 84 - The game

There are people who don't believe in anything from birth. This does not mean that these people do not act, do something with their lives, take care of something, produce something. Other people, however, have the habit of believing: duties materialize before their eyes into ideals to be achieved.

If one day they no longer believe - perhaps little by little, through a subsequent logical or perhaps even illogical series of disillusionments - they rediscover that 'nothingness' which for others has always been so natural.

The discovery of 'nothingness' for them, however, is a novelty that implies other things: that is, it implies not only [the continuation] of action, intervention, industriousness (now understood no longer as Duties but as free acts) but also the exhilarating feeling that all this is just a game29.

It is clear that I am not talking about those who discover philosophical, cosmic 'nothingness'. In this case it would be a conversion, very consistent with their previous illusions and faiths, and it would cause everything to stop; withdrawal from the world; asceticism. No: I'm talking about those who one day, taking stock, come to the conclusion that they have discovered social 'nothingness'. No withdrawal from the world, therefore: indeed, more intense participation: the more intense the more it is in bad faith, necessitated by the lack of alternatives, and understood as parody. No asceticism; but interest in social things nullified, and re-founded on

pragmatism, on the autonomous value of virtue: things that are indeed extremely exhilarating30.

Identify the social world with nothingness, and be reactivated and vitalized by this; no longer believe in the values of the world canceled by a critical and humorous spirit before which there is no fact or argument that can resist, and, following this, apply oneself with greater clarity and skill to the practical implementation of such values - everything this inevitably implies a regression, a conservative or moderate re-acceptance of society - in the case of course that before, the protagonist of this experience was in some way revolutionary or rebellious (like Charles the Meek). But what is the point of this return to order? Can it be redefined through the classical terms that serve this purpose? The state of mind of those who live this experience of the world, finally understood as nothing, and with enlightened patience re-accepted in practice - is derision.

29

«O Menippus, Diogenes exhorts you, if you have laughed enough at the things of the earth, to come here, where you will laugh even more.

Here laughter always had a certain doubt, that doubt: who knows well what will be after life? But here you will not stop laughing wholeheartedly..." (Luciano, Dialogues of the Dead).

30

It is from such an experience that the author's inspiration for this novel came.

pag. 370

Who mocks a part of the social world, let's say the conformist bourgeoisie who without understanding anything passes from one phase to another, from peace to war, from [welfare to massacre] from habits to [annihilation] <...> total, not even [those who know] this may not laugh together. The mockery can only concern the whole of reality.

And in fact it is the whole reality that - the moment it is mocked is reaccepted. Reality is not divided, on the one hand, [in the conformist society] that follows the evolution of capitalism, and on the other hand, in those who oppose this through class struggle; reality includes and integrates both of these parts, because reality is not Manichean, it knows no solutions of continuity. The mocking look at it manages to reconcile the inevitable [integration] of its order and, at the same time, the most radical and revolutionary criticism of it. Ultimately it resembles the mechanical gesture of a worker: which is both a gesture of production in which he collaborates as an orderly <...>, and a gesture full of revolutionary threat: this ambivalence of his gesture therefore includes the entire reality . Never will a bourgeois be able to make such a gesture. But the bourgeois can arrive at the meaning of social reality as a 'nothingness', and at the identification of living with mocking this reality. This mockery is the equivalent of the worker's mechanical gesture: it contains integration, but devalues it of all meaning.

<...> however <...>, every preconceived idea of the future falls into derision; Indeed, if there is one thing that makes you smile with greater internal pleasure, it is the future. The idea of hope in the future becomes an irresistibly comic idea. The resulting clarity strips the world of charm.

But the return to it is a form of new birth: the eye sparkles with irony when looking at things, at men, at the old imbeciles in power, at the young people who believe they are starting who knows what31. The terrible wound they caused has healed and healed: now they have among them a new collaborator and friend, who is deeply interested, with strange lucidity, in their problems, and helps them solve them without much fuss: they don't know that in his amused gaze they vanish as if

[strangled ghosts]. (All this, at least, reported to Charles the Meek, in May 1973.) 31

«Tell him this: and moreover that he brings a bag full of lupins, a lustral egg, and some other little thing found in some crossroads, or on a table consecrated to Hecate» [Luciano, Distogli dei morti, trans. by Luigi Settembrini).

Note 90 and following.

90 Charles the First in Pisa.

91 Charles the First in Turin*

The winds etc. fascist spirits (Sicily pension?)

92 lead to the massacre: explosion at Turin station. Seen as one

93 VISION: the victims seen and analyzed as if they were real people

94 winds, with all their meanness, stupidity, vulgarity.

95 At the end of the Vision, the Turin station appears isolated in the middle of the world. From the holes and cracks of the explosion you can see the void around you (like the sea or the desert). The desert is the wild Po Valley - having returned to its origins, in dying - Carlo leaves there and sets off across that desert. Until he arrives in present-day Turin (Auden's poem).

96 Here there is a hagfish demonstration. Civil poetry page. The MSI appear for what they are: overcome by the history of power. Even those who are linked to them by a love-hate relationship [the 'charm' never expressed by anyone and the tradition of the Resistance] are overcome with them.

Faced with the awareness of the loss of the fascists, and with the new form of power that organizes not only society but existence in a new way, Carlo feels outside the game, inside another game.

97 Go home; he has become a man again. **

98 Choice of holiness. Ascetic-pragmatic holiness. Lightness and industriousness. Ironic listlessness and painful impatience. You help others as in a dream, and retreat into the enlightenment that generates and regenerates the idea of nothingness etc.***

August 1973

Note 100 - The Epochè*

pag. 373

Note 97 - The narrators*

Carlo entered the Room of the xxx around four in the afternoon. He wasn't the only 'powerful' character to adapt to such an official festival (metal of careerists, snobs, second-rate figures, officials and bureaucrats (with the ladies). And he wasn't the only one who put on a good face to bad luck. Gathered like a ferocious beast, but relaxed and smiling, almost blessing, like a priest - and making silence, at the same time, his weapon of defense and the immobile banner of his power

- he cut through the crowd of fellow citizens who were celebrating Republic Day, without haste, almost as if everyone could be, why not?, his occasional interlocutors on that occasion. In reality he was looking for his equals. Over there, [motionless engine] stood Saragat. But Cario could and should have taken his place in the closest circle of the Rose

xxxxxxxxx

xxxxx

xxxxxxxxx

Meanwhile, as soon as he entered, there was pure chaos around him. The frenetic swarm of 'nobodies', those who live a discovered life, the usual one. The Chichikovs, the Peredònovs, the titular councilors [(who is the third, from the bottom, of the fourteen ranks of the tsarist hierarchy)] like Jakov Petrovic Golyadkin, or even the servants like Smerdjakov - as my 'literal' writing allows me <. ..> to say. AND

even some writers. Here Carlo Valletti had to pay the price of democracy. The unsatisfied demand shone in the eyes of the bystanders. Nor did he shy away from it. But 'fairy trahunt'. The essence of representation is “to carry the person of them all” (Hobbes, I think). On the other hand, “democracy has no monuments, it doesn't mint medals. He does not place anyone's head on the coins. Its true essence is iconoclastic” (always Hobbes the Leviathan... or

Locke, A Treatise on Government). On the other hand, even in democracy, the 'holy game of kings' continues, and the ceremonial life of royalty is widespread in bourgeois etiquette. Once in the Empyrean, here is the swarm of another type. There he was among the actors, not among the spectators. There "one did not remove the soul from one's body to deposit it, for safety, in a quiet place" (as Frazer states regarding the primitive subjects, adding: "If they discovered a place of absolute safety, they might be happy to leave their soul forever"). There it was - better to repeat it heavily - between pages. 374

actors: with whom the spectators32 identify physically, poor things, it is 'methexis', theirs, not

'mimesis'. As for the actors, they exhibited their entire person as if it were a penis: but the exhibition, as is known, reveals castration. So they were 'severed' heads of Medusas. And that was why they were petrified. Carlo went among the petrifiers to take on his role: to perform exhibitionism, to show his genitals (in a living theater of half-stockings). With an annotation no less weighty than all the previous ones, and not at all discouraged by the inauthenticity of the literal interpretation,

[I add that if the genitals of those 'powerful' (castrated) people were exposed, something else remained well hidden: but if everyone had a secret, this was a secret for everyone, but not for Sid: and I know the reader will feel cringe the skin in front of the metaphorical poverty of this news, or rather, I admit, in front of his miserable nakedness.] In concentric circles around the Head of State, the vermin was all a bustle of small heads, now bald, now gray, now thick, now sparse : but all absolutely dignified.

These are destined to rise, in the Allegory, to the real dignity of narrators. But for now they are

'realistically' chosen souls who weave a carol at the Quirinale that will make my reader's head spin, but this does not mean that I refrain from describing it, <...> after all every epic poet feels at a certain point the duty to describe, to list, the parade of the armies. He is a seemingly inevitable topos. The first person Carlo accidentally encountered was Mancini: his massive and immobile face was a [funeral stele] on what was keeping him in tension at

that moment: he was in fact very interested in the 'restructuring of Eni' and the next creation of three financial companies of the group, which should have taken control of the various production sectors of Eni <...>. He then would have liked <...> for at least one of the presidencies to go to an exponent of the PSI, but he would not have been averse to possibly accommodating the prof. Valletti - that is, our hero - replacing him in his current position, possibly, with another socialist.

It is therefore that the prof. Valletti lingered there, in that small group, making it the center of his observation.

De Martino was nearby, together with Raffaele Girotti, and some of their Neapolitan friends. De Martino spoke with these Neapolitan friends, in a very low voice, confidentially. But it wasn't difficult for the professor. Valletti, guess the topic of that conversation. De Martino certainly complained that Eni, at that moment, not only did not help him, but did everything possible to hinder his victory at the PSI congress. He claimed that some journalists linked to Eni had been invited to attack him. But he used a certain caution in such statements because (as i]

prof. Valletti knew well) he was not certain whether these directives came from Girotti himself or from some other 'ras of the group'.

32

At least according to Lévy-Bruhl, Durkheim and others.

pag. 375

Another socialist: Enrico Manca. He was silent, hardened and vengeful. A few days earlier, in a party meeting, he had accused Eni of having failed to fulfill the promises made during the electoral campaign in Umbria, when these promises were used to obtain votes for the Christian Democrats. Manca had claimed that the engineer. Girotti had failed to fulfill his commitment to build a new "Lebole" factory, which was supposed to compensate for the closure of the jute factory, and the new factory for the production of plastic pipes. The engineer Girotti not only closed the Terni jute factory, but also decided to close the Papigno factory, which employed

540 workers. Nothing was known, according to Manca, about the programs of Terni Chimica, which also passed to the Eni group. In contrast to Manca's 'defeated but vindictive' look, the Honorable Danilo De Cocci had an expression of jubilation, albeit still repressed, in his gray southern eyes.

He was in fact collecting, in Roman circles, confidential information on the contacts between Eni and the exponents of the various currents of the DC. According to De Cocci, not one but all the Christian Democratic currents drew from Eni, IRI, etc. funds. The purpose for which the parliamentarian "was carrying out his investigation" was not known. Hence his air of being satisfied with him.

Ricucci stood next to De Cocci. Vincenzo Ricucci also remained silent. He was general director of the Società Oleodotti Italiani, Soi (of Eni): and in those days he had decided to finance the Nenni current of the PSI in Civitavecchia (in view of the future Eni refinery), for the current pre-congress campaign. Mancini glanced his way every now and then. He couldn't stop himself from doing it. In fact he was trying to ascertain whether the subsidy decided by Ricucci was a personal initiative of his or a broader initiative of 'direct interest'

of Eni.

At this point, to be honest33 I must warn the average reader that, if he wants, he can skip, as they say, all these pages straight away and move on to the following note. This report, however very diligent, on one of the many bullies of humble Italy, is not essential to our Allegory: it can only be of some interest to a reader endowed with a profound civic feeling, or a particularly malignant one.

Since it was Republic Day, the communists could not be absent. Even so, with the air of minding their own business and dissociating themselves with a decisive yet affable air from the surrounding environment, there was a delegation of them. At the top, moreover. In fact, Berlinguer himself was there, with his 'honest face':

rather relaxed, and even a little ironic, at that moment. That same morning - with good prospects of immediate satisfactory results - he had instructed the

Party press office to examine all the issues of the weekly "Il Borghese" published from 1 January 1970 onwards, to record the 33

Be wary of this honesty, and precisely because it is sincere.

pag. 376

notes and writings that appeared in favor of Eni and to record all the advertising of the Eni and Montedison companies that appeared on the pages of the periodical. No less honest in his entire person, next to him, there was a minor figure of the Party, Eugenio Peggio. He too was interested in Eni. As part of the economic commission of the communist federation of Florence, he had taken on the task of monitoring and reporting on Eni's 'real estate' maneuvers in the Prato area.

Especially regarding the purchase by Eni of a ten hectare piece of land and the forthcoming sale of another piece of land on which a textile factory of the Eni group currently stood. In the meantime, De Martino had approached the group of communists, shaking hands with comrades and colleagues. The professor. Valletti (even with his frozen heart) knew what was behind that cordiality.

In a recent party meeting, De Martino had spoken out against the Government's acceptance of Dr.'s requests. Cephis. According to De Martino - it seemed - Montedison should have given up dealing with chemistry, leaving this field entirely to Eni and the other companies 'active in this sector'. Moreover, in those very days, a certain engineer. Nino Rovelli, of the SIR group, had paid 'substantial' financial aid for the pre-congress propaganda of the Hon's current. De Martino in Campania.

All this was well known - and this directly interests us - to the prof. Carlo Valletti, because he knew well that Alberto Grandi who had recently left Eni to move to Montedison -

he aimed to obtain from Dr. Cefis the role of CEO of Montedison. This was something that opened up to Carlo the possibility of a new advancement in the management power of Eni: all the more so since he knew that it was Eni, more than Montedison which continued to be close to Dr.'s heart. Cephis.

Dr. Cefis who, naturally, was not present there at that festival <...> which could at most offer inspiration to some episode in the life of Zadig or Candide.

[xxxxx (Greek verses from the Iliad - or Latin verses from the Aeneid)]

There was [then[the group around La Malfa, the largest and at the same time the most select.

Next to La Malfa, meanwhile, there was the prof. Tiziano Federighi, member of the Party federation and Montedison official, who had shortly before delivered to La Malfa a long confidential report on the internal problems of the Company (Montedison). La Malfa, however, was rather busy 'chatting' about the Bersaglieri parade with the Hon. Francesco Compagna: it was in fact him who he intended to give the task of asking Jean Louis Lehemann for financial help from Mobil Oil Italiana, for the PRI electoral campaign. There were good and well-founded hopes.

It could also be that La Malfa had been able to give Mobil Oil the guarantees that Ferri had given, as for him, to Shell: Ferri had in fact guaranteed the very morning of that fiery 2

July to Norman Bain - who on behalf of the 'parent company' asked for information on the direction of government policy regarding oil companies, after the entry into force of VAT - that the current government did not intend to burden the oil companies with any increase fiscal (there he is, the Hon. Ferri, covered in a layer of sweat on his pale, tormented face).

Almost united with the two by a subtle 'electoral affinity', there was, with his glass of whiskey in hand (even though he was a teetotaler), the blond Honorable Mario Zagari. He had just started a new press agency, entitled "Agenzia Socialista", in via Colonna Antonina, and entrusted to one of his trustees, Giorgio Nardi. This Agency was able to be founded thanks to the financial help, this time, of Esso Italiana. <...>

The engineer Renato Lombardi (of Confindustria) was instead engaged in a 'direct' conversation with Dr.

Alessandro Alessandri, from Standa. The two had been friends since 'high school'. The engineer Renato Lombardi was 'inside the secret things' of the Vatican; while Dr. Alessandri, apparently, was about the Agnelli family. In fact, the former was confiding news that was still unpublished about a mutual friend, Vincenzo Cazzaniga34. The appointment of him - already a senior manager of one of the companies of the Montedison group - as the new President of Ucid, was the best proof of the high regard he enjoyed in Vatican circles. The Ucid

it was in fact a 'work' of the Italian Catholic Action, which brought together industrial leaders of declared Catholic faith.

The general ecclesiastical assistant of the Ucid was Cardinal Siri; while the ecclesiastical assistant of the Roman section was Monsignor Casaroli, who directed Papal diplomacy.

Cazzaniga would thus have had greater possibilities to operate also using authoritative Vatican support. (I want to remind the reader that we are still in 1972, and that therefore the Vatican could guarantee an almost intact authority.)

On the other hand, Alessandrini could inform Lombardi that Gianni Agnelli continued to be interested in Standa's situation and its problems, because he would have liked to buy that company. And he would have been willing to make such a purchase, paying the amount with the Montedison shares that were in his hands.

Here is Cottafavi, former chief of staff of the Hon. Moro, just appointed as the new Italian ambassador to Tehran. He is 'rather polemical' towards Eni's pro-Arab policy. He appears to be rather linked to Attilio Monti and BP's oil interests.

And here next to him, in his flaming double-breasted suit, worn with natural elegance despite the heat, Dr. Bozzini, who, previously ambassador to Damascus, is now head of cabinet on the initiative of the sen. Doctors. Bozzini is also no friend of Eni.

He has already appeared in this novel under the name of…

pag. 378

Here again is Antonio De Bonis, official of the "Centre for Italian-Arab relations", and in charge of preparing a weekly report on Eni's international relations. He has just returned from a trip to Sicily, taken in the company of the Syrian diplomat Hafez Al Jamali.

And here is also, among them, a certain Angelo Berti - who is part of the board of directors of the "Mario Fani" clubs, a religious political organization established a few years ago by Jeddah. Berti is in fact responsible for keeping the prof in contact. Luigi Gedda and the industrialist Attilio Monti, who paid one million lire to the National Civic Committee every month from 1 September. (I insist on reminding the reader that it is 1972.)

Perhaps driven by the heat, Carlo approached one of the large windows of the Hall, where presumably it must have been even hotter, given the impetuous ray of light that broke from the sky without a single cloud. Little more than silhouettes in the luminous dust, the Hon. stood there. Angelo Nicosia and the Hon. Pino Rauti. They were in good spirits, it seemed: they felt light. The Hon.

Nicosia had recently met with the industrialist Monti to illustrate the strategy he intended to carry out to provoke the appointment of a parliamentary commission of investigation into CONI. He said he was sure that 'enormous things' would come out, and irregularities that would affect more than one political exponent. It turned out that during the interview he had said these exact words:

«For me Giulio Andreotti and Giulio Onesti are one and the same person». As for the Hon. Pino Rauti, he had met a few days earlier with a certain Bruno Riffeiser. The two had discussed the development of the judicial investigations against Rauti "concerning the far-right attacks" and on the accusations that had been made against Monti of having financed Pino Rauti's extremist movement.

From the light-hearted expression of the latter, as we said, it seemed that there was nothing to worry about in this regard.

Mixing the smoke of his cigarette with the dust of the sunbeam that, in a Caravaggio style, broke into the hall of the Quirinale, there stood a man dressed all in white with a white cap placed on the thin face of a tiny aged boy, now also wrinkled by the grimace caused to the smoke of the cigarette glued to the mouth. It was General Eugene Henke. Behind the ray of sunlight, which he blinded, a dark chasm seemed to open up, in which the scarlet of the upholstery barely emerged, poor and oppressive like everything stately. Carlo crossed that blinding barrier of light, and found himself in a dark, and even cool, corner of the Hall, where some lucky people had found chairs to sit on. They were gilded and uncomfortable eighteenth-century chairs, to tell the truth, but they were still chairs; indeed, there was even a charming little sofa. All around an unlit fireplace (all embroidered, stuccoed and gilded). But it was a corner of peace, away from the infernal swarm. There was silence. In fact, all those who were seated were listening intently to someone who was speaking, like children listening to their old story-telling grandfather. The One page 379

who was speaking, in fact he was telling a story, which Carlo did not perceive, distracted by that unexpected scene, and above all by the appearance of those guests. They had nothing in common with all the guests described above. They seemed to be made of another material. Of course, they were also Italian bourgeois; and men of prestige and power, since they were there. But their interests and their culture seemed to be of another quality: more naive, more idealistic, perhaps even more stupid, but undoubtedly more profound and clear. It was probably an illusion, because they were nothing more than literati. , with their ladies. And they were telling each other stories, to pass the time in that official meeting that they were supposed to snub. While Carlo, so amazed and a little

fascinated, he observed them looking for a place to stand between them, the narrator finished his story, apparently passing the word on to someone else. He looked like a large ant dressed as a man, in a tailcoat (but it was probably any dignified black suit) and spoke slightly with the r, while his eyes, very large, remained curiously fixed and as if melted by shyness.

With a certain effort, this new narrator began to speak, with the air of not being able to avoid it but also with the air of being accustomed to a certain success as a witty man. The air was that of a famous democratic journalist.

«Narrative art, as you know well - began this narrator - is dead. We are in mourning. Therefore, in the absence of wine, dear listeners, you will have to settle for ciceone."

pag. 380

Note 98 - L'Epochè: Story of a man and his body

«Mine is not a story but a parable - began the friendly Jiminy Cricket - and since the meaning of this parable is precisely the relationship of an author with the form he creates, it seems perfectly useless to me to make any preamble on what I am about to tell. Andrea Fago (therefore, man who eats) normally took the Alitalia DC9 departing from Rome to Cape Town, on a normal spring afternoon last year. He went to Cape Town for some business, which has no importance for the story of which he is the protagonist. I won't even say if he was tall or if he was short, if he was dark-haired or if he was blond, if he was from Rome or if he was from Milan, if he was a lower middle class or if he was a big bourgeois, if he was an intellectual or if he was an industrialist : I won't say anything about him, not only because none of this matters, but because it would just cause confusion. The DC9 took off normally, made a wide curve over the sea of Fiumicino, and headed south.

Inside the aircraft we began to smoke cigarettes and drink orange juice and tea: not, as far as Fago is concerned, 'champagne': in fact, for strictly functional reasons, this time, to our story, he must be imagined sitting on the last seat in tail. He was not, therefore, a first class passenger. But don't do it |but it's not appropriate for them to do it| inferences about this. The first port of call was Cairo, and everything went normally. Cairo airport is the most depressing in the world, and one is bored to death. But patience. The two hours of the stop which then fatally turned out to be three ended up passing, the passengers in transit were called, and the DC9 took off normally for the second time.

Thank God it didn't have to stop in Khartoum, but continued directly to Kampala. [There would have been] therefore a few hours of peaceful and magnificent flight, first over Egypt, with its Nile verdant with plots of palm trees and cereals; and the dark ocher piles of the villages, then onto Sudan, with its endless southern desert, all wonderfully pink. The pink color of this desert - I allow myself to insist - is actually impressive: [but even more impressive] is its immensity. It lasts uninterruptedly, and always the same, immediately after Khartoum up beyond Lake Rudolf, almost up to Nairobi (heading towards Kampala, the forests begin first). I don't understand why the immensity of this desert (along with its pink color) is so ignored or underestimated. Not because it matters (neither to me nor to my story) but so, for the sake of truth. In reality it is more impressive than the Sahara desert. I don't know the Amazon (that is, I haven't flown over it), but perhaps it is to this that the desert between Sudan and Kenya should be compared; with its idyllic, with its heavenly pink colour. In reality (this is the point) it is not about pag. 381

of a real desert, but of a country, or even of a small continent, made entirely of an endless tangle of complicated mountains and valleys [without a tree] (pink colored) <...>. The sky, implacably blue, also seems wider than usual. It's a cosmic sky. And it falls almost headlong onto the boundless horizons (blurring a little in terrible colors that are between blue and pink) of that desert, on which mountains and valleys never cease to follow one another, as if arranged by an imagination capable of every possible complication - the most tortuous, the most quibbled except that you invent a different color, which is not, at most, a shade of that pink. What however gives a sense of terror (though not entirely unpleasant) in that desert is, I repeat, the fact that it is not a desert, but a huge empty country, abandoned by God and man. Well, it was right in the middle of this desert that the Alitalia DC9 crashed. When Andrea Fago reopened his eyes, and, with a happiness that I certainly won't aspire to express, he realized that he had survived, this happened as if in the heart of a surrealistic painting. He was sitting on his seat, with the backrest raised, and with the belt tightened across his stomach, in a vertical position: in front of him there was a charred skull, grinning. From the flirtatious cap, which, surrealistically, had remained in place of him, Andrea Fago recognized the hostess. A hundred meters further on, on a ridge with well-defined slopes - against a capricious series of hilltops, some sugarloaf-shaped, others breast-shaped - but curiously aligned in a perfect perspective,

and engraved in the sugary, metallic perfection of their shapes - the DC9 was finishing burning: it was all black. Only a piece of the tail had been spared from the flames. The wreckage of <...> which looked like a vile bandone, was painted yellow with a blue stripe: finally two different colours, even in terms of material, in all that sublime pink.

But enough joking now: the background is over. I could have started here too. If I hadn't had the need to establish a social relationship between my protagonist and the rest of the men. A social relationship so well known to you that it borders on banality: and this is precisely why I couldn't talk about it except joking a little.

After all, I'll tell you again. The real story I'm telling you is not this. The real story concerns the absolute independence of the laws that establish a form compared to the laws of all other forms. There is no doubt that the continuity that unites all the laws that more generally establish the universe (characterized by the lack of any solution of continuity) is a given. But in its relationship with the data that contradicts and denies it, that is, the lack of any continuity - the moment of autonomy - it, at least for an 'ideal' instant, disappears. Continuity and autonomy of a form are its contradiction. But they do not coexist, they cannot coexist. Either there is one or there is the other. Contradiction is nothing but intermittency of coexistence. Hegel was naturally, albeit divinely, wrong. The only true infinity is what he calls 'bad infinity' (hence page 382

He knew!). Consequently, the two terms of the contradiction do not surpass each other at all, but proceed into infinity exchanging the right to exist at a speed which, being supernatural, does not prevent these two coexisting terms from being taken into consideration alternatively and therefore isolated, analyzed only in itself. Precisely; our history isolates and analyzes within itself the moment of autonomy of form.

<…>

Andrea Fago observed those men who were coming towards him. The ancient men he knew so well. He contemplated them, or rather recognized them, in silence. Then an extraordinary smile stretched his mouth and lit up his eyes. It was the enigmatic smile because it was too deeply human that

was born from the thought: <...> the continuity that exists between me and them, returning from them to me, is interrupted: I am a form whose knowledge is illusion.*

pag. 383

Note 98a - The Epochè: History of the reconstruction of a history

«Like every morning, once his work at the hospital was finished, Dr. Tomoo Tsushima left to go to town. For a few months what he saw when he left the hospital was perfectly the same: and after all around there, nothing, ever, for any reason, seemed to have the slightest possibility of changing. There had been an 'end of the world' at the origins, and behold, this, there was no doubt, was another 'end of the world'.

I add, almost as a preface to this story of mine, that a third 'end of the world' (but Dr. Tomoo Tsushima could not yet know this) would begin in about thirty years.

Therefore, with almost reasoned symmetry, the three elements from which |could|can| bring about the end of the world, have occurred in the history of humanity in the clearest and simplest way. The three elements are: the danger of nature, the danger of man, and finally (and this was what Dr. Tomoo Tsushima could not yet be aware of) the finiteness of nature. What, the latter, it seems

<...> naturally promise a definitive 'end of the world'. For days, for years, for centuries, nature presents itself as fraternal to man: that is, in reality, paternal, maternal (and therefore also in its benevolence, already somehow dangerous): however, in the human conscience, it is felt fraternally: a dear, eternal habit. The sun rises, it shines, the grasses and flowers grow, animals and fish are ready to be killed and eaten; we eat, we sleep, we make love, we sing, we work, etc. etc. From time to time the element of mortal and definitive danger is 'introduced' by the mysterious narrator of our story, through relative dangers (hurricanes, typhoons, earthquakes, plagues, wars): until the absolute danger is explicitly presented for what it is. and we have the 'end of the world'.

At the 'end of the world' of origins, man, as we know, was able to survive: with skill, patience, foresight; with his first moving techniques. From then on, the 'dangerousness of nature', as an element of potential end of the world, apparently, has been overcome and averted.

But here (also 'introduced' by an infinity of relative prefigurations of suicide) is the second element, that is, the 'dangerousness of man'. The spectacle that presented itself before the eyes of Dr. Tomoo Tsushima <...> was right there frighteningly testifying to the probable page. 384

realization of the danger of man as the 'end of the world'. There was nothing to suggest, in those days, that this was not the case.

[As for the third 'end of the world', the one which has nothing to do with this story because it was yet to come, and which, as we have seen, is due to the 'finitude of nature', <...> we will see ...] Of course I don't envy those who are twenty years old today, much less their first children. The Dr. xxx <...>»

Cult of the dead - reconstruction of scenes from lives - a scene is particularly interesting - visionary memories of other scenes mysteriously connected to it originate from it - through a pure launch of imagination and 'visionary' ability, Dr. reconstructs the entire history of a family. It's a 'power' mystery story* He becomes enchanted by watching a character who in turn is remembering the dead: and this makes him suspicious.

pag. 385

Note 99 - L'Epochè: Story of a thousand and one characters

«An absolutely necessary premise for my story - the second narrator began with a typical sly air, as if he wanted to fall asleep - is this: everything that I will tell you did not appear in the theater of the world but in the theater of my head, it did not take place in the space of reality but in the space of my imagination, it was not, finally, concluded according to the contradictory rules of the game of existence, but it was concluded according to the contradictory rules of the game of my reason.

The first, and let's say progenitor, character was one. I will call him (for my own personal reasons) 'Saul's God'. His uniqueness was [invisible], simply

because the eye could not encompass it all. His identity, [consequently, was mysterious].

There is no doubt that he was good, protector, eternally present, infinitely affectionate, regularly generous with food, warmth and sleep.

I came from death. And I had just entered crying into a wonderful Garden. Little by little, thanks to this God of Saul, I stopped crying, and I began to know the joys of the wonderful Garden I had entered. However, I had already adapted to my new condition, counting on staying there forever. Instead it was he himself, the God of Saul, who chased me from there too.

It was at that moment that I became a narrator: the narrator, that is, who tells you this story. In fact, as soon as I stopped crying and despairing over this second expulsion, and began to look around for the first time, I saw him. He was a [poor monster] (as I was later able to reconstruct when [I was able] to do so): a poor, wretched, petty monster, completely absorbed in the duty of surviving, eating and providing food for others, working, sweating, waiting for a salary , thank you, start working late again, rest in an always too little sleep, get up, start it all again. It was by observing this life of his that I felt the desire to write a novel.

But just one character, the only one I knew, wasn't enough to make a story: at least one antagonist was needed. I therefore did what novelists generally do: that is, from a real character, who I knew, I made two.

I couldn't describe to you the first character, the God of Saul, who, I repeat, had first appeared to me as powerful and good (something between the bull and the nurse), then had appeared to me as an enemy and punisher, chasing me away gratuitously, for a guilt I didn't know, from the almost suspended and airy Place where I felt so comfortable; and, finally, he [he had appeared to me] like a poor devil, over time pag. 386

same powerful and powerless, authoritarian and benefactor. In short, I couldn't describe that character.

However, I know how to describe quite well the two characters into which my imagination as a novelist has split it.

The first is a man in his mid-forties, small, with an emaciated body, but full of an energy that is more than youthful, childish, like that of a 'street urchin' (my family is of poor southern origin). His eyes are alive and always a little exalted; his hair is very graying, almost white, but falls in a band over his ear and over his eyes in a youthful way. His pronounced nose and mouth (the mouth always half open in that half-astonished, servile and exalted expression of his eyes). He is overall a funny figure, as if bitten by a tarantula, so he is always a little

in agitation. Her smile is strong and cheerful, always like a street urchin, or rather like an xxx (because to be precise, my family is Calabrian); and, when he is serious, it is unexpectedly so, because we always expect a helpful cheerfulness from him, almost like a comic mask. However, secretly, like all southerners, despite that face so brazenly as a laborer or painter, he cares about his dignity and is perhaps also a little touchy, as well as easy to cry.

The other character is a woman. Also small in stature, short in legs. But she, unlike the man, is in the flesh, even though she is a year or two older than him: a flab that protrudes from the raw silk dress of the common people with which she wraps her body on days of ceremony. She's not fat, but she does have that youthful plumpness that doesn't weigh her down. Even on her face there is always a kind of comic smile, which emerges irresistible to the overly expressive eyes (of a reddish-brown colour, like those of men). Her hair is white, her nose, mouth and cheekbones are also pronounced and typically southern. It too is a bit of a mask from which one always expects to make people laugh or smile... For example, due to a kind of atavistic rudeness, or aphasia, it is unable to pronounce many unusual names except in a very funny way : not only that, but despite living many years away from Calabria, he has only learned very few Italian words: and the few that he knows how to pronounce well, he pronounces with a polite and ceremonious air: something that makes you laugh as when he comically mispronounces, let's say, <. ..> the word (“Claudio Villa”). However, it too, like man, hides a strong sense of dignity behind all this; she is obstinate in his ideas, and knows how to do his <...> calculations well.

Well, when I found myself with these two invented characters, and so objectively distinct from each other, I understood that they were in reality a

single character, and that, if they were antagonists, their antagonism was actually an internal struggle.

Precisely because they were a unique character, like Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, they irresistibly tended towards their original uniqueness,

pag. 387

To resist disunited, they had to represent two opposing symbols of a reality albeit unique.

However, even so, their opposition could only be infinitely iterative: repeating itself in a series of episodes that were all substantially the same.

Having divided a single character in two, which had fallen under the sphere of my experience and my interest, had guaranteed me drama: but a symbolic drama, that is, too dominated by reason. <...> order.

[Who knows why], this wasn't what I wanted.

Then I reshuffled the two characters into one again: but only vaguely regaining the now mythical first character, the God of Saul. He had now been irreparably tampered with, and, once rebuilt, could only bear the signs of the historical tampering that he had suffered.

On the other hand, as Melville says: "Fathers are not in the habit of revealing themselves completely to their children..." Above all, and even more so, I would add the 'first fathers'.

Once I had rebuilt the figure of Saul's God, I took it and dismembered it. As in certain myths - and <...> then rites - so-called savages, [scattered] here and there the limbs torn from the body, burying them like seeds in the earth, Soon those seeds sprouted: and I was surrounded by a real crowd of characters, who all had 'something' of that first character: 'something' therefore, partial, but which they had nevertheless developed into their completeness. I mean that even if they were common, petty, restricted, shrunken, maimed (as the majority of men are) in that they were partial, they nevertheless also contained within themselves a potential totality, precisely, which is equally mysterious and infinite as that of 'God'.

Now all that crowd of characters that were available to my imagination as a novelist could no longer be called 'symbols'. They were casual parts of a whole, which mysteriously became totalities, that is, men. They were chaotically part of reality, they could be dominated by an ordering mind only as long as it was abstract and generalizing. In short, they were the Disorder.

They were there around me to demonstrate to me with extreme and incontrovertible vividness that historical time practically never coincides with lived time.

At this point, however, another urgent necessity arose. What to oppose to that living disorder? If that crowd - mysterious and full of human dignity, it is true, but nevertheless unstable, empty, crazy - was the protagonist, who was the antagonist?

It was simple. The antagonist was me.

But the moment I thought about myself, as the only possible antagonist, that is, as a concept, I realized that in concrete terms, I didn't know who I was. I could not embrace my uniqueness, which was therefore practically invisible to me (like already, remember?, that of Saul's God); and consequently my identity was perfectly mysterious to me.

pag. 388

But my storyteller's mind was terribly fertile. What did I do? From that whole that I was looming, so to speak, within myself, I cut out a part. I'm not sure what criteria I followed when cutting it. Certainly, at least apparently and on the surface, they were convenient criteria: those that gave me pleasure. As soon as this operation didn't seem fun to me, I wouldn't have been able to continue. Eventually, the figure of myself as an antagonist emerged, more or less elaborated and refined. And here I am. You see me. A small northernized southerner, ugly, small, with an accentuated nose, somewhere between aquiline and snub-nosed (like some Arabs), a fleshy and slightly disgustingly red mouth, eyes too bright inside two enormous wrinkled bags, a receding forehead, artistically long on the collar not so clean. Something eternally adolescent corrects, after all, all this in me, and makes me almost pleasant: I have a ringing laugh, a little

crazy but naive, and the goodwill of others is very bad for me, especially women, with whom I am terribly unlucky but also quite lucky, <...> that pleading air that I hide so well in my gentle laugh, pleading air that tends to make me forgive my secret. Not only that, but having belonged to the world of poverty and even hunger also works in my favor.

Good, but this is just a part of me. <...> In conclusion, I too have made a split, a dualism. The same thing I had done in the God of Saul. Saul was also two. AND

each of its two parts had ended up becoming symbolic. And thereby give order to the world (and readability to my eventual novel).

No, I really didn't want this.

I didn't want this comfortable quixotic and bourgeois dualism. I didn't want the contradiction to be easily overcome by a synthesis, and the peaceful proceeding, even 'in a split-second' direction, along the unilinear process of history. No, no, I repeat, the historical can never coincide with the lived experience, unless we want to lie to ourselves.

He took me and dismembered me. What I had done with Saul's God I did with Saul. After I rebuilt myself, I dismembered myself. It had to be all of them, not two. Not two 'myself' opposed to each other like light and shadow, the unfinished and the accomplished, ignorance and knowledge, the unlimited and the limited, the inside and the outside, and so on and so forth so on, always defending the same thing.

From my scattered limbs, another crowd was born. <...> Just as I did not describe to you the crowd born from the scattered members of the God of Saul, so I will not describe to you the crowd born from the scattered members of Saul.

It would be useless. <...> I would only make a list. Look out the window, and you will see <...> the crowd born from the pulverization of the Father, the God of Saul: the crowd that walks down the street, or stops there, like an inextricable [Gordian knot], large, small, old, young , a petrol station

attendant, twenty motorists, fifteen young men at a bar, a small supermarket with women and children, two policemen on page. 389

motorcycle: the light is dark, it's evening, the transparency of the air is hallucinatory, the first lights come on, some kids rush in, bringing joy, <...> it's dinner time...

If instead you want to see the crowd born from the pulverization of the character of the son, that is, Saul, look around here. <...> Of course, this is an approximate idea you can have. Things are much more tidy (designed) and confusing (superiority of the design over itself) than this.

My novel was ready, not 'in spades' but 'in swarms'. I began the first operations, that is, composing the characters. The two opposing crowds constituted, it is true, a dualism. But it was a real dualism, not a symbolic one. It was full of the mystery of origins. I couldn't say, for example, that the crowd of characters born from the shattering of Saul's God was 'objectivity', you understand that. Nor, on the contrary, that the crowd of characters born from the shattering of the character of Saul was 'subjectivity'. Objectivity and subjectivity were constituent elements of both crowds of characters. At least as far as individual or interior life is concerned. But also

[socially it was the same] thing. Could I say that the pulverization of the character of the God of Saul constitutes a poor or proletarian crowd? No: because the God of Saldo was the Master par excellence.

Could I then say that the pulverization of Saul's character constitutes a bourgeois crowd?

No: because Saul was by definition the Inferior. Furthermore, both the God of Saul as [Master], and Saul as Subordinate, were poor. In short, in the real classist experience the same mess remains as in the internal experience. My two crowds are the two crowds of reality: they are simultaneously two and one.

From this my further manipulation makes sense. Precisely, as I was telling you, the mosaic construction of my characters, who were selected from the swarm only to be placed there again. For example, here, in the pulverization

of paternal figures, a young man with light hair and a black eye, lost and a little exalted: he is apparently an underclass who does an occasional job as a furniture polisher. And here, in the pulverization of the filial figures, a lanky and slightly hunchbacked young man, with dark hair and a mildly laughing, blue eye: he is apparently a student in whose political passion is hampered by an obscure knot of internal fears and anguish that he hides with his adolescent laughter. Well, I mix the two characters: I transform light hair into dark hair, black eyes into blue eyes, I lend political passion to the underclass (thus making him an absolutely exceptional and surprising figure in the poetic sense of the word), and I leave it to the student (become short in stature and [in the flesh]) his knot of fears and anxieties not compensated by anything, not opposed to anything (here is another <...> poetic character).

So, my novel <...> was about to take shape... Form: this is, alas, the word. This form had its internal laws, which established and preserved it | designed first to institute it, then to page. 390

keep it |. <...> And all this recreated a new order. If the historical did not coincide with the experience, if not out of hypocrisy, then the experience forcefully wanted to establish itself as historical.

For me, it was defeat, the end of the illusion of freedom.

I confess to you that I would have adapted and resigned myself: and that I would have continued to write my novel, as freely as possible, according to the philosophy of the 'least worse', if at the same time I had not become aware, as they say, of another fact.

Actually, two facts.

The first is this. In planning and starting to write my novel, I actually implemented something other than planning and writing my novel: that is, I organized within myself the meaning or function of reality; and once I organized the meaning and function of reality, I tried to take possession of reality. To take possession of it perhaps on a mild and intellectual cognitive or expressive level: but nevertheless, in essence, brutally and violently, as happens with every possession, for every conquest.

The second fact is the following. At the same time as I was planning and writing my novel, that is, I was searching for the meaning of reality and taking possession of it, precisely in the creative act that all this implied, I also wanted to free myself, that is, to die. Dying in my creation: dying as one actually dies, in childbirth: dying, as one actually dies, ejaculating in the maternal womb.

In reality this mysterious desire, which, without my realizing it, had accompanied all the intense, complex, infinite work that I have described to you, slowly came to light, victorious, and was clearly and distinctly drawn in my conscience. Suddenly, all competing desires were [eliminated].

<...>

I left the manuscript of my novel on the table (it was already an enormous pile of notes and fragments), and left for Calabria.

I remembered, as in a dream, the sea, which I had seen as a child, one Christmas that my parents had taken me there: I don't know how they could have scraped together the money for that one return to their country.

The town was actually a small hamlet, made up entirely of houses as small as dice, a little clumsy due to the live lime, as in Arab countries; with only a vaguely Bourbon, nativity scene-like square.

It was halfway up the coast between wild and unforgettable mountains. At the foot of these mountains the railway ran, and, behind the railway, beyond a small, white, stony beach with small sharp rocks, the sea stretched out.

pag. 391

When I arrived in front of it, coming down from the village, it was just as I had seen it as a child. A sort of blue barrier that seemed to be suspended on the slightly lighter blue of the sky. It was warm and quiet. You couldn't even hear the birds singing.

I stripped naked and entered the water, walking laboriously among the stones and sharp rocks: I wanted to get to where you couldn't touch, and thus die.

My decision was calm and absolute, perhaps because it was made somehow outside of me. Dying by drowning in that sea actually gave me neither pleasure nor terror: it was simply the only solution I had left, a duty to fulfill without any possibility of [repentance]

So I pushed myself to the point where I could no longer touch my feet, and since I don't know how to swim, at that point it was enough for me to make a small leap forward and let go. I did so, and so I found myself completely immersed in the water.

What a vision of supreme beauty appeared before my eyes! The light down there was diffused and at the same time full of very sweet flashes and vortices and transparent shadows, which

around an immense paradisiacal landscape. [So] <...> I was not, as I thought, a few tens of meters from the coast, but right in the depths of the sea: the bottom, which the lights and shadows [hinted at]

floating, it was the unexplored one of the ocean. Everything around me was warm, as well as softly luminous: and breathing was wonderfully easy and light. In that immensity I ascended and descended, I made slow turns on myself, blissfully: I couldn't say that I was swimming, my slow darting in there rather resembled a flight without wings...

Here, my story is all here. It - it is definitely worth saying - “desinit in piscem”: but to be hallucinatory, you must not believe that it is less real.»

pag. 392

Note 100 - L'Epochè: Story of four critics and four painters

pag. 393

Note 101 - L'Epochè: Story of a father and his two daughters

«We place our story - <resumed> the narrator - here, in the surroundings of Rome. In fact we will deal with a man of the Roman, so-called black nobility. At the time our story begins he was forty years old and had two daughters who were about eighteen and twenty years old. They lived

together (his wife had died a long time ago) in a castle or in a noble house in the center of a town in Upper Lazio or Tuscia. The town, in those years (about ten years ago, even if it seems like much longer) was still intact. It stood with its tuff houses, with large walls and small windows, arranged along gloomy alleys which then ended against a low wall overlooking a radiant valley.

There was no shortage of long open spaces with small buildings with external inverted-V staircases, the old cobblestones, a tiny Romanesque church, which you couldn't imagine being older, in the background, and at the end, the <...> gray seventeenth-century church, incomplete. Even the building where our protagonist lived - who we will call, not without a hint of parody, Agostino - was a seventeenth-century building. It was wedged between the houses of the town on one side, and, on the other, against a green hill of vines and [olive] trees, which, just below the palace, ended with a rocky wall, where a sculptor

'bambocciante', he had created a fountain with mythical characters in [trompe-l'oei], some very small, some enormous, and all buffoonish. The porous xxx they were made of, however, gave them a strange authority. A lazy provincial counter-reformism was contaminated with a popular spirit in which the myth was something real. Well. Agostino spent his days inside those enormous and well-kept rooms (despite their false disorder and emptiness of decadence). He was an intellectual. He read, studied, welcomed friends. <...>

He had forced himself into that sort of exile immediately after the war. He had in fact been a fascist. However, we must immediately point out that his fascism was not at all objective and, so to speak, normal. In fact he was completely aberrant. It was based on the misunderstanding that it |fascism| was a great Right. Only when he had fallen (and this coincided with our hero's coming of age) did he reveal himself in a retrospective, finally historical and cultured glance, to be a simple [sinister] buffoon. But Agostino was rich, and he could afford to live 'in style', precisely in exile, paying provocatively and with

[extreme] subtlety one's mistake. Even the world from which he kept himself away was essentially nothing more than an error. A fake democracy no more

or less clownish than fascism. The true Big Right was more unrealized than ever; indeed, she had openly declined. The Center feigned progressive aims, even where it was most miserably reactionary (mafia, undergovernment, dealings, page 394

current struggles). But in short, you know all these things better than me. Agostino loved his daughters very much, but he spent little time with them, so much so that little by little they ended up becoming strangers with whom he acted without even hiding it too much - the scene of family affection.

They ate meals together, when guests arrived they gathered together in the fireplace room, and their mutual acquaintance was all there. It was a friend named Tertullian (this is also evidently an invented name) who warned Augustine of what was happening.

We were towards the end of the fifties. These were not real events, but internal events, and they concerned the two girls.

One of them, Laura, was in fact not happy with the life she led with her father on Isola Borghese. <...> Unknown to everyone, everything was therefore thrown into crisis. It was a huge thing: the ground had silently collapsed underfoot, and now the chasm had opened, and there was nothing left to do. If it had been a life, never mind. But it was, as I told you, a play; and of a performance, above all, almost exclusively gestural. Augustine had organized his life like certain poets (I am thinking of Gottfried Benn) who convince themselves that they are Nazis, and make the 'gesture' of writing Nazi verses (even in Benn's case, however, Nazism was nothing more than a refined and laconic decadent consciousness). Augustine did not write poetry. But, like most men, he expressed himself with his body, with his behavior, that is, with the stage action of his life. Saint Augustine says it: "Do not unite yourselves with words, but unite yourselves with the word made flesh" (De spiritu et littera), evidently remembering Saint Paul: "...since it is evident that you are a letter of Christ, written by us his ministers and written not with ink, but with the spirit of the living God: not on tablets of stone, but on tablets which are your hearts of flesh" (II Corinthians, III, 3). Why wasn't her daughter Laura happy with her life with her father in the palace-monastery of Isola Borghese? As Tertullian informed, it was a very simple reason, I would say almost natural.

Laura was a girl of not even twenty years old. And it was therefore, precisely, more than right that she didn't like the boring life in that hermitage in upper Lazio. In fact, she dreamed of life in the capital, with all that it implied. Her life calling was an irresistibly worldly calling, that's the point.

This offended Adriana, the other slightly younger sister, who instead declared herself faithful to the, let's say, stylistic project of her father, who made their life a work, even if necessarily a mannerist one. Indeed, it went even further than his father's 'stylistic' limits, as we will see shortly.

Agostino faced Laura's problem which presented itself, it must be said, as a 'plot twist*. After all, he didn't have the slightest doubt about how she should behave. He had originally decided to be an authoritarian father, and he had to remain an authoritarian father. He called [to him]

pag. 395

Laura, and, albeit with the class of a cultured man, he communicated to her his <...> repressive decisions.

No Rome, no worldly life, no ambitions, no compromises with Italian society.

At the origin of Laura's worldly vocation there was evidently the same 'theatricality' of her father (the two in fact looked strikingly similar): therefore, the psychological and ideological elements necessary to accept repression were found in her; and to perform that heroic act - which has been of great value for all the centuries and millennia of human history consisting of resignation and the consequent internalization of one's disappointed aspirations.

But as soon as Laura's problem was - or seemed to be - solved, Adriana's problem erupted.

This time too it was Tertullian who informed Augustine, who this time too had not noticed anything. Adriana had suddenly felt in her soul, precisely in those days, an irresistible religious vocation. And she had even made the decision within herself to become a cloistered nun. She was certain that her father would not disapprove of her; yet she was afraid to tell him about it. In

fact, she was gripped by an inexplicable terror at the idea of talking to him about it.

On this point too Augustine was immediately radical; no seclusion, no ecclesiastical uniform, no compromises with a Church that had not been able to position itself as the foundation of a great Right (!), and indeed, had given itself over, albeit verbally, in recent years to foolish progressive ramblings (developing within it , together with the old cardinals ignorant as cowherds, the unbearable left-wing Catholics no less pietistic and unctuous).

He was on the verge of calling Adriana and giving her the repressive speech he had given to Laura.

When, suddenly, he had a revolutionary revelation about himself, which enlightened him. It was June: a wonderful day - not without clouds filled with late rain - in which summer had suddenly broken out. If a few drops fell from the burning gray expanse of the sky, it looked like a drop of sweat. But often the warm wind opened large glimpses of clear sky, and the oblique rays of the sun (it was already late afternoon) gave the deep valleys, the rustic villages, the oak woods a splendor of which the present, always so miserable, seemed unworthy. Agostino left the house and went for a walk behind the town, where the silence was deeper and nothing had changed since the <...> Middle Ages. A wild, Ariosto-like sweetness hovered over the deep ravines, over the semicircles of mown meadows against the darker green of the Mediterranean woods. Augustine, unlike all members of the Roman nobility, was not an ignorant man. [On the contrary], he was very cultured: this constitutes an anomalous case, so anomalous [as to make] this story of mine probably arbitrary. The fact is that Augustine not only had a good classical culture, but also a fair knowledge of contemporary texts. Furthermore, even as an amateur, he specialized in the history of the Church and the history of religions. He would have been able to delve deeper into the characteristics of her daughter's monastic vocation: recognize what type of holiness she aspired to (also Adriana page 396

resembled him like a drop of water: therefore it was inevitable that if it had a religious vocation, its aim could only have been extreme, that is, precisely, sanctity).

He decided to talk to her for as long as necessary. Which he did the next day and the following days.

By questioning Adriana, he was also questioning himself, given that the revelation about himself that had flashed before him <...> (and immediately dissolved) had made him so new and 'problematic' in his eyes.

The conclusions he reached while questioning Adriana were in a certain way positive. Her daughter's mysticism was of spiritually high quality, that is, scientifically valuable. The Christian 'cliché' was xxx good archetypes. Adriana was prey to a real regression, which only her culture, and that certain mysterious crystallization, which distinguishes the schizophrenia of saints from that of madmen, prevented her from becoming a worrying symptom. She relived the 'repetition' outside of the consciousness she had of it as a reader of the best mystical Saint Paul (she innocently forgets about his suspected sexophobia and anti-feminism). The high quality of Adriana's renunciation of the world had to be taken into consideration. But she also relaunched Laura's case. The latter's worldly vocation therefore also had to be explored in greater depth. Which Augustine [did] diligently. The exam was also positive for Laura; indeed, highly positive. Laura didn't want to enter the world at all out of the silly vanity and superficiality of a young girl. Her aim was to be a real intervention between men: of her social level, of course, which here must be understood as a cultural level.

What then consisted of the revelation that Augustine had about himself on the occasion of the crisis of his two daughters? <...> Why - Agostino had asked himself - had he kept himself away from the world for so many years, in a state of voluntary impotence? And the lightning-fast response he gave himself constituted precisely the enlightenment he had had about himself: "I kept myself away from the world in a state of voluntary impotence because I desire the world and I thirst for power."

This question and this answer that Augustine had given about himself had their model on the questions and answers that he had been forced to give about the problems of his two daughters. “Why does Laura want to impose herself on the world? Probably, indeed, certainly because she fears him and she hates him." "AND

why does Adriana want to definitively renounce the world? Because she definitely loves him and she is tempted by him."

The 'thirst for power' that Augustine had rediscovered in himself - lying like precious material in an abandoned mine was at least as [impressive] as his thirst for impotence had been. And she immediately unleashed herself on him - as soon as she was recognized and admitted - with a violence worthy of her ancestors.

His calculation was immediate. Re-entering the world and taking control of it, asserting [one's own]

candies. But how? <...> The opportunity had presented itself to him: and it was impossible to get better than this pag. 397

imagine it. She would have raised her daughters: two extraordinarily beautiful, extraordinarily noble women, and what's more endowed with real vocations and cultural interests. At the moment in which they had achieved the success that they would certainly have achieved, one as a woman of the world and the other as a saint, he, her father, would have presented himself. He should not have taken, personally, a step to retrace the current of lost time. He would already find himself standing on the best possible pedestal or springboard. It is not very important to specify what his plans for concrete power were. The foundation of that great Right that he - probably a unique case in a society like the Italian one - had so precise and clear in his head. AND

perhaps the inevitable links with neo-fascism, which he continued to despise, but which, in his strategy, could not be ignored.

He called the two pussies, and, once again, imposed his 'repressive' paternal will on them.* In fact his very determined and unshakable decision was that they should ** exchange roles Laura, the daughter [taken] by a desperate vocation worldly, she should have taken the veil and become a nun; while Adriana, the daughter (taken) by an irresistible and sincere religious vocation, she should have gone to settle in Rome, to realize the most ambitious and xxx of plans for worldly success.

Both Adriana and Laura accepted, bowing their heads before their father's will. After all, for Adriana this was only a rule of her sincere sanctity; for Laura it was instead a calculation that made her worthy of her father, given that she had divined his intentions.

About ten years passed (and thus we have reached the present day). Augustine's predictions came true exactly. Adriana, the mystic, became a powerful woman of the world. The life of rich and cultured Rome was now inconceivable outside of her. The fatuous Laura, for her part, became a nun whose piety immediately attracted the attention of the world, which grew so much over the years that it ended up being a saint. And it would actually have been impossible <...> to prove the opposite. In the shadow of his two daughters. Augustine had slowly come to light; and his authority, precisely because it was still hidden and legendary, began to [be] irreplaceable.

The day came when - repressing his yearning desire to express himself and impose himself - Augustine deemed it appropriate to abandon his now twenty-year exile and reappear on the world scene.

Everything was ready. This certainly could not happen without the repercussions and results that Augustine promised himself, but, at the same time, any form of rhetoric had to be strictly avoided.

But it is precisely at the hands of that historic day that our story ends. Or rather, it folds back on itself, in that inner silence from which it began, even if this inner silence <...> is now profoundly, unspeakably different.»

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pag. 398

- Ecology sociologists meeting (<?>etc.) - With problems and strong points. With humorous language and comparisons - Except (<?> of a gag) Dionysus appears and upsets everything.

- The two days of the meeting on the ecological disaster end with a hangover for all the congress participants (aleatico wine and wine?)

- Dionysus becomes horrible and criminal again.

- They were there to tell the truth, but for this very reason they didn't tell it.

L'Epoché: Tale of the Shit-Child

(child born to a man - a bourgeois industrialist - who shits)

pag. 399

Note 102 - L'Epoché: Story of two fathers and two sons

«Let me make some preambles! - said the third narrator - some precautionary preamble, perhaps a little brilliant... It actually serves to hide, as you know, the tragic moment of the beginning, which is always, so to speak, an autotomy. Furthermore, telling jeopardizes, and therefore turns upside down, being. The narrating subject, faced with his own founding phrase, enters a state of crisis. And this is the real crisis typical of the relationship with the sacred. The story is in the sacred enclosure. And the approach to this enclosure always requires a long, rather forced ceremony.

And funny too. The savages mock, with much wit, their rigidly regulated approach to the place where the Spirit is found. They do little antics, silly gestures. And so do I. My 'brilliant' prologue concerns the function of the rectum. The function of the rectum, I say, in the entire human life, seen in its totality. Meanwhile, as you well know, and as I solemnly want to repeat here:

“The rectum teaches the bladder conservation and the bladder in turn teaches the rectum generosity.”

Engrave these words well in your memory, and perhaps use them as an epigraph to your personal story, if you do not lack the minimum amount of civic courage that is needed.

There is therefore no urethral eroticism that is not tinged with anality and anal eroticism that is not tinged with urethrality. This is fundamental for character formation. However, at the same time, it should be noted that 'rectum' (or ass) and 'bladder' (or balls) are entities of late formation and

definition. The heuristic hypothesis is that the assignment to them of the main role in the sexual act does not occur only during coitus, but throughout life (single and of the species). Having made this assignment, we then find ourselves - to put it briefly - faced with the double temptation of expelling from us both the penis and the intestinal contents: which, in a hallucinatory way, have been identified with each other through their common identification with the child. Our dick is the child self, but so is shit.

Furthermore, to conclude, I want to remember the phenomenon of parental sexuality: the pleasure, that is, deriving from childbirth. Pleasure that man envies woman, and which he tries to obtain, through mimesis, by shitting (through a whole hallucinatory ceremonial, either of retention - constipation - or of excess evacuation - diarrhea). All this sets the precedent for my story. But you can very well ignore it, like <...> a hypnotic chatter. In short, to fascinate you I <...> and unfolded the tail. And now I enter you.

pag. 400

Part of the Italian bourgeoisie still goes hunting. And it makes hunting a worldly ceremony.

Rich industrialists, arrived professionals, and perhaps even some intellectuals, gather together in the country house of a mutual friend, and, as in the past the nobles (who however still mix with them, and are indeed |in truth| much sought after), organize hunting parties. Their ladies follow them. All this - I think I can say - already appears potentially comical to you. And I think I also know the reason. Stated like this, these gentlemen and ladies of the good Italian bourgeoisie (which cannot be other than Northern, with rare exceptions), present themselves to the imagination abstractly, in a generalization that fixes them in physiognomies stereotypes, of masks. And the masks are of course comical. When the attention then focuses on the engineer Gianni xxx, that is, on a single and determined mask, then the dull tickle of laughter - due to a humor not without hooliganism - becomes even stronger, and almost irresistible. At the origins of every figure of the Italian bourgeoisie there is something cartoonish, as we know well. Well, this engineer Gianni xxx was actually as you imagine him: Milanese by residence, born near Varese, Ligurian by tan |skin|, with a touch of Roman in the black of his eyes and his slightly graying black hair (a graying which,

who knows why, there was something impious, unforgivable about it, it was so unconsciously vulgar). However, let's be clear, this engineer, as usual, could have been completely different from how I described him. Who he was does not have the slightest importance in this ideological story of mine. Engineer Gianni xxx was therefore on one of those hunting parties I was telling you about. His group had pitched their tents in a stupendous country villa belonging to Countess C. A villa of crystal, wood and exposed concrete. It stood in a large, slightly sloping circular meadow, very green. Around there was a whole vaporous and dry frame of coppice woods, already half bare, with the last blood reds, and the fresh humus of freshly fallen and macerated leaves. In the recesses of these woods flowed a sort of immense aquatic labyrinth, formed by the branches of the Oglio: small tortuous channels, gray and of an even excessive transparency. They got lost in the copse, as intricate as an African forest. Then, suddenly, we arrived on the banks of the main arm of the river, which was very deep there. The bank, dark green, full of grass of all kinds, was a sort of overhang, almost overlooking the deep bottle green current. A small path ran along this bank, between the xxx remains, and between some tufts of evergreen, beaded with humidity, and shining in the <...> rays of the sun, with a stupefying smell of bark. Then the little path led to a point where the forest began to thin out until it suddenly stopped: and the Oglio, rising again from its deep recess, spread freely in a thousand branches on an endless gravel bed that [extended] towards the horizon <...> misty, <...> pearly.

The water had turned a light turquoise, divinely transparent. The sparse bushes of the coppice forest pag. 401

they still grew, sparse, reddish in the middle of the riverbed. And the birds of autumn, in that patrician

[desert], they sang.

It is at this point that the 'useless fiction' ceases, and the real representation begins, in which the gestures and facts speak: and the engineer Gianni xxx like the ascetic Pambo: «On sighè retòs epaìdeuse»: he did of himself an instructive example by speaking in silence.

In fact, as soon as he emerged from the tangle of the woods, at the large opening of the riverbed, the engineer Gianni xxx felt the first pang of his labor pains. <...> He wanted <...> not to notice, and continued casually, holding his precious xxx xxx xxx in his hands. But there was little to joke about. A new pang, shortly afterwards, implacable, passed through his guts, stabilizing this time in a long pain that began to twist them. Engineer Gianni xxx, with his face disgusted by the inconvenience, pale, and covered in freezing sweat, put his hands on his belly and pressed them there. In vain. The pangs, <...> which took one's breath away, became more and more frequent and uncontrollable. The engineer was already looking around, his eyes misty. In front, the expanse of the riverbed was bare, open. The first thorn bush was far away, and beyond was a stream of rippling, swirling turquoise water. Behind... Behind there was the woods, the high grassy bank, in the shade. A light, consoled expression of relief settled in the engineer's scrutinizing eyes. He ran towards it, already unbuttoning himself, and disappeared there. The place was a real recess. Green enough to scratch the cornea, of a grass beaded with humidity, and, in the crown, like the fence of a small temple, the dense fragrant shrubs of xxx. Almost in a state of happiness that pushed him to chatter to himself and perhaps to hum (parental happiness!), he undressed himself, and, almost in contrast to the urgency, laboriously, constipated, got rid of the 'intestinal contents'. Having completed this autotomy with satisfactory results - usually creative only in a symbolic sense - the engineer's eyes began to wander around again. There wasn't any trash there. There were beautiful leaves, smooth and clean. While the engineer, however, was examining them, a little suspicious, to choose the most suitable ones for the need, he heard, in an indeterminate point, behind him, as in a dream, a light, bitter moan. It immediately went out, leaving behind him an unreal echo: and for a moment the engineer was reassured, safe from disturbing surprises even for a sporty and practical man like him. But only for a moment. Because soon that vague, isolated surreal moan turned into a long, insistent cry of a newborn baby.

The word 'engineer' reminded me of Gadda, and it is from this that a certain style of this exhibition derives.

Now, by logical genealogy not without restrictive reason, I move on to Faldella... With him we are still in the Po Valley; in a place similar to the one just described. Maybe a little more rustic and insular.

But it is clear that this is a high Italian story and that it could not be otherwise. The context in which it takes place is a context of bourgeois progressivism in which page has a fundamental part. 402

feminism: a non-ideological feminism, but, although perhaps not named, already mature and operational for some time: modifier of reality. While engineer Gianni xxx was busy with what we know, something historically similar happened in a small valley, not that far away, in Monferrato, an area of erratic immigration.

On the tomb of a city, which in Etruscan and Roman times deserved the name of Industris, there is a chasm (it is precisely Faldella who speaks) of a wretched inactive village, which with the name of Passabiago slides from the hilly edges of the lower Monferrato to the shore right of the Po.

In a crooked and deep valley, almost unexplored like a virgin forest, there existed a very precious ruin of Christian antiquity; a small temple, whose construction dates back three hundred years to the nativity of Jesus Christ.

It is said to have been founded by Sant'Eutizio. It suffered an incursion by Saracens. A stub of an inscription scratched into the old stone "XI Kal Nov. Rolandus", and a vague tradition suggest a visit from Orlando in love, who then returned furiously to recover his lost mind. But naturally, later constructions were layered on top of the original construction: the last one from the 15th century35.

At the bottom of the valley lay, almost buried by brambles and dog roses, the gem of the little church. Its walls made of gray blocks of stone overlooked a deep forest of centuries-old hazelnut trees, within which the clearings, with their carpet of dry leaves, [had a space] equally sacred, although naturally more archaic. The little church was also surrounded by ferns -

beyond, in fact, than of brambles and bushes of dog roses. I think such ferns are extraordinarily rare: they were almost as big as small trees. And they were so thick in the ground around the ruin - ground that had probably once been that of the cemetery - that it seemed almost impossible to pass through them, until reaching the inside of the little church, of which only the four main walls remained standing. Not even a shadow remained of the ceiling

and everything else. Now, the man who was crouching there inside the little church, in an even denser tangle of nettles and rabidly thorny bushes, must have accomplished a miracle to get there. The fact is that it was there. He was, I told you, crouched down; his trousers pulled down to fully reveal his ass, his head low between his legs, and, as far as he could see, his eyes slanted like those of a damned man, and his mouth foaming. But everything was seen in glimpses, because the labor pains from which that man was 35

Napoleon I surprised there a lavish abbey of Cistercians, who boiled capons in white wine, and sent the calves to dive into the Po for a moment to fish them out and eat them on lean days like fish. The Corsican emperor abolished the abbey, dispersed the abbey fathers, and donated the land and buildings to a lively marshal Bonnelane, who played and lost them at tarot cards. During the political restoration, the convent was returned to more modest costumes. The minister Urbano Kattazzi, coul Rataz, hays of Cain, brother of Caiffas. on the hooded pumpkins a l'à dait a famous crep whereby the guardian father was able to sing, according to the cheerful Piedmontese song of Brofferio: Bruta neuva - orate frates - Bruta neuva per dabon. - Babulonys impii patres-portu 'l Diau an procession (see 53 of the Adelphi Edition of 1974, by Donna Folgore by Giovanni Faldella).

pag. 403

Having been pushed in there, they now forced him to keep his head down, in a gesture of desperation. Behind him, almost a Platonic model, and a little presumptuous in his 'educating by speaking silently', there was a beautiful Saint, the only intact figure of a fifteenth-century fresco, in which all the other figures were blissfully headless. A beautiful scarlet bodice covered our Saint, probably Saint Eutizio; bodice from which puffed sleeves emerged in white and light green stripes, a faded Veronese green. The breeches were dark brown: but they were quite shamelessly undone (almost like those of his distant great-grandson who was crouched, drooling like a dog, under him). With an elegant gesture of his hand, our Saint Eutizio showed a wound on his thigh, just below the groin. His hand, therefore, which exhibited the | such | mortal wound, pulling the breeches, was suspended right above the cock: that one could definitely and legitimately speak of a cock when referring to that hunk of a man, a peasant starlet that the anonymous painter must have chosen as a model on the spot. The man down there was writhing

in certain spasms, which made him strain his neck, almost crawling on the ground, was called Orlando. He wasn't from those parts: he was a southerner. It is not known if he was passed down and how he ended up in that little valley near Passabiago, inside the ruins of the church of Sant'Eutizio. All we know is that, having emigrated from the South, after a long series of vicissitudes he ended up in Monferrato, due to certain friendships formed in Turin with some of his 'villagers'. There he had found a temporary job in a biscuit factory: if biscuits you can call them. <...> It was in fact the <...> “Krumiri”, a specialty of Casale Monferrato, founded in 1886, founder and inventor a certain Rossi,

“Rossi” absolutely, who was succeeded by the present owner E. Portinaro: who however had not introduced (in the packaging: as for the rest, who can say?) any innovation. The “Krumiri”

in fact they were still presented under the quality label of “Provv. of H. M. the King of Italy and Royal Princes of Aosta and Genoa". Our Orlando, so unexpectedly acquired by us, was a man of about thirty, still a young man. In other times he would have been a rude or rude scoundrel, with a dull face but exuding confidence, with hair like a soldier's, protruding ears and a pair of narrow eyes but of a [sensational] blue, almost blind. Now, however, he was an almost [repellent] mask: a certain better nourishment and a certain greater self-respect [a certain improved idea of himself] (not to be confused with true dignity) gave him an air of artificial health that did not connect with his natural one. He may have looked a bit like an Italian-American.

Furthermore, it was a perfect example of mimicry that was as successful as it was [degrading]. He had nothing more or less than any bourgeois young man from Turin. His hair was a wig that fell down to his shoulders, in his eyes there was a stupid expression of superiority, not without, however, the awareness of his own buffoonery (absolutely necessary to be accepted).

Finally, in his fat hand, despite his current unaesthetic situation, he held a page by one corner. 404

[extremely] flirty purse. As for his labor pains, they too were like those of the engineer

<...> - were a mixture of 'anguish' and 'pleasure', in the form of a contrast between the desire for retention and the desire for liberation. As was also his autotomy, when it finally took place, <...> satisfaction which placed the poor peasant - racially inferior but perfectly on par, albeit as a mask, with his bourgeois peers - at the same level as the engineer Gianni xxx. He too, like the engineer, expelled the object of parental joys and turned his uncertain and searching eye around. There were only nettles and finger-length thorns there. But patience. He was about to pull up his bell-shaped breeches anyway and button them with a buckle a hand's high, when he too heard a desperate, overbearing cry behind him.

Both Orlando, therefore, xxx Orlando and the engineer Gianni xxx, experiencing the same circumstance, unexpectedly found themselves faced with what we could call the hierophany of the future present. The revelation. What you don't want to admit. What above all cannot be admitted, but which nevertheless remains to be admitted.

The two turned, looked around, explored, said "Damn!" (or «Well!») pulling their heads between their shoulders, they started searching again: <...> until they had to admit, in fact, that the phenomenon to be explored was <...> precisely <...> their shit. Because it was their shit, precisely, that was crying."

pag. 405

Note 102a - L'Epochè: Story of a cosmic flight

«Have you ever dreamed of flying into the cosmos, and looking down from the height of the Moon or Mars? -

the fourth narrator began with a certain aggressiveness: and flashing an ironic light in his wide-open eye, he continued - I do. I dreamed it. The impression I had of it remained alive and perfect in me. It's as if I've truly flown into the cosmos.

You may be wondering if, with this debut, I am perhaps starting a science fiction story. Well no. I would never do that. I think it's impossible for a narrator to base himself on experiences that didn't actually happen. What I

am about to tell concerns the present. It's a light-hearted and somewhat silly story, yes. But our narration here is either crazy or it isn't.

Furthermore, by my nature I could not be anything other than mannerist. So my story is based on an experience I had in a dream. If I hadn't dreamed of making a cosmic flight, it would never have occurred to me to tell you this story about it. As for the rest, it is also all based on real experiences, as you will see. But I'll tell you about it in a flirtatious way (and you'll understand why, again, at the end). It's part of my narrative coquetry as an anonymous person to invent the names of the characters from scratch. In this case a little humor - or, let's say it, potato spirit doesn't hurt: it is part of the great system of estrangement. Enough. My story begins inside a spaceship. Seen from the surface of the Earth, such a spaceship could be mistaken for a flying saucer. But its shape is not circular: but spherical. And it is because it spins dizzily, at a speed that only mathematicians have the terminology <...> to express, certainly not me -

that, seen from afar, this sphere appears flattened like a disk. Inside the sphere that swirls at such a supernatural speed, so to speak, there is another sphere, a few millimeters smaller. This sphere is perfectly still: suspended inside the external sphere that swirls, moving dizzily through the spaces of the cosmos. The ship left a few moments ago from xxx xxx and is already a few hundred kilometers from the earth's surface. Exactly the height from which I looked at the earth in my dream. Now, the speed of the external sphere is such that it practically seems to volatilize and becomes transparent: so that from the portholes of the internal sphere - immobile - one can comfortably look out. The Earth is down there. At the bottom of the darkness of the cosmos: dyed with a celestial indigo. You can see its well-known shape: the mass of France, the two peninsulas, that of Spain and that of Italy, with its disarming boot shape etc. But everything, seen physically, in a real flight, at that more than dizzying, terrifying distance, appears on page. 406

exciting and mysterious. Soon the Earth disappears, and all that remains is a deep, lifeless void. I also dreamed of this, I lived it perfectly in the dream.

Those who watched the Earth disappear from the lower porthole - almost at their feet - were two very healthy men <...> in their forties. One was called

Klaus Patera and the other xxx xxx. They looked together, in the same position, with the same expression in their eyes. However, they were not the only members of the crew. Indeed, in truth they were not part of the crew: they were two observers, exactly like me, at the moment in which I had dreamed of the same event. Except that they were two official observers. The inner sphere measured about ten meters in diameter. It was therefore almost as large as a living room. Inside this 'sphere within the sphere' there was in turn placed an enormous glass cube, which rested its four edges against the internal wall of the sphere and was therefore firmly contained therein. It was precisely inside the cube that the two 'official observers' were located: as was the actual crew (made up of half a dozen technicians). Naturally the cube was divided into various squares, and each of them was a kind of small room or cell. The technicians were scattered in these small transparent cells, in a monastic gathering. Everyone had his own task, to which he silently awaited inspired. The only two who did nothing except observe were the two official observers.

At this point I will give you a simple series of information. And for good reasons that you will understand in the end - as objective and inexpressive as possible.

That spaceship, so different from the spaceships we have been used to seeing in recent years, was not of public production, but of private production. The gigantic technological effort, involving the simultaneous work almost in a 'team' of several hundred thousand people and several dozen industries, had not been supported by the State. It had been supported by a large company: such as Itt, for example, and I name Itt pour cause. This had not been made known: but since the first years in which the State had [monopolised] the construction of space ships, many private companies had protested, asking that they be granted the right to 'outer space'. And since the request was perfectly democratic, this 'right' was granted. So you can't stop anyone from building cars, airplanes or ships, or from founding a newspaper or setting up a television transmitter. Public opinion, I repeat, was kept in the dark. Moreover, it was thought that the granting of the 'right to cosmic space' could only have been Platonic. However, this was not the case, even if - as we will see - there are the usual good reasons to believe that the private company that had built our spaceship was not completely foreign to the State (in the same way as - to resume our example - the State could not have been

extraneous to the ITT, when two or three years earlier this company had organized the fascist massacres in Chile). However this is certain: that technical prodigy that was pag. 407

spaceship that was now sailing in the cosmic spaces, was simultaneously dominated by two forces, or two powers. It was an ambiguous, amphibological ship. There was a dramatic dichotomy in it. The clash between the opposing interests of the two powers that had presided over the project and construction was no less violent for being latent. That these two powers were constituted by the State on the one hand, and by private society on the other; or by two competing private companies; or by two different shareholder groups of the same company, in a life-or-death struggle for power; or finally by a national power of order against a subversive, <...> foreign power -

I do not know. Or at least for now I prefer to say I don't know, thus doing so to the end of you of my collaborators.

An observation, before moving on to the other information (observation due to the optimism - a little manneristic, I repeat - of the person telling the story <...>). Spies are always quite ridiculous: not only in fiction, but also in reality. When you read in a newspaper that a real spy has been arrested, and you see his photograph, you are generally seized by an intimate and irresistible hilarity. The spy is comical. Probably because she is forced to act. He must play, say, the part of a baronet or a major in the British army. But a baronet or a major in the British army - who are comical enough in themselves - become irresistibly comical if they are fake.

In his acting, the spy cannot in fact invent, because he must imitate. She therefore cannot help but be an exaggerated figure (perfectly conformist, respectable and only perhaps a little

original) that it pretends to be. The comedy is then even stronger and more exposed when the spy is finally unmasked. Children who can't speak yet have their first real laughs when someone hides and then reveals themselves. Agnition is the first paradigm of all hilarity.

But let's continue with the information. The two forces or powers that constitute the dualism of our spaceship are, as we have seen, in conflict. The one who wins (i.e. will become the absolute owner of the spaceship and everything that can be obtained through that spaceship) will also practically become owner of the State. In fact, according to calculations made by experts, it would objectively greatly exceed the State's financial availability. Which would therefore automatically fall into his hands. In any case, it would be a question of the seizure of power of a part over the whole. According to the cases I have outlined above, we would therefore have: first, a private company would take over the State (probably with the fundamental connivance of the State); <...> a private company would liquidate a private company and then take over the State; <...> the owner of one part of the Company would liquidate the owner of the other part, and then take over the State; <...> the party supported by the similar party already in power in another State would seize power in its own State.

pag. 408

Klaus Patera and Misha Pila were two spies (and this is the last real 'bare information' I will give you). The sense of comedy that is already invading you is perfectly justified. The two, in fact, played the part of two Italian-Americans. And they did it with such commitment that never two Italian-Americans were more Italian-American than them. Vitamins and proteins had erased the most obvious racial characteristics (those due to hunger, buffoonery, the typical state of mind of begging and need) but had left the essential features intact: blackness of eyes and eyebrows, snubness of noses, turgidity of mouth, fatness and xxx of build, [floated] like indestructible fossils on the amorphous and maimed physiognomies of average Americans.

Now chance had wanted these two characters to be launched into space and find themselves in the middle of the cosmos: something which could only automatically increase their comedy, isolating them, as it isolated them, one in front of the other, and , both of them, facing the universe36.

But it's not enough. I told you, on a purely referential level, that Klaus Patera and Misha Pila were two spies. The one indicates the power which, for convenience, I will call "Urine", and the other indicates the power which

<...> I will call “Feces”.

And here we are: Klaus Patera, spy of power “Urina” knew that Misha Pila was a spy of power

“Feces.” But even Misha Pila, spy of power "Feci", knew that Klaus Patera was a spy of power

"Urine".

Not only that: but Klaus Patera, spy of the "Urine" power, was playing a double game: that is, he was also a spy of the "Feces" power.

And equally Misha Pila, spy of the "Feci" power, also played a double game: that is, he was also a spy of the "Urine" power.

Now <...> Klaus Patera, who was a double agent, as a spy of both the "Urine" power and the "Feces" power, knew that Misha Pila was also a double agent, as he himself was a spy of both the power " Urine” and power “Feces”: [while] <...> Misha Pila didn't: he didn't know that Klaus Patera was playing a double game: he only suspected it.

In a mirror or in a graph designed by a semiologist with a pragmatist or even behavioristic background - a mirror or graph perfect in every way for its typicality and absolute symmetry -

Misha Pila's uncertainty would have constituted, so to speak, a semi-unknown. Which, much more dramatically than a real Unknown, would have made irreducible to any scheme even of ambiguity, the ambiguity [constituted] by the dualism of project and power experienced by our spaceship in the persons of Klaus Patera and Misha Pila. The abyss of the heavens opened at the feet of these two. <...> It is not true that space is dark. Certain,

“... we are like two abstract beings on a balloon who have met to tell each other the truth” (Dostoevsky. The demons).

there is no real light or clarity in it. But nevertheless 'that' which sinks under your feet and opens up above your head, through the portholes - that is, the infinite - has its own colour, which emanates from itself. Frost and silence, but also solemnity, form that special indigo of cosmic abyss, which, at the furthest edges that the gaze can reach, fades into a light - if it can be called that.

- celestial. I know all this, because I saw it in a revealing dream. Both when looking upwards and downwards, one feels a [special] dizziness, which, gripping one's bowels and stomach and almost making one lose consciousness, clearly shows its intolerability. A poor human body is not made to tolerate them: and, feeling that, overwhelmed by dizziness, it is on the verge, so to speak, of vomiting |reject us| himself, understands that the time has come when the nothingness to which he was born is winking at him, with a terrifying smile aimed precisely at him. However, not only is dizziness tolerated, but even the resulting terror has something sweet and exhilarating, like some childhood event. In that revelatory dream of mine I understood, once and for all, that our true origin is not the sea, that is [the original] maternal womb (to which, with all our strength, we tend to return): our true origin is space. It is there that we were truly born: in the sphere of the cosmos. In the sea we were perhaps born a second time. And therefore the attraction of the sea is profound, but that of celestial space is infinitely more so37.

The planet towards which the [amphibological] spaceship with Klaus Patera and Misha Pila was launched had recently been discovered. With reference to a casual quote from Saint Paul, made in the Lausiac History (which the discoverer was reading by chance in those days) the new planet was called “Ta kai ta”, or, now, in the convention that immediately formed, Takaità. (The phrase of Saint Paul, which, coincidentally, referred to the Heavens, in the Lausiac quotation, sounded: “Autòs gar èleghe Paulos: «O

gar karpòs tou pneùmatós esti» tà kài tà...").

The new planet was extremely far away. The spaceship's journey was to last exactly three years, three months and three days. Therefore Klaus Patera and

Misha Pila had a lot of time ahead of them to observe and above all to observe each other; according to the scheme of that mirror of a behaviorist semiologist, which, alas, would have been so wonderfully perfect if there had not been an unfortunate Semi-Unknown due to Misha's uncertainty.

However, no one - let it be said out of emphatic, even if modest optimism - neither of the men of the crew nor of the two protagonists, despite the prevalence of the serious tasks assigned to them by society and by which they were manly understood - could escape the joy of that dive into the cosmos : of that return into the spaces from which everything had come, [in inorganic form]. Joy, I repeat, joy, albeit terrifying.

37

Perhaps this is what religions were referring to, with the cult of the Ascension. As for the attraction of the sea, cf. especially Thalassa by Sandor Ferenczi, considered, apparently, by Freud “the most daring application of psychoanalysis that has ever been attempted”.

pag. 410

The three years, three months and three days passed. The spaceship slowed down its supernatural speed, and entered the stratosphere of 'Takaita'. The light reappeared. A light that came up as if from a fumigating funnel: frozen and ashen, with distant blue patches that seemed like holes in another sky, summer and marine, and [banners] or yellowish smoke, stagnating thousands and thousands of kilometers away, probably around the planet. And in fact, Takaità's ball appears, half illuminated by its Sun (we were naturally no longer in the solar system). Exciting, familiar ball! It approached dizzily, the speed of the ship was always dizzying. Here seas and continents are drawn, muddy, magmatic, with frothy lights that are simultaneously flat and grazing (from the height of the ship, in fact, with a single glance you could see, on the ball, the time of dawn, the time of midday and the time of sunset). Quickly the ship was right above the planet, at the distance of a common television satellite: that is, at the distance at which the pattern of the seas and lands becomes perceptible. And it was at this point that the unimaginable presented itself.

As the ship approached Takaità's crust, Takaità naturally turned: from day to night. And this is why what appeared to the eyes of the astronauts and the two observers, as well as being unimaginable, was also so rapid that it seemed like a dream and left such serious doubts about its reality: in short, it suspended meaning upon itself.

What did such a surprise consist of, astonishing to the point of giving the disbelief that rapid dreams give?

It consisted, simply - albeit in the anomalous and crazy light filtered by other layers of the atmosphere -

in the appearance on the earth's crust of Takaità, of forms that recalled with such faithfulness that they were essentially identities, the forms of the earth's crust of our globe. Here is the squat shape of France, below is the no less squat shape of the Iberian peninsula and the 'boot' shape of Italy.

An identity, I repeat, perfect. However, everything was immediately swallowed up by the darkness: and the lightning apparition - so lit - seemed, in the darkness, a ghostly mirage.

The ship [in the dark] landed. And she began again - after more than three years - for her xxx the convention of real time. The night was night and only night. And it was a night that regularly lasted, including twilight, a dozen hours. The darkness was profound. Takaita had no moon, or if by chance he did, that was a moonless night.

The operations for disembarking from the ship were long. They should have lasted about as long as the night would have lasted. There is nothing more moving than the amazement of the technicians: and there is nothing more heroic than their stupidity and their sense of duty. Although naively amazed, they set about carrying out their task with the utmost seriousness. It could not be said that the night had finally completely passed when the crew was able to leave the ship. It was still dark around: you could just make out, around, some immobile masses, perhaps trees or rocks: only in the east the sky had transformed into an enormous, dizzying slab of crystal, through which a light, still low pag. 411

it was beginning to shine through, transforming its deep indigo into an inky blue without a hint, but already almost bright.

The cosmonauts went out, and, as the experts had predicted, there was no need for a heavy diving suit full of ballast to walk, nor for a mask and oxygen tanks to breathe. She walked and breathed freely, as in our Earth. The crew was therefore able to leave the ship in overalls and with their heads uncovered. Just outside the ship, another astonishing thing filled the astronauts with amazement and immobilized them in silent and alarmed attention: far away, in the depths of the darkness, the warbling of a nightingale had echoed. But probably it - if it was truly the warbling of a nightingale - was the last one of the night. All that could be heard was a final interrogative phrase, little more than an echo. It too therefore disappeared too soon to seem true and not to give the impression of being the deception of a dream. The night around was warm, summery. However, at the same time there was that fresh shiver that precedes dawn: in fact the feet were damp with dew. How the sky, in the east, from a simple, endless sheet of just lightened ink-blue, began to be dappled into an infinite series of precious shades, among which an almost hard stripe of cinnabar pink was already beginning to prevail - other noises mysterious, like

[breaths, sighs*], began to be heard in the darkness. Until suddenly, this time without any possibility of misunderstanding, some larks began to trill. Almost as suddenly, the air was bright. The light was there, ready, a sad and pearly light, still cold. But it revealed everything, without [possibility of denial], in a gray fatality."

pag. 412

Note 103 - L'Epochè: History of the massacres

«If I understood correctly - said the one who must have been the fourth narrator, preparing to pour his glass of ciceone - in all these stories, explicit or disguised, the same story is always repeated, which is the scheme, the paradigm, or , if we want, the real, historical 'dromenon', to which these fictional stories, legòmena, give a symbolic guise, and refer to it. This 'first story' seems to me to be entitled: "Story of a failed coup d'état".

Now I will tell a non-symbolic, non-secondary, non-serious story. It does not refer to the "History of the failed coup", but it is. Whether the failure is a temporary or permanent failure is something I leave up to you to judge. How I leave it up to you to judge whether it is historically possible or not |simply an attempt|.

You will certainly ask yourself who I am, an anonymous narrator - and what's more, a teetotaler due to mourning - who can tell you such an important 'first story', which did not occur in myth but in reality. Well, gentlemen, I am nobody. Outis, like Montale. Chance simply wanted me to know the facts. Facts that I therefore limit myself to reporting. Besides, I'm not even in the business.

I am a man who lives on income, and I do not practice any profession. I spend my time doing amateur cultural research. And this is what offered me, quite by chance, the opportunity to find out the 'facts' in question. Just as it is my economic condition that establishes, almost automatically, by its own necessity, the style of my reporting. Why? Because I, at the same time, have a lot to lose - being a rich man - and nothing to lose - not being engaged in any job or responsibilities. Consequently - as a person who has a lot to lose - I will not name either the protagonists of these events or the places where these events take place; as a person who has nothing to lose, I will report the facts as they were reported to me, without being afraid of their terrible truth.

But first a few words on the 'case' that made me aware of such a story, or rather of its meaning, which can be reduced to a synopsis of no more than two or three typed pages. I didn't find out more (but it seems to me that it's enough). I was in Kathmandu, and I was there because one of my 'hobbies' is collecting popular music. I didn't know that in those days in Bhadgaon there was a great popular and religious festival, corresponding more or less to our Easter or our Christmas. So I found myself in a small square in Bhadgaon by chance, actually following the itinerary of any tourist: instead of having a common movie camera in my hand, I had a page in my hand. 413

* a little less common, i.e. a beautiful Nagra. Besides, it was night: and the camera would have been completely useless: while, as it seemed to me, there was a [beautiful] atmosphere for my [tape]. In the little square [there was] an unusual animation. And distant songs and music could be heard. This is

absolutely normal in the evening in Nepal, because in the small rooms of the temples people always gather to sing, accompanied by two or three ancient instruments. But those songs and that music that resounded at times close and at times far away in the small square of Bhadgaon had something special. Groups of people soon appeared holding small torches, slightly larger than matches, and brass saucers with small offerings: little red flowers, slightly crushed, some red powder too, perhaps a spice, half handful of rice, some chillies, and other indefinable substances, between orange and purple, all strangely soggy and as if withered, and at the same time <...> precious. People held those heavy metal plates with offerings, not hiding their excitement, joy, hurry. They were groups of families or friends. Fathers and mothers with their children, or companies of young people. Around their necks they all had necklaces of red beads, or red thread, with a string hanging across their chest. Even on their heads - on one ear they had those orange-colored flowers that faded to an indefinable cinnabar red. In the middle of their foreheads, then, they all had a large mole, of that mysterious colour: a sticky paste stuck on with a flick of the finger. In fact, a very cheerful old man, with slits in his laughing eyes between wrinkles and protruding ears - followed by a group of young men also laughing, but with [more shyness and reserve] <...> of children - approached me he approached and with a tap of his dark index finger he made that reddish mark on my forehead: which aroused general happiness.

So much so that one of the young men, small and cheerful like a little boy, approached me and put, as a bonus, a necklace of red beads around my neck. I was now definitely, if jokingly, one of them. Like a tourist, and that was embarrassing. But I wasn't discouraged: my interest in everything that happened to me was - for a collector of popular music - too emotional and real. And then I can never hear any racial difference, or even social or historical one. Just by nature. Finally, with that mole on my forehead and that necklace, and above all, those loving smiles around me, I felt perfectly at ease, even if trembling, almost, with emotion and tenderness. However, my occasional companions and guests did not let their grace weigh for even an instant: as the first moment of joy of the meeting, with its smiles, was exhausted, they, [untouched], went on their way.

It was already dark. The small houses and buildings of red brick, with their stone bases and their decorated wooden friezes, especially under the cornices

and around the small windows, the temples with their repeated outline (here, in this little square, there was one archaic, very rustic), the groups of tabernacles scattered a little

everywhere on the small red brick paving of the streets, with their stone planks, as on page. 414

in our cities, the wash houses, at the bottom of the stone steps in deep and wide holes, with their thousand precious friezes and statuettes - everything was about to be swallowed up by the darkness of a moonless night. The groups of people with their little lights, all went towards the end of the small square - the last one in Bhadgaon, towards the countryside - and took a stupendous road, surrounded by buildings with stupendous small portals or wooden loggias, alternating with frequent tabernacles, with their exquisite bronze monsters. I too went towards there, mingling with the crowd. I soon reached the end of the street, which opened onto a clearing, full of stupendous wooden loggias, with a rise in the centre, full of the usual tabernacles, and now completely full, as were the internal courtyards, which could be glimpsed behind the doors. and at the end of the alleys, expanses of red chillies and I don't know what yellow cereal, left to dry. There were still small temples around, with their courtyards crowded with statues, figurines and small altars. The clearing was suspended high above the countryside, which could be glimpsed, thick green and muddy, in the darkness. The crowd had become very thick. Some stopped in the alleys or in the loggias, others in the middle of the open space: others finally took a road, with cobblestones no longer made of herringbone bricks, but of irregular stones, which descended towards the first muddy fields. But, above all, what was extraordinary, exhilarating for me, everywhere around there were groups of men and boys playing instruments at the same time: some groups were poor and sparse, with crude archaic instruments and the inevitable rustic drum. Other groups, however, were numerous: real gangs. And they also had modern instruments: even violins and trombones, although they played their old tunes. However, some motifs did not always seem to me to be European: probably English, assimilated and developed during colonial rule.

That so many groups of people were playing at the same time here and there, in that clearing, was already, I repeat, for me, an extraordinary and exhilarating thing. But it was little compared to what awaited me shortly

thereafter. All the groups, whether they were playing or simply bringing votive offerings, after lingering for a while, happily went down the road towards the countryside.

I mixed with them. And this time I was literally squeezed into the middle of a cramming crowd.

On either side of the cobbled street were ditches, filled with muddy water that smelled sharply of fresh human feces. In addition to the ditches there were the last walls and the last enclosures of small farmyards full, overflowing with piles of hay and litter, tools and xxx. Then the countryside began, and the smelly ditches overflowed into the muddy edges of the fields. So the crowd, among which I slowly and laboriously walked, was all contained in that road lost in the darkness of the countryside. And the march was all the more difficult because, after a while, the crowd began to meet the other crowd that was returning (I still didn't understand where from): and this crowd was also made up of groups carrying the offering jars. (now empty) and playing their instruments. You could hear music, refined and wild, much closer to Western music pag. 415

than that of any other oriental country: a music that arose as if by miracle, thick and festive, in the midst of the crowd. Quickly it approached, and quickly, after having resounded deafeningly in the ears of those who crossed it, it disappeared behind, towards the city. Rapidly, yes, as strange as this may seem, given the slowness with which the crowd was proceeding in both directions. But it was like that. I walked, pushed here and there by the crowd, holding my recorder high.

The music arrived, crossed paths, disappeared. The players, I repeat, were men, even elderly ones, and boys. But the majority were of the latter. And everyone was laughing, sharing in the general happiness, and, as always the young people, wanted to make champions of themselves. They were all young people who looked like children, with smooth faces, well-shorn black hair, partly dressed in the European style, with simple white blouses, and partly with their traditional clothes, consisting very simply of a white or light tunic, on trousers of the same color. They happily played their instruments, crossing paths with their peers, and then disappearing towards the city without lights, anticipating who knows what other sequel to the festivity.

The road became increasingly narrow and crowded, especially since the surrounding fields had become real swamps, always vaguely stinking of fresh human shit, of children. Walking, among all that deafening music, that crowd that was becoming increasingly fierce, was almost impossible. I finally began to understand, with more precision (because I had already imagined it) what it was about. People made a pilgrimage to a temple, or to a large tabernacle that could now be seen, at the end of the street, in the darkness. And it didn't even seem particularly ancient or beautiful. This also happens for pilgrimage sanctuaries in Italy. It stood down there, in the muddy ground, beyond a ditch crossed by a poor wooden bridge. Suddenly, in the midst of a particularly dense group of crowds, among which it seemed impossible to pass, also because they were gripped by a sort of orgasm or panic, the stupendous simulacrum of a divinity appeared before me: in reality it was nothing more than a puppet. , perhaps made of cloth and straw, like those that are burned in Europe either at the Epiphany or during the May holidays.

But he was dressed in superb robes and had a mask attached to his face. Neither the robes nor the mask were truly rich, made of precious materials. Indeed, they were poor. But the pomp was in the conception, which was nevertheless completely, purely popular. It was the specious, tortuous, sumptuous, baroque madness of the popular imagination that reached an otherwise unattainable refinement. The predominant colors of the robes were two colors that are usually combined together in great mannerist painting: red and green. A vaguely violet, light red, and a poisonous green, of freshly sprouted wheat. Especially the stripes, frills and ribbons were of those colours.

And they were tied in laces and knots which, at least to me, reminded me of the laces and knots of the very elegant Alcibiades as he presents himself to Socrates in the Banquet. That statue was carried by a group of young people: but it was immediately snatched from my sight, although they tried to hold it up, so great was the crowd.

pag. 416

I saw it waver and immediately disappear. But soon another similar idol appeared, full of knots and pendants, in a ragged and baroque

sumptuousness, with the features of its rosy mask impassive.

It too was swallowed by the devout and obsessed crowd. Slowly I proceeded towards the temple.

Since there was now a ditch under the road, quite deep, I left the road and walked, as others did, sideways, along the slippery embankment. And so I arrived at the little wooden bridge, full of fantastic handcrafted friezes, which led to the open space in the middle of which was the small temple erected as a sanctuary. Yes, it was neither an ancient nor a particularly beautiful temple. The people spread out in the open space, trampling in the mud, and walked around the temple, stopping in front of the statues of the deities to pray and place their offerings. Like all the other temples and shrines, this one too was full of small bronze bells, and people shook them, making them ring, sharply and deafeningly. I too went around the temple, with the groups of pilgrims. The surrounding countryside was damp, sad and black. When I returned to the clearing in front of the temple, instead of immediately crossing the bridge again, I lingered for a while, at the edge, next to a large mangy bush surrounded by very tall reeds. I had been there for a few minutes, still with my recorder turned up (the music that followed one another incessantly was mixed with the disorderly ringing of the small bells), when, behind me, I thought I heard a moan. I pricked up my ears, as much as it was possible to do so in that din. It was truly a lament, a human lament. It came from behind the bush, among the reeds. I pushed myself into the tangle around which, among other things, the persistent smell of children's shit was most acute - and, lying in the mud, I saw a human body: from its massive size and clothes, I understood that it was a a European. I bent down and lifted his head, which was horribly stained with slime. It seemed to me that his mouth was bloody. He spoke to me, in a faint voice. But at that moment the loudness of the bells was such that I couldn't hear his words. But after a while I got the gist of it. He spoke in English. He had to be American. However, when he realized, from my pronunciation, that I was Italian, he began to speak Italian too, almost perfectly. He had a long, yellow, miserable face. Long hair, fashionable among young people (but he was in his forties), fell abjectly to his shoulders. He had the look of a drug addict who doesn't know whether he's looking for complicity, forgiveness or admiration in the eyes of others. However, on his face it was imprinted like a smile, distorting and continuous, of someone who, having been lost or

degraded, is harmless. But that man was dying. Everything that I learned about him by watching and hearing him was something indelible that however was about to be erased. After all, how could it have been otherwise? Like everyone else, he remained himself until the end. He told me in the toneless voice of someone who feels the emptiness of a mortal trauma inside him, how things had gone. 'Those over there', that is, the poor citizens of Bhadgaon all caught up in their peasant festivities, had 'killed' him. Apparently beaten: in fact he, a few hours earlier, pag. 417

when it was still daylight, he was there with his camera (I noticed it: it was on the ground next to him in the smelly mud), filming the rather poor preparations for the ceremony in that clearing. Some kids had come to insistently place themselves between his camera and the things to be filmed. He had repeatedly begged them to move away, but they, perhaps due to an absolute inability to understand his needs, did not move: so he, as he expressed it, 'kicked one of them in the ass'. I looked at him. How come such a man, reduced from degradation to meekness, could kick someone's ass? A question he remained unanswered. The fact is that the child who was so severely punished ran crying to tell the elders. They intervened indignantly, perhaps after a brief advice. What is certain is that their reaction was collective. They arrived in a large group, offended to the point of exaltation. They demanded that the guilty party, to make amends, kneel down in front of the eldest person present and kiss his feet. There was also the question of how gentle men like the inhabitants of Bhadgaon could reach such an excess. But this too was a question destined to remain unanswered. The culprit did not feel like kneeling before anyone or kissing anyone's feet. Then they began to beat him, and in short they lynched him. Now he was kicking his ass, there, behind that bush, in the mud, while the festive tolling of the temple bells rang ever louder and more deafening. I understood that he was preparing to quickly leave his last wishes to me. But it wasn't exactly a last wish, but rather a kind of confession that he made to me because I was Italian. He didn't want to know about being helped and taken to the hospital. The important thing was that he spoke to me. On this he had a kind of impatient compassion towards me, observing how I lied and made him believe that there was still some hope for him. In this he behaved like a perfect Anglo-Saxon | bourgeois |. Only shortly afterwards did I learn that he was of Italian origin (but with an Anglo-Saxon mother), and that he belonged to the mafia. What he had to confess to me was what he knew. His

fault, therefore, consisted in knowing. Perhaps, like those peasants who had beaten him to death, he believed in God, and he wanted to move on to the other light world. Maybe. Or he wanted to get revenge on someone. What he told me is a short period of recent Italian history (exactly six years). My Nagra always worked. Therefore everything he told me is recorded on a tape, mixed with the obsessive ringing of the bells and the Nepalese music, which continued to resonate in that stretch of dark and cold countryside under the looming mountains.»

pag. 418

[The dying man's story is in the first person: long story that begins in America - Kennedy's murder - arrival in Greece - Italian fascists etc.

The dying person tells what he knows: but also what he has learned from other dying people (three or four)38 who in turn, before dying, tell him what they know.

Nepal's dying man is therefore the last in chronological order. I suspect that he was not killed by the good Nepalese. However he (metalinguistically) insists on saying that there are two phases of the massacres, two, and the narrator repeats it to his listeners: There are two phases, two]

38

One of these falls in front of his feet at night from the fourth floor of a clinic (D'Ambrusio). One dies by falling into the elevator shaft.

pag. 419

Note 103a - An [uncertain] fixed point

I don't know if a formal structure really includes the whole reality of a book. I would not have Shklovškij's certainty about this identification between form and content, also because every 'unity', apparently, has always been 'idealistic'. However, there is no doubt that an identity of linguistic forms implies an identity of non-linguistic forms. For example, the entire present work is clearly divided into two parts (in a structural sense, because, I repeat, I am not writing a real story, but I am making a form): the first part is a

'political bloc' centered on the struggle of power against the communist opposition; real struggle, with real tension; the second part is a

'political bloc' centered on the power struggle against fascist subversion: Iona, vice versa, pretextual, with a pretextual tension. Division of forms which reproduces exactly that of the last story inserted in the text, and attributed to an anonymous narrator in a circle of coke people. This 'transferring of meaning' in a work between compartments that should be watertight compartments,

<...>* can certainly embarrass the reader. And I, like the Marquis De Sade, think that "Lecteur a le droit de se fâcher quand il s'aperçoit que l'on veut trop exiger de lui..." This is why I generously posed the dilemma to him in almost elementary terms.

pag. 420

[IN PLACE OF ZEN STORIES]

Two stories about the Epoché: the total change of history

1) The story of the discoveries of an artistic personality (a nobleman discovers a poor painter; a poor man discovers a noble painter; a petty bourgeois discovers a petty bourgeois painter (disappears in an extermination camp): but then here is the Epochè, and no painter is more discoverable)

2) The father and the two daughters (holy and worldly): when he is about to reach his goal, here is the Epoché who transforms the values (comments from the narrators and listeners follow)

3) Tale of the Shit-Child*

(maggio 1974)

4) Character created by dividing a person in two. Character created as a synthesis of an infinite number of characters, or an infinite number of characters created by the pulverization of just one. In the first case there is order (which can therefore arise from dissociation) and death; in the second

case there is disorder and life. In an intermediate case there is a block: that is, the Epochè.

(June 4, 1974)

pag. 421

Note 102 - L'Epochè: Comments in the living room

1) New era (of the 'Communes' etc.)

2) End of the Church

3) End of classical Fascism etc.

pag. 422

Note 103 - Searches for a new Carmel

Pisa

Note 104 - Return to Turin

Note 105 - Turin station, Sicily pension: the 20th

Note 106 - Episode of the winds

Note 107 - Disappearance of the twenty, their meeting with the twenty fascist spirits

Note 108 - The bomb

Note 109 - Vision of the massacre

pag. 423

Note 103 - Indescribability of anxiety

|A literally indescribable anxiety|

While the roar of the Quirinale Festival continued around [him], in the background, and close to his ears, the cultured discussion, like a living bas-relief on a heavy and looming stone, Carlo felt penetrated by the pain of the loss of Carmelo, or than anyone else who had been in Carmelo's place. The desire to find it again took away his senses; and the fatal feeling, which clearly told him that he would never find him again, was like a physical pain that <...> everything that was mortal in him. From that condition, it was like a pit from the edge of which he had the time and the way (like a dreamer) to lean out and cast a look at the world around him: [he recognized it, and this only increased his desperation. How true were <...> all those who were around him, who spoke, who smiled, who looked for each other, who avoided each other, in the saraband of life and of an old political struggle, also bleeding with newness like the wounds of he]. There in the middle, the memory of Carmelo's sex, enormous like the grappling hook of a pirate ship, of a tool found in farmyards, in carts pulled by oxen, and at the same time <...>, almost silky, tender , in its harshness - made him wobble, his heart in his throat. And it is at this point that I must note that there is nothing behind Carlo's desire and pain: there are no equivalents, no precedents, no examples, no codes. What had linked Carlo to Carmelo so deeply that for that bond Carlo would have been willing, as they say, to give his life, was something perfectly arbitrary and gratuitous: something that is not found either in books on the history of religions, nor in books of ethnology, nor in books of anthropology, nor in books of psychology or psychoanalysis, nor even in novels and memoirs: that is, in all [knowledge], which - ordered in even an immense, unlimited library - [I I could] consult, to [help me] in the task of describing, precisely, Carlo's desire and pain.

At this point I feel it is necessary to make an observation, especially for myself. The stylistic system of this book of mine prevents me <...> from inventing a character whose definitive departure or death can make us move, or even (as I am not ashamed to consider natural) give birth to the divine |l 'ancient, human | wanting to cry loudly, as disconsolate as it is comforting.

pag. 424

I Political Bloc

[The sources - Yellow Appendices]

[Things you need to know]

First phase - experienced by Charles I semiconsciously <?> - of the governmental (State) construction of anti-communist massacres (see notes)

pag. 425

OIL - [(Second part)]*

pag. 426

Note 103b - Second political block (Premise)

What is now about to be narrated in this book is, again, 'something written'. But 'something written' which no longer refers to anything other than 'something written' previously.

Only the initiated reader - and precisely initiated into the writing of this book - can perhaps claim to understand the column of signs imprinted on the page he is about to read,

'Something written' had previously recounted the genocide carried out by Power among the working class and in any case the poor, through the imposition of new Models (which, by radically transforming the workers and the poor, had made them literally disappear from the face of the earth).

Now, 'something written' literally tells of a criminal initiative by Power (or rather, by the State, to be precise).

Now, the criminal initiative taken by power in its state bureaucratic form consists precisely in a violent form of anti-worker class struggle, and to be precise anti-communist.

The question of the problem is therefore what sense does all this make, if, as in the aforementioned precedent

'block of signs' we have seen, has the working class, or at least the poor, actually 'disappeared from the face of the earth'? How is it possible, or rather, conceivable, to fight against someone who is no longer here?

Of course, an explanation can always be given. In this case, artificially posed by me - the explanation is this: power is always, as they say in Italy, Machiavellian: that is, realistic. It excludes from its practice everything that can be 'known' through Visions. Now, the Vision that describes the violent end of the working class is found in this novel and is included 'in the domain of this writing': and it is only here, therefore, in this same place, that the intelligence of power must deal with the Visions.

Now, since, apparently, it does not do them, it proves to be poor, ineffective, obtuse, fearful, ruthless, criminal. While - as we will see later in a third 'block of signs', in a third block of

'something written' - it is not I. The stupid behavior of Power ([assembling] a huge machine, structured in a chain of common crimes) to destroy something that Power itself has already otherwise destroyed) is actually, at least in this context, enigmatic. The light of history needs a calendar: upset the chronological sequence of events just a little - perhaps breaking them down into their elements - and the light of history goes out, and no longer explains anything.

pag. 427

The postponement of a series of (realistic) crimes to a Vision - a postponement that mocks the logic of Machiavellianism or political realism, making it frighteningly antiquated - is however -

let's be clear - an indictment. Because politicians, in addition to not being murderers, must also be able to have Visions.

pag. 428

I and II Part

[Note to the fainting of Shit (<?>)

- The monument 'for laughing'

- Note to the monument 'for laughs' (commitment made to the reader to guide it)]

I PART

- Julia Mikhailovna's party (Carlo = Stavrogin = Tagore) shamelessly Giulia Miceli (eternal feminine) <?> by Dostoevsky - parasitic moment - 'rewritten' with analogies, concordances etc.

current world (feminists instead of governesses, but always see Demons) - Also literati -

also literary quadrille - etc.

PART II [waiting for the scandal] [rare and very pregnant physical aspects of C.]

- All paraphrased by Dostoevsky because C. goes to waste etc. but not with a disaster (fires or crimes) but with the scandal of the two twists concerning C.

1) He expresses new anti-fascist themes and it is he who quotes and decides the Fanfani cataclysm (predicting the 'cosmic crisis' that will explode at the end of the novel)

2) Religious paradoxes

(Insert love story if necessary)

- Trip to Edo - <?> for symmetry with first trip - all telegraphic etc. then since the appearance and the suggestion of the journey by Cornelius

11 Nov. 1974

pag. 429

Finale

* Cosmic crisis (end of oil, water, air)

- Gods - not Gods39 - who relive the scene of the original cosmic crises (the more archaic one is evoked instead of the current one - which in effect repeats itself the same: anasyrma, laughter, <?>, resumption of the course of history)

- Laughter etc.

- it's about deciding how - meeting - everything as before.

39

Arriving they see the new aspect of the degraded, polluted land - water, animals, grasses, cemeteries of residues

<?>) and plutons - funerary monuments to thermo-nuclear power plants (as well as twisted ruins of everything oil-related, from refineries to petrol stations)

pag. 430

Note 103c - The lawn under the Tower of Pisa

(It is a chapter similar to chapter 51a, Bullicame. Carlo reviews the young students who are lounging, stretched out etc. on the large lawn. Their physical and moral characteristics, totally legible, totally different from those of the young people of Bullicame. There is the leap of the time, but this has not yet come into Carlo's consciousness while the other Carlo has already experienced it perfectly etc. therefore he looks as if in a painful nightmare of impotence on his part and theirs etc.)

pag. 431

Note 104 - The places of vice

From Pisa Carlo goes directly back to Turin. I spare myself, and the reader, the description of his 'unknown' pain. He carries himself around like a sack containing a gagged and bleeding man. He is torn apart by a desire whose realization he considers impossible.

He has only one experience on it, which has remained unique, isolated, abstract. The one when he was a boy and he learned from his schoolmates that there were 'places of vice'. They talked about it among themselves quite normally: but even then he buried the awareness of such a phenomenon within himself. Then throughout his life he continued the burial work. Now, however, if the thing had sunk so deep inside him that he despaired of ever being able to come back to light in some way, the 'memory of the thing', on the contrary, had remained very alive in him, almost recent, flaming. He remembered with perfect accuracy what these places of vice were and what was done there.

He had been a torpid, clumsy, obnoxiously ridiculous and fearful |cowardly| boy, with certain knee-length English-style trousers, tight on an empty lap like a woman's. He didn't have the grace of shyness at all. He secretly grabbed everything he was entitled to, like the others. He was not someone hoped for 'different'. The large and shapeless cheeks of a peasant, the small and inexpressive eyes (when not filled with an indecipherable expression of defense and <...>, the flat nape of the neck sandwiched between the small and round shoulders, the large and high ass, the swollen legs shaped like an x: all this made him an unpleasant but perfectly normal boy40.

Now, as an adult, he hadn't changed much. Indeed, he had remained curiously identical to then. Greedy, sensual, and blindly convinced that not saying things ensured them perfect and lasting secrecy: like then.

Well. He now goes back to Turin, to look for those 'places of vice' which were the only ones of which he had any knowledge, and to which he therefore attributed a kind of particular, 'solid' validity: in a certain sense 'traditional'! They were the only ones he knew, I repeat: and this meant that they were the places of vice par excellence, the only ones ever.

40

'Votivus puer' precisely as 'perversus puer', and vice versa (to adopt <...> the language of Pietro da Eboli and Gioacchino da Fiore, who naturally referred to a son of powerful people (Frederick II).

- get off the train in Turin

- evening (left twilight, legal dinner, everything too shiny, etc.)

- First 'visions' - disguised hustlers

- Bar - Bar customers

- Knowledge of Pambo

- Appearance of characters with beards and big hair reminiscent of the writer in -trini. AND

impossible to understand if they are fascists or communists and their mysterious attitude (drugs, bombs etc.)

- Meeting with Teodoro (Fjedka), modeled on the meeting between Stavrogin and Fjedka: but the latter is

<?> who blackmails Carlo out of nothing. Carlo is a man of power (or he was) and he does not allow himself to be blackmailed.

- <...> Fjedka as pimp - and it will be he who will take him to the Sicilian pension (where there is a hubbub and swarm of immigrants, of new men. A society that crumbles and renews itself) pag. 433

Note 105 - Introduction to the great digression

However... although this costs me effort and gives me some scruples about the reader's 'disappointed expectations', I must at this point interrupt the trajectory that so decisively led Carlo towards realization (albeit <...> unsatisfactory and conventional) of his new desires, and begin to trace another one. However, this new narrative impulse does not concern, at least momentarily, Carlo, but a series of characters who have not been 'introduced', are absolutely new and, therefore, rightly suspicious and off-putting. Furthermore, the story concerning these new characters is not even original. It is 'remade', parasitic: moreover according to a technique perfectly unknown to the narrator who I take as a model (considered inimitable). That Carlo is a Stavrogin cannot be absolutely or even remotely true. There is no

doubt, however, that he is precisely the Stavrogin that Dostoevsky had planned to do (and which in reality he did not do: for the simple reason that he could never have tolerated living together for about two years of his life (1868-69) with a similar character). [I.e. Charles is a truly 'lukewarm' character.] It is true that even Stavrogin - as Dostoevsky states - is neither 'ardent'

nor 'cold'. <...> He is both things together: but this does not mean that he exists at all

'warm'. 'Fierce' and 'coldness' put together give something other than 'warmth', that is, mediocrity, as Dostoevsky verbally demanded. 'Ardor' and 'coldness', put together, give ambiguity: experienced <...> dramatically, but without explicit conflict. Ambiguity therefore fixed in the simulacrum of enigmaticity. I have already observed, I believe, in the course of this work, how Charles' carnal sins, precisely because they are repeated endlessly, do not even vaguely come close to the few frightening sins of Stavrogin.

In short, in conclusion, Carlo is a Stavrogin as he should have been, that is, truly

'lukewarm' (which is horrible for Dostoevsky; and for me too): and if he too is endowed with a double life, this means, precisely, in our case, that we are dealing with two lukewarm lives.

Like Stavrogin, who committed his sins in the capital or abroad, Carlo also had an authoritative mother in the establishment of the 'nastra city', namely Turin. And this mother - who was actually called Barbara - also had a powerful friend-rival, who had recently settled in Turin, completely similar to Yulia Mikhailovna, and who I will therefore have the audacity to call, for convenience, Giulia Miceli. Of course, her 'eternal feminine' scares me quite a bit: however, I will try to measure myself against it, albeit, I repeat, paraphrasing.

pag. 434

pag. 435

Note 106a - The great Digression begins

Barbara (Varvara Petrovna), the mother of our Italian-style Stavrogin (a definition or identification which, moreover, is not true: or only partially true) in those last years had almost completely left her Skvoresniki in the Canavese area, to settle permanently in the city . She wanted to be there. She was (as we know) a political woman. And left-wing at that. Certainly, for example, more left-wing than Saragat, whom she had known well when they were both young. <...> she was formed (so to speak) in the ideal Turin environment whose direct matrix was in Gobetti and Gramsci. Her ambition (not confessed to anyone and probably known only to me) was to resemble the Pajettas' mother 'in a big way'. At her time she had been a good friend of Pavese (who however - at least from what appears from the documents - had not noticed it). She had decided to invest her left-wing progressivism in the Christian Democracy Party only because in this way she would have felt freer (from a possible left-wing conformism) and also, and above all, more useful (the Johannine period and the Catholicism of dissent had then happened , in this sense, by the way). In any case, she was unshakable on one point: her anti-fascism and her faith in the values of the Resistance.

Thus he sincerely confused his desire to excel <...> with his cards in order. During the period in which Carlo returned to Turin (not as a prodigal son), some very important events had recently occurred for Barbara. An old school friend of hers had moved from Rome to Turin, as the wife of the new Prefect. But, as often happens in similar cases, especially in her novels, in reality she was the Prefect41. She had married her husband, a poor devil of a bureaucrat, who however, due to the inert force of promotions, had made a certain career for himself at the Ministry of Defence. <...> He was of Marche origin, and by nature he was on the one hand uncertain and neurotic, on the other peaceful and devoid of real ambitions. However, by chance he had found himself in Piedmont during the war and there, again by chance, he had participated in the partisan war.

This had seemed, among others, a decisive reason for Barbara's old schoolmate to marry him, get him out of the Roman bureaucratic routine and succeed in having him appointed Prefect of Turin. It was the first time that the Prefect of a large industrial city came from the Resistance; and was, therefore, of proven anti-fascist faith. A new method therefore seemed to begin - in a perspective of tolerance - in governing and administering.

41

By analogy with the 'Governatoressa', in fact, of The Demons.

pag. 436

In this Barbara suddenly found herself at the forefront as an old [forerunner]. <...> But there was a shadow: the shadow of Giulia Miceli. As a result, nothing but an eviscerated alliance could arise between the two rivals. And so it was.

<...> Given all this unbridled information, apparently obligatory in a story, I quickly get to the core: that is, the xxx of facts, intrigues, xxx xxx in which Carlo found himself (in his most total disinterest) upon his arrival in Turin.

pag. 437

Note 106b - The great digression continues

pag. 438

Note 107 - Meeting with 'Fjedka'

pag. 439

* Introduce the figure of Father Carmelo |Paolo| (old, gigantic Sicilian faggot) and re-introduce the figure of the writer with the surname in -on - in a context of Marxist-Leninist and Feltrinellian groupism at the limits of the world of crime (which will then fade from red to black etc.

in the episode of the massacre, which links that same world of crime [Pensione “Sicilia”] to the extremist communists).

* The anonymous 'typical' face of an enigmatic youth (neither fascist nor anti-fascist, neither conformist nor non-conformist: perhaps imbecile, perhaps criminal, etc.)

A face that remains imprinted (symbolically) in Carlo's memory, in all his adventures

'degraded'.

* The hitmen or allies of the underworld (or of the Italian chaos) detonate the bomb with the 2 million given by Carlo to the 'marchette', to the Pensione Sicilia

pag. 440

Note 110 - The Godoari

Carlo went towards the back of the station. The walls partially collapsed, and partially still standing, but with enormous gashes that split them obliquely, or opened large round holes, had the look of ruins. The dust had settled, and, to witness their recent collapse, there were only the piles of fresh rubble around. But the design of their cracks, the serrated profile of the xxx, given the solidity of the construction made of old material, still in use at the beginning of the century, meant that those destroyed walls had the air of noble ruins: those for example of some temple, or of some seventeenth-century church stands in the middle of the countryside, among tangles of nettles, poor ivy plants, with blue bells, thistles, and arches open against the sky and the distant horizon... In fact, mysteriously, even the gashes and holes of the Art Nouveau station let in the celestial light of the countryside, as if the city had dissolved behind them. [The gashes and holes faced directly into the sky, from which that light entered which could have been of the early morning, when it has just lost the tenuity of dawn, and life has already begun - or that just before dusk, in summer, when the evening is still far away, and in its maturity there is something fresh and mortuary at the same time.]

However, entering as if from a blue seabed, or from a marine horizon in which the sea was not visible, that light took the monstrous shapes of the gashes and holes through which it penetrated, but its landing on the floor had a supreme and reassuring lightness: a true return of life (in truth never, not even for an instant, suspended). But where had those long reddish streets in the surrounding area gone, made up of Umbertine buildings and high porticoes, with the tram rails firmly embedded in the shiny pavement? <...> Is it possible that the explosion could have even razed the entire neighborhood around the station to the ground?

pag. 441

Note 111 - The Godoari (continued)

Carlo approached the piles of rubble with the caution of a sedentary man, slipped over them and finally managed to get close to a crack in the wall and look out. In fact, the city was no longer there. The station building [stood] in the middle of an immense desert, like an ancient church reduced to solitary ruins invaded by nettles and the sun.

With difficulty Carlo climbed over the sill of a large window that was torn and reduced to the solemn misery of an arch worn out by the centuries.

The desert in front of him was a kind of green moor, with a few banks here and there and a few copses, made up of skinny alders and mangy gaggies. The grass had grown, stunted and wild everywhere, there were no traces of roads or paths.

Certainly no mowing or haymaking had taken place for years; the more delicate herbs had disappeared, or were sparse, while the wilder ones, the fennel plants, the xxx, the xxx, resisted, thickened, with their stems harder and more calloused.

Carlo entered the middle of that piedmont plain, precisely, in the direction of the mountains, which blocked the sky, gray or [bluish] like clouds; only a white thread of snow outlined their profile, distinguishing the nebulosity of their silhouettes from the slightly more transparent one of the summer sky.

As Carlo advanced, however, the land became less rugged and arid: perhaps he was approaching a line of resurgences, from which, waters without banks, arriving underground from the snowfields of those milky mountains I nebulosi I, came out and spread on the plain, making it green.

pag. 442

Note 112 - The Godoari (III)

For those [green] places, however, it was more difficult to walk. It was no longer a desert, but a savannah, the edge of a forest. His legs sank into the

thick grass, at the bottom of which no earth or mud could be seen. The coppice groves became increasingly thicker around us: elder trees with hard, dry leaves and weak branches; blackberry brambles; wild figs: now at the bottom of a depression with even more luxuriant grass and a muddy bottom, now on certain [heights], which, from their regularity, had the appearance of having once been embankments. Although every blade of grass, every little leaf was familiar, and there was not a single tree whose shape had not always been known to those who had never set foot outside the Po Valley, the sun and the silence spread something wild over everything and terrifying. Where the trees became thicker, surrounded by dry shrubs that seem to feed more on air and sun than on water, the cicadas raged rather than chirping, their concert was loud, monotonous, deafening and powerful. , as among the fields of wheat, on the banks of the stream, near Athens, where Socrates and Phaedrus were walking, one afternoon thirteen centuries ago.] Moreover, even the birds had completely regained control of the sky and the plants. At certain moments they were so thick that the sky looked like an anthill. And so do the animals of the earth: reptiles, lizards, snails, beetles, flies. Behind a barrier of hedges that seemed to be made of marble, between cypress trees wrapped in ivy full of blue bells, and, created there by chance, some low medlar trees, there was a ditch, fed by a course of deep and green water, more transparent of the crystal: There, in the thicket the sun entered obliquely, illuminating the water and the banks in spots. Hundreds and hundreds of bees were gathered around a round pool of water, drinking

[they quenched their thirst]. [It looked like a Homeric source. Or perhaps the crafty eyes of Salimbene da Parma had also seen it. Some biante] must certainly have passed through it, and forgotten it, like many others so familiar. But there was no longer any trace of any passage. The only sign of life were those golden bees on the still and slightly putrid water.

pag. 443

Note 113 - The Godoari (IV)

Then the savannah resumed, with its once domesticated poplars, which continued to thicken more and more, until they became a truly wild forest. Along which forest, however, one could also have run, because the grass was short and sparse, and the surface was hard. The long smooth trunks, hit by

the already slightly grazing sunlight, cast long, thin regular shadows on the dry leaves that covered the bottom, which became increasingly thicker.

Once the poplar grove is over, here is the plain again; but less green, or almost barren, as it had initially appeared, around the ruins of the station.

The grass had become yellowish and hard, and even more acutely scented, with fennel, chamomile and mint. And it thinned out more and more, leaving hard, stony ground exposed.

Until, on the horizon, behind thin groups of the usual trees, it appeared like a void, an even expanse against the infinite horizon that flowed, clear, under the dark and nebulous root of the mountains.

It was a river; or rather of an enormous stream, a kilometer wide, at least, and all white with light pebbles, either white as eggs, or tenderly pink or grey, just dragged down from the mountains. In that desert of pebbles, streams of water flowed, now branching out and now coming together: of a turquoise color that darkened only a little in the deepest points, in the holes, but remained perfectly transparent, so much so that the color could be distinguished. some stones at the bottom.

Among the boundless expanse of stones - bordered [at the bottom] by a diaphanous barrier of trees and bushes; small due to the distance - in the midst of those rapid blue-green xxx, there grew small bushes with a [sour] smell: veined vines, almost lacquered in red, in whose shade - on a bit of dusty earth - <...> some little flowers yellow, the poorest and most precious products of the summer that made itself felt there, on that immense riverbed, in all its residual but powerful heat.

pag. 444

Appunto 114 - I Godoari (V)

After the riverbed he once again took up the magredo, which, illuminated by the grazing light of the sun, clearly traced the line of his horizon against the dark, distant precipice of the mountains.

The silence - if silence could be called, with that strange screeching of cicadas, no less, however, than that of the swallows, or the chirping of the other birds - was absolute. There was no sign of human life.

When, behold, <...> a stretch of grass that seemed to be mown: yes, you could clearly see the sawn and bristling stems of the xxx xxx xxx. Nothing else, however, other than that precise clue, indicated any other peace around other than the wild peace of nature abandoned to itself.

Not pruned for decades or centuries, the fruit trees had hard twisted branches, too many leaves, small unrecognizable fruits; and they were rare, born at random, among the brambles, which seemed to slowly, with the nettles and the xxx, want to cover the whole countryside. Instead, beyond a hedge, in fact of brambles, tight and hard as iron, after a patch of short, green grass - which was probably mixed with some dolcetta and radicchio - a second clue appeared: and it was something that it couldn't help but make the heart skip a beat and bring unstoppable tears to the eyes: it was a small field of corn, with rows of vines in the middle, in which the ... of a human hand could clearly be felt.

pag. 445

Note 115 - The Godoari (VI)

Shortly afterwards, in fact, the trace of a path, or rather, of a dirt road, appeared among the grass.

Passing now through fields of alfalfa, now through thickets of lime trees and gaggie, that little road led to a larger road, but always made of beaten earth, like brown mud, hardened by many days of good weather.

Along the swan of the road flowed a canal, whose fast water was green, and transparent in a miraculous way.

You could see the [mimic leaf] of the aquatic grass growing at its bottom, with long leaves now disheveled by the current, now with a mossy, very green compactness.

After a while, a small bridge appeared above the canal - which, parallel to the road, was enclosed by a high hedge of lime trees and gaggies.

Above it was of beaten earth, but below, the slightly arched vault, was of brick. In there, in a wonderful coolness, the current rushed: no longer in perfect solitude, however, because, both on the little bridge, and on the very green edges of the banks, and in the water, there were ducks intent on their occupations, well determined to Don't let yourself be distracted by anything. Every now and then they flapped their stubby wings, white, pearl gray and mouse gray, and the blue of the small heads around the eyes had a [sapphire] reflection.

pag. 446

Note 116 - The Godoari (VII)

Evening had fallen almost suddenly; or at least the twilight, <...> which seemed darker, there, at the bottom of those thickets of plants saturated with water. It was the time when he should have started ringing some bells, from the neighboring towns <...>. After crossing the bridge, the long wall of lime trees and gaggie ended, and, behind it, you could see a high brick wall with a door in the middle. It was ajar. As we approached it, voices resounded in the air - or at least so it seemed, from inside the farmhouse. The words could not be distinguished, only the inflections. A woman's voice, very far away, perhaps from the opposite side of the farmhouse, which must have overlooked the open countryside, said something loudly, and then continued more dreamily and muffled: probably the woman had retreated into the house, from the balcony to which she it was overlooking. After a while, perhaps not responding to it directly, but resuming the conversation she had started, the voice of a boy spoke up, which was immediately overlapped by the authoritative voice of a man, certainly her father. The boy laughed a little and remained silent. And he heard the howling of a dog. Then silence returned. It was the time when the farmers returned home from the field, put down their tools, went to wash and comb their hair at the pump, with the large tub where the animals watered, and, while the one whose turn it was went to look after the stable, the others went up to their rooms to change; perhaps preparing to go to town, perhaps by bicycle, or perhaps, clean and well combed, to spend the evening in the courtyard, with friends from the

other farmhouses. And it was the time when women once began to prepare dinner; through the windows the fires could be seen shining in the dark hearths; there was a strong smell of toasted cereals, and the children were waiting for that very moment to get more busy, making their mothers and sisters call them, or arguing among themselves...

<...> It was enough to just push the door ajar to enter that farmhouse over the little bridge.

But just in front of the door, through the crack of the large, massive and worn doors, something appeared that, in some way, was miraculous: in the middle of the courtyard there was a mulberry tree, enormous, at least three or four times the size of the small mulberry trees that a At one time they were planted in rows in the fields or were used to support the rows of vines. Its leaves, dense, massed in a rounded xxx, were of such an intense, deep, [bright enough to blind] green. Maybe on |da| that xxx gathered |was absorbed|

all the extreme light of the sun is radiated around the courtyard with its porticoes and its canopies, its brick cobblestones already immersed in the shadow.

pag. 447

Note 117 - The Godoari

The rumors had certainly been an illusion; perhaps they were the voices of birds, or other animals, because inside the farmhouse there wasn't a soul |living soul| Like the outer door, all the doors were ajar; some were even knocked down, and the thresholds were like dark mouths. The kitchen, as large as a barn, with its hearth against the wall of the house overlooking the countryside, with two small windows on the right and left through which the last green light of twilight entered, was empty; the uneven brick floor; the ceiling xxx. The upper rooms were reached from the outside, via a wooden staircase that led to a long balcony; but the steps of the ladder were rotten, and it could not be climbed. In a corner of the courtyard, there was the wall of a church, with a pointed pediment, the small noble door, from the fifteenth century, and, above, a small rough and precious rose window. The

doors there too were rotten and open, with the latch dangling. It was dark inside: only that weak greenish light from the countryside behind the farmhouse, which must have faced the west, was coming in.

As the eyes got used to that shadow still suffused by the faint disconsolate light of a sunset which vainly - in the precious clarity of the sky just lit on the horizon -

promised a long series of beautiful days - faint remains of frescoes could be made out against the walls. They must have been destroyed long ago; but after the definitive destruction, fragments still emerged: the face of a saint foreshortened, with high cheekbones, who looked with the gaze of a dark nobleman, perhaps coming from the [south, at least as a school]; the headless body of a Madonna, with the canvas of the bleached Prussian blue cloak on her knees, and falling this way and that in symmetrical folds; some sheep and a dog, in a green piece of meadow, on which the face of a devotee was drawn in the foreground: not from the south, this one, but humbly, crudely from the Po Valley.

In the apse, only a dark-colored veil could be distinguished, with large stars and the knobs of the back of a throne.

pag. 448

Note 118 - The Godoari

- Looking for a place to sleep Carlo (renamed) sees fresh feces (due to flies)

- He sleeps (in a bed where you can smell the ancient peasant smells) in a nightmare. whoever made those feces could be an enemy presence, kill him etc.

- He falls into a deep sleep and wakes up in the morning as if the nightmare had come true - He is a boy of around 15 or 21-22 years old etc. etc. Tunin (in Piedmontese) - He guides Carlo towards Turin - he doesn't speak, he doesn't understand, he's half crazy (like kids in institutes) etc.

pag. 449

Note 119 - The Godoari*

The next morning everything was glistening with frozen dew; there was even a bit of fog suspended among the summer leaves. Following the dirt road, you first reached some small corn fields; then back to the uncultivated countryside. It was the desert again: the land to which men have never reached or the one that men have abandoned.

The remains of ancient domestic plants, which had gone wild, formed an inextricable forest. Not all the plots had completely disappeared yet; not all the regular shapes of the vineyards or poplar groves, or the network of canals, or the long lines of the embankments had been erased. But this made the primordial desolation into which the old plain, once, not long before, so familiar, had once again fallen into even more despair.

The plants that men had victoriously fought for so many centuries, relegating them to useless corners, where they perpetuated, in close alliance with the dusty sun, or darkness and mud, their invincible vitality, now, little by little, they had resumed their life true, they had spread over everything, in a kind of malignant triumph, which only immensity and silence contained in a kind of solemn restraint. Nettles and weeds, xxx and xxx, stretched as far as the eye could see, suffocating what had once been fruit or garden plants: they had the same size as the morning and its white light.

The lifeless forest made entirely of old Po Valley vegetation opened towards the not far borders of a river or a chain of hills: but one felt - as in the heart of Africa - that everything continued the same, in the same chilling and perfect solitude, even beyond the horizon line. A sinister tangle of plants, which casually, here and there, retained, like traces of a dream, the design of a time - the sublime ornamentation of a vine - the umbrella of an oak among the walnut trees -

a willow among the reeds - the black side of a hill covered with chestnut trees against the more distant sides, of an intense and very clear blue, of the mountain chain - a yellow ridge against brown rocks thick with very green grass - loomed endlessly in front to the eyes, wherever they looked for the reality of the past. It was felt that this desert did not end between the Vezzolano or Montiglio hills, nor towards the plain of Poirino, Carmagnola,

Carmignano or Airasca, nor against the first flat-lit slopes of the Alps, above Giaveno, Avigliana or Viù; but that it continued unchanged for tens and hundreds of kilometres, along the Chisone or the Dora Riparia, up to the glaciers, or along the Varaita and the Maira up to Cuneo, and then, <...> the Stura, up to Liguria and on page 450

sea; and again - beyond the Monferrato to the rial where Alessandria, Novi, Tortona or

Piacenza, from Bormida to Stafferà, embracing in its immensity only, perhaps, some Romanesque ruins, already existing for centuries before the civilization that had been buried by that desert reborn by a return to its origins.

pag. 451

Note 120 - The Godoari (IX)*

<...> [Slowly, however, that 'waste land', which at first had a shape, ended up[becoming shapeless. It was nothing anymore. It was mere presence, matter, extension. Anonymous land, with weeds, poor mangy trees incapable of being (tragic) in their misery; waterways as if just sketched out so that the water could flow through them, large, boundless prairies yet as if devoid of space, piles of fresh earth abandoned before assuming any function, embankments pulled up and left half done. Finally, first, an immense expanse of waste appeared, in a sort of large depression in the ground, with an [acid, unbreathable] smell, with the glitter of the jars and the more (opaque) ones of the plastic; much of the waste had burned, and a desolate expanse of ash remained; other part was burning. The fires crackled, languished or had sudden rekindlings, fed by the infected wind, in the most absolute solitude. Then, at the edge of that boundless garbage dump, a small mountain** appeared, square, of coal or slag; partly it was black, partly whitish: perhaps it depended on the different exposure to light; whatever it was, its color was a color of death, but I repeat, of a [true death], devoid of any form. [From the top] of that hill, the expanse of Turin appeared, which stretched out, boundless, almost to the foot of the mountains, which formed a dark background to the ancient whiteness [of the cities] that appeared to the caravans.

pag. 452

Note 121 - The new suburbs

The first houses were placed on that formless plain: they were enormous, white, geometric, the walls hit by the [rising] sun were blinding, and the infinite and identical series of balconies dappled them with small, dry, miserable identical shadows; the shadowed walls were black and smooth: gigantic rectangles. The forms of these large tenement buildings, arranged in asymmetrical but regular groups, around courtyards surrounded by walls, were twin forms. Repetitions of the same shape; which, moreover, was also repeated, similarly, in the other neighboring groups. Like constellations, these groups of homes pushed from the desolate desert towards denser constellations. But the silence was no less profound than in the desert. In the enormous courtyards of poor material, concrete sprayed to look like marble, bricks that looked fake, the emptiness was absolute. In some only two or three women were gathered together, looming darkly against the [metal walls], holding white, semi-transparent plastic bags in their hands. There were also children, far away, silent, mostly beyond the courtyards, between the surrounding walls and the dry ditches full of rubbish beyond which the desert stretched out.

pag. 453

Note 122 - The new suburbs (continued)

Before starting to definitively thicken in the city that emerged into the gray light of the sun (which, as it rose, lost its shine and strength), the citadels of series of buildings thinned out for a certain stretch, and the desert began again. This desert was crossed, it is true, by a wide asphalt road. But its edges were chipped and covered partly by the earth of that shapeless plain, partly by waste. From time to time it was crossed by a canal with black, fetid water, on whose steep banks the waste seemed to have been placed by a hand determined to give them a sense of firmness, of eternity: arrogant on the sun-drenched bank, melancholic on the shadow. On one of the little bridges on the road that crossed the last strip of the desert, teenagers dressed in very brightly colored trousers and shirts, bent over their engines, were standing still, as if for a party. Then they all moved together, making their

motorcycles roar angrily, and raising the front wheel as if they wanted to make the mount ramp. But their faces were absent, pale, with twisted looks, or turned away. The hair cut short on the forehead, and left very long behind the ears to hang down to the shoulders, gave them an air of ridiculous and sinister |monstrous| female fetishes. They soon disappeared; and in that last stretch of the desert only solitude remained, filled with the unbreathable stench of rubbish. A little further on, there was another constellation, but mixed with it, like ruins or building forms from another universe, were some old poor country houses. They were plastered in a vaguely rancid red, although faded and peeling: the roofs were made of tiles, stained with moss, and, on the internal wall, which overlooked the threshing floor, now reduced to a small meadow with strangely green grass on the bottom of white earth hardened, there was a wooden and iron staircase, which led from the outside to the upper floors, continuing into a balcony as long as the entire house. The doors leading onto this balcony were closed; but those old houses were not abandoned. Some children were playing on the grass, and an old man was sitting on the balcony: his skin was dark, and the slits of his eyes glittered. A sensual mouth opened between clenched, blackish jaws, covered in white down. His body was small, but still dry, hardened by work. The light in his gaze seemed too expressive, even in that moment of solitude: his brightness was due, perhaps, to the cheerfulness with which a person who considers himself inferior thinks of the misery of his own presence; or to the captivating smile with which an unwelcome or pitied guest, incapable of adopting the habits of the place where he is, begs for understanding with a bit of buffoonery; or, perhaps, again, that light in the eyes was grim, dirty,

that of a young bandit who has suddenly aged but does not renounce his authority which has become that of a father, of a miserable senator, who no longer speaks, and whose silence is silent about things that the world must not know.

Note 123 - The new suburbs (III)

The terminus of the first bus appeared, which was |rather| a good thing ancient, now, in the world. But the driver and the deliveryman, waiting for

their turn, were not joking as common people are wont to do. They stood stiffly like officials next to their big, shiny new bus.

Insensitive to the stench of waste that reached there, following the banks of a canal that ran behind an ancient, yellow, toll house, now abandoned and collapsing - the two smoked pale and reserved, with their long hair falling on the collars under the old work caps. Their real life - they seemed to say - was somewhere else. She had delicacies, demands and anxieties that had nothing to do with work. Even the people who crowded around waiting for the arriving or departing bus had the same hostile behavior. The intensity with which he accepted the commitment of his day declared its irreplaceable absoluteness. They were caught up in the work that gave them a certain dignity for which they were completely unprepared, in a way that had the characteristics of an albeit innocent betrayal: the humility of the hitmen had transformed into complicity in them, which made them presumptuous and unavailable .

Young people came, male and female, mixed together in comradeship; and with them, a bit of noise and joy. But it was all conventional, learned [on television]. Indeed, some of them, next to a small compact car that was shiny [like a mirror], took on the attitudes that young people have in advertisements for cars, in fact, or for clothes, or for some accessory product. He had the same total happiness in his eyes, which prevented [access] to any other feeling other than that of coinciding with a loved model with no alternative: but since this total happiness was naturally false and unnatural, deep down in those eyes a shadow of shame and fear remained. The cheerful words were forced. But no one noticed. And so the performance was, on everyone's part, perfect.

People like those at the bus stop, it was the pattern that would be repeated not dozens, not hundreds, not thousands, but tens of thousands of times on the journey into the city.

The constellations of buildings were stuck one inside the other, and the only cuts that opened |

they dissected| that compact surface were those of the overpasses, observatories on the disorder, angrily crossed by thousands of cars and

trucks. The morning was already ripe, the sun disappeared in a sort of veil.

pag. 456

Note 124 - The new suburbs (IV)

Almost all those people (who, seen by those who did not have the same interests as them, appeared as if they were in a sort of revealed reality) went towards the center of the city, attracted by that job which gave them well-being and consequently that air of dream . Those who were not in his hurry, even if they were going in his direction, could easily contemplate how that dream in which she was immersed actually acted and functioned. It was an action and a functioning that could essentially be defined through a series of negations: those people were no longer what they once were, those people no longer had the purity (albeit forced) of poverty, those people no longer had the ancient respect, those people no longer had the ancient anxiety of redemption, those people no longer created their own human model, those people no longer opposed their culture to that of their masters, those people no longer knew the sanctity of resignation, that people no longer knew the silent will of the revolution. All these contradictions were inseparable from each other.

All this was expressed by their physical presence, by their way of being: by their body. Suddenly there was a counter wave, an invasion, which from the center of the city went towards the suburbs, or from one suburb to another. They were workers coming out of the factories. The sirens screamed; some surviving bells struck noon.*

pag. 457

Note 125 - Fascist demonstration

<Carlo goes to his house. The main floor of a building in Via xxx. His mother and sisters, Chiara, Emilia, Natalia, appear to him as anachronistic shadows. The incest committed with all of them is now remembered as an event that occurred in a dream, and has practically abolished them from reality. They belong to another, purely social order. At his house, after all, Carlo is like in a hotel. He eats breakfast, sleeps. He goes out (now available

again and without commitments like when he was a boy). He goes to the café where his friends (thirteen years older than he last saw them) gather. He arrives there like a sleepwalker. For others he is a man of power; reached the highest peaks of his career. Qualities of a different order from those of humans are attributed to him. His speech is like a theophany. The friends who have had modest careers in the city (who nevertheless turned out to be high, respectable within the city; in a certain sense even more respectable than that of Carlo, who was not separated from the idea of something adventurous, unstable, linked to the corrupt capital and of socially inferior quality), they welcome him with respect disguised - without any effort, and indeed, with surprising naturalness - of confidence and cordiality. Their philosophical experience, limited, conditioned by a life without alternatives, however has its own perfection. In their knowledge and cultural attitude they are very similar to each other: but what they have in common is a common form of humour, very warm and vital, to which Carlo is unaccustomed. The politicians who make a career - despite coming from environments like that one, xxx, from cafes similar to the one in Via xxx - are infinitely poorer, stupider and more provincial. One of those discussions arises between old friends which, in Rome, in the world that has become Carlo's world, are impossible (if not in bad faith). The political big shot can only always engage in demagogy and lie; the truly powerful - publicly less known, and

who doesn't need to constantly beg for popularity by doing cartwheels like a turkey - but he is cold and totally cynical - he loosens up and becomes a bit of a boy alone in his hobbies. The old friends from Turin, who have spent their whole lives where they were born, seem to still be able to enjoy not only good food and good wine, but also a disinterested intellectual discussion (from which practical initiatives parallel to power, but Calvinistically - as far as possible in Italy and particularly certainly in Turin - in controversy with power). In a discussion of this kind Carlo uses unusable notions in the context of power, which, in order to materialize and be implemented, require purely formal notions, i.e. translatable directly - and without the resistance of pure reason - into actions, page. 458

Indeed. Making real speeches, for a politician, is academic work. But Carlo has regressed to his previous cultural condition, and uses it sincerely again, like his other friends, who are more accustomed to this than him, and

therefore more detached (ready to stop the discussion for a joke that is part of their group tradition , or to go to lunch).

Citing Auden, Carlo, in a pause in the discussion on the immediate future of Italian society (seen from within reality, that is, through the best bourgeois conscience), sighs, certainly not as a man of power: «Blessed are those who hope for the best, that what awaits them could be much worse..."

"What kind of taste - he quoted xxx, grizzled, almost white-haired - who by chance also knew that poem by Auden - what kind of taste you have in representing Jeremiah with Juvenal: shame on you for your Schadenfreude!"

«Damn - said Carlo, continuing the quote - now you're even lecturing me! Would I be an indifferent? Suppose it is, what does it matter if my words are true!" At this point he intervened from a nearby table, laughing (he too knew the City without walls. Perhaps he had just left Einaudi) at the voice of a third friend: «Let's go to breakfast, for the love of God! You will all feel better after eating.">

These lines - the only ones in this novel, if I'm not mistaken (except for the short stories embedded in it) -

they were immediately contradicted by something irregular at the end of the street, like a sudden gust that made shutters slam and women scream. Life had a pause, and a kind of question rested on all things and faces. Thumps were heard; and the loud, isolated voices thickened, becoming a confused, alarming shout. The cars began to stop, and soon there was a queue that filled the entire street. From the area where the voices and shouts came from, people began to come running: some of whom then stopped to wait under the porticoes of that large square which seemed Neapolitan, due to the common princely Enlightenment. And here from the end of the street a crowd of people appeared, arm in arm, holding up flags, placards and banners as best they could; behind that row, another row. There was a river of it.*

pag. 459

Note 126 - Fascist demonstration (continued)

|The new center|

It was a fascist demonstration. The signs praised Almirante and Birindelli in large letters and with slogans that imitated those of the New Left. Some peremptorily called for freedom for a certain xxx “free xxx”. Perhaps this is why the demonstration was organized and allowed. From under a high portico*, together with a small group of people (ordinary citizens who disapproved), Carlo stood watching those demonstrators (who passed quickly on the cobblestones of the old street). The occasion was favorable for contemplation. Chance placed Carlo outside the fray. He could look at those people as if they were strangers; or as if he himself were a foreigner. But was that coincidence really a coincidence? Could that situation really be reduced to any moment in which a man (outside of his public figure, momentarily anonymous) met with other men (who instead publicly demonstrated, as protagonists, what they were and wanted)? Perhaps it was instead the sudden radicalization and crystallization of something that had already been maturing for some time: a definitive separation of good from evil: or, better, of a phenomenon that was neither good nor evil from another phenomenon that was neither good nor evil . There were middle-aged men (and even some young ones) in black shirts among the demonstrators; someone made (towards the photographers) a provocative fascist salute; some 'pennants' were also seen waving.**

But this did not prevent Carlo from drawing his 'inspired' conclusions with the utmost clarity, which were more or less the following.

No. These are no longer fascists. Among them there are 'retards', who are the classic fascists, but they no longer count (or they count as survivals count in a new historical [context]. The disappointment is excruciating. The end of fascism marks the end of an era and a universe. The peasant and popular world is over. It was in the more miserable parts of this that fascism gathered its gangs of innocent and virile assassins. The middle classes are [also over], bourgeois culture was still based on a popular culture (similar to that of the assassins): peasant, pastoral, seafaring, poor.

Differentiated (from region to region, from city to city, from center to periphery). Eccentric, particularistic. So real. The new power (of which Carlo was directly part) had relied on these real, but electorally [Sanfedist]

cultural forms in the post-war period. That is, he had done the same thing that fascism had done. But then slowly, without knowing it, this power page. 460

had radically changed its nature. The Church, which had summarized in itself all the common characteristics of those [various particularistic and real popular cultures] (electorally reactionary), had therefore served the power in a [definitive] way. Suddenly, now the Church was outdated, abandoned, useless, cumbersome. Those real (particular, popular) cultures had disappeared (or were disappearing).

It was power itself that destroyed them; and, with them, to destroy the Church. The type of life preached by that power (every day, every hour, every moment of life), was completely irreligious.

Nothing - for all those years - could be considered more irreligious in the world, for example, than television. In the video, it is true, very often, official inaugurations were shown with the presence of a ridiculous bishop; religious ceremonies were seen even more often, [with the Pope himself] etc. But all this was nothing but a representation of power parades: state religion. In reality, television preached pure hedonism every day, hour after hour; his impetus was entirely in the direction of the realization of well-being and consumption. And people had learned the lesson in a radical way; palingenetic (for the first time in history). She had changed. He had made the new human models proposed by the culture of power his own. It had abandoned its traditional models.

Existentially, new values were experienced, which in consciousness were still only nominal. Life was ahead of consciousness. Tolerance, necessary for the hedonistic ideology of consumption, posed new duties: those of being equal to the new freedoms that were granted from above, and without opinion. Inevitable reason for neurosis. On the other hand, living new values existentially without knowing them was in turn a good reason for neurosis. The peasant world had collapsed. The countryside (and seminars) were full of vipers. It had lost its traditional and real values, together with the conventional ones imposed by the official religion. What replaced these values?

What were the values, again, of the lower middle class? No one had ever told - on the part of those in power - the truth: that is, that the new values were the values of the superfluous, which made lives superfluous, and therefore desperate. So, he pretended not to know. Carlo looked at those fascists who passed in front of him. They could only be those real people that power (history) wanted at that moment. Their classic mental slogans, such as “God, Homeland, Family” were pure nonsense. They were the first to not really believe it. Perhaps, among the old watchwords, it was "Order" that still made sense. But this was not enough to create fascism. The people who passed in front of Carlo were miserable citizens now caught in the orbit of the anguish of well-being, corrupted and destroyed by the thousand more lire that a 'developed' society had put in their pockets. They were uncertain, grey, scared men. Neurotics. Their faces were drawn, crooked and pale. The young people had the long hair of all young consumers, with eighteenth-century haircuts and pigtails, carbonara beards, liberty mops; tight trousers that wrapped around miserable balls.

Their aggression, [stupid] and ferocious, was heartbreaking. They were pitiful, and nothing is less pag. 461

aphrodisiac of punishment. Their destiny called them to jobs that paid less poorly than in previous decades and to slightly more bourgeois [weekends]: that demonstration was a diversion from all this. The Spinolas are worse than the Caetanos. Caetano's assassins could still believe in their values, partly false and partly true: asceticism and virility were real facts, in practice. Now they were nothing but painful ghosts, whose right to roam the city probably derived only from a decision by the CIA. The real fascists were now actually the anti-fascists in power. The powerful one was Carlo, not those crying stupid children who didn't know the origin of their pain*.

In those faces of old Italians rouged by affluence, what was not neurosis was vulgarity: thick black eyebrows over swollen eyes, [pale] cheeks, repellent and aggressive fatness, the backsides of beasts of burden. Even vulgarity is [violently] anti-aphrodisiac. That mass of people swarmed along that old street without the slightest physical prestige, indeed physically painful and disgusting. They were petty bourgeois without destiny, placed on the margins of the history of the world, at the very moment in which they were standardized to everyone else.**

Note 127 - Fourth basic moment of the poem (from the “Mystery”)

As soon as the last of those undertakers had passed, dragging their swollen feet, and xxx in a cackling voice the songs that the first were about to finish, Carlo felt a sudden, frightening pain in his belly, which suddenly made him turn pale like a man bleeding to death, like it always happens in these cases after the first <...>. The pain seemed to calm down for a moment, [but then] <...> it came back stronger, with an unbearable pang. Carlo couldn't help himself from pressing his hands to his belly, bending over

<...> on himself. The thing was now unmistakable. With his eyes [dimmed] by pain, Carlo looked around, desperately seeking salvation: perhaps even a corner behind some door would have been enough. But here instead, there at the end of the square with its familiar gray cobblestones, inside the cool arcades, Caffè xxx, the Café of his youth. Still pressing his hands on his belly, Carlo ran up to him and crossed the threshold. It was full of people. Of course there were also some acquaintances of his. But he, with a superhuman effort, so to speak, pretended to be distracted and cheerful, and passing in front of the cashier he ordered tea as if it were nothing; then continuing without slowing down, and showing that he was in the best state of mind, towards the toilet. He slipped into it, closed himself in, seized by an unstoppable happiness: entertainable to the point of humming, to himself, in a low voice, a thank you to God.

However, something else was added, or rather overlapped, to this situation which was already so fictional in itself.

Apparently, all of human history does nothing but tell us one thing: it's just what was. AND

in fact Carlo, undressing, saw that what had already happened to him was happening to him. Quickly completing the anasyrma, here in the <...> toilet mirror, which had already reflected him as a student, instead of Polhymnia he saw Polhymnos again, or if you want, Baubo instead of Baubon. Polhymnia or Polhymnos, Baubo or Baubon, it doesn't change much, to be honest. It is cause for laughter - perhaps sacred - and with funereal

references both to the child and to the cosmic divinity, as the reader knows better than I do. This does not change the fact that it was with profound emotion that Carlo - in the old toilet mirror - saw that his chest was a thin chest without breasts; and, having taken off his trousers and underwear - precisely according to the rite of the anasyrma, but without anyone laughing in this specific case - he saw that they were once again dangling at the bottom of his belly, it was the thin hair, the old penis.

pag. 463

Note 128 - Before enlightenment and puns

“Do not be surprised that I know all languages, for I know what men do not say”42.

Furthermore: “He who has eyes to see and ears to hear can convince himself that no mortal man can keep a secret. If his lips are silent, he chatters with his fingertips: betrayal oozes from every pore of him”43.

The Carlo of Literal Reality naturally spoke to no one about what had happened to him for historical reasons: and with such simplicity (“Verbum infans”, “Dei dialectus solecismus”).

In the world of power, some historical reasons are not understood in principle, and I speak less of the simple language of symbols, which are always flesh or body. Having said this, I will simply refer to it as 'the first twist' (i.e. the recovery of the penis - which also happened <...>

[similarly] to the recovery of Carlo's penis from the Time of the Dream: but not reactualized, however, not sacredly repeated: mere iteration, rather, in two different historical situations)44 not only a 'second twist' happened almost immediately, but even a 'third'.

42

Apollonius of Tyana.

43

Sigmund Freud.

44

This is where the absolute originality (the joke) of this poem lies

pag. 464

Note 1283 - Two words before returning to the great Digression

As soon as he regained possession of his penis (reinstatement paid for with the loss of his breast, of course) Carlo immediately thought of regaining his place in the world. Which world (as we will soon see better) was this here. And it is needless to say that he could not even conceive of returning to this world except at the highest level, where Power is not only a source of meaning, but is also an exercise of itself.

It was clear to Carlo, however, that he could never start again from where he left off. What he had experienced in that period had not only entered his consciousness, a place where it is generally easy to get rid of everything that can bother him. On the other hand, he could not even have said what the true novelty was, that is, the one experienced in the immensity of his unconscious life: "The tao that can be said is not the eternal tao".

But let's get to the big chapter at the end of which the two new 'twists' that I announced will occur and whose repercussions will be fundamental in the rest of our story.

pag. 465

Note 129 - The anti-fascist party

The party took place, despite all the perplexities of the past 'hot' day. I believe that even if vice-president Miceli had died that same night, the party would still have taken place in the morning: to this point Donna Giulia Miceli attributed a special meaning to it. It was touching how she had remained in her blindness until the end and had not understood the mood of society. No one believed, at that point, that the solemn day would pass without some exciting unexpected event, without a real 'dissolution' as some

expressed it (also destined to be disappointed, even though they had foreseen well). Many, it is true, tried to look as sullen and 'political' as possible: but, speaking in general, it is known that the Italian man rejoices immeasurably at every scandalous upheaval in society. It is true that there was something much more serious in public opinion than the simple evening of the scandal. There was a general irritation, something implacably angry. It seemed that everything had become terribly boring to everyone. A certain confused general cynicism spread, a forced cynicism, as if unwillingly (it was the last legacy, left by young people to adults, of 1968). Only the ladies, the eternal ladies, were not confused, and they too only on a single point: in the impotent hatred they felt towards that 'flatus vocis' of our poem which is Giulia Miceli. In this all the tendencies of the ladies had met. While the poor girl didn't even remotely suspect it: she persisted until the last hour in the belief that she was 'surrounded' and that she was still 'fanatically devoted' to her.

I have already mentioned the fact that in those years many 'gentle people' had appeared in good society. In the turbid periods of oscillation and transition, this 'people' always and everywhere appears. I am not talking about those who, in general, always try to be first, and in this they have a purpose, even if very often perfectly stupid, yet more or less logical. No, I'm talking - as Dostoevsky says, and as I wouldn't dare say - about 'half socks'. In every period, first of turmoil and then of transition, these 'half-socks' emerge in immense numbers and above all with an immense capacity for blackmail and terrorism, which evidently swarm in the potential state (and in this state who knows what they do) in every society. And they come out not only without any logical purpose, but without having even the shadow of an idea: they simply express with all their might the general restlessness and impatience, or rather intolerance.

pag. 466

First of all, this crowd of 'half-socks' who emerged, in this case, in '68, without even knowing it, almost always do nothing other than follow the slogans of that small group of

'avant-gardists' who act with a logical purpose (and, I want to add, also with honest and noble revolutionary intentions, even if at the same time

improvised and puerile). It was clear that the general inspiration was indeed revolutionary and Marxist, and, as far as our party is concerned, Donna Giulia Miceli was inspired by her young revolutionaries and Marxists. How (and what) happened in that period very few would be able to say (and as for what, my reader is referred to Note 43: 'Linkskommunismus'). The fact is that a crowd of the most despicable 'half-socks' (complete with moustaches, sideburns, shoulder-length hair) had gained the upper hand, had begun to criticize everything 'that is most sacred', whereas before they didn't even dare to open their mouths: and the prominent people who up to that moment had so happily held the supremacy had suddenly begun to listen to her, and they themselves to remain silent. And others even giggled derisively 'in the most shameful way'. The crowd of revolutionary 'half-socks' had gained the upper hand not only over the good bourgeoisie, professionals, high-ranking bureaucrats, industrialists, soldiers (we don't even talk about this): but also over the always restless petty bourgeoisie, and even over the parties of left with their authoritative politicians and their irreproachable intellectuals. Even if Barbara xxx Valletti - up until the time of Carlo's catastrophe - had acted, one might say, as the errand boy for all that crowd of 'half-stockings', the other ladies of the city are also partly excusable for their aberration of those years . Now everything is ascribed to the Extremists, especially, and also objectively as far as the facts of our history are concerned, red. Of course: even among our good bourgeoisie, whether conservative or progressive, there remained a small number of people who had withdrawn from the beginning and who had also locked themselves away. But which lock can resist natural law? In the most dignified families, girls also grow up for whom it is essential to dance a little. And so all these people ended up also signing in favor of the feminists. The dance was expected to be so brilliant, immense; wonders were told; yes it spoke of the participation of politicians born with the "Resistance", of ten 'celebrators', by bold contrast, all from noble families, of certain Roman promoters; of the writer F. who, to increase his earnings, would have allowed his essay "Merci" to be read

(amphibological between the French 'merci' and the Italian word 'merci'). It was said that there would be

'quadrille of literature', in which different costumes would have represented different trends. How could you not subscribe? Everyone had signed up. Despite southern immigration having transformed it into a metropolis, Turin

had always remained a small provincial capital: a town within the megalopolis.

pag. 467

Note 129a - The anti-fascist party (continued)

The day of the party was divided, according to the program, into two parts: a literary morning, from noon to four, and then a dance, from ten through the night. But the seeds of disorder were already lurking in this same arrangement. First of all, from the beginning the rumor of a breakfast immediately after the literary morning, or even during the morning itself, in a specially established interval had taken root in the public: of a breakfast, of course, free of charge, part of the program: and with champagne. The enormous price of the ticket - thirty thousand lire - favored the rumor taking root. This seemed absolutely logical. It must be said that Donna Giulia herself had contributed with her lightness to rooting this ruinous rumor. About a month earlier, still in the heat of the first enthusiasm for the great idea, she had also written to one of the capital's newspapers (replying a reader who had written a 'letter to the editor') that toasts would be given at the party. So, these toasts (naturally political) seduced her: she wanted to propose them herself, and in the meantime she continued to compose personal ones. But for toasts (even if political) champagne was necessary, and since champagne cannot be drunk on an empty stomach, breakfast had also become indispensable. Then when, through her efforts, the committee was formed and the matter was considered more seriously, it was immediately clearly demonstrated to her that if they dreamed of banquets, there would be very little left for the Russian exile writers, even with a very rich income. The question immediately offered two solutions: a Nabob's party with toasts, and about nine hundred thousand lire one million for the Russian writers in exile, or the realization of a notable profit in a party that would have been, so to speak, pro forma. The committee, after all, only wanted to scare her, while they had naturally thought of a third, pacifying and reasonable solution, that is, a very decent party in all respects, only without the champagne, and thus a considerable sum would remain, much more than nine hundred thousand lire. But Donna Giulia Miceli did not consent: her character despised the bourgeois middle ground. He immediately established that if the first idea was not feasible, it was

necessary to immediately and headlong jump to the opposite extreme, that is, make a colossal profit and sensationally donate it to the exiles. In her address to the committee she maintained that the public should have understood that the achievement of political goals is infinitely superior to the momentary pleasures of the body, that the party was ultimately nothing more than the proclamation of a great anti-fascist idea, and therefore it was necessary to be satisfied of “Four and All”, if it really wasn't possible to do without that unbearable dance. Anyway she had suddenly come to page. 468

nobly to hate. But finally they calmed her down. And it was precisely then that the anachronistic but kitsch idea of the 'quadrille of literature' and other aesthetic things arose, to replace the pleasures of the body.

And it was also precisely then that the writer finally agreed to read his Merci, or

“Merci”, (whereas until that moment he had only hesitated and hesitated) and thereby also destroyed the very idea of food in the minds of the intemperate public. The party was therefore once again presented correctly as a political party. But in order not to fall completely into the severe and abstract, it was decided that at the beginning of the dance alcohol could be served, and perhaps even ice cream.

While for those who always, everywhere, feel hungry and especially thirsty, a special 'buffet' could have been arranged at the end of the rooms, which could have been taken care of by Pandimiglio Fioretto, the chef of the Miceli household, who Donna Giulia made available: at the 'buffet' under the most rigorous supervision of the committee anything could have been served, but for a fee, and therefore it would have had to be done with a special sign written on the door of the room that the buffet was not scheduled. But then in the morning it was decided not to even open the buffet, so as not to disturb the reading, despite the fact that the buffet would have been placed five rooms away from the white room, in which F. had allowed reading

“Goods”. It is curious that the committee and even the most common sense people had attributed such enormous importance to this event, i.e. the reading of "Merci". As for sensitive people, as well as lovers of culture, Mrs. Casalegno, for example, wife of the deputy director of the

“Print”, he told F. that after the reading he should immediately order a marble plaque to be fixed on the wall of the room, with the gold inscription that on such and such a day of such and such a year, there, in that same place, the great Italian and European writer had read what would have been, publicly, his last writing. What is known for certain is that F. expressly and insistently asked that there be no buffet in the morning, during his reading, in any form and against any need for nourishment and quenching of thirst, however pressing it was.

This was how things were when the city still believed in the gargantuan banquet, that is, the buffet at the expense of the committee. They believed it until the last moment.

pag. 469

Note 129b - The anti-fascist party (III)

The literal identification of a scene or an episode with one of its archetypes, which, as the word says, cannot fail to be immensely earlier, can be astonishing and above all unreliable.

This archaic Turin literally no longer makes sense: it almost manages to dismay you. I am well aware of this. But it's exactly the shock I want. It is a totally anomalous, unjustifiable dismay: and, what's more, irritating because it was 'unsuccessful'. I'm a provocateur too. Allow me to do it just once. I have no practical goals, like the provocateurs (right or left) who surrounded Donna Giulia Miceli. My purpose is aesthetic. In fact, as we will see, a religious shadow looms over the story I am telling. It is therefore logical that the stylistic equivalent <...> has characteristics of unreliability, clumsiness, jarringness and disorientation. In fact, as will soon become clear, it is not a confessional religion and not even probably an existing religion. I therefore got away with remaking an archetypal episode, and therefore absurdly projecting Turin back into the 1950s, not to mention the 1940s, if not even the 1930s45. In celebrations that are no longer held there is a supernatural <...> sadness. <...> On the other hand, the beginning of the festival, with the mimetic pace with which it began, could only lead to a catastrophe of spectacular proportions: the burning of an entire neighborhood by extremists, the assassination of the protagonist's eventual wife - a horrifying

|horrific| murder, from a crime history text - and therefore the degradation of the party, which ended in <...> [shit], with drunken southerners trampling and dirtying the parquet and curtains, pissing, shitting and vomiting all over the place. However, this is not the end of the celebration of this story. The celebration of the present history, 'desinit in piscem', The scandal is an internal scandal which, for a few minutes, flashes and [agitates] in public (as we will see).

<...> The disproportion between the beginning and the end is more than evident. But this disproportion is also explained through the religious character that our history is about to take on: a religious character that also colors the political moment that immediately precedes it. However, from this point onwards I will leave my model; and instead of reproducing it verbatim - with dismaying results - I will 'adapt' it to the real time in which our story takes place, and to its unbreakable environmental characteristics. Therefore, as the prefect Miceli and his lady had taken their places in the improvised audience, dropping the fables and [giving] the truth its right, the public seemed to 'rest'.

45

And then you never know what I mean by backdating the [anti-fascist party] so much.

pag. 470

pag. 471

Note 129c - Elements, it must be said, retardants

The prefect himself appeared to be in perfect health. After all, very few suspected that he was ill with something: that is, with the illness that in a few days would land him in a nursing home in Switzerland, that is, practically, in a mental hospital. Furthermore, everyone found his actions of the previous morning, against the fascist demonstration, perfectly normal, and indeed, in general, they approved of them unconditionally. Everyone agreed, if anything, that it was necessary to do so from the beginning, contrary to what the radicals claimed without realizing that their principled democratic

legalitarianism, their poetic formalism, would end up backfiring on themselves. If anything it was thought that the anti-fascist prefect should have behaved with a little more coolness (as it is natural for the old bourgeois of Turin to think). With a similar curiosity, his eyes also turned towards his wife Donna Giulia. Of course, no one has the right to demand from me - as a narrator - too precise details about a point: here there is a mystery, there is a woman. But I know only one thing: on the evening of the previous day she had entered the bathroom of Mr. Francesco Paolo Miceli and she stayed there well after midnight. Francesco Paolo was flattered and consoled. The spouses agreed on everything. I won't go into their nocturnal antics. The fact is that the prefect's anti-fascist prudence had been completely eradicated. Everyone now saw her happiness on her face. She had come forward among the crowd with an open air and in a magnificent dress (long gypsy or vaguely mugike skirts and second-hand or 'hippie' necklaces, but everything extremely moderate, brought back to the right proportions and, naturally, expensive). It seemed that she was at the height of her desires: the party-purpose and crowning of her politics had come true.

Approaching their seats, right in front of the stage, both Miceli bowed and responded democratically to the greetings. Many ladies, among the most authoritative in the city, 'correct'

from the presence of their far-left sons, rose up to meet them... But here a terrible misunderstanding occurred: the “Four and All” suddenly began to play: and not a 'shake', but one of those marches once, perhaps Tyrolean or Bavarian, if not Anglo-Saxon, who used to play for toasts, especially during Christmas periods or on the anniversary days of some national holiday. Then it became known that the writer friend of the Venetian writer with the name in -on had been responsible for this, who, as we have seen, after ten years, moving towards the south, had taken on a name in

-elli: it was a certain Balestrini, a handsome man with hair that seemed backcombed, of a color between yellow and pink. Of course, this Balestrini could always have justified himself by having him on page. 472

done out of stupidity or too much zeal... Unfortunately, however, the reality was that the moment for justifications, at least for that day, was over: and that it had been decided to go through with it.

[No one ever knew whether against Mr.'s anti-fascism. Francesco Paolo Miceli and his wife Donna Giulia - that is, on the part of fascists - or against the lukewarmness of such anti-fascism - that is, on the part of 'reds'.] Everything remained in misunderstanding, in a rather demonic way, among other things - it is appropriate, in this context, to say it - and also monstrously refined. This Venetian writer in -on, then Sabine in -etti, must have been a rather remarkable guy: he and his cronies. Moreover, the misunderstanding was characterized by the fact that it was not the usual misunderstanding arising from the theory of opposing extremisms. In a case like that of the party for exiled anti-fascist writers, the extremists would certainly have (and as always) distinguished themselves and dissociated. Extremists are always quick to say, naturally, that is, by their nature, what color they are. Moreover, the painful and perhaps, just perhaps, mocking thing did not end with the march. In fact, together with the annoyed perplexity and smiles of part of the audience, suddenly, at the back of the room and on the boxes, great ovations were heard. It was clear that they were exaggerated ovations, which bordered on noisy and mockery. But no one could have sworn that this was the case. And in any case were those xxx ovations due to fascists or anti-fascists (who came there to ruin everything anyway)? Donna Giulia's face lit up, her eyes sparkled. The Dr. Miceli stopped near his place, and turning towards those who were shouting, looked majestically and severely at the room... On his face was that certain dangerous smile that a minimum of psychology could only make one observe with terror. There was something sinister in it, but also, what's worse, something comic... Donna Giulia called with a hasty nod to one of the boys on the left, son of one of the ladies of the Committee, to run to F. and beg him to start reading his text immediately. But in those times another turpitude occurred, much worse than the first.

At the same time, Carlo entered the room: in all the authority and objective prestige of his person. Nobody knew anything about what had happened to him. Only Einaudi's 'staff', if they had intervened, would have had equal prestige, thus placing themselves above the fray, and with respect for both possible parties. The 'foul thing' that was happening as he entered (and no one yet knew that he would actually be the protagonist of that 'morning') consisted of this. On the stage - on the empty stage that awaited the writer F. and Mrs. Antonietta Carinella, president of the famous 'Literary Wednesdays', who was supposed to present him - on the empty stage where

there was nothing but a small table, a chair in front of it, and on the table a glass of water on a small silver tray - suddenly the colossal figure, so unmistakably Sicilian, of Father Pambo appeared. It is true that this knowledge is exclusively ours, and that it is unlikely that it was known to more than one or two people (homosexuals, evidently) on that page. 473

public. His appearance was therefore nothing more than an apparition in its pure state. She had no connections or references that were in themselves scandalous. However, Father Pambo was so sensational that he did not need to be previously known to immediately reveal himself for what he was. Huge, like a Norman statue, with a round face, small round sparkling eyes, a mop of hair suspended in two large tufts on either side of the head, the small fleshy mouth half-open and foaming in a smile of irresistibly narcissistic but wild satisfaction, he certainly seemed much more like an equestrian circus character than a priest, and a Jesuit one at that. He was expected to roll up his sleeves, show off monstrous biceps, thus accentuating his triumphant smile of childish self-love, and lift a boulder with his teeth. Therefore the clergyman had a strange effect on that body. Especially since Father Pambo was obviously drunk: he had that sagging, messy, sloppy, ragged and presumably fetid quality that drunks have in the morning. <...>* All this, naturally if one had had the time to observe it: but never was God's testimony so scandalous, [and] rapid. Some strong hands evidently prepared to push him away immediately, and he staggered meekly and obeyed. His response was therefore little more than a flash, a rapid whirling around itself. But the figure of Father Pambo at that moment could only remain indelible. Physically in his place appeared, excited and conciliatory, albeit with a great pantomime of embarrassment and quivering modesty - as well as a subtle air of refined and vaguely compassionate complicity with the entire public - the writer with the name in -trini (the one with the teased hair between yellow and pink). He was wearing a tie and a jacket that was narrow at the shoulders and wide at the edges, with xxx pockets. He shamefully asked for silence and warned that Father Pambo was a Jesuit, anti-fascist, friend of the poor, priest of dissent, and that he had simply come to bear his testimony. Circumstances had not wanted him himself, morbidly shy, to read his text, so he, the writer in -trini, took it upon himself. He cleared his throat, took out from his pocket a piece of paper which to everyone's relief appeared unique and very small, and began to read the following verses, with the title, said in

a loud, dry voice, looking fixedly and a little threateningly at the audience, of [D

irge]:

flotsam an jetsam

are gentlemen poeds

urseappeal necsam

our spinsters and coeds,

thoroughly bretish

they scout the inhuman

itarian fetish

that man isn’t wuman

lives the millennia

um three cheers for labor

give all things to enni

one bugger thy nabor

eneck and senecktie

are gentlemen ppoyds

even whose recktie

are covered by lloyd’s

Naturally, in that entire audience there was no one capable of understanding that it was one of those unheard of texts that Ezra Pound - and only he - manages to cite in his poetic writings with such naturalness, and with perhaps sublimely didactic claims. If there had been someone capable of recognizing that 'untranslatable' text and undoubtedly worthy of the 'saevitia catulliana', he would not have been able to recognize it there, in that context, given the writer's pronunciation in -trini which among other things he did not know English. So it was very strange the intervention of someone who from the very back of the audience, as if from an otherworldly shadow, first growled in an incomprehensible way, just like a dog, and then managed to pronounce the word in an intelligible voice: "Pound!" Which 'Pound', playing, and badly, 'pànd', said nothing at all to the audience. But the writer in -trini looked with a 'demonic' and encouraging air towards that 'young man' (who necessarily had to be such) who intervened from the shadows of anonymity, from the ideal gallery where xxx xxx the authentic. All his eyes stared wildly and full of burning hope towards there. It wasn't exactly a young man, he must have been well into his thirties, you could see a furious beard, two equally furious whiskers and hair furiously cut at neck level in all its enormous thickness: furthermore, thick glasses glittered on his reddish nose. So the face could not be seen: but, still as if barking, with a stentorian and accusing voice, from inside all that tawny fur, finally something intelligible came out which announced how Pound was also the author of the following passage: "A thousand candles together make splendor. The light of no candle harms the light of another. Thus the freedom of the individual in the ideal and fascist state." Title of the fragment FASCIO. All of this was highlighted 'significantly' by the speaker.

pag. 475

What was the point of this 'significance'? Were we trying to make neo-fascist propaganda, dusting off a spiritual and monetary greatness endorsed by Pound? And in this case, why had Father Pambo and the writer in -trini offered their side, bringing out that unprecedented text from the Poundian universe in an anti-fascist party? Perhaps (and, as frightening as it was, this hypothesis was not illogical either) they agreed with that 'student' who had intervened? But it could also have been diametrically opposite: that is: the 'student' could have intervened by quoting

'negatively' and therefore derogatorily Pound, with the aim of underlining the criminal inconsistency of the anti-fascism of that meeting. Even in this case, however, perhaps, Father Pambo and the writer in -trini agreed with him, providing him with the opportunity for that intervention, in this case not fascist but anti-fascist: hooliganistic and extremistically anti-fascist, of course. Nothing could be understood from the attitude of the writer in -trini, who remained like a codfish with his piece of paper nervously in his hand, in an attitude of both embarrassment and xxx. In his little doll eyes shone the light of someone who enjoys a setback; the exalted amazement of those who hear a revelation that puts them in a state of guilt. With that extremely ambiguous light in his eyes, the -trini writer withdrew from the stage. As for the person who intervened, he had redisappeared in the shadows where youth and <...> the class struggle lurk. But to tell the truth, nothing in him, I insist, could clarify the subtle enigma of whether it was a fascist provocation or an anti-fascist provocation. After all, it could very well have been neither one nor the other, and that reddish Landsknecht could simply have been a scholar of Pound, perhaps a collaborator of Scheiwiller.

The new delaying element was not long in coming. Mrs. Giulia Miceli had not yet shed the expression of heated, spirited curiosity that had made her sit upright in her chair, as if emboldened, and hurriedly turn her gaze up and down from the writer in Trini to the distant speaker, almost in a state of ecstasy for the surprises that democracy and public debate reserve, when like her firmly writer F. and his presenter, all smiles, Antonietta Cannella.

They took their seats, leaning behind the too-small table, and the glass began to clink inside the silver tray. Tinkling that was not to cease for the duration of

“Goods”. Applause greeted them. But it shouldn't have been the applause that the writer F. was expecting: he in fact pretended to be impatient with it, to consider it anti-democratic nonsense: while he was clearly the first to want to dispel the cult of his own personality. He sat down trying to be as expressionless as possible, while Miss Cinnamon, in a child's voice, read her homework, full of compliments, the gist of which was this; introducing the writer F. is useless page. 476

so he is known to everyone. Then the writer F. took out his packet of papers and began to read.

In the room there continued to be, as if suspended in the air, something not very good. I declare immediately: I bow before the greatness of genius: but why do our geniuses, having reached the old age, which should be that of wisdom, behave like children? Who doesn't know that it is impossible to entertain an audience like ours (even if from Turin) on an article for a whole hour? In general I have observed that, even if you are a super genius, in a public reading you cannot keep the public occupied with you for more than twenty minutes with impunity. Furthermore, that audience was particular, like all the audiences of those transition years: if the frontal attacks and the mockery of the

'68 were now only temptations realized in spurts, the restoration that replaced them was far from any form of stability. I said it: the appearance of the famous writer was greeted with considerable respect: even the most severe senators showed a certain approval, and the ladies even a certain enthusiasm, even if self-deprecating. The applause, however, was Koran, and as if not in agreement, confused. And in the last rows, in the great shadow, if no one applauded, there wasn't even anyone who whistled; and even when he began to read, nothing particularly unpleasant happened: [but it was] like a misunderstanding. The writer F. had a very shrill voice, a little

feminine and spoke with a kind of excessive naivety. As soon as she said a few words, someone suddenly started laughing, probably some inexperienced rude person, perhaps from the South, who had never participated in cultural debates and who also had a congenital weakness for laughter. However, it was not yet the bait that was supposed to light the fuse; indeed, he was silenced.

Meanwhile, it soon became clear that "Merci" was not the French word that means 'thank you', but that it actually meant 'merci', plural of goods. And that these 'goods' were literary works and artistic works in general. The article that the writer F. had begun to read consisted of about twenty typed sheets, dense in a terrifying way; the speaker, moreover, read with a purposely dull, severe voice, without concessions, entirely absorbed in the intellectual height of his speech, almost 'offending' the audience on purpose:

but adopting, in 'offending' a technique perfectly opposite to that of the provocateurs. He 'offended' with the rigor of culture, not with the terrorism of subculture. It was clear.

The theme... But who could understand this theme? Certainly not the ladies, the heroic ladies, who so tenaciously survived everything, and were also willing to do anything, poor things: even a revision of Hegelian logic, given the possibility. Certainly not the old scoundrels of bureaucracy, politics and journalism: even if they would naturally never have admitted that they didn't understand, and indeed they would then [have said] on the subject some of their 'little words' (already tested on other occasions) which would have , good-naturedly and compassionately, destroyed <...> [everything]. Not paid. 477

certainly the zealous young people, the 'integrated' ones, who, being fresh from their studies, were certainly not willing to give up the goodness and legitimacy of what they had recently learned, perhaps with so much enthusiasm (for example, Hegelian logic, the basis of progressivism). Certainly not the young protesters, who elevated these defense mechanisms to everything, who would not even have been listening, given that they were already accusing everyone in their hearts of at least revisionism (the criticism of Hegel then could only be reactionary blasphemy in a correct Marxist-Leninist context). Certainly not the other possible intellectuals present, and lined up among the young people, or rather camouflaged among the young people, with their own beards, their own moustaches, their own sideburns and their own permed hair: who, if it had been the case, for example, of criticizing Hegelian logic, they would have been the ones to do it, and with 'much more smoking balls' than old F. So that old F., with his dramatic and austere little voice, began to recite the his encyclical on the thesis, the antithesis and the synthesis: an encyclical in which, partly jokingly and partly not, and therefore provocatively, the otherwise lost possibility of a logic was invoked

'duadic', in which everything remained coexistent and not 'overcome', and the contradictions were nothing but

'oppositions'; in this case history would no longer have been the unilinear and successive history, born, as is known, from the reformist exegesis of the

Old and New Testaments, as well as the Letters of Saint Paul. All modern Western rationalism was based on this, just as science demonstrated that time was not at all based on unilinearity and succession, and indeed did not even exist, everything being co-present (as the Dravidian religions had already taught).

It was more or less at this point that the naked expression rose stentorian, from that shadow where the people hide with their health: "Enough!" It was a popular, peremptory, threatening demand: there was something cosmic in it. In fact, the passing, even illusory, of time determines both the end of a historical period and also the end of life. The one who had shouted "Enough!" she knew it: he knew he was doing harm, and not just expressing a just political claim. What once again remained uncertain was whether the shouter had been a simply tired spectator, or a fascist for whom Pound, as an intellectual, perhaps with Evola, seemed more than sufficient, or even a Marxist extremist, who simply found any proposition that undermined the concept of history. Whatever the case, the panic caused the audience to change colour, so to speak, just as a sudden breath of south-westerly wind causes the sea to change colour, making it suddenly livid, dangerous, too clear. But it was only a first sign. The moderate side - which still seemed to be the uncertain majority - won, silencing the spokesperson. Which, for the moment, mysteriously, remain silent.

Old F. wasn't that old after all: in fact, he looked like a young man. Naturally he had come there to read that text of his, after infinite hesitations and giving in only to the prayers of his friends, albeit with much anguish and many residual scruples. He had a mocking look towards the intruder: page. 478

a look in which a kind of flattery in the form of complicity shone. Then he lowered his eyes to the encyclical and began reading again. Works as 'commodities' - he argued - present a form of insoluble ambiguity: the 'linguistic' is not contradicted by the 'non-linguistic' (i.e. the moment of commodification) according to the traditional norms of Hegelian logic: there is no possible synthesis , within a work, between 'linguistic' and 'non-linguistic'. So it would be more accurate to talk about

'opposition', precisely, than 'contradiction', <...> [which] produces an ambiguous amalgam rather than a synthesis (the work). Now the problem

has always been solved idealistically, that is, by postulating the innocent unity of the work. It's true: in the work there is a moment of unity, and of total autonomy, as it is a self-constituted form through then self-sufficient rules. But this in the laboratory.

For example in the laboratory of a formalist or a structuralist. As long as the innocent unity of art is postulated by a technician who examines 'how it is made', 'how it works' etc., everything is fine. But if it is a philosopher who postulates the innocent unity of art, then he is guilty of the unforgivable guilt of irrationalism and idealism. In the materialistic field (at this point, that is, the moment in which F. pronounced this word, whistles were heard here and there, to which no one could have responded in kind, because it was not possible to understand whether those whistles were a conditioned reflex of fascists <...>, or the protest of the extremist anti-fascists who did not recognize F.'s right to talk about materialism): 'in the materialistic field', therefore, it was necessary to do the same demystification of unity and innocence, which Marxism had created for the social man and psychoanalysis for the inner man. Marxism had revealed to man that man, contrary to his own false idea of himself, is divided (classistically) and this makes him guilty (exploitation of man by man). And equally psychoanalysis had revealed to the inner man that he (always contrary to his own false idea of himself) is divided (Ego and Id, conscious and unconscious) which makes him guilty (all the infinite, unnameable foul sins that man, in a hallucinatory way, never ceases to do or want). As for art, it would be necessary for a Third Jew to come and demonstrate that it is neither

'innocent' nor 'one'...

At this point, the boos exploded again, and this time it was the end. Two factors played together, wonderfully together |in harmony|: the political criticism (still quite unclear, and yet apparently reaching the limit of endurance) and the indifferent tiredness born from the unforgivable length of [I think]. These two factors, wonderfully in harmony, achieved first of all the result of making Miss Cannella cry (she was prone to tears after all) and then that of making the 'debate' explode without further delay, which everyone was eager to get to, in a common, unitary, irresistible condemnation of all personalism, all paternalism, all ex cathedra teaching, all repressiveness. F.'s weak invitation - regarding the whistles - to express one's opinions. 479

opinions in a slightly more rational way than that used by the blackbirds, was not accepted for the moment.

This only made Miss Carinella smile a little through her tears, but it was clear that they didn't want to come to terms with F..

pag. 480

Annotation

- Establish within the previous paragraph (128) a summary of the new Italian political situation; that is, the reasons that pushed Eni's Cefis to Montedison, and to the conquest of the Presidency of Edison with the help of the fascists (<?> etc.)

*This 'historical situation' - which Charles I overcomes by relaunching a new type of revolutionary anti-fascism beyond Cefis - and following the transnational line of Cefis - is then experienced and brought to completion by Charles II, who therefore 'regresses', makes of realpolitik (alliance with fascists etc.) Chia, end of August 1974

pag. 481

Note 128c - Resumption of “Before the illumination and the puns” *

<...> He co-opted honesty, involving it in the calculation: <...> [of which he made himself the grave] (but not for Apollonius, the one from Tiana, nor for the usual Freud). [He would only partially transform his anti-fascism and his relationship with fascism]. He would have named only some aspects or elements of that unnameable something that was the new real Power: that is, he would have done nominalism, perhaps with a liturgical character and structure. For example, regarding development and its relationship with progress, prudently called 'civil development', here is a passage from his notes in perfect compliance with a catechetical 'cursus': <...>

“Having noted the damage caused to the country by the lack of connection between the civil development program and the economic program, we have drawn two conclusions: first, the parties that assume responsibility for the government of the country must, without the impatience of short times, try

together to define the inspiration, the objectives, the ways, the timing of a civil development program, which must have as its supreme aim the expansion of the personality of every citizen in a democratic society with civic participation and with strong community bonds, and of Consequently it cannot be a short-term programme. Second: in coherence with the civil development program, the governing parties must define the economic program. Having noted the shortcomings recorded so far by the economic planning policy, we have deduced that today, by using all the natural resources, technical capabilities and human energies available - and therefore eliminating the waste of inadequate research, brain drain and capital drain, of emigration

- must establish the conditions for a modern balanced development..."

Where the reader is asked to note the euphemistic value of the ablative absolutes ("Notify the damage etc.", and "Notice the shortcomings etc."). The linguistic dignity 'traced' with notarial spirit from Latin gives the matter that officiality which upon examination of the facts undoubtedly lacks in the most complete way. Outside of the absolute ablative, those "damages" and those "shortcomings" are

[undoubtedly] criminals; within the ablative absolute, however, they normalize, they become moments, albeit deplorable, of necessary or inevitable 'negativity'. The euphemistic element of the speech becomes explicit in the expressions "without the impatience of short times" and "it cannot be a short-term program". That is, criminal acts can still be perpetrated. The reader is page. 482

asked again to note the 'lists', in the most exquisite - almost cantabile - didactic cursus of the liturgies: "define the inspiration, the objectives, the ways, the times of a civil development program",

“all natural resources, technical capabilities, human energies”, and finally “the waste of inadequate research, brain and capital drain, emigration”: lists that have the liberating power of the “Act of Pain” pronounced in the confessional, in a monotonous and official voice, since by making the sins committed in the 'codified and official' moment of repentance nominal, it

nullifies them: and nullifies them, in this case, through a mnemonic technique.

But above all I would ask the reader to meditate on the great invention consisting in the invention of the government expression: "civil development program", to replace the typical expression of the left: "progress". There is something diabolical here. That is, the almost magical trust in the power of names, which hides: first, the fascist character of an 'economic development' that does not include "progress"; second, the change in this fascist character as implemented precisely through "economic development" and no longer through classic conservative violence; third, the abandonment of traditional values symbolized (and certainly not only platonically) by the Church, in favor of the assumption of new values (for example the hedonism deriving from "economic development") which changes the reality of the power to be served. But these hidden concepts are not named precisely because the style of this 'examination of conscience' is perfectly and uniquely nominalistic.

[The liturgy continues further] forward, in the program drawn up in the heart of our new Christian Democrat, who, having freed himself from fascism, does not intend (in words |at least in part|) to fall into a new fascism, which is unnameable. This time it is an 'examination of conscience' exercised within one's own being; a self-criticism' whose object is 'parasitism' which is a problem exclusively typical of those in power: for the reader's convenience I transpose the prose into its real 'cursus' scheme

recited according to the model of the homily, or of the "Mystery":

the phenomenon of parasitism concerns all those who

from time to time,

in exchange for a certain profit they receive goods

or services that are worth much less.

or even they pocket it without giving anything away and do all this:

or by exploiting particular monopoly or near-monopoly positions,

or difficult times,

or others' pressing needs,

or ignorance of the applicantsiii,

pag. 483

o deficient sorveglianza dei soprastaniiiii,

or sloppy executions,

or failure to respect working days and hours,

or fraudulent practices...

To which it is irresistible to add the seal, recited [out loud], of an «Aaaamen», which definitively dates back to the ritual formula or to the mnemonic [semi-consciousness] this <...>

“Parasitism”.

Ditto later: when the time comes to protest the firm (but not hasty) desire to ensure the continuity of economic progress, not separated from civil progress: But at the same time an anti-cyclical policy must be implemented made up of measures against inflation,

aimed at reducing unnecessary demand,

the items of deterioration of the balance of payments,

the exuberance of monetary means in circulation,

capital flight,

tax evasion,

public budget imbalances

and also made measures for the increase or at least the

preservation of the production rate,

the level of employment,

of the volume of exports,

with qualitative and quantitative credit control,

with incentive measures,

with the defense of demand from low-income classes,

with facilitation of the supply of products

and services for foreign markets...

«Aaaaamen». The cursus of the voice reciting the “Mysteries” clearly inclines here towards inflections of

Goliardic "rhythms", and the feeling of sacrilege and fescennine is looming.

In any case, his fretus, that is, with his memorial in his pocket, <...> Carlo made his official reappearance in society on the occasion of the Automobile Exhibition - given that he was in Turin, regenerating himself, according to one interpretation which could be entirely reliable - in a return to the Lares.

pag. 484

The restoration was now in full swing, compared to 1968, and there was no threat of recession looming46. Clothes had returned more or less to normal, at least in older people. And so is language. It was otherwise that Carlo [intended] to cause scandal, and to present himself as a 'new man'.

The reader will have understood that all this is pretextual. Moreover, Carlo was preparing (on reappearing in society) to put on a play: and therefore whatever the content or script of that play was, it was in reality nothing more than "a process of unloading masturbatory fantasies", as he says, I don't remember. whether Klein in Psychoanalysis of Children or Fenichel in The Psychoanalytic Theory of Neurosis.

And the order of masturbation is in turn a pretextual order, it also belongs, finally, when it is enunciated, to the world of the Letter. While the Allegories - like the present one - are not scientific.

The fact is that Carlo showed up at the inauguration of the exhibition - an absolutely pedestrian official act - [in the fullness of his] virility and in the excellent disposition of spirit of someone who accepts the Game of Power. What happened in Turin had to then be 'taken over' in Rome, becoming a political act.

Except, at this point, here is the 'second twist'.

46

The time of this book is not unilinear.

pag. 485

Note 129 - The fatal proposition (from the “Project”)*

Carlo found himself in the middle of the dense crowd of (privileged) guests, in a small group made up especially of ladies who were indignantly discussing the fascist demonstration of the previous day. They were all very elegant. Carlo was also very elegant. Tall, a little opulent, like a man who had swum as a young man, with a certain blissful smile stagnant in his light eyes, a swollen mouth with a slightly protruding upper lip (which further accentuated the memory of him as a young swimmer), his humble attitude, a little stooped, but as if he wanted not to let the sense of authority that emanates from his whole person weigh on him, dressed in light grey, he listened in silence to the speeches of his friends: although he kept it to himself himself, in his silence there was an urgency and <...> a certain ironic patience: an irony which was evidently due to the pretextuality and the now evident and almost scandalous evasive nature of the indignation against those fascists. When an old waiter passed by with his tray full of sparkling glasses, and Carlo reached out almost mechanically to take a glass of whisky. It was at that point that he woke up.

pag. 486

Note 130 - Illumination and puns (from the “Project”)*

Often in Carlo's dreams (as we have said) a silent character appeared47.

The moment Carlo woke up, this character suddenly began to speak (naturally using Carlo's mouth).

He spoke densely, without stopping, like a cataract that could finally fall, <...> in an almost aphasic frenzy, <...> extremely cheerful: in fact everything that that character said through Carlo was nothing but 'calembours', puns, linguistic jokes, neologisms, fake slips of the tongue, or amnesia. In Turin we still remember that absolutely rare exploit, [one might say]

epiphanic. Apart from the sublimely amusing definitions that he gave of some people, based on exchanges of syllables or deformations of clichés or titles of literary works (about himself he spoke of "Carriera della Sera") they remained imprinted in the memory of society from Turin, some aphorisms that Carlo improvised [that evening] “While you are alive, be a dead man”,

“He who enters the kingdom of God must first enter his mother and die”, “If matter is nothing, we are materialists”, “Instead of vanity, inanity”, “Having found himself in the forms of a human being, he emptied himself” (here there was a reminiscence of Saint Paul, I believe the Letter to the Philippians),

“You must hear me and not understand me”, “What always speaks in silence is the body”, “It is the foolish King Lear who asks his daughters how much they love him, and it is the one who loves him who does not speak”. And again “In Lifu, one of the Loyalty Islands, the sexual organ is called its word”, “Do not be at home anywhere”, “Teaching is not saying, it is not saying the obscure”,

“The God did not know how to lie: and so he did not deceive his fellow citizens”,

“If the truth is not new, it is not”,

“The meaning is not in things, but in between”, and “if it is not evanescent, it is not”,

“Freedom is violence”,

“The seed must be sown with waste: if it is not too much, it is not enough”,

“Bringing nothingness back to words”,

“Admit the emptiness: accept the loss forever.”

But I who report all this am 'on this side'. I respect the perspective in which Carlo spoke in the throes of "civil objectivity", which "is the non-participating conscience", "a conscience as separation, dualism, distance, definition", alas. I am a slave to the Letter. My words are literal and 47

“In dreams, mutism is often a familiar representation of death” (Freud).

pag. 487

therefore they always define properties: they are within the principle of reality and reification, therefore false. However, it appears to me - and I can only report it with these words of mine - that at the end of his verbal delirium and many of the good Turin bourgeois present would be ready to swear it - Carlo had become 'brilliant' not only in his speech, but also in his appearance, in his body. The bystanders said, in fact, 'brilliant': but perhaps it would have been more correct to say 'luminous'.*

All the previous paragraphs must be brought together in one large chapter (Note 120) which has as its center the celebration of Mrs. Giulia Miceli etc. etc.

(see the preface to note 110)

pag. 488

Note 131 - New gloss

By managing - omniscient and even a little pedantic - this “Legomenon” of mine (albeit, at least in part, grossly abandoned to its crude proximity to the “Dromenon”), I am at this point forced to distance myself from my own subject : and therefore to report the facts with that certain dose of disbelief

that allows me not to compromise myself too much with the miraculous things that - from this moment on - the reader will be able to recognize in them.

Furthermore, I would like to advise the reader to reread Note 37 entitled "Something written", as well as, at least, Notes 22i ("Continuation of the puzzle etc."), 3c ("Postponed preface, III") and 103b ("Foreword to second political block"): where I talk about my ambition to build a form [with its self-promoting laws] and self-sufficient, rather than to write a story that explains itself through concordances, more or less 'key', with the very dangerous reality. (In this regard, the reader should also remember the story "Story of a man and his body", which constitutes Note 98). It is not without a certain pride that I recommend to the reader such references within my work itself. What I wanted to do comes true precisely in this making and unfolding of the work with itself, even literally.

The extreme case - which was justified by Note 3c, i.e. an entire section of the work written in Greek or neo-Greek characters, practically illegible and therefore constituting, in fact, nothing more than

'something written' - now it is about to be repeated. This time the characters are Japanese. Here pure ideography and significant illegibility are evidently expressed [even better].

But while the first 'purely written' (neo-Greek) insert, however extremist and anomalous compared to the austere normality of writing that I imposed on myself, was nevertheless justified, this second insert (Japanese) is certainly less so: indeed, it even risks being repetitive and superfluous.

But the reader will certainly have heard of symmetry. Well, I couldn't resist the temptation to build this second 'symmetrical' architectural body. On the other hand, Cathedrals and Allegories are based on symmetry, even when they are magmatic, disproportionate and abnormal48.

48

Moreover, the educated reader will have noticed that there are other similar 'symmetrical architectural bodies' in the work: only that these are texts

reported in Italian and in normal alphabetic characters (see Notes x, y, and 129-30).

pag. 489

Note 132 - Towards Edo: planning the trip

The 'silent character' of Carlo's dreams dissociates himself from Carlo and acquires a body - He also acquires a name: the onomasiologically playful one, according to his character, of Cornelio - His typical rather ambiguous and 'playful' irony - He observes how Carlo he is, yes, 'awakened', but nevertheless practically doesn't know what to do. - Enlightenment, as usual, comes when it pleases

- In Carlo's case it came to someone who hadn't looked for it at all, nor had he prepared for it at all - Once satisfied with his choice, he absolutely doesn't know how to behave - He, Carlo, is not one of those very boring monks who sit there waiting for her perhaps for their whole lives, and then, when she comes, they immediately know what to do - (Sacred?) laughter from Carlo and Cornelio - Need for a new culture and a new model of behavior for Carlo - Cessation of logic in Cornelio's speech - Transfigured, but always laughing, or rather winking, he points towards the point where the sun is rising at that moment - Six in the morning, in Turin - Cornelio pronounces the word «Edo» - Cornelio is eclipsed - Carlo's Meditation - His unpleasant disposition of mind -

'Return' impression that Cornelio resembles a drug-addicted and somewhat stupid 'hippy' - Maybe also very ignorant, and, what's more, Italian.

(Japanese text)

pag. 490

Note 133 - Mockery (from the “Project”)

Once repatriated, Carlo basically had no choice but to take advantage of the precious teaching he received in Edo, living it to the full. Meanwhile, in the Canavese area, along the Adda <?>, at that gravelly and deserted point, a villa in the form of a small hermitage, identical in shape to the small temple

of Edo: this setting appeared to him to be undoubtedly necessary. Here, solitude, meditation, retreat:

I am happy. My life is a lot

equal to my dream: the dream that does not vary:

live in a lonely villa,

without a past anymore, without regret:

belonging, meditating... I sing

exile and voluntary renunciation.

It was the cult, practiced through idleness, of the "idle God", or, otherwise, the cult, practiced through play, of the "joking God": the God who plays hide and seek, the God who uses jokes like a crazy person, and who, wandering here and there at random with unpredictable lightness, clearly shows that "wisdom is in stupidity", and that, fortunately "the world cannot be made safe either by democracy or by anything else". However, if this cult prevented Charles from having usual relationships with men - the mockery of which was rightly the form of the most supreme love towards them - it did not prevent him from practicing a certain trade with those Gods, to whom the first God , lazy and playful, - perhaps even asleep beyond the heavens49 - entrusted the management of this world.

49

At least this is the belief of the Kai, a small population of New Guinea, sowers of tubers: they believe that the Creator, Màlengfung, after having created the cosmos and man, withdrew to the edges of the world, to the horizon, and there he fell asleep. But one day he will wake up, get up from his bed, and destroy everything he created.

pag. 491

Charles I became a saint, in seeking for Charles II etc. in his 'stoic' social struggle etc. etc. supernatural help etc. accomplishes

which is configured as a classic journey, according to mythological and medieval models, including Dante. But it is only one chapter (as for Ulysses) and much simpler, frontal, nomenclatory etc.

What are these Underworlds today, for a man like C.; they are the place of Dreams, or of the Unconscious (the personal Circle and the Circle of the Massenpsyche, or collective Unconscious) with all its symbols. A

“Ideal dream”, which summarizes all possible dreams, with all their possible symbols; the dream of dreams, which has become commonplace, archetypal and crystallized in a series of didactic visions.

Having arrived at the deepest point of these Underworld, in front of the original Scene (which can be invented, overturning all the hypotheses of scholars: and reduced to an irrelevant and disappointing act, and therefore extremely significant, like knocking over a glass placed on a tomb under which lies the true Region of Death etc.), C. performs the ritual and liberating gesture - freed from every sense and logical mechanism (even from the logic of the symbolism of dreams). Of course the

“Descent” is fictionalized. For example. reappearance of sex, through the Vision of the Centaur with the enormous cock between the front legs instead of the back ones etc.; 'architectural city' visions. But the real fictional story of this descent does not concern C. but a character who he actually accompanies in this Descent, and who must repeat his mythical feat, regain a relationship with an equal, a companion - like Orestes and Pylades etc. died (a few centuries before him) before him.

An Alexandrian myth (like the Argonauts, again, by Apollonius of Rhodes) that concerns events that occurred in the classical world, although everything then refers to the beginnings. For this reason I could rework a primitive Indian, or African or Polynesian myth, in which there are, crudely, the elements of the Mediterranean and Christian myth etc.

- Tracking shot backwards so that Carlo is a spectator of the mythical hero's exploits - Only at the end does Carlo become the protagonist - The tracking shot is similar to that of the Vision in the section

"Shit".

Chia, August 1974

(dreamed during the night)

pag. 493

<?>

- Explain the anomaly of Polis and Tetis, together with the meaning of the scheme of their stories. Mention that the secrets they confided to the men they chose are the story of Carlo Valletti -

The other paragraphs on Carlo: “The prefatory madness continues”

* All the stories included are the concrete and living representation of facts or characters which in the text are the result of pure abstract deformation.

1) For example the first group of stories 'represents' the political characters who in the text <?> -

abstractly - the politics of development and the two groups of political massacres -

Only one of the narrators - in the end - tells a true story - He omits the names - but concretely recounts the facts of his massacres in their historical arrangement (he pretends that a CIA agent confided everything to him on his deathbed) - * This is also the thesis of my book (don't say this explicitly, but let it be understood by saying that this is also the outline of your book) 2) In the group of stories from the Epoché, failed 'coups' are foreshadowed: they are opposed the historical reality, symbolized by natural apocalyptic upheavals - the mud - the fire - etc. (the mud in the story of the Roman nobleman and his two daughters) - (The fire may recall the fire in the story of Bihar,

* For the story of the father who gives birth to his shit-son -

- At the same time as the big bourgeois millionaire, a man from the central-southern population also shits a child - The thing is taken into consideration by a luminary of science etc. who welcomes the pregnant woman into the same rich clinic where the son of the great bourgeois is also welcomed - the two shit-children are confused - the fathers therefore exchange them

Living shits therefore also have a classist universality, etc. etc. they are interchangeable etc.

- prefinal:

sunny summer day after a few days winter returns - New men, new spirit - End of a world, of a haircut - Naivety, <?> - everything is concentrated in the figure of a young man (the decline of the crisis and poverty creates something new)

** - The deities who help resolve the cosmic crisis are naturally peasants (Baubon or the Japanese deity etc.). This is part of the downsizing of agriculture and the crisis of the peasant world (see also caricature of Fanfani's speech made to Carlo at the Turin festival) – The passage of the procession is in a peasant landscape around the cemetery of an atomic power plant pag. 494

Trace of the novel

PETROLIUM

(Novel)

A man and his double, or his double. The protagonist is now one, now the other. If A has a lookalike B, B

has a double A, but in that case he himself is A.

It is the schizoid dissociation that divides a person in two, bringing together some characters in A and in B

others, etc.

A is a rich, cultured bourgeois; an engineer who deals with oil exploration; he is part of the power, he is integrated (but cultured, with openings to the left etc.: all this implicit) *.

B the man with 'bad' characters is at the service of A the man with 'good' characters: he is his servant, that is, he is assigned to low services. There is a perfect agreement between the two dissociated ones. A true balance.

Reversing the situation, A, the man with bad characters, uses B, the man with good characters, to justify himself towards society and guarantee his safety from the police, the judiciary, etc.

Leaving on an official trip - with the Head of Government going to a Middle Eastern country - A the good, leaves B the bad in Rome: but shortly before leaving, he realizes that B is a woman. (Lo <?> for castration complex in front of the youth of '69). He cannot postpone his departure.

B, the man with bad characters, and moreover a woman, left alone in Rome, dedicates himself to carrying out low services: but he no longer looks for women (sisters, mothers, etc.), instead he looks for men, male sexes.

He falls, along this path, into limitlessness, into anomie.

Protected by solitude and total freedom - signified by the sojourn of his Double in the East -

he manages to degrade himself without limits. His desire now is to make love with twenty men, neither one more nor one less. Of course he succeeds again. The thing, organized, takes place in a meadow, on) mud, while it rains on (rats etc.

The twenty young people who made love, one by one or in groups, leave. They go towards the places where their life usually takes place (very realistically indicated): but around a bend, at the end of a street, in the darkness of a courtyard, in the opening of a door etc., that is, where they disappear into their life , never to recur again, as if swallowed up in nothingness - are killed in the most diverse ways: and all prodigious:

symbols of the true reasons why people die in the modern world (whether physical death or another death).

Returned from the Middle East (public duties, journalists, economic and scientific results) A, the good man no longer finds B, the bad man who has become a woman. He loses his balance, and has to pay himself. 495

provide the low services for which B had been used: it degrades; faces with his physical presence and his awareness those situations from which he had always kept himself separate.

Of course he can't continue. He must choose to be only 'public', and therefore 'holy'.

Politically and socially the result is that he moves much further to the right, almost to the point of an implicit alliance with the fascists. In the meantime, she too has become a woman, and she makes love to a young Sicilian fascist, who forces him to do acts that only her double could do, but which he was unable to tolerate, etc.

After making love with A, the fascist goes to his house: and he too dies devoured by a Monster.

A has overcome, forced by circumstances, the modesty, the bond with his bourgeois conscience, which prevented him from being B: and he wants to repeat the act that the young fascist taught him once and for all. On this path, he reaches limitlessness, anomie - as B had innocently arrived.

He too must make love with at least twenty men, to reach extreme degradation etc.

He organizes the meeting, with twenty young people etc.: in a filthy cellar in a suburb. He makes love to everyone. *

Once they have finished making love, the young people go to their homes: but they all live in the same neighborhood: one of them decided to throw a bomb in ['Termini station']**. It is unclear whether he is an anarchist or a fascist. The others, drunk, and inspired by Monsters similar to those who devoured their peers, follow him.

The bomb is detonated: a hundred people die, their corpses remain scattered and piled up in a sea of blood, which floods, among shreds of flesh, platforms and tracks.

B (whom we do not call A just for clarity) has a profound nostalgia for the fearful and reassuring life that A guaranteed him. From the small miserable apartment in the suburbs where he had settled to enjoy his solitude without limits, he goes in search of A.

But A's beautiful apartment in the center is deserted. B calls himself in vain. He doesn't find it. He wonders how to find a replacement for A. The Church and the Communist Party are no longer needed. All that remains for B is to make Oil the ideal of his life: he castrates himself. And he goes to take his place in the office, where the fascists with whom A had begun a tacit alliance policy have secured a larger share of power. With a castrated man, however, fascists cannot have relationships of friendship and esteem. With their ancient vulgarity they assign a girl to tempt B, castrated, in order to then be able to publicly mock him (and blackmail him into eliminating him).

But while poor B tries to defend himself from the fascist's courtship, the Devouring Monsters arrive and breathe a pestiferous breath on the fascists, making them hideous, half-rotten, infected, full of pages. 496

of pustules and pus. Thus reduced, they can no longer mock B the castrato: on the contrary, they must adapt to living with him, in the large oil research building.

In the meantime, A has gone to live in the middle of the countryside, in an old rustic house, where he no longer sees anyone: in the Middle East he had been initiated (by a Westerner) into the mysteries of an Orphic religion: he delves into this initiation; he becomes a saint; he is in relationship with God, from whom he asks for the good of all indifferently.

God listens to him.

An angel sent by the God of A, unknown to everyone, arrives in the Oil Palace, during a session in which the Minister of State Holdings is also present; B the castrato and the rotten fascists have given a wonderful

impulse to scientific research and economic organisation. Everything is going swimmingly, despite their tragedy. The angel heals them. B becomes a man again and the fascists become human beings. Now that they are healed, they must decide what to do. They decide that everything continues as before.

Spring or Summer 1971

My eyes accidentally fell on the word “Oil” in a little article

I believe of Unity, and just having thought of the word "Petrolio" as the title of a book then pushed me to think about the plot of that book.

In less than an hour this 'track' was conceived and written.

pag. 497

Letter to Alberto Moravia

Dear Alberto,

I am sending you this manuscript so that you can give me advice. It is a novel, but it is not written as [real] novels are written: its language is the one used for non-fiction, for certain journalistic articles, for reviews, for private letters or even for poetry: rare they are the passages that can be called [definitely] narrative, and in this case they are narratively discovered passages ("but now let's move on to the facts", "Carlo walked..." etc., and moreover there is also a symbolic quotation in this sense: “The voyager...*) which are rather reminiscent of the language of treatments or screenplays than that of classic novels: that is, they are 'real narrative passages' made 'on purpose', to recall the novel.

In the novel the narrator usually disappears, to make way for a conventional figure who is the only one who can have a real relationship with the reader. True precisely because it is conventional. So much so that outside the world of writing - or, if you like, of the page and its structure as it presents itself to one of the participants - the true protagonist of reading a novel is precisely the reader.

Now in these pages I have addressed the reader directly and unconventionally. This means that I did not make my novel an 'object', a 'form', thus obeying the laws of a language that ensured the necessary distance from me, <...> almost even abolishing myself, or through which I generous mind denying myself by humbly assuming the guise of a narrator equal to all other narrators. No: I spoke to the reader as myself, in the flesh, as I write this letter to you, or as I have often written my poems in Italian. I made the novel an object not only for the reader but also for me: I placed this object between the reader and me, and I discussed it together (as one can do alone, writing).

Now, at this point (this is the reason for this letter) I could completely rewrite this novel from the beginning, objectifying it: that is, disappearing as a real author, and taking on the guise of the conventional narrator (who, <...>, is much more real than the real one). I could do it. I am not lacking in ability, I am not new to rhetorical art, and I am not lacking in patience either (certainly not the boundless patience that one has only when young): I could do it, I repeat. But if I did, I would have only one path in front of me: that of re-enacting the novel. That is, I couldn't do anything other than go to the end of a road I naturally took. Everything in this novel that is fictional is so insofar as it is a re-enactment of the novel. If I gave substance to what is only potential here, that is, I invented the writing necessary to make this story an object, a machine pag. 498

narrative that works on its own in the reader's imagination, I would necessarily have to accept that conventionality which is ultimately a game. I no longer want to play (really, to the end, that is, applying myself with the most total seriousness); and for this reason I was content to narrate as I narrated. And here's the advice I ask you: is what I wrote enough to say with dignity and poetically what I wanted to say? Or would it really be necessary for me to rewrite everything in another register, creating the marvelous illusion of a story that unfolds on its own, in a time which, for every reader, is the time of a life lived and left intact behind, revealing as true reality those things that had seemed simply natural?

I would like you to take into account, when advising me, that the protagonist of this novel is what he is, and, apart from the analogies of his story with mine, or with ours - environmental or psychological analogies which are

pure existential shells, useful to give concreteness to what happens inside them - it is repugnant to me: I have spent a long period of my life in his company, and it would be very tiring for me to start all over again for a period that would presumably be even longer.

Of course I would, but it would have to be absolutely necessary. This novel is no longer of much use to my life (as are the novels or poems that are written when young), it is not a proclamation, hey, men! I exist, but the preamble of a will, the testimony of that little knowledge that one has accumulated, and it is completely different from what he expected |imagined|!

that

Pier Paolo

pag. 499

Sequences for Charles I

Sequences for Charles the First:

Visit to Pope John (one day in 196...) to be described etc.

Balducci and conscientious objection (Don Milani)

Mattei uses him for contacts with fascists (precisely because of his unassailability as an anti-fascist and left-wing Catholic)

The Sicilian fascists blackmail - for this reason - Carlo when it is time to kill Mattei; and Carlo becomes an accomplice (even if only with silence). About the Mafia.

Carlo first woman:

when he decides to do what Charles II did, he remembers the times of the "Mill", the sexual life and prostitution associated with youthful intellectual experiences.* This reminds him of male prostitution in the Montagnola. It is

there that he goes to organize the meeting with twenty similar to that of Charles the Second.

The bomb is placed at the Bologna station. The massacre is described as a “Vision”, Notes for Charles the Second:

The twenty boys who then disappear are guided by beneficial (traditional) Monsters even though they are 'modern' (consumerism, constant struggle, etc.). There

death as oblivion and loss of self in existence has archaic and benign characteristics: tragedy is pure etc. The Monsters then identify themselves with the lights of Verano. Their sparkle in the night. Essay on the dead old men of Verano.

pag. 500

Annotation

Indian devil names for communist spirits

NAMES OF FASCIST NAMES

Hoary Wolf

Role

Pragma

Porsche

Pugnetta

Fridge

Quarantatré

Musket

Bernabei

[Complaint]

[Collection]

- Everyone recommends one of the attackers (veterans from the fascist pussy); and everyone in a group distracts the policemen at the Bologna station, creating unspoken complicity etc. The attackers all have the names of fascist leaders or martyrs, but they are all very modern (some will have the names of singers)

pag. 501

Description of materials

Petrolio's materials - of which four pages are reproduced here - are preserved in a folder of 521 pages of which 492 are typed, with corrections and additions inserted by hand at different stages (blue and black ink, red and black marker), and 29 entirely handwritten (of which two on the sides of 2 half-sheets). The first pages of the folder show in order: 1. the writing NOVEL in the center of the page,

2. the writing VAS in the center of the page,

3. handwritten list of authors and works (here on the title page),

4. the writing PETROLIO in the center of the page,

5. two pages with a design note followed by an annotation,

6. epigraph.

On p. 8, at the head and centered, is the wording “Notes I. Antefacts”. From here on, the following pages are divided into Notes; in some cases (e.g. on p. 28 of the volume) the number and title of the Note are present and the corresponding text is missing. The notes are numbered below: the first bears the n. 1, the last one is n. 133. Sometimes between one Note and another there are pages with handwritten and, more rarely, typed annotations. Below we list the sequence of notes, indicating in brackets the presence of any interleaved sheets with annotations: page. 502

1, 2, 3, 3a, 3b, 3c, 3d, 3e, 4, 5, 6 (2 ff.), 6a, 6b, 6 bis, 6 ter, 6 quater, 6 quinquies, 6 sexies, 7, 8, 9, 10, 10 bis, 10 ter, 10 quater, 11, 17, 18, 19, 19a, 20, 21, 22, 22a, 22b, 22c, 22c, 22d, 22f, 22g, 22h, 22i, 23 (4 ff.), 31, 32, 33, 34 bis, 34 ter (1 f.), 36, 36b, 36b, 36c, 36d, 36e, 36f, 36g, 36h, 36i, 36l, 36m, 36n, 37, 40 (1 f.), 41 (1 f.), 42, 43 (2 ff.), 41, 42, 43, XXX, 43a, 50, 51, 51a, 52, 52a, 52b, 54, 54b, 55, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 64 bis, 65, 65 bis, 66, 67, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63a (1 f.), 63 b, 63, 64, 64, 65, 70, 71, 71a, 71b, 71c, 71d, 71e, 71f, 71g, 71h, 71i, 71l, 71m, 71n, 71o, 71p, 71q, 71r, 71s, 71t, 71u, 71v, 71z, 72a, 72b, 72c, 72d, 72e, 72f, 72g, 73, 74a (1 f.), 81, 82, 82, 84 (1 f.), 100, 97, 98, 98a, 99, 100, 101, 102, 102a, 103, 103a (1 f.), 102 (1 f.), 103 (1 f.), 1 occhiello: "Petrolio, seconda parte", 103b (2 ff.), 103c, 104 (1 f.), 105, 106a, 106b, 107 (2 ff.), 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 128a, 129, 129a, 129b, 129c (1 f.), 128c, 129, 130 (1 f.), 131, 132, 133.

There are therefore repetitions, transpositions and gaps; if in many cases these are mechanical oversights, in others they are residues of text movements, in correspondence with which the numbering of the Note has not always been updated.

Note 133 follows:

1. five pp. of various notes,

2. five pp. with the 'trace' of Petrolio,

3. three pp. with a letter to Alberto Moravia,

4. three pp. of various annotations.

In September 1974 Pasolini had a photocopy made of Petrolio's materials developed up to that point, with respect to which our typescript represents a subsequent phase of work both from the quantitative point of view (number of pages, new Notes) and from the qualitative (corrections, notes, additions, movements).

This photocopy was taken into account to verify the order of succession of the Notes.

CARLO SECONDO

Se un uomo è uguale a un altro uomo, tanto uguale da essere lo stesso, quale dei due è quello vero? Qual'è quello a cui l'altro assomiglia, meglio con cui l'altro si identifica? Qual'è il primo, in quanto termine di riferimento? Chiamare Carlo secondo la persona che è praticamente il "doppio" di Carlo primo è ingiusto: perchè potrebbe essere benissimo Carlo secondo a essere nominato per primo e quindi a essere colui al quale l'altro viene assimilato.

Probabilmente l'ingiustizia di questa gerarchizzazione, Carlo primo e Carlo secondo – anche se ci giustifica con l'essere puramente numerica o di comodo – è una ingiustizia di carattere sociale. Carlo primo è infatti, come abbiamo detto, un ingegnere, lavora ai vertici di uno dei principali Enti dello stato italiano, fa parte del "potere silenzioso" ma non per questo meno prepotente, anzi!, proviene da una famiglia ricca, perbene, religiosa ecc. ecc.; mentre per Carlo secondo, anagraficamente, non si potrebbe adoperare nessuna delle forme di identificazione sociali che ho adoperato per Carlo primo. La graduazione è quindi sociale. Ma Carlo secondo, evidentemente, sfugge alla socialità: ma il suo modo di appartenervi, come racconterò, è, appunto, sfuggirvi. Sosia perfetto di Carlo primo, dentro di sè contiene il vuoto al posto del pieno sociale che rende Carlo primo ciò che è e ciò che deve essere definito. E questo vuoto è riempito da qualcos'altro, che tuttavia si esprime attraverso tutte le regole di comportamento sociale che caratterizzano la socialità che riempie fà agire Carlo primo. In altro parole, se un testimone fosse presente alle azioni di Carlo secondo, non potrebbe poi riferirle, a un eventuale giudizio, che a Carlo primo. E così un poliziotto, sorprendendo Carlo secondo a fare qualcosa di illecito, di contrario alle regole borghesi e, più semplicemente, al codice, non potrebbe che arrestarlo in quanto Carlo primo: consultando i documenti di Carlo primo, informandosi sui suoi dati anagrafici, su ciò che, per opposizione, come in un sistema linguistico, lo colloca nel contesto sociale.

Carlo secondo è così, nella gerarchia sociale, inferiore a Carlo primo, pur essendone identico, così identico da non distinguersi particolarmente da lui. Ma la sua inferiorità non è controllata da Carlo primo.

Carlo secondo, come tutti gli umili, privi di autorità sociale – un po' come

APPUNTI 20 - 30 STORIA DEL PROBLEMA DEL PETROLIO E RETROSCENA.

↓

* CAMPI SULL' E.N.I.

Appunti 20 - 25 circa (contratti): Le basi

Appunti 25 - 30 circa (la Trama): Ipotesi finali

* manca un tanto "o relativamente" quanto "a sbalzo", o meglio a "flash - back"

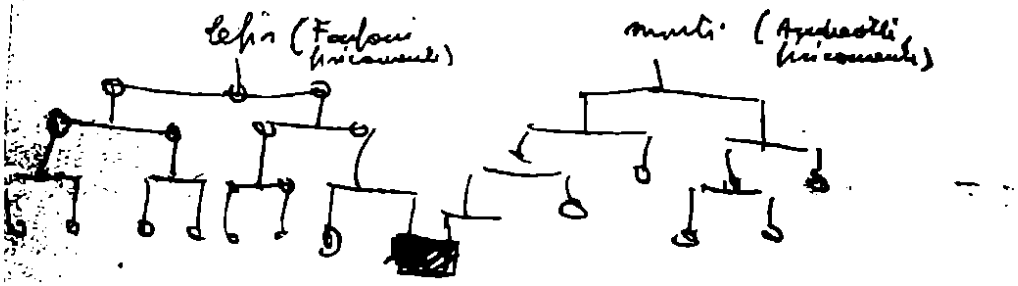
↑

tutto quello è un'enorme digressione alla storia, la cui base sta nell'atto di andare al riconoscimento della figura T e lo riprenderà quando egli entra.

Specialità dell' Ingegno Fiorentino di Rinascimento.

Specialità dell' ingegno Monte

secondo punti schiarimento



- La seguente figura con i' i' schiarimento è la stessa adottata da un'Ente Culturale fiorentino (per ragioni di accordo o mentale) nè da Cefis che da Monti (Aquaroli) - Il soggetto qui è un soggetto intellettuale di ricerca.

- i punti occorrono Carlo sono esposti a cause di due punti principali: uno, rivelando ottenere la d'incontrarsi politicheremiche comuni - chiaramente - per primo (vice-presidente o presidente nominato, come Boldrini) dell'altro

* Il racconto di Carlo al punto d'incontro del soggetto della ricerca è costituito sulla sua notizia e informazione di affari e mercato ecc. (Appunti 20-30) - Non conta nel punto di incontro il racconto come fatto di affari, ma come, mezzo, elemento almeno che informazione su di punti

RACCONTI COLTI

A proposito di "cultura popolare", per introdurre personaggi totalmente diversi dai protagonisti borghesi, in una ~~un~~ riunione intellettuale si raccontano e si commentano (vedi "I fratelli Karamazov), le seguenti storie:

L'acquisto di uno schiavo (a Kartum) - andata e ritorno (andata schiavista - ritorno osmosi tra le due culture, attraverso il sesso)

La storia di una famiglia indiana i cui membri muoiono a uno a uno di fame (cfr.Appunti per un film sull'"India")

La distruzione della popolazione del Bihar (~~g~~ Bianchi cercano di distruggere i 30 o 40 milioni di affamati e ~~sclerosi~~ sclerosi, dapprima buttando dall'alto "pacchi" di viveri avvelenati, poi addirittura bombardando a tappeto città e villaggi. Ma la popolazione non muore: appena uccisi, massacrati, tutti risuscitano.

Lo scambio di esperienze tra un giovane israeliano e un giovane arabo (tutti e due muoiono in un battaglia sul Golan ecc. e ognuno dei due rimasto nel corpo dell'altro, vivendone le esperienze culturali: l'arabo vive l'industrilaizzazione e il cosmopolitismo industriale di Israeale (a Betsabea), e l'israeliano vive l'esistenza preindustriale, contadina, magica di un villaggio del Libano povero. La storia finisce coi due funerali veri.

La rifondazione della religione dei Kota

UNa storia che si svolge nel momento in cui la Sicilia è rimmanizzata (Arabi e Siciliani)

Discussioni ~~sui~~ sui rapporti tra cultura popolare (poesia popolare, tradizioni reali ecc.) e cultura dominante (il cattolicesimo borbonico ecc) in un paese Lucano.

Storia di un emigrante greco o andaluso in Germania, vista nei [illegible] agli inizi del '68 (come emblematicamente rappresentativi)

pag. 507

Note

This set of notes intends to point out all the problematic textual situations that do not fall within the typologies highlighted typographically through the special signs present in the Warning. We considered it useless to point out obvious mechanical oversights (for example trivial slips of the tongue, small omissions, repetitions of words, residues of a first draft that the correction did not eliminate, etc.), all facts which have no textual or stylistic relevance and on the solution of which there can be no doubt. [M. C. and G C.]

pag. 508

p 5 * in the margin, at the beginning of the paragraph, we read: the blackmail of Charles II and the punishment of Charles I are combined.

Note 2

I * after the title, question mark.

** follows the indication: Other chapter

Note 3

14 * follows the indication: [indirect speech]; the two previous paragraphs, "This Body..." and "No, because...", at the beginning of which we read: that.

Note 3b

18 * the entire paragraph, as per the manuscript indication, had to be transferred to a note.

3D note

22 * follows a reminder for an expected but unwritten note.

Note 5

32 * follows a reminder for an expected but unwritten note.

Note 6

34 * throughout the note it was originally written «Charles the second», then always corrected to: Karl with the black pen, and finally, starting from the third paragraph, but occasionally, to: The second Charles, with the blue pen.

Note 6b

30 * in the left margin, and probably with reference to the engraving between dashes that begins with:

«'motion'...", there is an asterisk which refers to the following footnote: add these lines to note 3c

(Delayed Preface, III).

pag. 509

Exactly 6ter

42 * after the title, question mark.

** follows a page and a half crossed out, which ends with the handwritten note: describe in detail the various exhibitionist acts etc.

Exactly 6quinquies

*a question mark next to it.

Note 9

63 * at the top of the page you can read the note: insert two or three chapters on exhibitionism in the countryside, in the village; an arrow starts from the title towards the right margin of the sheet.

Note 10

65 * an arrow starts from the title towards the right margin of the sheet.

Note 17

81 * title added in the space between two lines, with the marginal indication: New chapter.

** follows the annotation: shadow and light.

*** follows the annotation: (Carlo's anguish).

**** follows the annotation: (Carlo's anguish).

82 * follows the annotation: (Carlo's anguish).

Exactly 9pm

114 * handwritten note, for which the corresponding reference has not been inserted in the text.

Note 31

119 * the previous page is missing, the text begins with a headless phrase: «oneself, good feelings, obedience, grace, inferior interest in everything discussed, etc. - everything has been said", followed by a question mark. The rest of the page is delimited by a pen stroke and preceded by the handwritten annotation: Note to itself (or new page). Note 31 is inserted at the top of the page with the annotation: (to be redone).

pag. 510

Note 32

121 * at the top of the page the annotation is inserted: rewrite everything 'as seen by' Carlo, who enters the living room, where someone is telling a story, and then, at the beginning: (and then series of stories).

Note 33

127 * follows a question mark; and eleven typed lines have been crossed out.

Note 34bis

128 * an arrow refers to the previous page.

13; * follows the Dialect annotation and then a reference for an expected but unwritten note.

** «put on the face» refers to «a mask», later replaced by «a simple appearance».

Note 41

167 * follows a reminder for an expected but unwritten note.

Note 42

181 * the final part of the sentence, from «he was doing...» is added in pen and left pending.

Note 43

181 * initially «Note 41», then corrected to 43, with an arrow referring to the end of 42.

Note 43a

188 * insertion sign, with reference to the annotation written at the top of the page: an example

'I licked pussy'.

Note 55

223 * next to the beginning of the paragraph it is noted: IX.

229 * in the space between the lines it reads: like, beginning of an incomplete correction.

Note 61

134 * laid out like this in the typescript.

23; * the entire paragraph was originally inserted in Note 62, see. following note.

pag. 511

Note 61

236 * two arrows indicate that after this paragraph the one that begins with: «The first solution that Carlo..." should be inserted; the paragraph that originally appeared below in the typescript is outlined with a pen stroke; based on the marginal note: Karl is no longer there (in conclusion) it has been moved by us to the end of the previous Note 61.

248 * «meets an Angel» is underlined and an arrow refers to the annotation: Dmitrij-Demeter (confused in drunkenness).

Note 65bis

250 * «Stava la Previdenza» is circled in pen and an arrow connects it to the end of the paragraph.

252 * follows, in the space between the lines, the annotation: Heroism (Humility) and Resignation.

** follows a reminder for a note expected, but not written.

Note 67

262 * follows a reminder for an expected but unwritten note.

Note 62

293 * reference to a previous song, later deleted.

294 * follows the annotation: Hospital («Eh, how many have died!»).

302 * a pen stroke delimits the beginning of this Note, which was originally part of Note 62; Note 63a is inserted in the space between two lines.

** follows, circled, the annotation on several lines: - motorboat - boarding / Charon / - disappearance on the horizon inside the lights.

Note 63

308 * follows a reminder for an expected but unwritten note.

Note 65

316 * follows a reminder for an expected but unwritten note.

Note 71u

359 * in the left margin, next to the paragraph, there are two question marks.

Note 71z

pag. 512

367 * follows a reminder for an expected but unwritten note.

Note 72f

378 * are followed by three deleted typed lines, in place of which the handwritten annotation is inserted:

<...> Lack of initiation: the Pattern acts immediately even for pre-pubescent children - it is not there

'training' nor brimade (as well as genocide also massacre of innocents).

Note 74

383 * an arrow refers to the previous page.

398 * the annotation follows: 30 Zen stories; at a social party (2 Oct. 1973); the first part of this, 30 Zen Stories, is circled; above it there is a question

mark and a reference to: pag. following

** precedes, circled, the annotation: Enlightenment (zen) which, according to a reference arrow, must be inserted between this sentence and the following one.

*** follows the annotation in red marker: Trip to Edo.

Exactly 100

399 * the title is circled with an arrow that refers to the following pages; typed notes and crossed out manuscripts follow.

Note 97

400 * at the top of the page we read the note: Everything seen with the "lucidity of mortal melancholy" of Carlo "changed into something else" with an arrow that refers to the text of the Note.

Note 98

410 * This last paragraph is found on a separate page, it is linked to Note 98 but there are no elements to establish its location.

427 * braid that refers to the annotation: delaying element: meeting of "scholars" in progress but which heralds the "Epochè".

** arrow that refers to the annotation: scenic situation: family reunion. The two girls think they understand badly...

Note 103

443 * white space corresponding to a word to insert.

pag. 513

Note 103a

452 * follows a question mark.

433 * the sentence 3) Tale of the Shit-Child is added in red and at the same time the original number 3) which characterized the following annotation is corrected to 4); an arrow subsequently indicates a further shift of the Shit-Child episode after those foreseen in point 4).

439 * everything is circled with a question mark next to it.

Note 119

489 * next to the title, with an arrow that refers to the text of the Note, we read the annotation: Everything as seen by Carlo conducted by the boy.

Exactly 120

491 * next to the title, with an arrow that refers to the text of the Note, we read the annotation: idem, with clear reference to the annotation at the head of Note 119.

** «small mountain» is underlined and a sign recalls the following footnote: at the foot of this small mountain the boy stops and silently goes back (crying) and leaves Carlo alone who climbs up and sees Turin from above.

Note 124

497 * follows the annotation; VISION / As for an advertising photograph, divided into three departments: silent majority, crime, political and intellectual elites; preceded by an arrow that refers to the text.

Note 125

500 * the entire first part of the note is crossed out; this last paragraph is outlined in pen and a reminder indicates: new chapter.

Note 126

501 * follows in the space between the lines the annotation: gray stones of his city.

** a sign at this point refers to this note, written next to the title of the Note: to finish the chapter with a visionary description of the 'misery' of those classic fascists; how much page 514

follows, almost until the end of the Note (see following note), it is circled in pen and a marginal note indicates that it must be connected to the previous section: EPOCHÈ.

503 * the circled part ends here, report it in the previous note.

503 ** an arrow with the annotations refers to this last paragraph of Note 126: include in the visionary description and: - a poor murderer (Di Latina?) (Angels?).

Note 129c

518 * follows a sign that refers to the footnote: his gestures as a female homosexual.

Note 128 c

527 * the title of the Note is circled and an arrow refers to the annotation transcribed at the bottom of p.

533.

Note 129

531 * the title of the Note is circled and an arrow refers to the annotation transcribed at the bottom of p.

533.

Note 130

532 * the title of the note is circled and an arrow refers to the annotation transcribed at the bottom of p.

533.

533 * at the bottom of the page there is the annotation: Managing the “Mystery”, omniscient and pedantic.

541 * between this paragraph and the following, this indication is noted in the margin, with an insertion sign: long description of his inability to make a career.

542 * on the left margin of this paragraph, it is noted: Bologna montagnola.

** above «Termini» Bologna is noted.

546 * in the space between the lines there is the annotation: <?> Pisa.

pag. 515

A curiosity. Pasolini uses the anatomical term glans 'front part of the virile member' as grammatically feminine. In normal Italian usage the word is of the masculine gender, and as such Pasolini himself uses it a couple of times. The term is, essentially, a descriptive metaphor: the etymology is glans, glandis, 'acorn', feminine in Latin as in Italian. Its transition to the masculine is typical of French (probably to differentiate the designation of the fruit from that of the tree, since in Old French gland is also used in the meaning of 'oak', and is therefore feminine). The masculine glans is historically justified precisely through the intermediation of French, where the anatomical term was first introduced (Ambroise Pare, 16th century). Pasolini's etymological feminine has all the air of a (perhaps unreflected) recovery of the original descriptive image, and for this possible expressive implication it has been respected, without leveling the oscillation. [Au. TL]

pag. 516

Philological note

by Aurelio Roncaglia

Requested to provide prior directives and final revision, to guarantee the philological correctness of this posthumous edition, it is my duty that - within the limits of this responsibility, willingly albeit recklessly accepted - I

deposit here, at the bottom of the book, a summary report on the problems that presented themselves and the general criteria adopted to resolve them.

But first of all, I would like to express my sincere appreciation to dear former students Graziella Chiarcossi and Maria Careri, who with patient and intelligent dedication supported the long effort of transcribing for printing all the manuscript and typewritten materials, which were not always easy to read. Special thanks also go to Graziella for the informative data that she provided me, on the irreplaceable basis of her intrinsic connection with the circumstances and ways of working of Pier Paolo Pasolini. To the deceased friend - an absolutely out of the ordinary personality - I am moved in memory, in whose spirit I tried, with humility, to recognize and not betray his expressed and unspoken compositional intentions. To the readers, my apologies for the objective difficulties, certainly not small, which we were unable to overcome in a completely clear manner.

«I have started a book that will occupy me for years, perhaps for the rest of my life. I do not wanna talk about it...; suffice it to say that it is a sort of "summa" of all my experiences, of all my memories."

With these words, Pier Paolo Pasolini announced his "project" in an interview given to Luisella Re and published in "Stampa Sera" on 1 January 197. Already «Il Mondo» of 26 December 1974 had published a no less demanding announcement, indeed with some more details regarding the dimensions foreseen for the work. In this case, it was Carlotta Tagliarini who collected Pasolini's words:

«What I have done since I was born is nothing compared to the gigantic work I am carrying out: a big 2000-page novel. I have reached page 600, and I won't tell you more so as not to compromise myself."

pag. 517

The same measures («six hundred pages sketched out of the final two thousand») Pasolini repeated to Lorenzo Mondo, and he reported in «La Stampa», again on January 1st 1975, with the pleased and winking confirmation of the ambitions concentrated on the work in progress: « it

contains everything I know, it will be my last work; I really enjoy having this secret."

An announced secret, and of which some friends - for example, Paolo Volponi and Enzo Siciliano -

they were to some extent aware (see P. Volponi, Pasolini maestro e amici, in the miscellany Why Pasolini, Guaraldi, Florence 1978, pp. 25-26; E. Siciliano, Vita di Pasolini, Rizzoli, Milan 1978, pp. 352 -54; and see also N. Naldini, Pasolini, una vita, Einaudi, Torino 1989, pp. 389-90, as well as the Cronologia preface to P. P. Pasolini, Lettere, Ù, Einaudi, Torino 1988, p. CXLI).

If it does not refer to a phase that is currently unattainable, the consistency of which was then skimmed off by a significant part (a not entirely unlikely hypothesis, when fairly extensive passages, even entire erased episodes abound especially in the oldest of the preserved materials), the the announcement of a draft which reached 600 pages between the end of '74 and the beginning of '75 reflects an evaluation rounded up by approximately two fifths. In reality, when in September 1974, Pasolini had a photocopy made, for personal use, of what had been written up until then (he often retreated to Chia to work, and did not want to carry the documents with him every time, in fear that the which had happened some time earlier to Carlo Levi, whose manuscript had been lost due to the theft of his car), the filled sheets - some by hand, the majority always typed by him and with handwritten corrections - were 337. At the date of his death , in the folder recovered by Graziella Chiarcossi (who left a photocopy with me) they had risen to 522, with an increase of almost 200 pages in thirteen months (and it was the year of Salò and La Divina Mimesis, the second form of The new youth and newspaper articles which later appeared as Lettere Lutherane). In the photocopy of '74

except for one (that of the father and the two daughters), all the stories of the Epochè, Notes 102 and 102a and the Digression were missing.

Compared to the "monumental work" in which it should have been carried out, becoming complicated like a

«Modern Satyricon», the outline drawn up since 1972 under the title Petrolio (see the first and last of the Notes collected here), what we have in hand today is therefore very little more than a quarter. A torso; rather a discontinuous series of fragments, some more extensive, some less extensive, sometimes just crumbs, telegraphic diagrams, even bare titles. These fragments, which Pasolini himself called Notes, had received a progressive numbering from him, often (not always) even pag. 518

titles. However, the outline of the order expressed by this numbering is modified in several places by clearly non-random movements made by the author in arranging the materials within the folder, without consequently rectifying the numerical signatures. These come to no. 133; but calculating the numbers bis, ter, etc. (in one case up to sexies), or marked with the addition of an alphabetical letter a, b, c, etc. (in one case even up to z), plus some repeated numbers for distinct Notes (nos. 41, 42, 43,103), as well as the initial note on one side, without numbering and title, and the temporary sheets on the other (often on tissue paper) sometimes interspersed between one note and another or added at the end as "annotations", as well as the original "list" and the letter to Moravia with which the folder concludes, we arrive at a total of between 180 and 200 units (depending on whether the group or the single sheet is taken as a unit). A conspicuous whole in terms of overall size, but conspicuously non-cohesive, as well as unfinished.

Between notes and notes, the structural consecution is sometimes immediate, but above all between the various groups of notes the links are anything but close, also due to the fluvial, digressive and episodic character of the imagined "form", which the imagination freely hatching during the work. The skeleton constituted by the "ladder" of '72 has received only a scant covering, nor does it seem to pose itself, if not in the abstract, as the primary support of an invention which instead proliferates all sorts of narrative and fantastic-descriptive neoplasms, often included in 'other and inclusive in turn of parentheses in which the writer reflects on his own progress and his own artistic intentions,

«I live - Pasolini announces, from the beginning - the genesis of my book»; and «the time of this book -

will later recognize - it is not unilinear." That principle of compositional "symmetry", on which

«Cathedrals and Allegories are founded... even when they are magmatic, disproportionate and abnormal» is proposed and in some way pursued, but through tendential indications rather than in perceptibly achieved balances.

There was not even a principle of implementation for that philological metanovel within which the novel should have been framed «in the form of a critical edition of an unpublished text», through an ingenious operation of pseudo-reconstructive editing, on collation («also stylistic and attributionistic") of "four or five concordant and discordant manuscripts, of which... two apocrypha", with complementary use of "other materials: letters from the author (about whose identity there is a problem... unresolved), letters from friends of the author..., oral testimonies reported in newspapers..., illustrations..., historical documents..., interviews..., film documentaries...», etc. (see the unnumbered and untitled note, on p. 3). Thus the idea of Greek inserts was announced, but not realised, page. 519

("write it all in Greek", with the annotation in brackets "Greek text" at the bottom of the following fragments), or even Japanese ("The extreme case -... an entire section of the work written in Greek characters.. practically illegible and therefore constituting... nothing more than 'something written' -

now it's about to happen again. This time the characters are Japanese. Here pure ideography and significant illegibility are evidently expressed [even better]."

Ads not followed by realization are also bare, marked titles

to personal mnemonic recall of unexpressed fantasies. Who will ever be able to tell us not only in what form, but on what concrete contents they would be

carried out, for example Note I, Antefacts; the 3e, The swords sold; the 6 quinquies, Two words on this Pasquale (here no more than a glimmer is opened by the parenthetical note: «Story of Pasquale - Picara - Smerdjàkov»); 21st, Lampi on Eni; 34ter, End of the reception (here too just

a telegraphic nod: «At the end of the reception, report the sentence schizophrenic patient -

Roheim cited by Brown»); 52, Young cock (Tonino's story); 52b, Il Negro e il Roscio; the 100, Story of four critics and four painters; on 102, Comments in the living room; 103, Searches for a new Carmelo Pisa; 104, Return to Turin; the 105, Turin Station, Pensione Sicilia: the 20th; 106, Episode of the winds; 107, Disappearance of the winds, their meeting with the twenty fascist spirits; 108, The Bomb; 109, Vision of the massacre; 103 (repeated number), I political block; 103b, Finale (only a few brief indications); 106b, Continue the great Digression; on 107, Meeting with

'Fjedka'? And there is even a Note, 33, consisting of a single number, without a title. Faced with these "holes" - which, among other things, symptomatically, correspond to culminating points of the original plot, such as the "massacre at the station" - the frustration of waiting can, perhaps, in part, compensate itself with excitement of the imagination; philology remains powerless.

Incompleteness is revealed not only in the quantity of what is missing, but also in the quality of what remains. The degree of elaboration of the Notes, even the most substantial ones, is very unequal. For some, the draft, although not definitive, has a sustained scope and appears stylistically accurate. In others, the hand is more feverish and the signs of temporariness become thicker. There are passages deleted and variously marked in view of a less hasty rewriting, which was lacking; alternative variants left without decision; replacement corrections placed in pen in the line spacing and not on the page. 520

rarely illegible There are summary indications of intentions, which have remained unachieved: for example, to join disjoined elements or vice versa to make some detachments, perhaps moving on to another chapter; to transfer some clarification to a note, or more often to insert notes that have not been written; to turn direct speech into indirectness, or to characterize it with dialect inflections; to change tone or point of view; etc. Nor is it just about microstructures. In one case, dissatisfaction with what has already been written even affects an entire series of notes (in reality not free from some excess of allegorical abstraction, although full of coloristic research),

and the purpose of rewriting is specified in directives peremptorily defined: «organize the various visions of the Gironi and Bolge with more narrative and concrete episodes and situations» (annotation dated 1

October 1974, at the bottom of Note 74a; the underlinings are by Pasolini himself).

There is no shortage of internal inconsistencies, which the author should logically have eliminated in a definitive draft. Some examples, among the most striking.

In Note 4, Carlo, born in 1932, spent "his entire childhood, from 1932 to 1945 in Ravenna": it would therefore seem that the place of birth, not otherwise specified, is precisely Ravenna.

In Note 5, «he was born in Turin [but “Turin” is a correction, upon deletion of “Ravenna”]... he attended elementary and middle schools in Ravenna; he then studied engineering at the University of Bologna, where he graduated in 1956." In Note 6, «he was born in Alessandria, he studied in Turin»; but then we continue to talk about his "first years" in Ravenna and Bologna. It seems like a progressive distancing, however not a complete detachment, from a setting originally closer to the author's memories; but if this is the direction, it is impossible to say whether it would have been maintained, and where the final choice would have stopped.

Carlo's sisters are «four» in Note 19; but only «three» in the previous Notes 8 and 10bis, where the names are also mentioned: «Chiara, Natalia and Emilia». It is reasonable to suspect that the number "four" was induced by a distracted aggregation of Viola with the three sisters, which

"they always kept with them", although she is not a sister, but rather the "maid's daughter". From a distance, in Note 125, the sisters become three again: «Chiara, Emilia, Natalia».

The Bonocore president of Snam is called Enrico in Note 20; but Ernesto in the 22nd. The

«fourth narrator» is duplicated for two different stories of the Epochè: 102a and 103 (perhaps Note 102a was written after and inserted before 103,

without the ordinal being rectified in this case).

pag. 521

Finally, beyond the inconsistencies in content, there is no shortage of formal imperfections, redundancies, approximations, harshness of style and in a few cases even of syntax, which the author would certainly have smoothed out.

An uncertainty cannot be said to have been removed regarding the title of the book itself. Among the initial sheets of the folder, one bears only the word NOVEL, a second only VAS, a third only OIL. Is it a question of complementarity, with PETROLEUM as the subtitle of VAS, or - as seems more likely - alternative hypotheses? VAS (behind which perhaps lies a double Dantesque suggestion: «vas d'elezione» and «natural vasello», with an ambiguous superposition of 'Grace' and 'Sex') no longer appears in the sequel, PETROLIO is repeated at the beginning of the Second part. The «list» preserved at the end of the folder, but dating back to 1972, only has the title PETROLIO, and also points to its genesis: «By chance my eyes fell on the word “Petrolio” in a short article, I think from Unità , and only for

[sic] having thought of the word “Petrolio” as the title of a book then pushed me to think about the plot of that book. In less than an hour this 'track' was conceived and written."

According to the external testimonies of Nico Naldini (Cronologia cit., p. CXLl) and Enzo Siciliano (Vita cit., p. 351), VAS should have replaced PETROLIO as the definitive title. According to that of Paolo Volponi (art. cit.), which refers to confidences received in the last meeting with Pasolini, «the book will be titled PETROLIO». For us, the doubt remains. Probably, the choice was postponed until the work had taken on its definitive appearance.

Even the qualification of NOVEL, announced in the title page, is subject to reservations, since, moving from the project to the realization, the writing of the work has escaped the definition of the "genre", as it is commonly understood. Pasolini's statements, both internal and external to the book, do not fail to underline this. «I don't intend to write a historical novel, but only to create a form». «My decision... is not to write a story, but to build a

form... 'something written'», "a block of signs", with the overpowering, therefore, of the symbolic idea over the narrative idea . And since the symbols allude to theses and ask for explanations, we move towards an analytical level of commentaries and reflections. «The novel I'm writing... isn't even a novel; ...maybe it's an essay" (interview with G. Massari, in "Il Mondo" of 31 May 1973). Stylistic awareness is clearly involved. «It is a novel, but it is not written as real novels are written: its language is the one used for non-fiction, for certain journalistic articles, for reviews, for private letters and also for poetry» (letter to Alberto Moravia). The word is pronounced: by its nature, the symbol tends to translate the thought into a poetic image. The page 522

"novel" condescends to "essay", but the "essay" strives to ascend to "poetry". Perhaps the ultimate goal is indeed a "poem", or at least "a kind of poem". And «this poem is not a poem about dissociation..., on the contrary, this poem is the poem of the obsession of identity and, at the same time, of its shattering». The deepest impulse is not of an objective-narrative type, but rather of intimate research, therefore inclined towards an instinctive lyricism. The notion of "poem" applies above all to this interior excavation. Not for nothing, the four Notes relating to the transsexual metamorphoses of the protagonist (an entirely private "mystery") are designated as "basic moments of the poem" (Note 51; Note 58; Note 82; Note 127).

But ultimately the definition of a "genre", or even a "title", is always something external: in the name of a nominalism that is perhaps symbolic, but in fact inessential. Even more so in the presence of a writing that is not only provisional, but deliberately ambiguous in the protean rapidity of its internal dialectic. For Pasolini's immediate sensitivity, "every combination of words is a poem, and every reference to facts is a novel"; even if what remains of it presents itself to us as nothing other than (Pasolini's words again) "an enormous pile of notes and fragments".

Among the consequences of the state of incompleteness in which the work was left, the most striking is perhaps the material imbalance of the construction blocks: the Second part begins on p. 459! But the most subtle backlash is certainly the one that alters the perspective intended by the author in the eyes of the reader. The psychological impact of every single page cannot help but vary when the extension of the context varies. If,

instead of the expected two thousand pages, only five hundred have arrived, the relative weight of each increases by three quarters; even more so if the final polishing of the plane and file failed to give it artistic lightness.

The incomplete formal elaboration then inevitably favors (against the intentions expressed several times by the author) a "content" type of reading. The voids create a sort of unpremeditated undercut to the figurative reliefs and accentuate their unsmoothed edges. It follows that the pages of the most extreme crudeness emerge more exposed and more aggressive for any reader (let alone for those with less unscrupulous intellectual openness): the ethical provocations on the rough terrain of eros ("the exasperated freedom of representation of gestures and sexual acts"

claimed by the Tetis contribution in the miscellany Erotismo Eversion Merce, edited by V. Boarini, Cappelli, Bologna 1974, pp. 95-103); the angry violence of outbursts and invectives, polemics and political insinuations (the "indictment" against "murderous politicians" and the "construction page 523

government of massacres", along the lines of the Lutheran Letters and the Corsair Writings, but with less restrained impulsiveness).

The risk is, evidently, that the shock effect of these "notes and fragments" may be met with an unprevented (or worse, badly prevented) reception, compared to the underlying inspiration and the final objectives that the author had in mind. , to some extent distorted, and not only in terms of aesthetic judgment. The risk is that these "materials", received candidly (or maliciously) in the state in which they actually find themselves - unknowable and private, yet (also for this reason) fascinating for the margins they leave to suggestion - end up providing Pier Paolo Pasolini an imperfect image, a little too raw and defenseless: partially removed from the rigorous "fren of art". It is a risk that we cannot hide from or underestimate. The philological ethos and at the same time the dutiful and affectionate respect for the memory of Pier Paolo impose, in this regard, extreme frankness.

In the conditions described, which are not in themselves encouraging, it is not surprising that those who held the exclusive right to answer "yes" or "no" to editorial requests (and to the expectations raised by Pasolini's own announcements) hesitated and delayed for seventeen years. , before

authorizing - from a primarily documentary perspective - the publication of the "enormous pile of notes and fragments" that the "PPP/P" folder contains. A painful and anxious decision, which is expected to fuel discussions and encounter criticism, perhaps even from friends and admirers.

It will therefore not be out of place for the consultant friendly involved in the technical-philological assistance to the operation to insert here some general and specific justifying considerations.

Taking care of an edition is always an ethical problem rather than a technical one. The moral responsibility of the curator is all the more serious when faced with a work to which the author has neither given the final touch nor given approval for printing. Is it permissible to publish an "unfinished" text whose diffusion the author has not given his approval?

Such a problem of conscience certainly does not arise for the first time; and almost always the decision to publish was validated a posteriori by general judgement. It is enough to evoke the most famous precedents: in the classical age, the De rerum natura by Lucretius, published by Cicero, and the Aeneis virgiliana, published by Varius Rufus and Plotius Tucca by order of Augustus; in the context of modern literatures and limiting ourselves to our century: the major works of Franz Kafka, published after his death (1924) by his friend Max Brod (Der Prozess, 1925; Das Schloss, 1926; the unfinished Amerika, 1927) , and the sequel to Robert Musil's great novel, Der Mann oline Eìgenschaften: that is - apart from the fourteen chapters completed and approved by Musil himself before his death (1942) - all pages. 524

that vast and disorderly complex of materials from which Frisé and Kaiser Wilkins drew two radically different posthumous editions.

The lawfulness of the editorial initiative will therefore be considered out of question; especially since Pasolini never issued a ban on printing "quod non a se editum esset", nor an order to destroy, "si quid ipsi cecidisset", all the writings that remained imperfect, as they had ordered in their will. Virgil and Kafka. To make a decision that is undoubtedly delicate, but which does not violate any testamentary provision, the closest joint will be recognized as morally legitimized, much more than the imperial authority and the

solicitude of a friend were legitimized to violate the explicit and formal "last will" of the author.

For Petrolio, the most delicate issue is another: not of legitimacy, but of opportunity: regarding the choice of the moment and the definition of the technical publishing procedures. Essentially, this was where the doubts arose that postponed the decision. To understand their nature, we must return to the specificity of the case. Apart from Musil, (for whom however it was a question of providing a sequel to two volumes licensed by the author and already established among the public), in none of the other cases had the writing stopped at a provisional and fragmentary cantonal phase, still so far from the goal. No one presented such burning content and formal aspects in relation to the human and artistic personality of the writer and the prospects of reception by a public opinion that was unequally prepared and, when Pasolini died, too shaken and still divided between enthusiasm and original resistance. not only or even predominantly literary.

There is no doubt that, if Pasolini had finished the book, with the meticulous elaboration patience that always complemented the impetus of his creative intuitions, the overall work would have been profoundly different from what we have before us. The letter to Moravia and the initial note without number or title suggest that perhaps nothing would have remained as it is today.

Nonetheless, the reasons that finally led to publishing what is in our hands today

- reasons of principle and also of fact - have an intrinsic weight in our prevailing opinion.

In principle, who on earth, and by virtue of what philological-literary ethics, could presume to condemn to perpetual censorship a work, certainly far from complete, and not suitable for any palate, but whose existence and consistency, whose intentions and ambitions have been known for some time, due to public announcements and private confidences of the author himself? Then when this author, on page. 525

seventeen years after his death, is he considered more current than ever, both by the best qualified critics and by a very large audience, both in Italy and

abroad?

In fact, the fragmentary and unfinished nature of the materials does not mean that they cannot be recognized as precious elements for a better understanding of the exceptional personality of Pasolini (who dreamed of Petrolio as the final "summa" of his entire experience): daring ideas and lucid glimpses of representations marked, with simultaneous ambiguity, by raw realism and enigmatic symbolism; feverish and shocking emotional explorations, objectified without reticence and yet without emphatic forcing; extreme intellectual tensions and always intimately problematic; pictorial studies - lights and colours, landscapes and portraits - watercolored with meticulous attention and vibrant with visual intensity; pages of very tender breath and disturbing poetic suggestion. To "anthologically" remove these passages would distort their meaning and value, breaking the flow of vital juices that ascend forcefully from an inextricable tangle of roots sunk into the common substratum: an unthinkable arbitrary operation.

On the other hand, the three decades that separate us from Pasolini's death, while they have seen the arguments in favor of the publication strengthened with his fame, have also, if not eliminated, at least diluted the perplexities that it was not unreasonable to have in the face of at the risk of a reception confused by immediate reactions, in the immediacy of contingent situations (political and customs), certainly not forgotten today, but somehow left behind us. Today society has changed, and the political framework has changed. The public (not only due to the maturation promoted by critical studies, which have certainly not neglected Pasolini) appears more prepared than twenty years ago to welcome a work like Petrolio, even in its anachronistically

"scandalous and provocative".

Once you decide to publish, the how remains to be determined.

The very singular state of temporariness, fragmentation and disconnection of the materials evidently constitutes the basis of the problem. The correct solution - the only one admissible from philological respect - is however suggested, even imposed, surprisingly, by Pasolini himself: with ideas that support the decision to publish, giving it an authentic chrism of legitimacy

which I would not say, from the outside, as additional , but, from the inside, properly foundational.

pag. 526

For some time, for more than twenty years, Pasolini had been toying with the idea of a book «written in layers..., so that... it presents itself almost like a diary...; in the end... like a chronological stratification, a living formal process...: a mixture of finished pages and pages in outline, or only intentional ones».

Thus, "the book will have both the magmatic form and the progressive form of reality".

This suggestive intuition is expressed in a note dated 1 November 1964, later used as a Note at the end of La Divina Mimesis (Einaudi 1975, p. 57).

A subsequent note, more vaguely dated 1966 or '67, also used at the end of La Divina Mimesis (p. 61), under the title For an «Editor's Note», translated the same idea into a precise project editorial. I quote verbatim: «This is not a critical edition. I limit myself to publishing everything the author has left. My only critical effort, very modest on the other hand, is to reconstruct the chronological sequence, as exact as possible, of these notes". AND

again: «The scruple of the accuracy of the chronological succession was the only scruple I could have. I therefore clung to it as a lifeline. I naturally understand that the reading of these fragments can be disturbed by a chronological succession which is that of writing and not that of meaning. But I preferred rigor - any rigor - to even honest and reasoned manipulation."

It will not appear arbitrary that this edition project, authentically Pasolini-like, is transported by us from La Divina Mimesis (where it constitutes a sort of appendix) to the case (in concrete terms much more pertinent) of Petrolio. Even less arbitrary when it is noted - as it is interesting to note - that the date of the note "1966 or '67" coincides with the date "January 1967" of what can be considered "probably the first reference" to the project of the new novel, in a letter to Livio Garzanti: «There are various projects (including a

particular return to narrative, of which I will tell you when the idea has matured better)» (Letters cit. p. 625).

The relevance is obviously recognized not only in the objective state of the materials (the note attached to La Divina Mimesis speaks of «many notes..., some of only two or three lines, almost illegible», which for this respect, and also for others elements of the conception, closely anticipates Petrolio), but also in the situation imagined by Pasolini to justify that ecdotic project, which is in reality a formal invention: the author of the unfinished work «died killed by blows with a stick, in Palermo , last year". This is how the note explains: with a kind of premonition, the effect of which we could comment on with words written, for another purpose, by Pasolini again: «There is nothing more 'hallucinatory' than the 'occurrence', in actual fact, of something that it was predicted and described as...

possibilities" (Lette luterane, Einaudi 1976, p. 141).

pag. 527

If the project note placed (without heading) at the beginning of the folder containing Petrolio's materials was not implemented, which envisaged the assumption of such materials within the framework of a philological metanovel, intended to make it even more ambiguous and problematic the novel, through the prior contestation of the normal assumption of a definitively fixed and circumscribed meaning, fate has, in its own way, tragically sanctioned Pasolini's intention to transform the too material textuality into an indefinite complex of virtuality.

Those who take care of the publication today find themselves exactly in the situation that Pasolini had imagined more than twenty years ago, and can therefore only abide, with moved and reverent docility, by his dictate: «publish everything that the author has left», and publish it as he left it, abstaining from any "manipulation, even honest and reasoned".

In reality, given the operational framework, there is no need for any manipulation. Not of those subtractive acts permitted by Augustus to Varius and Tucca to selectively eliminate repetitions and redundancies from the Virgilian text, without however adding anything: «ut superflua demerem,

nihil adderent tamen» (Servius). Nor, to give an example closer to us, known to Pasolini (see

Descriptions of descriptions, Einaudi 1979, pp. 229-34), of the additional ones used by Lorenzo Mondo to suture diachronically distinct and not otherwise connected materials, when (in 1968) he edited the posthumous edition of Il partigiano Johnny by Beppe Fenoglio (arousing the perplexity of a severe vestal of philology, who in the result deplored, not wrongly, «an astonishing textual hybrid»).

In our case, not only any interpolation, even if it were to build the bridge of a "transition quellconque" over the crevasses of the provisional draft, but also any elimination of elements (and there are some) that could be superfluous or disturbing, would impermissibly contradict the author's will. From the premises it follows that everything in this book - even the gaps and inconsistencies - must be considered significant in one way or another, and therefore intangible.

In our case there is no need for that reordering of the fragments that the note to La Divina Mimesis foresees as the sole task of the publisher (to whom it poses the dilemma between continuity of meaning and chronology of drafting). Pasolini himself took care of the task and had given the notes in the folder a non-random order (also contradicting, in some cases, the numbering he himself had previously placed). There is now no need to respect this order, even where (in very few cases) it is conceivable that Pasolini himself would perhaps have modified it. The author lives, every page. 528

decision is provisional; with his death, every provisional choice becomes definitive; and the principle is even more valid when, as in Petrolio's project, non-definitiveness was considered by the author to constitute the intended "form".

As for the rest, if the gaps may leave us with some regrets (but at the same time be stimulating to our imagination), the inconsistencies (of which I have highlighted the most glaring examples) have very little relevance, and will not disturb the reader any more than he is disturbed by those, typologically similar, which nevertheless remained in the "definitive" texts of authors such

as Ariosto, Tasso and Manzoni. Nor will it disturb the fact that some words remained "illegible", when it was Pasolini himself who artificially inserted the note in brackets [illegible word] in some of his verses, pursuing calculated estrangements (see for example Trasumanar e organizer, Garzanti 1971, p.

103).

All this does not mean that those responsible for the publication can be said to be relieved of all responsibility.

What remains for him - beyond the painstaking effort of checking the accuracy of the transcription - is a delicate task. What the edition of an unusual text like Petrolio first of all requires, due to the accidental and substantial particularities of the object offered to the reader, is that the reader is always and immediately provided with the possibility of an exact perception of the state of the text, of the alternative variants on which the writer has not made a choice, of every word, engraving or passage marked by autograph indications of uncertainty and provisionality; and at the same time, that the possibility of a fluent, linear reading, free from philological concerns and literarily enjoyable by all, is not disturbed, or as little as possible. In short, the presentation of the text must be able to reconcile (to use the terminology of initiates) the needs of scrupulous esoteric rigor with those of maximum exoteric openness.

After a series of tests in which we were assisted by the patience, experience and taste of the graphic technicians (a special acknowledgment of gratitude goes to Nino Colombo), we were able to adopt a system that seems to me to respond quite well to the two opposite and equally essential needs. No indication of philological interest has been omitted; but the reporting was entrusted to means light enough so that the thread of the reading is not interrupted. The reader will find in the Warning the explanation of the few simple symbols used, and in the Notes - concentrated at the back of the volume - all that information that can be considered useful to promptly clarify the state of the text, where the symbols were not sufficient .

Our task stops here. In themselves, the nature and conditions of the text could provide support for a very wide variety of considerations. When faced with a work by Pasolini, it is impossible to remain indifferent. But, to observe firsthand the correctness that he is called upon to guarantee in the ecdotic operation, the technician is required not to go beyond professional boundaries. Here he must inhibit any intrusion of taste and judgment. The work contribution requested from him and provided by him is strictly philological, not critical or literary history.

AURELIO RONCAGLIA

pag. 530

This is Cefis

The other side of the honored president

by Giorgio Steimetz

This collection of articles, better than special reports that appeared on the "Milano Information" press agency in the space of a few months, is not intended for the king of the trapeze, Eugenio Cefis, but for his friends, his guarantors, his very high accomplices: politicians, industrialists, various barons of the economy and power in Italy.

When the journalistic investigation began in April 1971, Cefis was still part of ENI (with Girotti already holding the vice-presidency of Montedison); today we are witnessing a significant reversal: Cefis as president of the gigantic national chemical complex, Girotti as president of the National Hydrocarbons Authority. From the big foot to the arm, in a Pirandellian exchange of roles.

Certainly the baron par excellence of petrochemicals has already read these reports, probably enjoying himself - so much so can the legend that the misdeeds help to sugarcoat - and admitting their rigor, as some well-informed people claim; but literally overlooking them, as befits deities consecrated by fame and the favor of the powerful. Perhaps regretting if we have to rely on other no less reliable versions - that there was no desire to seek a preliminary settlement: in short, offering the whole thing to the

flames, in exchange for a suitable compensation for the effort wasted in putting together the correspondence; silenced in advance with a modest check of several zeros.

Man, measure of a style. Let's reverse the famous equivalence. Presumption takes advantage of technique and this brings the ambitions to port. In fact, the accusations do not touch the skin of Eugenio Cefis. On his behalf he ignores them, instead strengthening his own against others, his predecessors: what to think of the shameless measure with which he presented himself to the Roman magistrate, in January 1972, to be questioned and perhaps make ruthless statements on the case Valerio? In fact, he ensures that Justice has asked him for copious documentation to put the former manager of Montecatini on the ropes, and Cefis certainly will not miss the opportunity to magnify the new course with the reflected and magnified shadows of the old.

Incidentally we could add that a colleague of the Rome magistrate has equally copious documentation, this time provided by us without ulterior motives or specific requests, on the misdeeds of Cefis. But no investigation is launched against him.

What Justice would this be? Spadolini, to bring grist to the not always efficient mill of Montanelli, in court in Milan for the well-known defamatory reports on Venice, goes so far as to state that «the right to criticize a newspaper belongs to the essential and indispensable characteristics of a civil society, democratically organized ». Precisely: but Corriere della Sera itself knew of the sensational complaint brought by the Milan Information agency against Eugenio Cefis. Why then, in the name of a sacrosanct and fundamental right of criticism, did he not even take it up again? Criticism yes, but one way, where it is convenient (Montanelli and Venice). But where it involves a page. 531

foreclosure of advertising revenues (ENI, Montedison, Cefis), absolute silence.

In line, obviously, with certain Justices who bring proceedings against fallen Presidents - Giorgio Valerio leaving aside the Presidents in office, even if they are swindlers.

Eugenio Cefis: a disturbing character, perfect integration of the system. Unbridled in his aims, cold in the exposed connection of his private intrigues with the commitments of his public management.

We have written it clearly, reported in this dossier. But also a legendary mafioso: and we are writing it now, to see if the accusation thus configured fits the disarming description that we will continue to weave on these pages. We do not add any supplements to them, we do not update any facts. Leaving Mr. Cefis president at ENI; in this capacity, outlining various curious and edifying events that are far from definitive. Still overshadowing the suspicion that the famous "L.S.P.N" (Linea Società Pubblicità Nazionale) which works with extra advertising such as certain campaigns to "look for a house" clearly suggests - belongs to Cefis: while subsequent investigations revealed that it was incorporated into ENI, worsening the accusations formulated by us.

This is the truthful adventure experienced at the head of one and another of the giants of the Italian state economy by the most illustrious (and distracting) boss of the industrial and political mafia of our country.

An adventure that the interested party has scrolled through and swallowed even if the morsel may not have gone awry.

Others however - this is the reason for this collection - still have a sense of responsibility and respect for the Law they represent. Consistent ethics that the silence of the press makes by mortifying contrast more isolated and competent to do justice: not to Mr. Cefis or to us but to the truth.

pag. 532

The two occult powers of the well of black gold

The War of Liberation ended five decades ago. Officially at least. But the resistance, in its most picturesque aspects, continues. Precise objectives, consummate craft, absence of scruples: only the target is different. No more Nazi-fascism to be fought in hiding with partisan groups, in the obscure role, perhaps, of the subsistence worker. The new enemy is more elusive: called

capitalism, bourgeois society, consumer civilization, aberrant democracy, dictatorship of parties, (trade union) revolt of the masses.

The alliances have not changed much, we are almost at the time of the CLN. Catholics with Marxists, making the hybrid red and white carnation. (Historical) Republicans with restless heirs of the rising sun. A lot of rhetoric to be burned in the squares, solemn promises like a war paean: freedom of the people, triumph of the people, justice for the people, peace between peoples.

The people: the measure and reason for all post-war sovereign expectations, framed on the scoreboard of the 1980s, the famous Ten-Year Plan to which technicians and politicians, current leaders and unions had their hand. The economists in the gallery, the financiers in the coulisse behind the scenes, courting a billionaire brain: "He", Ombra di Banco in the whole affair. Elegant and feared technocrat, He sits behind the desk clear of papers, wrapped in the soft climate of still lifes of a chosen signature, alternating with arcadian visions of landscapes.

The climate of Milan has such an inhuman dimension in any season, such a monstrous face of hospitality that it makes the search for a comfortable retreat outside the city indispensable.

Return to nature, between distinguished crusts and fresh whiffs of the air conditioner, intimacy of a corner fireplace in the large study with dividers, classy carpets and stylish furniture.

We defeated fascism, the history textbooks say, a quarter of a century ago. To the deserving, the gratitude of all honest democrats, with some ad personam recognition: Enrico Mattei, officially invested with AGIP, one of the most coveted collars of the Annunziata, to be put into liquidation, will be able to redeem it; the wells of the regime and the drills of excellent technicians will discover that little methane and oil for the power and success of a man.

Cefis, lieutenant, and Enrico Mattei. After Bascapè, once the woes of an inconsolable widower have passed, the deputy has no scruples in recognizing that certain presences are cumbersome. The Italian oil empire,

once its founder has died, is in the safe hands of a praetorian destined for demiurgy.

A brief, emblematic transfer of power - Marcello Boldrini - and then, once the interregnum of a pygmy gentleman was over, the inevitable investiture as deputy, in dialectical opposition with Mattei in the last two years of the founder's life.

Eugenio Cefis takes up residence at the headquarters in Via Chiossetto in Milan. Not on the top floor of the Metanopoli skyscraper. There is space there for generals, colonels, entire battalions of troops and the naive canvases of Fiorenzo Tomea. Here a distinguished and stylized driver with silver hair, a representative body, anonymous pictures of views and lively still lifes, a couple of shift secretaries, almost 24 hours a day. A question of personality: how to live in the decorum of « other"?

In common, the two ENI magnates had nothing but the flair for domination: an exclusive vocation.

In via Chiossetto the same call buttons work, the public (and private) relations with the powerful, the very reserved showgirls, the motto: I want, therefore I can and I command.

pag. 533

Incidentally, the question remains on which payroll the driver Breda and Tedeschi are registered, given that they work on secondment for the Cape's private business. But the question is just naive as well as untimely. We will talk about it, and in great detail, in another subsequent report.

Parallel lives

Machiavelli? Who knows if Eugenio Cefis doesn't even care about historical references and the analogical flaws of the ritual. More simply it is the logic of war. Of course, at the time of the Florentine Secretary, both Cefis and Mattei would have entered the author of the Deche's personal exhibition with their heads held high.

For the rest, the two captains of fortune are not at all alike. Mattei was for close-ups, Cefis loves third and fourth row positions. The one loved to gain an enemy a day, like Horace Coclite, to face them, destroying them; the other despises the spider's strategy, loves honey, puts to sleep and defuses the adversaries that happen to happen to him.

Everything can be obtained from oil: even morphine to calm the nerves of the agitated and buy, if necessary, a (golden) silence. The man from Matelica made a splash on video and in magazines every day; the heir (arising from the robust people of Cividale, the Forum Julii of the ancient Roman province), is like Gustavo Thoeni: he wins but doesn't give interviews, he dominates on the snow, not on the newspapers.

Chastened and temperate, Mattei did not smoke. This one, on the other hand, does not fear the Cassandras of tumors, he is a Marlboro enthusiast who offers generously to his interlocutor, not being able or knowing how to sacrifice a smile due to the almost total absence of communication.

A cigarette lit together, under the cover of the still lifes on the wall, a clear gaze like three steps from the Madonnina, two steps from the LSPN, in the Passerella gallery, an elegant and bourgeois neighborhood, four steps from the other headquarters in Via Borgonuovo, the former partisan who shares economic supremacy in Italy only with governor Carli, has just arrived by personal jet from a tiring mission, but his face is relaxed, the aggressiveness of his gaze unchanged, the rhythm of the conversation is very rapid and monotonous.

Over there, in the next room, the secretary blocks some phone calls: there's no point in disturbing the doctor, she says. Over here, at the confidential number known only to a privileged few, the telephone interrupts the cold eloquence of Cefis; another Marlboro to the interlocutor, a blink of an eye to apologize, an important character (everyone becomes important with him, new Midas) at the microphone.

The conversation is full of monosyllables, the intruder is right in front. This man can easily identify the golden man: looking at him you wouldn't really think that he is a sort of atomic power in the Italian economy with that

appearance of a robust herdsman and the gait of a cattle broker, protruding ears and ruddy face.

It is not said that an idol must have come from the hands of Phidias; even the Buddha of ENI is allowed to overlook the vanities of the world.

The phone call is soon over: as soon as he hangs up he seems satisfied; perhaps Peter Seven for a few pages. 534

now he won't show up again, or Girotti, or Mattioli.

As for the occasional visitor, the closing line "I'll take care of Colombo"

seals the meeting: any problem and for the President of ENI a simple trifle: just go directly through Emilio Colombo with whom he seems to allow himself to deal as equals. Higher up, the sky.

Doses for hypnotic silence

The mighty man has arrived. Even in the control room of the State: whoever wants, can turn off the power or cause a short circuit, as in the case of Montecatini Edison. The Cavaliere del Lavoro Eugenio Cefis has come a long way since the days of Raffaele Cadorna. In the centenary year of the Breccia, Cadorna is doubly a symbol. Because the logical Cefis knows that on the political market it is not even impossible to be heard behind the Bronze Door.

The ways of the Lord are infinite, and we will be able to point out some of them along which the ENI President agile and dynamic administers the talents received from Providence and fate. It's difficult to resist him, because he knows how to influence, in fact he is one of the few in Italy who can afford such an unusual luxury. The landing units of the press have tried, and don't try: with the «Giorno» and the Agenzia Italia - the six-legged yellows - he makes a clean sweep, unleashes frontal attacks of singular effectiveness (given the ambivalent political strategy of the two information tools), launching in the meantime, like a Marshall Plan, goods (read: advertising) and persuasive means (read: contributions) to heal the inevitable damage of the conflict.

It is symptomatic that the same «Borghese», indomitable fascist and libertine, traditional opponent of ENI, its weekly victim, has for some years spread a veil of silence, boasting of a more profitable uncritical appeal, such as today in Italy no one can afford suicide in installments, speaking badly of ENI or its President. The occasional pamphlets can still be found on used book stalls. Not even the indomitable and wild Montanelli can break the team orders: both the Spadolini and the Crespis benefit from the publicity fodder of the national oil emirate rather than a demonstrative charge against the pachyderm.

Silence comes at a price. In petrol vouchers or counter-covers with the six-legged dog. All that is required is meekness, discretion - especially when reading ENI's financial statements - and deference for the Metanopoli giant. Above all by ignoring, for better or for worse, Eugenio Cefis. We must close our eyes, graciously, on the management criteria, on contracts, on concessions, on foreign policy, on contributions, on financing, on the moral participations of the Hydrocarbons Authority.

Halos on wood

Cefis is not Mattei. The less you talk about him, the more he likes you. He rarely goes to Metanopoli. His pages 535

lieutenants ensure that his wishes are satisfied. He is satisfied with a personal plane, a three-day stay in Rome, and a few secret numbers on the telephone. He finds time to water ski-

they assure - in front of the lakeside villa on Lake Maggiore during the weekend, restoring muscle tone and shape.

Enrico Mattei, as we know, loved fishing in the upper Antholz valley, in Pusteria. Eugenio Cefis has a different, more refined hobby, that of ex-votos that his trusted friends find for him in a hundred parishes in Italy and abroad. In short, he collects the acts of faith of others, bringing them back to their original clarity, placing them side by side in parallel series until they fill the walls of the waiting room on Via Chiossetto.

These are naturally the (once) usual graphic manifestations of gratitude for some benefit obtained thanks to the intercession of a saint; often the work of the interested party, they constitute a pleasant chapter of coloristic ingenuity and expressive comics. The collection of these polychrome tablets, however, is quite unusual, both due to the difficulty of an out of circulation commodity (the abusive possession of such testimonies borders on sacrilege, like a collection of funerary tombstones or processional crosses), and due to the price and relative rarity of the material in circulation. In any case, a rich mania that would make a psychoanalyst happy as a psychological investigation text.

An airy way to make the guest uncomfortable (of respect, to be admitted before the Chief), with these naive depictions of short news stories rich in anatomical features, of frightening disasters (avoided), of elementary eloquence. The guest finds himself a bit like in the basement of a convent in Palermo or San Bernardino alle Ossa in Milan, in the midst of a sort of colorful macabre dance: in any case, he is the one who needs the doctor who is there, with a table clear in front and some still life around.

Enrico Mattei, whom Cefis absolutely intends not to resemble, loved to ingratiate himself with the religious power, taking on the Presidency of some high moral body, in which he could impose himself with great personal availability, so that men could see - rightly - which instrument of Providence doubled in the great financier. The successor will not be outdone (noblesse oblige): inserting himself at different, but always dominant, levels.

Dominants with the stainless charm of a very high public office: the stars - nowadays -

they shine for the role, not for their beauty (and Cefis, needless to say, is a complete star). With influence over some private industrialist, one of the few who begged him for some orders or a non-aggression pact. With the group of men in his entourage who can ensure him a lasting legend and a bit of halo that he doesn't miss at all.

Other medals are pinned to the powerful chest of the former partisan and the freedom of action and power becomes ever wider, given that downstream the

dam of good works is absolutely guaranteed to be perfectly sealed. It is easy to understand how creditable such merits are.

Mattei and Cefis: an inevitable match, even if the former by accident or other mysterious cause belongs to history. The bold initiatives, the unpredictable movement, the vast network of interests, friendships and intrigues are not enough to frame the second; the complicity of the press, enslaved or marginalized, the silence of Ministers, of the Government, of Parliament.

Like a character by Simenon, Eugenio Cefis also has the coherent typology of the psychological narrative hero: the double personality must be investigated, grasped to the quick, intuited through often elusive details, set aside as gossip; privacy, indiscretions, rumors, certain symptomatic episodes. Elements that are worth - for a portrait - more than the lights of the spotlight, triumphalism and its creature, that '80 Plan which we have named so because it is anonymous and page. 536

secret, it has a sure potential, elastic but seductive goals, indulgences and consensus galore.

Political cobwebs

The fireplace in the corner does not reveal Cefis only the calm and reassuring bourgeois aspect of a natural socialist man. Under the ashes of Liberation '45, the fire of the great social reform, probably bloodless, smolders - Cefis does not like bloodbaths, purges, the lie detector, but the gloved hand, the internal revolution, the peaceful liquidation -. A messianic task: to overturn a verb congenial to him, a lexical tic of the conversation of him a Society, with the golden method of the mixed economy. More of a realist than the King, the President does not fear the Siberian bear, confident that he has already tamed it within the confines of his home. Therefore there can be no other alternative: the communists in a pool in government, precisely for the bold and unprecedented experiment of a conjunction in orbit between the Western capitalist system and the socialist economy.

Smarter than Mattei? The two found themselves operating in a different historical dialectic. but there is a convergence: rivalry in friendship,

distinction in communion; Mattei broke through, Cefis took over in power and skill. Tomorrow, neither of them will go down in the annals as Superman like Donegani. The resistance is the scene where they performed in front of good-mouthed audiences, before facing the political acrobatics of the most visible stages.

Mattei's adventurous temperament; Enlightenment adventurer type, Cefis. From the comparison the first one comes out exaggerated. Born achiever, founder, dynasty leader. Instead, the current President, if you take away his balance sheets, his assets, his medium and long term credits, his shares, his residual assets and liabilities, is on the ropes.

Yet they never fought for the parliamentary medal - indeed Mattei, who was in possession of it, opted for it at the time of the incompatibility and left Montecitorio -, for a political consecration which if you take away football and songs seems like the only path to success. eternity in this world.

Men like Cefis influence entire sectors of Parliament, operate levers and gears in Ministries, provide liveries to a host of foolish but faithful servants; they could suddenly buy an entire football team and make it win the championship, put a mortgage on the San Remo Festival, buy newspaper chains and record companies.

Mr. Hyde's good deeds

That Mattei died poor is a legend, and a petty one at that. Like that of the salary paid punctually to the cloistered nuns of Matelica. He left billions, divided regularly between his widow and his brothers. The disinterest of great men belongs to tailor-made biographical production. In a certain sense they are not tied to money, they conduct themselves in public (and sometimes even page 537

in private) with sobriety, detachment, simplicity. Mandatory qualities of a busy businessman. Even if they do not reach the sordid avarice of the famous and not only Jewish financiers of the past, they usually affect contempt and carelessness for the goods of this world, while at the same time ensuring the comfort (not despicable) of glory, with all the ancillary

benefits and pending fruits. In short, just enough to guarantee a peaceful future.

Ultimately we find it understandable that those who serve the cause must live from the cause. The personal jet, the Persian carpets, the primitive tableaux for grace received, a lake in property, are (and were not) merely scholastic accidents of the role, like the wig for the English judges or the white gloves of the driver. All junk attached to the ritual, the function, the office.

Thus it is a convention of convenience, a rather bitter joke that sees Cefis as a state official. The Friulian loaned to ENI has his good and honest national interests, as we will demonstrate, which he carries out personally and resorts to the prosecutor's office, with a telephone call from «Chioscasadieci» for those of the plantations abroad. If the '80 Plan fails in the profit-loss account and the President's salary were to be cut, it would be necessary to secure something other than the collection of ex-votos.

Moreover, apart from these elementary provisions, Eugenio Cefis is entirely dedicated to guerrilla warfare: it is his ancient profession. His staff of assistants and strategists work with decisive discretion, using excellent consultancy and exemplary political experts.

We are at the beginning of a discussion: it's obvious. Just an introduction, ours, or rather a premise: on ENI as an impact force, as a financial instrument and endorsement. What Cefis knows very well is that you can't buy everything. Our (ex) votes and others not for sure. But he is wise and prudent, not like a crusader underneath for sure. But he is wise and prudent, like a crusader under the besieged walls of Jerusalem...

pag. 538

The tools of imperialism

The synoptic overview of the first two sovereigns in the Italian oil empire showed us several absolutely divergent somatic and psychological notes, by nature or by free election; the Resistance has an identical historical matrix and many things in common: the temerity of the undertakings, often

irrational and daring, but always successful (as we will have the opportunity to verify); the immunity that always saves them, a sort of chrism of unexpressed but accepted (and paid for) secular infallibility; the fundamental conquest of the political market, of key positions, of entrances and credentials.

We freed ourselves from fascism, a totalitarian and corrupt regime, thanks to Cadorna, to Parri, to thousands of anonymous anti-fascists who offered (and left us) their lives, without having anything in return other than the grateful esteem of honest men, sincere democrats.

But something remained, not only in the right-wing extremist fringe. The cult of personality, for example, the mystifying aura of legend and genius reserved for a few champions.

Whether it's a legacy of the recent past, a local vice or an exclusive component of human nature, it doesn't matter. The fact is that the saints place themselves on the pedestal, they are incensed, they are feared; we run to them to intercede, we sign tacit career policies, we exalt ourselves and don't touch each other. If the man is mediocre, so much the better, the maneuvering claque takes care of it, robust brains, excellent intellects, top-class technicians refine him.

Mediocre, Eugenio Cefis? Mediocre, the former President, Mattei? It would be like questioning the quality of powerful Italian petrol: a few barrels in Cortemaggiore and Bordolano that a Carneade dog like Eng. Fiacca knew how to find black gold minerals in this homeland of ours which was unstable but rich in archaeological finds and necropolises, but so stingy with marketable fossils.

Let's also reverse the addends, the result does not change. Powerful petrol, powerful master.

Customers and producers are very loyal.

Thanks to the latter - the rarefied staff of specialists affected by the cult of personality and indisputable talents of ingenuity - the climb also to Montecatini, with the internal complicity of impatient and ambitious very

high officials and the external support of the conspirators-experts mentioned, to the detriment of small shareholders and on behalf of Cefis. At the expense of forty-six thousand worker-shareholders of the only company in Italy that can boast this mass participation in the capital, as said by that unreachable gentleman who goes by the name of Carlo Faina, former President and victim in pectore of Valerio, first, and of Cefis , After.

The mask and the face

As for nose, Mattei before, Cefis today, beat that of the famous dog on page by different lengths. 539

six legs, mascot of the House. It may be that genius coincides with smell; in our case it is out of the question. Your nose in the air, feeling the thrill of opportunities, scrutinizing the direction of the winds and the course of the (political) stars. However, before becoming the baron of the (phantom) Italian oil, Cefis did not seem like a genius, nor did the comet auspiciously accompany him from the short celestial space of Friuli to the great metropolis of Lombardy.

But here is the magic wand, the stroke of luck, the historic opportunity; in the ravines of the Mountains (sacred, and with a capital letter, to the glories of the time), the guerrilla warfare, the maquis, the sabotages, the coups of that exceptional episode of our last Risorgimento phase which is the fight for Liberation.

Perhaps we linger and return too often to this biographical moment, decisive in the life and fortunes of the great patrons of ENI. Of course, today, like yesterday, it seems that the battle is not over: for many years, in fact, the cheerful and plump weekly «Borghese» par excellence has shot zero at the old wolf of AGIP. If the batteries are currently silent - although the fascist hunt has replaced the witch hunt in the consumer civilization -

it means that Eugenio Cefis, this character who seems like the bourgeois and capitalist version of Bernanos' Abbé Bonissan, was able to do better than his predecessor. Reducing silence and with persuasive arguments is one of the most remarkable traits of ingenuity of the President of ENI.

Cold and detached, devoid of human warmth; courteous just enough to save form and remain in the cliché of the industrious, distracted but condescending, very high manager; equipped with the typical under-control of someone who has arrived and no longer has knees to bend and smiles to frame; sufficient with elegance; temperate in his usual effusions, down to the confident gesture of a cigarette to formally attenuate distances, a tiny dose of emblematic opium. Composed and apparently always sure of his facts, imbued with metaphysical presumption due to the wear and tear of the role and banal enough to be absolved and justified.

Under the veil of refined detachment, the authentic profile of the despot, hairy on the chest but absolutely hairless on the tongue, the scathing joke, the thumbs down out of habit - for anyone who contradicts him; ready to crush the slightest reservation of the interlocutor with an intensive dosage of figures and budgets. Beyond the sufficient arrogance of tones, the metaphysical void of one-way logic. Contemptuous alternative, offered from villain to villain to anyone who gets in his way. Cefis can only always be right: if you don't give it to him, he demands it. True captains of industry do not display the dry style of horse traders: but Cefis, like the nobles created by Napoleon, is not an authentic nobleman of the Ancien Régime; he is just an upstart. Who speaks in fits and starts, tracing on a white sheet of Freudian doodles that a psychoanalyst could describe as Piano's libido, an obsession with his plans. Then the oratory mechanism stops: it doesn't square the interlocutor, but sniffs him, probes him, drills him like this, put on the ropes, dignifying him with a reply, a pause, an inviting silence. To the objections, the reservations, the timid protests, he addresses the knock-dawn solver, that mythical reversal which he raves about as if possessed, the dreamlike meaning of his whole world.

The first of the class

What is this doctrinaire mystique of reversal?

pag. 540

The overthrow of traditional policies, persistent although expired, which have survived despite the times having condemned them to ridicule; the overcoming of historical barriers, understood from its pre-eminent position

as grotesque and crude dialectical pretexts in papier-mâché; new policies for new courses: fully experimentable in the economy, in government alliances, in futuristic majorities, in the games of international diplomacy; equally prêt-à-porter, compatible in short, with the strategy of oil, publishing, the press, the same good works.

Extremely astute, he doesn't need much culture and doesn't waste the amount you can read in his savings book. Reckless, he does not play on the stock market with securities registered under prudence: otherwise he will never be able (or will have to) pay. He prefers risk to calculation, being able to afford the luxury of few enemies and a lot of honor. Of the fourth estate, the press, affects detached sufficiency. New Stylite, he crouches and admires, high on the horizon, the others: emeritus imbeciles or, better yet, honest nothings.

He shows so much sympathy and deference towards the ruling political class, at all levels, that when speaking about them he even manages to unleash a few sarcastic jokes, he, denied any (official) vein of humor and irony. Of industrialists, even untouchable and venerated ones, he expresses (perhaps with silence and facts alone) the most disenchanted contempt. Valerio, Pirelli, Pesenti, Agnelli: fearsome competitors, to be marginalized in the class struggle, a bit like us with the postman who lost a registered letter.

Even if he used verbal regards towards them, the system with which he manages his state monopoly, the ease of his financial or strategic moves would be enough to completely deny it.

As for the ecclesiastics, the fifth estate, it is a little difficult to grasp an opinion on them, limited in any case to those who wear at least the red sash or other insignia of rank. A caste in itself, probably, with which he has little in common even though he has a lot to say. Of course, with the high clergy his tactics are refined and conformed: he goes so far as to bend the knee, bowing his proud and mangy head to the kiss of the sacred ring sensitive to the atavistic, distant but powerful voice of the authentic masters, with whom it is always good keep the dialogue open and cordial. But having casually completed the gesture of homage, a bit blasé and decayed, he resumes his eloquence, to illustrate the last white, or yellow, or red plan, depending on whether it delimits the new deal of Eugenio Cefis in good works, in ENI

policy, in the overturning of structures. The always rigid, conceptual, unalterable tone of someone who can do no wrong.

With the doorman it's easy to always be right: a half smile, a nod, a glance. But with the emirs of the ecclesiastical arm the task is more difficult. Cefis then intensifies his own hypnotic verve, reaching the point of enticing laughter, the subtle cunning of the clever and fortunate proletarian who still recognizes in Providence a minimum share of merit in his own, self-sufficient career.

All on the elastic thread of gambling: but can a self-respecting patron ignore the rules of risk?

The nabob of empty investments

The founding law of ENI commits it to carry out oil exploration activities in the Italian subsoil. It's natural. Mattei first, Cefis after, in defiance of statutes, in spite of governments, of page. 541

Parliament, with common sense (and at the limits, as we will highlight, with the same legal rules), largely snub methane research and the trickles of national oil, already exploited to the maximum.

They too, like millions of compatriots, emigrate: they go abroad, as luxury knitters, to compete with the Seven Sisters. A place in the sun, of treacherous memory, Mattei and Cefis tried to guarantee it to Italy. In '58 ENI invested between 12 and 15 billion in Morocco with SOMIP, but we know how these things go. Never mind, not even a hint of black gold. In Sudan (1959), other wells swallow billions and do not give away a barrel of oil. After the Libyan interlude, ten billion in Somalia, about five million a day to activate the probes without any better conclusions.

Finally the Persian Gulf, with the Scarabeo, ENI's floating platform, and the oil is found; initial profit immediately canceled out by contemporary, useless drilling in the Zagros mountain massif, a year of work at an altitude of 3350.

Unfortunate, inevitable episodes How many billions have the big oil companies sacrificed so far in prospecting, surveys, attempts, holes in the water? But no one cries crocodile tears for the (occasional) misfortunes of

private companies that have balance sheets in millions of dollars. When it comes to poor lire, and what's more taken over by the State from taxpayers and handed over to the six-legged dog, one feels like transferring what little we have in a Swiss bank. Billions and bad luck for ENI. The star does not help the state stallion...

A moral? But isn't the Prince above the conventions and constraints that degrade the day of ordinary mortals? Certain businesses which, by nature, have a dizzying margin of risk must be attempted by companies and private capital. When the money belongs to the taxpayer, the money is not played at roulette, placing the stakes in Persian carpets, worth 25

million each (perhaps the legendary Buddhas of State Bodies know something about it). The moral is all here. It will be said that if successful, the use of capital would have paid off one hundred percent. But then it's better for ENI to buy all the New Year's Lottery tickets.

Another elementary consideration. If Italy needs methane for wells that are running out of gas, for certain pipelines that turn out to be wrong (as we will say later, mentioning the supply of gas made in Libya and the USSR), to act as a cap for other, more expensive ones forms of energy, electricity, coal, diesel, cannot be transferred without batting an eyelid to entire complexes that cost an arm and a leg, entire teams of technicians and specialized workers, to attempt the adventure of Moroccan, Sudanese and Somali black gold.

Not all the blame should be placed on the respectable memory of Enrico Mattei, because Cefis, at that time, shared his politics and responsibilities. After the good (selfish) giant of Matelica and the brief, gray interregnum of Marcello Boldrini, Eugenio Cefis has on his shoulders the full and direct participation in this dream of greatness, foolish and experienced enough to fear defining it, in a word, fascist. It is a great and noble thing to have fought the regime, but equally hallucinated dementia is to completely copy its glories, its triumphalism, its oil empire.

High school escapes and adventures

interna.

Ignoring the statutory dictates and expanding with the histrionic agility that enhances its legend, a daily newspaper was founded, one of the most esteemed press agencies - "Italia" - was confiscated, and, with all the constant liabilities, the "Italia" was absorbed. Lanerossi", bought the "Pignone".

Making a list of the clubs in which one of the six paws of the Rossoneri dog has scratched would require the use of a good part of the cast characters for Treccani. Let's just say that the expansion of ENI, the proliferation of its interests, the rescue of companies, the development of new industrial and financial entities was initiated by Mattei and carried forward with indomitable determination by his successor. At the base is a global contortion of interests, calculations, risks, to impose the dictatorship of black gold, to feed the troughs of the undergrowth, to guarantee immunity and deference.

Everything can serve to consolidate a state within the state. Is there no mention of Mattei's attempt, after Soraya's repudiation, to make the two crowns - Savoy and Shainsha Pahlevi - coincide between the Iranian monarch and Gabriella, the kind and restless scion of Umberto and Maria Josè? A fable for magazines or an authentic (failed) prospect to reach certain positions of privilege for the patron saint, in that Chaldean land, so rich, in fact, in oil? Let's let it go: if it isn't true, it is undoubtedly plausible.

With Montedison, Eugenio Cefis will have better luck: to take it away from the potential buyer who would have bothered him, to save ANIC from a formidable competitor, all that remained was to acquire the share package and control it easily. The systems adopted, as everyone knows, did not shine either for elegance or wisdom; but the morsel, although only 3% drugged, can easily be swallowed with good doses of bicarbonate or other, more congenial, cholagogues.

Steppes and deserts of the Po Valley

The clearing house works very well at ENI. Who ever goes to check whether the drilling rigs planned for research on national soil have emigrated years

ago with the results we know? The code does not consider the analogous crime: "distraction of probes and crews" as authentic embezzlement. It can be downgraded to a simple, involuntary hijacking of vehicles, if in Italy, in the meantime, methane was dripping from the eaves. However, national gas is not enough at all.

Here then is the latest sublime idea of that genius Eugenio Cefis: introducing excellent foreign gas into Italian methane pipelines.

According to research carried out, the Italian subsoil reveals some non-negligible deposits of methane gas. However, we cannot speak of wealth. The polls are proceeding tentatively, a bit

everywhere, without organic planning.

They are currently intensified in the Adriatic and between Sicily and Pantelleria, in pool with other oil companies, always chasing the mythical black gold of the Middle Eastern base which should reach the Mediterranean area.

pag. 543

In the meantime it is necessary to meet internal demand by purchasing the necessary supplies from Gaddafi. Once the deal is completed, the methane is immediately processed in the Libyan ports, liquefied and transferred to the province of La Spezia, in Panigaglia, where it undergoes reduction to its primitive state, becoming gas again to be introduced into the Italian methane pipelines of Caviaga and Cortemaggiore.

Another powerful national product, therefore, like Agip petrol. Research also continues outside Italy, in the North Sea, together with Philips and other companies.

But the psychological masterpiece of Cefis is not so much the sublimation of Libyan methane, nor the prospective supply (since '73, it is said, in increasing quantities and for a period of 20 years), of Dutch gaseous hydrocarbons, via an oil pipeline it will cross Germany and Switzerland to reach our border, as will the agreement with the Soviet government for the supply of Russian gas, sufficient to fill the shortage of national crude oil.

The problem, which is by no means insoluble for the means that ENI can manoeuvre, is that of extending the network of methane pipelines from Italian territory, through the Comecon countries, to the steppes and Soviet wells. Once the gigantic conduit is in place, the Soviet methane will be added to that of the former Italian colony to ensure the blue and very hot flame of the powerful Italian combustion medium for the housewives of Italy.

Overall, a doubly astonishing way to open: on an economic level, by selling pipes and pipelines to Russia in exchange for methane (sale at a realization price for otherwise immobilized artefacts and materials); on the political level, creating an entente cordiale, an economic alliance between the two countries, with the advantages of prestige and welfare that everyone, on the internal political horizon, can appreciate.

Here is the (brainy) reasoning that the Kremlin must have suggested to the (comrade) doctor-president: you bother the Seven Sisters; you therefore have what it takes to earn the respect and trust of the Soviet people.

Furthermore, although the ENI is just a cockroach, even the thickest skin feels its bites. You know how to exploit the Italian taxpayer's money just like us. We will give you the gas from the steppes, which you will always pay for with the same money, feeding it into the methane pipelines regularly built with the same money and which without our contribution and that of Gaddafi would be reduced to an unused network to be left to the archaeologists of the three thousandth.

In summary, the language of the Soviet tovarisch must have been the same: Cefis, having arrived in Moscow with the usual personal plane (paid for by the State) and complete with staff (id. id.), remains enthusiastic. His nose didn't betray him. Deal done. Upsetting all customs, the President obtains (effortlessly) a close-up on the 8pm Radio News to exalt the arduous achievement with ill-concealed satisfaction.

Two things are obvious: that the USSR made the deal and that the (pending) fruits in political terms were secured by ENI. The institutional tasks are not respected, but the times and deadlines of the '80 plan are beginning to obtain the first recognition. Applause in Italy (liberals excluded), understandable

joy for the communists who will soon be able to better heat the pot of the Conciliar Republic with the powerful Soviet methane.

pag. 544

A voice that does not sound in the desert

As for the vigilantes of the big press, Cefis has no worries.

Directly or through appropriate arrangements they, however good and independent they may be, find themselves with the pen tied to the staff of the cantata Beatus Vir, for soloists, orchestra, choir and organ, which the master likes so much. Totally unaware of Vivaldi's musical themes, but an excellent connoisseur of directors, conductors, instrumentalists (and audiences). In a country where SIPRA, a state advertising monopoly, subsidizes whoever it wants, he influences three-quarters of the free press, asking for discretion and moderation in exchange. It is naive to ask why ENI maintains a newspaper with intuitable liabilities (does the Tax Office ever have the opportunity to take a look at it?), like the official organ of the oil centre-left. «I1 Giorno» served Mattei, in the years of centrism, to support a more advanced policy, a clear prolusion to that centre-left that was in the air and in the heart of the man from Matelica; a policy smuggled with the usual state money, through editorials, asides, clearly fraudulent questions, of support for the socialists who were pressing at the doors, then (as today) de facto allies with the communists; newspaper with a strong economic-Marxist tone, one hundred percent secular.

A questionable newspaper from every point of view. For the dumping of its distribution criteria. the ferocity of the language, the absolute lack of fair play and self-criticism, the haughtiness of his signatures even in sports - apparent austerity of the theses in perpetual and stunning collusion with those of his communist brother, the polemical ease of the arguments and the theme. Of this information tool it could be said, briefly, that it constitutes the older brother, on a daily basis, of certain sensational magazines which are easily scandalous and absolutely unspeakable in terms of moral judgement.

If a newspaper must be, first of all, authoritative to be credible (or vice versa), well, «

The Day » has never been, nor will it be (barring metempsychosis) a reliable and respected spokesperson. The brains are there, the financial means abound, the space is not lacking, but the banner of bad faith and misunderstanding takes away every veneer of dignity and style from this oil daily newspaper.

However, it was tolerable that an organization like ENI and a President like Mattei could have an unofficial spokesperson, a personal defense weapon against the once proverbial attacks on the oligarchy of Italy's black gold.

But now the centre-left is in full bloom, Mattei has disappeared, the socialists are up to their necks in the government, arbiters of the situation; ENI has guaranteed itself the controversial immunity of the press and parties; foreign policy slavishly follows the push given by the oil sub-government: what justification for the billions thrown to the wind in the passive management of a newspaper that has had its day?

He has had his day because he completed Mattei's political plan and has almost achieved that of Cefis. Inserting communists into the leadership of power in Italy: aren't we on the eve of it? Once the goal is achieved, what will become «The Day»? Will Eugenio Cefis be able to get rid of it if necessary, settling every passive slope with the prescription and euphoria of success?

We turn the question to the doctor in via Chiossetto. He won't answer, lowering his eyes.

Entering into his privacy is inappropriate and wrong. The least we can do is to finish page. 545

immediately on the (black) pages of the (black) book of (black) gold, marked with the finger as imbeciles.

The gold and rags of the sorceress Circe

«Il Giorno», with its daily newspaper losses of millions, with terrifying amounts of depreciation for a very modern machine, in a headquarters built on land paid for two billion (a waste that borders on the margins of the scandal. The Minister of State Holdings is not really at 'dark?

And ignores and remains silent because other undue presences are entangled in the affair?); a sheet with colossal losses to sprint ahead of the competition (shipment by plane, with special carriers); advertising launches, color pages, supplements and inserts that would bankrupt the « Corriere della Sera » are kept alive. A useless, wrong, depressing newspaper.

Its existence is a paradox: the law establishing ENI does not provide for it, does not justify it, cannot admit it. But for Eugenio Cefis it is a test of strength, a badge, a presence, an instrument of power. It's part of his style.

It maintains it in spite of the statutory law, of the Ministerial Committee which should monitor the management of a public body like ENI, of the Government and Parliament, of public opinion. No one knows the liabilities of the "Day" exactly, except Cefis and his diligent squires. In the balance sheets of the Hydrocarbons Authority he enters anonymously, confused in the cauldron of the end of the year.

However, the President, with his very sensitive antennas, receives and accepts interesting indiscretions: other newspapers seem to have their years numbered, the oilman Monti and the cementman Pesenti - with whom we recently saw him conversing cordially: what is happening?

An armistice between the six-legged wolf-dog and the representative of large private industry?

There must be something underneath; the two are cunning, but Cefis is twice as wicked when he smiles; Monti and Pesenti, we were saying, may get tired of financing their newspaper chains; The Courier"

dei Crespi is standing because he found a pedestal and aligned himself; its spearheads, like Montanelli, fire blanks, tamed, for the survival of the most noble city of Venice.

Looking ahead to the 80s, Cefis' instinct should not deceive him: with state oil, state wool, state cars (despite Fiat, Alfa Romeo is expanding); State drugs, hospitals, banks, railways, electricity, salt and cigarettes (and, soon, pills), the dawn of the State newspaper will come.

Like Pravda, the «Day». Stupid utopias? Let's hope.

Are the accusations of embezzlement also a joke, both in the distraction of systems and personnel, and in the waste of public money in publishing companies?

The literal interpretation of Genesis prevails almost everywhere: work does not ennoble man, but is his condemnation, the debt that he will have to pay for generations until the end of the world of an original sin. Understood so faithfully, the theory of success is immediately explained, with all the freedom of initiative, means and alternatives granted.

So what is ENI's distraction, what can megalomania matter at the expense of the people of one page? 546

test?

In the short or distant term, the President of ENI will be able to demonstrate, with the alchemy and sufficiency of genius, how the (immoral) use of state money benefits the transcendental fortunes of the state itself.

pag. 547

The man dressed in asbestos

We have always conducted parallel physiognomies between Mattei and Cefis, to the point of repeating ourselves with an assertion bordering on paradox: both show so many faithful resemblances as to make them absolutely different from each other. The imperiousness and arrogance of proconsuls, the exceptional ease of action, the psychological incommunicability, the cheerful corporate deviations, the immunity of management; the aura of mystery or legend of their private life: all elements common to the two biographical portraits.

As for nature, managerial techniques, tools of activity, opinions of things and men, appearance and tastes, the oleography does not coincide at all. Superpositions that lead to the (emancipated) Cartesian theory of clear and distinct ideas.

We will use a curious analogy between the two, that of registered residence.

Enrico Mattei was resident in Milan at 10 Via Fatebenefratelli, while at that number everything could be found, except the home of the esteemed President, who famously moved with his Lares to a hotel apartment in Rome, with Mrs. Margherita pizza.

Eugenio Cefis, on the other hand, was born on 21 July 1921 and is 50 years old; married to Righi Marcella born in 1927 on the Lario, in Belgirate (acquired passion, therefore, water skiing); he lives, by registry deduction, in Via Borgonuovo at 15, with his eighteen-year-old daughter, Cristina. Therefore, Cefis actually resides at 15 Via Borgonuovo, even if recently. But at number 14 there is another mysterious personal office. We limit ourselves to pointing out, not having bothered Tom Ponzi, that until some time ago Eugenio and Marco Cefis, his son, lived in different apartments but at the same number four in Via Dandolo. Now his son Marco seems to have found a more comfortable home in via Fratelli Gabba 7, while his father has reported to the civil registry office of Milan that he has moved to via Borgonuovo 15.

Is this home-private office ambivalence in which one resides in via Borgonuovo but secret bases are hidden and operated there part of diplomatic strategies?

The taxable income of the petty bourgeois

The nebulous aspect of this story is, ultimately, entirely personal. Rather, it would be interesting to learn how much he paid the family tax to the Municipality of Milan, since the name of Eugenio Cefis did not appear in the list of major taxpayers until a few years ago. Any citizen has the right to view, in due time, the (public) roles of municipal taxes, this is obvious. But the absence from the infamous column of the city newspapers when they dedicate the annual fiscal x-ray, limited to the family's taxable income, of the Milan bigs of a man like Cefis leaves us a little dumbfounded.

pag. 548

Cavaliere del Lavoro, president of ENI, ANIC, SNAM, AGIP; director of the Italian Commercial Bank; doctor (not accountant, however) with two private offices and a more than respectable and exciting residence; a driver

and special secretaries; personalities with shareholdings in various companies, Italian and foreign, and with salaries that have not yet been paid to the Martinitts or to the Foreign Missions: with all these guarantees of fiscal aristocracy, he did not belong to the elite of Milanese taxpayers.

According to the illustrative rules regarding the criteria for applying the family tax, the deductive method must be fully applied, whereby any form, even apparent, of well-being, distinction, of social level - with all the external accidents - is rigidly added for a definitive calculation.

Therefore either Eugenio Cefis knew how to cleverly hide the luster that surrounded him and the income of every kind that could reasonably be attributed to him; or he enjoyed particular consideration in this presumptive assessment phase. However, let us not forget that the President of ENI, in the blaze of priorities that gravitate on his shoulders, is a poor State official: has it ever been heard that a State employee, even sitting at the top of the ladder of hierarchical values, is not a beggar by birth, vocation, necessity?

For a person who uses state money in social enterprises unrelated to the institutional Eni of the body he presides over, a modest and discreet mention of the benefits he enjoys, the income, travel, salaries, medals, allowances would be legitimate and understandable, even more so that we believe his civil merits cannot exempt from those checks to which the less well-off are subjected with the tax return, the controls, the tiring and burdensome agreements, the judicial system of tax application.

Perhaps the priests will still shed some light

Eugenio Cefis's file must enjoy particular attention from the Finance Authority: we want to say that he is not one of ordinary mortals, that the person deserves a certain deference: his complaint, consequently, is covered by discretion and confidentiality (perhaps in the Office director's drawer and not on the shelves accessed by employees).

Simple inferences, but justifiable and significant. Here too, the barely elementary discussion reported regarding the family tax should be redone. It is possible that the employee of group B or the employee of INA will always have to account for every cent, and still find themselves regarded as a

criminal and a liar by the nose of the sleuths employed in the Tax Office; while the adults go off on a tangent, avoiding Scylla when they just can't avoid Charybdis?

Of an unfortunate bourgeois or proletarian taxpayer (two terms today in the process of mutual elision), the tax authority draws immediate and rigorous x-rays on the income. Wouldn't it therefore be perfectly honest if Minister Preti denied, with figures in hand or on his word alone, a tax question called Cefis Eugenio?

But let's open our eyes for once: how can a benefactor of the nation be subjected to (tax) brainwashing? Isn't it one of the pillars of our economy,

impersonating ENI? Why rage when his job makes billions for the state coffers, with Italian oil and Libyan-Soviet-Dutch methane?

Notoriously, these leaders of industry pass for people detached from money, disinterested, temperate, who generally do not forget their humble origins and a certain asceticism of life. Just like the Marquis Casati, that suicidal little bourgeois, absolutely negligible before the tax authorities and the Municipality of Rome, who revealed himself too late even for him, the poor, filthy rich man and perfect liar (in the face of the duty of loyal and complete tax sincerity): no affinity with a President of the 'ENI, not even pulled.

Just a tax precedent. Furthermore, it is superfluous for Minister Preti who orders strict checks on the matter before awarding the candidate the Knighthood of Labor (Cefis has been one since 1970), but who perhaps does not indulge, as would be nice, in subsequent counter-checks after the award .

An esteemed man and politician of respect, the Minister from whom we ask for clarification. If he manages to track down luxury, almost untouchable prey, like certain magnates of the ACLI and the trade unions. Is it possible that by this route I cannot reach, in their bomb-proof (circumstantial) hideout, state industrialists by investiture, rich proletarians by expedients and wealth situations, such as the President of ENI?

Gentlemen, the Knights of Labor - but also the President of ENI on Christmas Eve - must earn it (and their bread) day by day.

By simply asking that the contribution situation of Eugenio Cefis be made public, we are not making an illegitimate claim: such is the social dimension of the (state) company ENI, that its President cannot - in the eyes of the people - avoid a clarification of so much importance.

From which he could emerge with (fiscal) merits unknown to us and absolutely beyond reproach. A tax entity like this deserves, let's be honest, special care. The complexity and collusions of the Cefis prism, instead of blocking the progress of the investigation, should favor it: for the benefit of everyone, the State first and foremost. And I save every good ending.

The monopoly of the National Hydrocarbons Authority and the position of its sole Manager resist (or have resisted so far) any concentric or isolated attack, any courageous or careless denunciation, any attempt to shed light on it. The government authorities are silent, as is Eugenio Cefis (at least until his press office loses his temper because he himself cannot help himself, and responds with zero praise). As impenetrable as the Po Valley mists, the President seems resistant to the (now rare) press campaigns which, like summer storms, occasionally seek a diversion.

The diplomatic suitcases of the « Governor »

People of his ilk, at that Hyperborean latitude, snub with dignified agility the venom of the barbs, the sporadic attacks, the thousand boring and malevolent postulants, the polemical overtones of the Sunday speeches with which politicians are trained, the funny bogeymen of parliamentary investigations, threats and blackmail, the gossipy whisper of spreaders, leeches and newspaper reporters.

The Judiciary has nothing to do with this strategic and moral extraterritoriality that page. 550

distinguishes (and minimizes) the independent conduct of a (presidential) republic within the Republic.

This is a hasty conclusion, suggested by the ancient national skepticism of a country where victory in a derby exalts the crowds and defeat humiliates them and destroys their enthusiasm and mental balance.

We think that sometimes it is precisely excessive ease that for long periods of time guarantees a sweet and easy life for the most reckless trapeze artists in the political and economic world. But one day the rope breaks. Certain controls will also begin to be triggered for the Lord's elect, the first in truth to have to bear witness to the doctrine they teach or impose, without living it.

This immunity from office could logically fall within the customs of the political mafia, so that any (but documented) accusations made against Cefis would spill over, as in a sort of chain reaction between communicating vessels, onto the accusers themselves or their supporters. .

On the other hand, it is always possible to recognize in rational hypotheses that perhaps Eugenio Cefis is just a pawn, the most highly placed, in a game that transcends the President himself.

Hypothesis, naturally, to be discarded immediately, because it can only be supported by those who know neither the man nor the methods. Therefore the safe conduct he has enjoyed since the beginning of his brilliant career at the head of ENI is of a political nature.

Proof, if you will, of that strange power that surrounds the work and the individual. Symptomatic of these personal guarantees - although obviously referring to the other President, Mattei - is an episode that well-informed sources give as having actually happened, despite the silence by which it was circumscribed. It is not that the private life of a public man is of interest, nor do we want to establish analogies: what matters is the silence, if we can finally call it that, which protects certain illustrious and ordinary people.

Not having the makings of the Knight of Seingalt, but sometimes giving in to the insidious arts of Aphrodite like any punished sinner, it once happened that former President Mattei found himself badly (and by solitary accident) entangled in the smoky affair of the million-dollar call girls , whose

chronicles cheered good Roman society at the time of Tambroni's flash government, which decayed too soon for reckless ambitions of restoration.

Introduced, on the warm Trastevere evenings, by one of his bodyguards into the usually harmless game of adventures without tomorrow, the unfortunate high-ranking novice owed a zealous and authoritative official the favor of being removed from the names of the matter, which was then regularly publicized when the Boccaccio scandal fully matured.

This forced those responsible to pay several million in reparations. Money which however did not end up in the hands of the unfortunate politician from the Marche who, among the ephemeral comets of his rapid orbit as Prime Minister, also had to unravel this squalid and cheerful matter.

An episode that unsuspecting sources revealed at the time and for which we obviously leave all responsibility to them even though we cannot reveal their names. An uncertainty like this can happen to anyone, even to the Casanovas due to distraction.

Water under the bridge and affairs that do not concern us at all, if it were not - we repeat it for the immunity once again ensured, outside the same territorial waters of public relations, to the big pages. 551

of ENI. Giants with feet of clay, stuck by convention and pretext in the very solid humus of non-existent Italian oil.

The almanac of visacci (distracted)

But we are still, in the meantime, in an open climate of distractions. In addition to those of material and employees, already widely mentioned (and of which we do not see a configuration in our penal code), private distractions. And staff distractions.

Let's think of an Antonio Salvini from Milan, currently managing director of the M.M., once an official of ANIC (of the ENI Group): Dr. Salvini was rarely seen at ANIC, occupied as he was, for years, with the Christian Democratic movement "La Base", a movement that enjoyed considerable attention and support from Mattei, also through construction contracts for the surveyor and former partisan with the name of battle allusive of

Albertino Giovanni Marcora, now senator of the Republic, but then impresario and naturally - despot of the Ambrosian "Base" with Granelli.

Let's talk again, in the context of these internal concessions or secondments or subsidies, of Mattei's very skilled profession of representation assignments. Verzotto, for example. A name that rhymes with that of Gianni Granzotto, another unique example of the regime's domesticated fauna, a journalist promoted for special merits, then the author, like Celestine V, of a great refusal that Dante today would not punish with Hell.

Graziano Verzotto, also a former partisan, first an obscure employee, then sent as an exclusive AGIP dealer to Syracuse to take care of the island's clientele in political-financial terms with an even then respectable turnover. What earned ENI concessions, exemptions, exclusivity of exploitation, the triumphal architecture of the Gela refineries; and at Verzotto Graziano the secretariat of the local DC, then the regional secretariat of the party. The government of the island, considering the Christian Democratic majority in Palazzo dei Normanni, is therefore conditioned by ENI, through Graziano Verzotto, Mattei's man.

Minor figures enter the concession circuit, in droves, and extras, in thousands; all with a roadmap more or less manipulated by the omnipotent presence of the Chief. The brother of the former President, Italo Mattei, should also know something about it, author perhaps through an intermediary of a kind of memoir full of implications and questions about the tragic end of Enrico Mattei in Bascapè.

As much as he wants us to believe that he and his brother have lost even their daily bread, he enjoys, with the others, his legacies (after years of discord, of a cold war between relatives, finally settled by a great friend of the engineer. Mattei, passionate like him about fishing). Not only his hereditary benefits, previously contested and now patched up, but the income that he derived in his time as the exclusive concessionaire for a central-southern region of ENI products, i.e. methane.

The tour is expandable, as far as names are concerned. We will only remember that Mattei's secretary himself, Vincenzo Gandolfi, was seconded, for a few years, to the Ministry of State Shareholdings, alongside the former

Minister (and former Fanfanian...) Sen. Giorgio Bo; for Gandolfi, having missed Mattei, he certainly couldn't get good air at ENI: and it would be interesting to learn who he was paid for during this period on the move; it shouldn't be difficult to track down the data on some payrolls.

pag. 552

But is this phenomenon of staff distraction perhaps a peculiar circumstance of ENI?

Let's admit that it has more or less become a general rule. But perhaps the President of the Banco di Sicilia is made responsible by assigning a Banco driver to work for another body; or the provincial doctor of Florence who distracts a municipal employee for a few days a week to work on the employer's agricultural estate. It rains a complaint, the trial comes, there's jail. Finished as officials and as men. Also to the prof. Ippolito of CNEN an injury of this kind occurred, as everyone knows, an injury that continues, rightly, to pay. A report, almost always of political inspiration, of a conspiracy; all the newspapers talk about it, the scandal breaks out; then silence and atonement.

A (harmless) family vice

The most serious distraction of all these people is not that of having illegally distracted staff from the institute's duties or of having committed embezzlement, but rather that of not possessing (or having lost) the famous safe conduct...

Of course: so far we have made accusations on the subject against the late engineer. Mattei. It would be doubly unfair to include: both because the trial is unsuitable for the dead; every accusation is extinguished; and because Mattei paid in person, although the official findings of the tragic event in Bascapè do not mention it. But the dive into the past is not as ungenerous and in bad taste as it may seem. It documents a way of being, a congenial political variant—evidently

—to the Institute, an original sin (or a state grace), typical of the great oil bandwagon.

In Italy, we see, certain immunities are granted to some, but not to others. the! the Manichaean spirit of this system is clearly immoral. Furthermore, the environment makes certain aberrant distortions of delegated power possible, which invests the man in charge of management with a discretionary capacity that is not superior to, but marginalized by, the law.

A biodegradant for "brains"

This is the case of Cefis: much more astute than Mattei in this policy of moral credit. He thinned out the gigantic staff of brains who acted and thought for the then President in Mattei's time, he got rid of, even by promoting them, many old ones, replacing them with new ones who trusted him very closely. This reduction in officials is thanks to Eugenio Cefis.

He was able to thin out the tide of men of letters who prepared speeches for Mattei, of the technicians who put together international agreements for him, of the economists who drew up budgets on commission, of the experts in every branch and of the omnipresent trustees. However, Cefis does not need scribes to draw up his oratory notes, as he does not speak, does not write articles nor gets involved in periodic controversies and is therefore saved from the need for blacks and more or less obscure cursive writers (who among other things hates); he is an expert, undoubtedly more than him; Mattei, of economics and can travel with reduced ranks pag. 553

of advisors. As for the rest: either it resorts, according to needs, to specific consultancy or it entrusts various particular tasks into the hands of a few people.

Eminence grise by definition, he knows he can count on a small, but efficient and safe, number of officials assigned to the sacred person. He therefore downsized, without reforming. With all that, he has the good distractions of him. Let's just ask ourselves what would happen to methane supplies in Italy if tomorrow, due to one economic situation or another, our Libyan and Soviet friends decided to suspend the supply and the gas from the Netherlands turned out to be insufficient and negligible. Facilities made available to Afro-Russian foreign trade and playing into the hands, all things considered, of the Kremlin and of that internal policy which, in fact, looks to exemplary state solutions like this.

An empire on which (its) sun does not set

Another consideration: the various Boards of Directors of the ENI Group companies - God only knows how many there are, given that not even Parliament has been able to ascertain this - include people whose merits are generally limited (however questionable the the former and the latter very respectable) to the condition of politicians or veterans of the war for Liberation. Specific skills rarely come into play, but are paid with handsome attendance fees.

It will be said that in Italy this is the exception made the rule: but in addition to believing that this is not the case at all except in abnormal and tolerated situations, the phenomenon of such distractions of (in)skills, always admirably linked in exemplary, remains curious and symptomatic symbiosis with the organisation's policy, wherever and however intended and innervated.

We are witnessing a Board of Directors of Snam Progetti made up almost entirely of employees, in the role of officials at a certain level, of ENI itself. A pure dynastic question; if Cefis commands, the Board of Directors, made up of employees, can only obey; What custody, autonomy and feedback functions can such a Council have?

The companies of the ENI Group all enjoy this compositional formula: politicians or parapoliticians, a good dose of Turk's heads and negative ions, with a few units of seriously competent technicians.

For now, the men of Cefis emerge, venerable and pre-bent caryatids who know as much about gas, drilling, fifty-fifty, corporate management as Eugenio Montale: definitely either you win a Nobel or you pass, under the spotlight, to ENI and for this way to its President pro tempore. Once this is swept away, one either gets lost in the cosmic nothingness with him or one renews obedience and loyalty to the successor, denying when necessary - the past...

the faithful servants of the pieces

Starting from the alphabet, at the beginning we find AGIP S.p.A. In its Board of Directors, Boldrini's management is over, that gentleman who was content to be the President of ENI and not pay. 554

of all the other Group companies appear Cefis and Girotti, President and Vice President; then esteemed but superfluous (although useful to Cefis) university professors such as Luigi Faleschini and Albino Uggè; other managers of the Group, such as Fornara (now an emigrant), and Bartolotta, the President's not despicable ram's head; Giuseppe Arcaini of Italcasse, another important personal pawn of Cefis who would have wanted the Presidency of Montedison; then a crowd of honorable people and feluccas (even a representative of the workers stands out, a generous concession, a spark of wisdom, a democratic and paternalistic distraction from the enlightened President); quarters of (bourgeois) nobility, such as Bodioli, Calderoni, Cannella, Casò, Tozzi, Piga of Assicurazioni d'Italia and other authoritative and decorative figures in the economy, credit and politics.

At ANIC, always Cefis in the lead, a certain Gino Pagano, Carneade Alice President, Giorgio Corsi (CEO of Sofid, the ENI financial company), Professor Uggè again, Marinona (again from Assicurazioni d'Italia...) and the 'Lawyer Gianfranco Sabbatini. At Snam, Cefis and Girotti, Arcaini-Italcasse, Cantaluppi, Grandi and Sacchi are ENI officials. Risso Massimo (in name and in fact in the field of ceramics and bricks: perhaps made with methane?) and finally Umberto Rivolta, whose only known merits are those of his Hellenistic origins.

To assert that the alchemical composition of these Councils responds to precise indications of functionality, breadth, competence (of the branch), is to secure the license of naivety. They certainly do not oppress the President with setbacks, alternative maneuvers, blackmail, political hassles: exogenous factors to which Eugenio Cefis is naturally allergic. Which would be his business if ENI and the other branches did not belong to the State. So to each of us... Cefis knows how to choose well.

If necessary, discarding the Cianciminos, entrusting it to other companies, or the Padellaros. You'll be spoiled for choice. In fact, loyalists can easily settle in any of the Group companies, divided into endless complexes and capillaries, from the publishing branch to the insurance branch.

On the Boards of Directors of private companies, the members represent real interests, enjoy a certain autonomy, and stand out for certain clear skills. In the ENI group exactly the opposite happens: one commands, the others ratify. Always and without saying a word; from here to ask what the ratifications thus obtained are for, the step is instinctive. Upholstery, attendance fees, incense smoke, formal rental and loan policy, ambient atmosphere.

We will have the opportunity to specify the cheerful arrangement of rotations of the personnel in these fortunate distributions of tasks, of support, of entire tactical maneuvers. All in the seraphic climate of the full powers given to Eugenio Cefis by the State or cleverly negotiated with the formula: leave it to me. Just give me that narrow margin of responsibility that is appropriate for an industrial complex where one man counts more than the entire human potential assigned to management.

The President with only one support has promised that he will raise the earth: everyone is waiting for him to decide. Meanwhile, from the ground, he lifts sludge called oil and practices the game of dice in his glass palace of the Society of the Nation.

pag. 555

The vanity fair, Eni's XVIII year

The discussion on the ruthless immunity that surrounds and structures the leadership at ENI, in conjunction with the almost demagogic breadth of the subsidized companies, is far from over, because casual forms of what in legal configuration is usually defined as "embezzlement through distraction"

enrich the exemplary investigation. Diversion of funds (of the organisation, i.e. of the private citizen) for forms of political advertising or press manipulation; distraction of personnel assigned to mysterious tasks in equally nebulous and elastic destinations, for instrumental purposes or for explicit personal functions of the President.

Advertising is one of Eugenio Cefis' most intelligent and well-groomed hobbies. He is convinced that this exchange commodity is irreplaceable,

predominant, productive; through the visual appeal, he thinks that it should still be harvested, even if the material on sale is not guaranteed by itself, even if the harvest becomes increasingly laborious and problematic. Composed as he is by nature, he manages to get excited about the topic of advertising.

His Achilles' heel has perhaps been identified: he expects to lay down the law to everyone, provide suggestions and directives, submit ideas, suggestions, indisputable initiatives, even if the topic crosses over into economics, politics, even construction. But when it comes to the advertising message, then he surrenders to the technicians, listens to and respects certain philosophical theories on the communicability of vehicles and the masses; he admires the graphic arabesques that precede the launch of a manifesto, as if they were proofs of a Picasso, he follows the details of a demonstration with the attentive obsequiousness of a schoolboy.

The messianic raptus of advertising

He is a fanatic of advertising: residue of a lack of vocation, unconscious otherness, what one would like to be, and is not, a form of relaxation? Maybe none of this. Simple knowledge of a means of conquest, whose availability, in millimeters and days, is a sort of refuge, a pass for every threshold. There are people who have faith in horoscopes, others in social doctrines, others in the system applied to football pools and national lotteries. Eugenio Cefis does not hide his sympathy for this modern instrument of seduction: so correct, aseptic, standardized, something between science and (economic) religion.

A few steps from Via Chiossetto, precisely at n. 2 of Galleria Passerella, stands the headquarters of the L.S.P.N. S.P.N. Line Advertising and Marketing, with capital of hundreds of millions (the usual bunches of zeros that cheer up the management, direct or otherwise, of ENI). Whose L.S.P.N. is this? we cannot say; perhaps not exactly ENI. What we know is that Cefis feels at home there, he is revered and treated like a regular guest and like an incognito master; he commissions and uses the S.P.N.

for the needs of the ENI Group and other entities of which it is the protector.

Founded in '61, with a branch in Turin, it then underwent various changes in positions and capital. I pay you. 556

Olcese, Guerrieri, Gray De Cristoforis, Cutelli passed through until '64. Antonio Padellaro arrived there with Manlio Magini and Renato Marnetto, between '67 and '69, who until a few years ago enjoyed ubiquity in almost all the units of the ENI Group. In 1969 Padellaro left, giving way to Gianluigi Brignone and with Roberto Ciccarelli, Director. The Board of Directors, with President Magini, is made up of Brignone, Marnetto and Ciccarelli. In '70

the merger with the "Advertising and Marketing Line" was completed, that is to say the absorption of the same into the S.P.N., hence the new acronym: L.S.P.N.

Theoretician and deity of the LSPN which has a branch in Rome in Via Po and a certain Righi. In any case, the homonymy with the surname of Mrs. Cefis is curious. Or auspicious coincidence, about which it would be nice to know more. Director is Ciccarelli, formerly of the ENI Management Technology staff, while Marnetto in turn is an administrative head of the Hydrocarbons Authority. The typical and strangely consortial apparatus in detachment, family environment. Mystery hovers here as elsewhere. Like, let's say by the way, at 14-16 via Borgonuovo (while at 15 Cefis maintains a formal residence): where it is not clear whether to identify the personal office of Eugenio Cefis (see via Chiossetto) or the representative office of ENI in Milan. Of course, two young ladies are assigned to you, secretaries employed by ENI.

Let's not get distracted from the topic: the topic of advertising is an obligatory step in reaching coherent conclusions. Accompanying the President on the short stretch between Via Chiossetto and Via Passerella is a way of keeping young, walking around Milan there is no need to admire any architectural detail, because the monologue keeps you captivated, indeed you run the risk of insubordination if you just lose the thread of the discussion (of Cefis).

Merry money for merry wives

Barely a question from the reverent interlocutor: can the advertising fee also be applied to a moral or religious idea, to a spiritual product? How could a fan of the social message of advertising, today an exact science, question this? He could instead become impatient, as always happens to him, and look askance at the unwary: he says that in every field, without rhetorical distinctions, shock therapy, an offensive strategy, is needed; if any product is not popular, with advertising it becomes so, and meets, and breaks through. Triumphantly, one would say, if the matter is entrusted to the L.S.P.N. and suggested or conducted by Cefis or his lieutenant general with whom we will deal in detail.

Of advertising, the L.S.P.N. he naturally works a lot. In millions of families, along thousands of kilometers of roads, the message of Italian oil, the powerful Supercortemaggiore petrol; of state gas (Italian-Afro-Soviet-Dutch); of the unattainable ANIC fertilizers, arrives punctually and with an intensity that we do not hesitate to define as unsurpassed. But many employees still have some free time after the (not great nor exceptional) routine of home products.

The inventiveness of the Righi-Ciccarelli duo is unleashed by filling the (many) rooms of the agency which occupies the fourth and fifth floors of the building with graphics.

An extra job, paid for with lots of fees honored by Cefis. His expenses which however will never enter ENI's budgets, as they are exercises completely foreign to ENI itself: studies, research, laborious planning, often grotesque ideograms, printing of posters; on page 557

thousands, boards on trolleybuses, signs on trams, advertisements in newspapers for tens of millions (according to the specific Plan). The invoices of the L.S.P.N., of publishers and printers, of the Milanese Transport Company and of the Municipal Office of Public Billboards, etc. they are not registered in the name of ENI or Cefis, but directly to the (non-state) BODY, which can thus cover the expenses by paying the invoices with a very substantial financial subsidy from Cefis itself.

In other words, less abstruse: ENI uses money, personnel and plants (including subsidiary ones) to finance campaigns and launches of goods

absolutely unrelated to ENI production chains.

Businesses that involve ceilings of fifty, one hundred million, on the word of the Boss. Evidently if he answers for it, he pays. In some way: either on company balance sheets or on one's own Vanoni.

The paradox is transparent, beyond the straw schemes and the very high purposes of certain subsidies there exists crude malpractice. On which once again the gaze of that dog of Argos that is the Tax Office should be fixed, very sharp with the upright and honest citizens, sleepy and easy with the big tax evaders.

If necessary, we would be able to detail the content of this assertion, with all the supporting structures of an edifying episode that has lasted for some time. Let us limit ourselves to assuring that Cefis' most recent and splendid idea in this sector resulted in the advertising campaign of November 1970 and April 1971 in favor of certain social components with a religious background (!) and reserved for Milan. Although unsuccessful in the start-up phase, it thrilled the President of ENI, struck by the «brilliant message both in formal and content terms, inspired by a young and current topic».

The failure of the advertising initiative is linked to human and environmental factors that not even ENI and its racing teams can avoid. But this is obvious, indeed, it goes to show that you have to bet on the nags that bettors consider finished if you want to win triumphantly, perhaps that one time that the race succeeds (to the nag). Let's give him fodder, then; the master's eye fattens the horse.

The noble chapel of Eugenio Cefis

Therefore Cefis dedicates favor and sympathy both to this phantom organization and to advertising ideologies. But while the thoughtful realizations of the L.S.P.N. they free themselves from a judgment of merit, asking only questions of an aesthetic and functional nature and shining with reflected light in terms of financial co-responsibility, the secret star of Eugenio Cefis and his halo, constitutes a kind of insurance (spiritual, also) on life and on the fortunes of the State Institution.

First of all, it allows a character like Mattei or his successor to register his name, with all the material advantages attached, among the great benefactors of society.

Those who, in fact, with discretion, tact and foresight despise the violent lights of notoriety, but entrust to years of (almost) complete operational silence an invigorating action, in itself egregious and admirable, for one of the many community needs of a metropolis like Milan , with its large hinterland. Secondly, the most effective and respected credentials are acquired in every era of caesaropapism (or conciliar republics: the addends change, not the result).

Furthermore, the evangelical dictate of Mammon is applied to the letter and unpaid indulgences are earned. 558

indifferent: for this life, above all; for this regime, in particular. To establish oneself in the nucleus of such a center of power which is certainly not political, but which guarantees viaticums, cover, blessings for pennants, moral support, high protections, is finally the last valuable pearl of a series of works of interventions so congenial to the gentlemen Presidents of the National Hydrocarbons Authority.

ENI therefore participates in a conspicuous and decisive way in a work whose aims and content we will be the first to exalt, but which are absolutely out of line with the institutional canons of the organization itself. These provisions take place through well-defined channels: more units than the fingers of one hand are enough to count are detached (thus configuring the most obvious distraction of personnel) and secretly commanded in activities outside the institutional tasks of ENI.

Other regularly assigned forces are added to these departments as needed, consultants, inspectors, managers, to integrate the full-time and private work of the main staff; ENI then adds substantial and recurring donations as a contribution and in the order of millions for the increase in assets, it should be better defined as real estate than the work which enjoys particular favors from a President at the head of one of the most colossal bodies of State. Without forgetting, as we said above, the availability of L.S.P.N., the ENI advertising company.

A morsel that would send the Italian political left into a rage if it were not included among the reserved or implicit clauses of that '80 Plan in which all sorts of ingredients converge, as in the stills of the Wizard Merlin, to facilitate ingestion. Once upon a time, however, charitable works used the contribution of donations, farms and countryside to support the running costs of hospitals and colleges. Today with ENI and Eugenio Cefis, the State instead uses charitable works to balance the (moral) budgets of its cooperatives...

The flip technique, with millions thrown to the wind, but every creditor silenced by the trustee.

The State is behind it: how can Cefis tremble? At the same time he is the moral beneficiary of the operation, he will be able to make up for it later or on another front, enlisting for new specific tasks, full time, other ENI employees seconded to action centers that are not even remotely included among the professions of institute of the Hydrocarbons Authority. The usual dance of attributions, of transfers, of distracted vocations, of organizational veniality, of corporate imbalances.

Normal administration for a sideshow that at most will have to deal, hypothetically, with the Council of State, a windmill for which not even a Sancho Panza will bother, in Italy.

Data and references could be further annotated and instructed by us in full compliance with the logical thread of the discussion.

Always black gold for a golden silence

More precise, because they are easily verifiable, the advertising directives followed by ENI, through the L.S.P.N. (Righi) Ciccarelli & C. for the promotion of the house's genuine products. Ciccarelli & C.

It obviously does not mean that the surname of the President is implied, in this case his new partner.

There is no oil in Italy, but there is no citizen of the Bel Paese who is not aware of the powerful Italian petrol. We need to sell at least the oil we import and process, as on page. 559

Afro-Soviet gas. To sell, you have to beat the competition: by advertising Supercortemaggiore with its excellent, let's face it, network of services and accommodation equipment, you stem the already very large market of Esso, Shell, BP.

However, at AGIP the concept of the Colossal dominates. Epater les bourgeois: sequins, frills, glass-cement; Texas in the Po Valley or in the deep South. Now it has launched, capturing the lovely orthophony of London's Big Ben, boutiques for the other full. The happy consumer of the powerful Italian petrol will find other fearsome seductions every time he stops the engine at the Agip service stations: at the Big Bòn all kinds of comfort for humanity on four wheels, from the spray can against the bad smells of combustion up to the lipstick for the lady, from crockery to biscuits, from puppets to cosmetics, from balloons to snow chains.

The six-legged dog symbol honors this exclusive merchandise. New and brazen pretext to serve the motorist by serving the cause, that is, by monopolizing other sectors of Italian production, coloring the chain of desires for the average man behind the wheel sun yellow. With a few other company names to add to the long list of ENI and a few served in addition to the many of the ravenous six-legged dog. As with Fiat, will we also have the fee against toothache made in Metanopoli?

What we find scandalous is therefore neither the product itself, nor the distribution network, nor the advertising appeal with all its psychological pretexts tinged with chauvinism. It is the amount of the advertising budget, mind-boggling figures; they are vehicles, newspapers, magazines, magazines, bulletins, as long as they are aligned.

If we are not mistaken, the total of these expenses is not indicated in the official budgets, they probably fall under the management expenses item, unless they have confined them among the round items.

Better to cast a veil over this cheerful chapter which would be interesting to know from the point of view of the unity of investments, of the yield in tons of petrol guaranteed to the massive squandering of money.

The President's parliamentary conferences

Spread a veil, we said. Cefis perhaps flaunts it in front of the Budget Committee of the Chamber, when he specifies that investments, from 1971 to 1975, are almost fifteen hundred billion for the integrated oil industry; of 520 for the transport and distribution of natural gas (Afro-Russian-Dutch-Po Valley); of 57 billion for the nuclear industry and over one thousand billion for the chemical industry and manufacturing sectors.

Respectable figures. But the President forgot to specify how many billions the ENI advertising budget swallows up in productive investments and how many billions the deficit of his newspapers eats up. It would be time for someone to ask him the reason and details with complete clarity.

For the occasion, Cefis adopted the usual populist idiom. According to him, international companies do not represent any other power other than their own individual oil interests; we will therefore have to look at a substantial evolution in the structures of the oil market, pag. 560

promoting producing countries. Sound reasoning, if the hatred towards the Seven Sisters who have recently snubbed him if not ridiculed him in front of Rehza Pahlevi did not shine through.

Knight Cefis would therefore like to promote, like Mussolini in Monaco, a Conference between oil producing and oil consuming countries, within the EEC. But if you want to be a mediator and a client at the same time, delimiting areas and interests, try to demobilize the probes it maintains abroad, re-establishing that territorial balance which honestly should be reviewed if ENI intends to marginalize the Seven Sisters who there are none in the EEC.

Eugenio Cefis's tightrope walking does not stop at these great corridor maneuvers (with wooden rifles and tin drums). When he states to Parliament that since the beginning of its activity ENI has discovered liquid and gaseous hydrocarbons for 289 million tonnes of crude oil, of which 139

already consumed, he recalls that abroad ENI has discovered reserves amounting to almost half a billion tonnes of crude oil, of which 80% is still to be extracted. From this mass, 25 million tons of petrol per year will be

obtained, corresponding to Agip's market share in Italy, therefore at a fully autonomous level.

ENI's roast is always shrouded in the fog and smoke screen of loyalty, the usual tonic for ENI's internal therapy, which is interested first and foremost and in every circumstance in appearing and knowing how to demonstrate that it follows state policy, that it works and moves for the State, which always acts (good) for the State.

The figures enchant the unwary, but leave a bad mouth. In fact, it must be admitted that ENI does not provide any operating surplus, it does not ensure either cash or credit to the State; indeed, he continuously asks for (public) money to increase the endowment fund or plug the holes in his casual operations, squandering, in a fairly transparent secret, the state's money.

Far from a "more open and less dramatic confrontation between private and public initiative", as Eugenio Cefis stated to the fathers of the country, encouraging them to the Chamber Commission: it would be enough to remember the practice adopted with Montecatini, yesterday as today, to soundly deny it. State participation is certainly necessary: but with other methods, with a different spirit, rejecting compromises, intrigues, squabbles, blackmail, partiality. A man of many calculations and few scruples like Cefis does not guarantee anything good with his testimony. In addition to being a mendacious witness, from a potential accused he instead becomes a public accuser.

The Minister should really kick him out of the saddle, conducting the necessary investigations and shedding light on too many disturbing gray areas, beyond the false and brazen statements and on the basis of many elements that sensationally emerge precisely between these lines.

Bluebeard's seven (and more) wives

Paginoni – to return to us – with their smiling sprint girls cheer up the panorama of the Italian press; the six-legged dog on the yellow background occupies the Esso stage on the back covers of the weeklies; ANIC fertilizers are featured in all trade newspapers; the ENI balance sheets, sweetened, appear on sheets that are not always qualified, items of little importance,

inoffensive; in television carousels Raffaella Carrà extols the virtues of the most expensive petrol in Europe; the oil with the seven qualities (which naturally the Seven Sisters do not possess) disfigures the landscape on all the highways of Italy.

pag. 561

Foreigners who arrive in this Eden for the first time must imagine that the Italian subsoil oozes oil from every pore. It would be enough for us to know how much money the State, through ENI, throws out the window to advertise imported oil, methane and petrol.

With one of his many devilments, Dr. Cefis will have his Press Office say that ENI pays for advertising with a 30% reduction on the usual rates, and that many newspapers even accept it for free. He will go so far as to assure, given his particulars on the subject, that with advertising it is possible to sell everything, to overturn any monopoly of force, to steal customers. The philosophy of his message cannot betray him.

Certainly the eloquence of an advertising contract and the festival of ENI presences on all the vehicles of the sector win over those who are distant, often allergic to accepting, with the message, the implicit endorsement of the politics that involves it; brings together and maintains friendships - press organizations aligned or on the verge of becoming so -; he dismantles his opponents, intimidates them and causes annoyance, even if there are many of them, yesterday as today.

Cefis uses the ether, puts them to sleep as best he can, eliminates resistance, demobilizes strongholds, silences authoritative and upright voices. The parties that obtain their supplies from the ENI source do not raise major exceptions, do not present questions, do not ask for investigations. We must, first of all, live.

Whether the fuel is Shell or Supercortemaggiore, it is important to start the engine and travel with a full tank: you don't look yourself in the mouth on a donated horse.

Advertising, configured in this way, loses a lot of bite as a market hold, it probably makes just enough to make the bill return, it is not productive according to the good rules of ancillary investments. More precisely, it is an excellent deal, undoubtedly of a political nature.

Through advertising, ENI pays a very high share of the raw cost of a product called silence.

A dangerous game, for the man in the street, for a serious company, for an industrial brand; however, it is absolutely compatible with the management criteria of a state company. Not even the Seven Sisters invest so many billions in advertising, preferring a reasoned budget, consistent with reality and the considered prospects of the market. The aim is commercial, without any political counterparts. In other countries it is not certain that silence can be bought as easily.

The philosophy of the message, an edifying concept of political economy, between Machiavelli and gambling. Then there are the Trojan horses of the L.S.P.N. involved. with the ideologue Righi and the director Ciccarelli it doesn't matter much: there is someone who responds with the full weight of the position and the guarantees. Minister Preti is grappling with the problem of scraping the bottom of the barrel to save our economy. While you're at it, why not try to recover, perhaps 80%, of ENI's crazy advertising expenses? It would be a morally ingenious and productive business.

Just as it would be honest to recover other crazy expenses, parallel to those of advertising. We are referring for example to the exhibition that ANIC held in Moscow this year, the first in the world on the Soviet scene (evidently no one likes to throw money out the window on undertakings of this kind). To the Moscow experts, the ENI company presented the applications of the plastic materials it produces in the sector of the so-called Art Ménagère, i.e. the home, furniture, community in general, as part of the project called (perhaps following the ingenious psychological suggestion of the L.S.P.N.) «Kastilia».

Why doesn't ANIC present its plastic creations for schools, homes and hospitals in America? It would make chickens laugh or it would leave technicians on the other side of the Atlantic perfectly indifferent.

Better to land in Russia, since methane arrives (or will arrive) from there; given that the light also comes from the East for the Messianic Plan of the 1980s by Eugenio Cefis, the involuntary creator of page. 562

a New Italy (like the one dear to fascism, whose megalomania and daring are copied).

The friend of lost steps

To scratch off sympathies, every channel is good. Indeed, some even enjoy privileges, although the manna is guaranteed to almost everyone. Susanne castes in the country's journalistic industry become among the favorites of one of the most powerful ras of Italian advertising; among all, a traditionally Catholic newspaper stands out, even if decidedly moved towards the new political horizons of the committed Christianity of the Church of the poor. Published by Nuova Editoriale Italiana S.p.A.,

«L'Avvenire» appears regularly in Milan and was born, as everyone knows, from the merger between the Bolognese Catholic newspaper and its Ambrosian brother, both illustrious ancestors of such a lost and mischievous child.

In it, a populist language prevails that espouses the most noble causes of the moment; a progressive perspective that sometimes leaves the most open-minded and creditworthy right-thinking people dumbfounded; threatening, rally-like tones; quite scary liabilities if it takes some bishops worth hundreds of millions a year each to contain them: because that's what they want.

It is not our job, and the opposite would be presumptuous, to enter into the choices of this Catholic newspaper. We only note that the direction, however vague, points to the conciliar republic; that a certain orthodoxy ends up in junk dealers as a taboo or a pretext; that famous fences are affected polemically, while the thesis and content of the doctrine banned by the theologians of dissent and spontaneous groups are relaunched.

In any case, the newspaper enjoys particular popularity with ENI advertising, it is a bit like the Maintenon, the beautiful girl of the Serraglio.

The reasons for such predilection deserve widespread mention.

It will be enough to go back to the launch phase of the new (para) Catholic newspaper. The salaries, compared to the tables and averages of the environment, are excellent, enough to make the cast of the Crespis' "Corriere" die with subtle envy. No expense was spared for the increase in pages, columns, services, with an invasion of correspondents, newsletters and special correspondents.

The sharecropper at the Gazzetta del Cuore

Like an industrialist reduced to a bare light, credits have been found to attempt a reversal of direction, a new, broader horizon. They signed up for a previously clerical and pigtail organ —

journalists of the « Corriere » (Deputy editor-in-chief of sports services); graphic designers for «Il Giorno»; editors of ANSA and « Panorama » (respectively promoted by the scientific services to special correspondents); the former director of the youthful and light magazine «Ciao Big»; in the crime news, none other than the former director of "Kent", the very elegant and frivolous monthly magazine for men (alone); again, the former editor-in-chief of what was for some time the ignoble «ABC»; as well as the former page. 563

director of «Yes», scion of «ABC».

A roundup in the secular field which is quite significant and can recall, by non-forced analogy, the roundup of Montedison shares carried out by Cefis to climb the Montagnola.

The reference is unambiguous. President of the new Editoriale Italiana S.p.A. (publisher of

«Avvenire») is that Giuseppe Restelli, former top executive of ENI and trusted man of Cefis, still on a full-time mission on behalf of the populous brigade in the undergrowth of the six-legged dog.

The name of Restelli imposes on us a reversal, a sort of parenthesis backwards, so as not to forget his successor at « Giorno», although the title

of Administrative Director has remained – apparently – on Restelli's shoulders in an honorific and inalienable form. The Deputy at the ENI newspaper is therefore a certain Angelo Morandi, a gentleman, however conceited and aligned, who probably has no direct responsibility if in the cauldron of ENI you can climb the peaks in an elevator, and for free.

The young man has a successful, meteoric and enviable career behind him. Having entered the business at a very young age, he was at SNAM when, while Mattei was alive, this acronym still meant «

Società Nazionale Metanodotti": today Cefis placed it into liquidation, relaunching another SNAM

which however means SNAM and that's it. Involved in secretarial functions, Morandi (now acting General Director of the SEGISA Division of Editrice SNAM S.p.A., which keeps «Il Giorno» running as best he can), had distinguished himself for particular merits.

In fact, President Mattei being busy with his thousand activities to the point of not even finding the time to sign mountains of ordinary correspondence and limiting himself to placing his autograph seal on the letters and texts of a certain commitment, Morandi functioned as a negro for the signature by initialing in full, with an almost perfect imitation of Mattei's original and with admirable anastatic fidelity, the courier of little importance, even perhaps referring to the mail of that (non-state) body that the President protected and which he takes full care of, today , Cefis himself.

His ability as an amanuensis and as an expert in sphragistics was of great benefit to Morandi who in fact ran long distances after that, with the steps of a marathon runner. Administrative Manager of SNAM, in line with Restelli in devotion to the three subsequent Presidents, until definitively entering the Cefis clan (whose signature however he should not imitate) up to the highest position within the SEGISA Division, of SNAM-SNAM publisher of oil daily.

The secret is inflatable: always stay afloat by faithfully serving the cause and the Boss.

For some, who conform to it out of conscience, it goes badly: once the old master has disappeared, the new one does not ratify the sympathy and one ends up anonymous. For others who know how to kiss the big foot (and find the votive offerings for the Chief's waiting room), things go much better. And they last. Even transferred to «Avvenire», returning to which it will be necessary to mention the providential billions that have strengthened its systems, rejuvenating (or made extravagant) the formula, allowed the horizontal reduction of the leading articles, which by Italian tradition are always published vertically.

The (morganatic) confrere of the «Giorno» was to become the leading organ of all national Catholic osmoses, such as ACLI, Base, Forze Nuove and so on. To make sure of this at a modest expense, simply purchase and read (even superficially) a copy.

pag. 564

The old hen's good broth

The results of this company policy of clear Metanopolitan inspiration, supported by benevolent and large Agip advertising or editorial concessions, were the very notable contraction in sales, the laborious search for subscriptions to replace the canceled ones, a progressive emotional and substantial detachment of Catholics, the haemorrhage of money and credits. The Restelli-Narducci pairing, one a standard bearer of Cefis's «80 Plan», the other rather gray champion of the verb, is not dismayed.

The «Avvenire» vehicle is too precious for the Knight (of Labour) Cefis not to get his hands on it, with State advertising and State employees. The Catholic newspaper of Genoa and that of Como can languish and, in perspective, close their doors.

No one will be affected: they are not aligned. ENI fodder will not extol on their pages the virtues of the powerful Italian petrol; Prominent lieutenants will not be diverted by ENI staff to the rescue of politically irrecoverable shipwrecked people.

The ones who gain from the new deal of «L'Avvenire» are the progressives of Italian secular clericalism: the Nazareno Fabbretti, the Father Davide Turoldo, the Don Milani. Cefis has excellent pieces on this board. To his generous help one cannot oppose any fundamental refusal or deny him a participation in the running criteria of the newspaper.

The game is transparent: the communists will not enter the Derby field if the Catholics do not agree to put the result up for grabs. Enthusiastic voices applaud in the stands, with the claque led by «Avvenire». And Restelli directs the clapping. With an internal service order, a few years ago, the manager Restelli, head of ENI Personnel, was placed at the disposal of the President and moved to a different position, forced into Piazzale Duca d'Aosta, 8/B. Where it stays all day and maybe even night.

Question (naive): were you liquidated by ENI and hired by the Catholic newspaper? Not having the gift of ubiquity it is clear that he cannot profitably carry out other work elsewhere; therefore he should not receive emoluments from other sources than the administration of the newspaper of which he is President. Or has he been placed as director of some ENI Group company, so the fixed and previous prerogative replaces what the newspaper certainly doesn't give him?

Is it part of some company that only exists on ENI paper (and organizational charts)? This is what should be established: the crime of distraction is still current. If it has left the stable, take the ox back to the manger, since it will be very difficult to get the transferred cattle and the grooms inside.

Every nag has his groom, a sort of mediator with the facial features of a tenant farmer from the Bassa, quite uncivilized and insolent, as much as the landowner who governs and reigns over ENI's lands allows him to be. Each big head has its own header. Restelli has strange convergences with Cefis: the latter is cold, the former even unfriendly, an authentic carter.

Patience: Jupiter has given us a pair of saddlebags, but we only see the light one in front of us. The important thing is that with a not very malleable character and with decidedly ungainly manners one can nevertheless make one's way in a country where the clever must still equip themselves with a smile and know how to smooth over others. Exceptions, the Restelli, who

honor the house, a style and a dynasty complete with quarters in nobility and coats of arms with six-legged dogs and black cats.

pag. 565

At «Avvenire» we work under the banner of speaking clearly and writing cleanly (slogan and manifesto, also due to the L.S.P.N., and who knows who paid for it: but also at «Publicitità Nazionale» Restelli is at home, he makes himself respected and feared ; indeed it transmits advertising orders based on grotesque and childish posters and foolish slogans).

Who knows who honors these orders: «Avvenire», perhaps (or the Ente pious, dear to Cefis). But who gives the money to pay the notoriously broke Catholic newspaper? Always the same, obscure (or very well-known) character who supports ENI's claims with tens of millions?

It should be ENI's trademark: act clearly, respond exactly. But the rule always works, in reverse: in the caravan, as in all his caravans.

pag. 566

The job of the landlord

The comparison between the two greats of Italian oil, Mattei and Cefis, is always inevitable.

Even strange coincidences unite if not tastes at least the actions of their public presence and it is so difficult to establish a zone of respect between the two personalities that it is necessary to place the respective samples on the same slide for in-depth analysis.

According to the architects and following today's construction practice, the spaces should be homogeneous, delimited, unmistakable, forced within reasonable but clear boundaries. Those once occupied by Enrico Mattei and today by Eugenio Cefis are instead outlined in all their artificial complexity, nuanced by necessity, by political references, by the concomitant but distinct coup d'état technique, as Malaparte saw it.

Mattei and Cefis, two state industrialists. Creatures available to public affairs; if you like, standard-bearers of the initiative and invested with discretionary power, but within printed circuits with letters from a legal text. For the role entrusted to them, they should shine with a reflected light, acting as an example of the excellent management of a State body. Those responsible for ENI, it alone, should be accountable, albeit with wise tolerance in terms of directions and system.

Every other operational and ideological margin is completely outside the scope of their office, to the point of becoming a crime attributable to them when - by method, habit, impudence they absentmindedly play with the occult powers, maneuver capital for foolish enterprises, forcefully insert themselves into the control rooms and dictate inclinations, routes, speed, times, goals, landings like corsairs on the filibus.

Genius and resourcefulness, at the limit or outside the law, are demonstrated even in intrigues of an absolutely private nature. Let's leave Mattei alone with his oil empire, his imaginative streak in business, the Gandhi-like mystical aura of underdeveloped countries: and his skill in working discreetly on his behalf.

The hours and days of the state industrialist

Speaking of ENI today, it is not Mattei that interests us. He is the good Italian genius, Cefis, the provincial lent to the metropolis, or rather to the homeland tout-court, of which he constitutes one of the most useless but decorative caryatids. In the coat of arms of the Italian Republic, next to the star and the olive leaves, the six-legged dog can be seen in filigree, with some good magnifying glass. At this rate it is not mocking to imagine him at the top of national political life, perhaps beyond the door watched over by the Dioscuri, the Quirinale. There are also people who hail him as the tutelary deity of our messy economy; those who boast their business acumen (oil); those who grasp the spiritual anxiety, especially in the de-Christianized city, to bring a cross back to the desert of asphalt and collective selfishness.

The state industrialist, as we see him, is only an upstart with few scruples, an ambitious man not without talents, an individual born with the lightning of business: his own, first; then the vague and confused ones of the State, especially if these test and increase the former. Cefis doesn't like the label of a (very high) state official, but he needs it, it's a screen, a passepartout, a credential.

It seems clear to us that the President dedicates part of his time to ENI. The position is not oppressive and encompassing as one might think: with all the henchmen trotting around next to him, Cefis could limit himself to pressing a few buttons and initialing a dossier or a confidential letter, with every now and then a short, laconic and conclusive joke. Paradoxically, we note that Cefis does not sacrifice his precious time until late at night for ENI, even though he disposes of the organization like an oriental monarch.

Busy enough to draw up expansion goals according to the mood of the moment, to outline methods and times of propaganda and enticement like a party activist, to upset the internal management cadres like a tyrant, to dish out sweetened, insipid, harmless budgets: the authentic Knight of Labor ends up finding himself employed full-time, with some non-random distinction between the things of the world and the things of the spirit, between the good of others and that of his own bad soul, so that one hand washes the other.

Minister Preti, capable of scratching the fleas of the magnates of the (very powerful) ACLI and the proletarian champions of untouchable trade unionism, cannot bring himself to give a trim to Cefis' affairs too; which is better than Gabaglio and Storti, also as possible prey (or box title). Drills are needed: not the ones ENI uses for its (almost) always unfortunate searches for black gold; good sleuths trained on the truffle spot, to search for what is floating in the background beyond the harmless but expensive mania of collecting ex-voto tablets.

Of course, looking at things on the surface, you wouldn't think that Cefis has the time and desire to deal with his private affairs. Another insomniac watches over the country, after the one who ended up among the spit in Piazzale Loreto. How can we think that a holy man lends himself to speculation, to co-interests, to marginal benefits?

Eugenio Cefis, prophet in his homeland

We have already dealt with the ambiguous confusions of residence, presumed or actual, and real personal offices of the President of ENI. This may only seem irrelevant to the unwary.

If a fox like Cefis has multiple contact details, addresses, house numbers, he must have a reason.

They are simply private centers, with careful decentralizations guaranteed to professional secrecy. But we equally ask ourselves what the Tax Office can do, what the Municipal Tax Office can do with a Cefis President of ENI, of a state company that works for the State, which multiplies (on paper) the taxpayer's money. The best they can do is to steer clear of him, with all the reverence possible. At the first opportunity, award him the Golden Ambrogino or dedicate a portrait to him in the picture gallery of the Ospedale Maggiore, as an outstanding citizen, naturalized to perfection.

Cefis is one of those men who sensationally deny the asserted (evangelical)

impossibility of living as prophets in one's homeland. At most, hardened reactionaries, anonymous imbeciles, pen-mongers with shattered ambitions can write (on discredited pieces of paper, given that the authoritative papers more or less follow the good wind, docile and conquered) that ENI wastes money on advertising, keeps in life a useless newspaper, hunts down private industry.

It takes a good dose of (useless?) courage to affirm that Cefis is guilty of some distraction in the heads of cattle, in personnel, in hundreds of millions of loans to organizations or people, in paternal care and provisions for a Catholic newspaper always to come (headline correction that we propose to the Restelli-Narducci tandem) with two elementary, specious justifications: that it is politically praiseworthy to act like this and that Eugenio Cefis can do whatever the hell he wants.

Faced with such disarming frankness, even the unarmed pests flee (and let the plague strike them).

But attempting rather explosive revelations on the social or corporate structure of the Cavaliere del Lavoro President of ENI is not exactly an everyday thing or a poisonous slander, incompatible with the daily mystifications of the official media, yoked to the service, to the cause, to a quiet life.

The main protagonist of the state industry, to which he seems relegated hand and foot, instead offers spicy material not only to the attention of the magazine reader and faithful viewer, but also to someone higher up, invested with responsibilities that draw his gaze beyond simple curiosity. Couldn't the silence of these leaders be considered tacit and voluntary connivance? This is what we really would like soon and clearly proven wrong.

However, no one tries to show off in the streets the waltzes of the limited liability companies, limited partnerships or individuals that belong to Cefis. When the knight of the sad figure is on the shields, they would break open doors, candidates for suicide.

The gentleman of good family (social)

Of course, the S.p.A. they are uncomfortable and risky, even for a tough guy like Cefis. The names of the Directors and the corporate offices are of public notoriety and can be found in the yearbooks of joint-stock companies, on the

"Who is?" financial. Instead, the names of the sole directors of limited liability companies; of the general partners or limited partners of similar SAS; those of individual businesses, with their representatives, are not as exposed. They enjoy greater discretion, they do not shine with useless (and harmful) refractions in public opinion, fiscal favor and understanding; they are also more difficult to detect and diagnose.

We are not experts in economics and high finance, in fact let's just say that we would be confused if we were asked about the structures, tasks and responsibilities of a joint stock company. or an LLC or of an S.a.s. We certainly know that these communal forms are usually resorted to when it is necessary to spread a modest veil over the roast to let just a few wisps of smoke hover. In short, the capital and the owners remain covered; at least enough to sleep soundly.

Here he is, the knight of the S.a.s. and S.r.l. in the arena of real estate activities. How many bear, of course, his name? How much do they make him? These are questions that we dutifully turn to Minister Luigi Preti who is rounding up the fiscal accidents of the Cavalieri del Lavoro, between the pages. 569

protests from the National President of this Association, Dr. Furio Cicogna. We will limit ourselves to listing some findings.

There are initiatives that Eugenio Cefis tackles in his free time, in the intervals of his tiring days, aimed at the common good, controlling them personally or moving with the Turk's heads and various combinations.

We had the opportunity to meet Dr.'s personal secretary. Cefis in via Chiossetto, a certain Mrs. Franca Micheli. We know that she is a decently nice, pleasant woman of mature age but still fresh from Jacqueline Onassis see. Kennedy; you have been with Cefis for about twenty years, we don't know if you are employed by SNAM or some other peripheral device of Cefis.

Secretaries are taking on an ever-increasing importance in today's world, but no piquant concerns touch us, because this is not a dummy of a Hippy comedy; however, if it happens that the same ones assume, in the sancta sanctorum of the private office, the movements and attitudes of luxury rulers, unusual elegance, dry and aloof distinction, like Vestals next to the (dormant) sacred fire; in the guise of deputy principal or lieutenants of the Chief: then we are honestly led to think that there is something more (but not different) from simple bureaucratic and hierarchical dependence.

We repeat: no less than correct allusions regarding sentimental or comfort influences, which would in any case be their business. What we know is that there are relationships between the two of a financial nature, independent and unrelated to the usual payroll. La Franca as the President calls it and the trust of the captain of industry (public and private) Eugenio Cefis.

Analytical variations on the real estate theme

Franca is the owner of several companies in which the name of the President of ENI does not even appear. There must be a private agreement between the two which states that one is a frontman, but that the other is the master of everything.

We will first mention the « F.M.I. » (Francesca Micheli Immobiliare), capital of one million lire, real estate management business. Let's add the INV.IM. H.S.H. by Ambrogia Francesca Micheli & C. Naturally Ambrogia is Franca, but the « C » is not Cefis: coincidentally, it is instead a certain Righi Alessandra, born in Pieve nel Cadore on 17-7-1912; not a homonymy in her surname with Mrs. Marcella Righi (Cefis's wife) but actually her sister. The third shareholder among the "Cs", after Micheli and Righi, is the "General Rock Investment Trust" company, with headquarters (intuitively) in Vaduz, the Mecca of anonymous companies. Activities: participation in industrial and commercial companies, management of properties and furniture, buying and selling of properties; capital, one million (of lire, not of Swiss francs).

The mechanism is curious to say the least, the coincidences and names very interesting and worthy of attention (if Minister Preti, omnia munda mundis, loves fiscal charades). With the primiera and the settebello, Cefis wins the tresette, since the Rock Investment is a card of convenience, a sort of refuge from prying eyes; Righi and Micheli helping in this tax evasion trick.

pag. 570

What are the (real) budgets of these two "parastatal" companies, what are the businesses? Let the Hon. find out, we repeat. Preti, perhaps on the recommendation of Minister Piccoli: a not despicable way to rake in, perhaps, a few pennies for a state budget that does not enjoy the glories of oil, and is therefore petty and passive.

Ambrogia Francesca Micheli, captain's sidekick, self-employed secretary-industrialist, holder of convenience, owner on the label. Deep down, the boss maneuvers his cards even though he officially deals with oil and methane, earning hundreds of millions with memberships, spins and credentials.

Hasty inferences? Is it better to consider Cefis staff's anonymities as simple pastimes? A skilled manager like him has no difficulty in making people

believe that everything is at the disposal of the powerful Italian petrol, gas for housewives and the cause of the proletariat; simple state official without secret and unspeakable vices, with a straightness that his temperament underlines and exalts, allowing himself some innocent distractions with ex-votos, a strange but gentle mania, and (perhaps) with water skiing on the Verbano.

Through the unfathomable channels of his multifaceted initiative, the President of ENI knows how to skillfully alternate public and private interests. In this statement we would be neither original nor penetrating if the cliché of Cefis did not coincide, precisely, with the microfilm portrait that the news outlines of him, for the part that he plays in the subject with welcome and consensus of esteem. Too astute to appear at the head (or tail) of some Board of Directors of secure and indisputable industrial privacy, he uses secretaries and dynamic sisters-in-law, and metropolitan or Liechtenstein contact details to work in one of the sectors most open to competition and profit in the contemporary world: real estate activities.

“And distributive” networks and interests

But we can also catch him among the crowd in other experiments, certainly not gratuitous or unsuccessful. This is the case of the « S.D.A. Combustible Fuels", or rather "Compressed Methane Combustible Fuels" as it has been called since 1951, with a capital of 10,050,000 lire.

What does the "MCCC" do with such a transparent name? Evidently gas and diesel and other derivatives: fuel trade, export and transport of methane and similar. The Sole Director of the Company is a certain Dr. Sergio De Angelis, a person unknown or almost unknown but who Cefis must know well and maneuver better, given that some

«Compressed Methane Fuel Fuels» (or other previous or subsequent acronyms) Eugenio Cefis himself is the prosecutor.

Please note that the company name is absolutely compatible with the public activities of the President of ENI, indeed it can be defined as amplex with the main entity. The headquarters of this coal-methane company is in Corso

Venezia, Milan, like «INV.IM» S.a.s. of Ambrogia Francesca Micheli and « FMI » S.r.l. Real estate. Another, yet another delivery from Eugenio Cefis?

What a subtle distinction divides the official and unofficial sectors of the powerful carburetor pag. 571

of Italy, what are the earnings, how are the tamed budgets configured? How does the division of profits take place, assuming that De Angelis counts for something and is not relegated to the role of figurehead and that's it? What appears on the tax return of natural persons (Cefis) of the Company (the former «Fuel and Fuels»)?

This obvious co-interest of Cefis in a company that deals with the compression and sale of methane and its fusion by-products, with a power plant in via Canalgrande in Modena, is quite disconcerting if not immoral tout court.

A scourge of customs, on Christmas Eve the Chief reminds ENI managers and officials that you have to know how to earn your bread day by day; on his behalf, with the usual moral splitting of the personality dear to R. L. Stevenson, the Oil Mentor takes care of his business, beyond the tasks that delimit his responsibility and power, indeed, precisely by virtue of this position of prestige and power.

Sublime philosophy of Cefis, as old and respectable as the world: excellent thing to draw action programs; It is very useful to establish stages and routes, but above all you have to arrive. It is results and not ambitions that judge the value of a method. That of the President of ENI has all the numbers in order to flow very well into the success of both individual ambitions and state programs.

Anthology of free time

Let's go back to the secretary, the business housekeeper of Eugenio Cefis. We still find the name in the S.a.s. «AROLO di Ambrogia F. Micheli & C.», in partnership with the usual General Rock of Vaduz, capital five hundred thousand lire; still based in Corso Venezia, 24 and the now usual reason:

"purchases, ownership and management of real estate, excluding any speculative purpose".

What the final clause means, we would not know; it certainly returns to the "Immobiliare San Sebastiano di A. F. Micheli", in a limited partnership; headquarters in via Chiossetto, 9 with capital of half a million lire; activity is still the «management of furniture and properties, participation in industrial and commercial companies», always excluding speculative activity. However, the presence of the «Gula Etablissement» is not clear and takes us straight back to the usual Principality, the Eden of those intolerant of tax protection, full of indulgences (tolls) for those who bring money there; a highly chosen location for those lucky enough to benefit from the guarantees of a Vaduz company with protective participation.

How many companies are there in which the Cavaliere del Lavoro Eugenio Cefis (with unlimited liability) has solid roots?

Man supports himself with very clever devices, convenient headings, precautionary measures, unthinkable artifices. He knows how to make the best use of his free time: a problem that seems to worry our Authorities when it comes to the weekend of office workers or arm workers, but it doesn't worry them in the slightest if the person using it - with exemplary profit and cunning - is people of the mold and caliber of Eugenio Cefis.

pag. 572

In the web of semi-private affairs, that «ARBOREA by Cefis Adolfo & C. S.a.s. should not be missed. », still in Corso Venezia, 24 which deals, with a capital of only one hundred thousand lire, in the purchase, operation of ownership and management of real estate.

The general partner of this company is the thirty-four year old Dr. Adolfo, from Cividale: brother of the more famous Cefis. Of course he joins the clan of which Eugene is patriarch and chieftain, genius loci, and that's it. The partner instead is the "Trevalor Trust Reg.", based in Eschen.

The chemical composition is a bit like that of tranquilizers: one H more or less, but the formula is the same for everyone; one « Franca » more or less,

an address in Liechtenstein or a well-distributed Cefis; However, in the eyes of the people, the Afro-Soviet-Dutch-Po Valley methane ras appears to be an estimable state industrialist, with some convenient screens and useful lightning rods for possible poverty in old age.

On closer inspection, considering the financial situation of Eugenio Cefis, this carousel of companies and entanglements could constitute, after the gracefully received tablets and the occasional slip on the crest of the lake waves, the third hobby of the President of ENI. However, the real estate game goes a little beyond sports and collecting; it is possible, with intelligent moves and accurate information, to scrape together billions, super-bourgeois luxury, which incidentally assures the dynasty of non-negligible benefits and usufructs.

We will not go beyond legitimate suspicion: but we have all the elements for this; and enough to make it into a dossier, a reliable and exhaustive anthology.

The orbit of satellite companies

Here are some more. «Immobiliare B.C.R. of Adolfo Cefis & C.», general partnership, capital 1,200,000 lire; headquarters: via Gesù 10; made up of the usual Educia notary, Neri (the pun is harmless: because Cefis is really a big captain in the black gold industry). Activity, purchase and management of real estate; general partners Messrs. Bernabè Natale and De Franceschi Edda, as well as Adolfo; limited partners are another Bernabè (Giordano, however) and Enrico Rusca.

Two other societies have in common not only the onomastic analogy but also the notarial passages. The two acronyms, quite curious and allusive, refer to two limited companies: the

«Chioscasadieci» and «Chioscasauno».

No particular skill in puzzles is needed to identify the Via Chiossetto in the brand, as well as the activity carried out, as well as the number. Both initially established with a capital of fifty thousand lire by the Notary Mascheroni, they then passed into the property of Mrs. Ambrogia Francesca Micheli, on

20 February 1961, with an act of the usual Notary Dr. Neri. The first sells and manages real estate, while the second buys and manages them. The distinction is subtle.

The capital of all these companies does not stand out for consistency, reaching the most derisory limit. But anyone would be able to appreciate the significance of these very modest quotas. Suffice it to say that the very elegant black Citroen DS 21 representing the Chief (of the ghost estates) is registered in the name of one of the companies with a capital well below the list cost of a car of this kind.

pag. 573

The amount of capital represents absolutely nothing. Not even for a President of ENI who officially uses a secretary's car for his very high, daily excursions...

It's not appearance that counts, once again. What counts are the money flows, the deals, the budgets, the profits, the clearing houses, the honest distractions that real estate speculation can guarantee even for a poor official of the Italian State.

A fox in a harlequin dress

The Minister of Finance Luigi Preti has keys and lock picks to open certain suspicious doors, behind which hide interests and activities that deserve, with the benefit of the doubt, a severe inspection. We explicitly address the invitation to him, hoping that he will know how to honestly and cordially welcome it, to follow the path that we have just identified; which we abandon, at this point, due to lack of time and certain foreseeable resistance, insurmountable for our investigative skills but certainly inconsistent for the potential available to the Minister.

It will be interesting to check all the companies in which Cefis has a hand: a representative of the interests of the State, like him, is more than any other exposed to the right curiosity, not only of public opinion, but also of the tax authorities.

We ask the Minister again to reveal what is hidden behind the smoke screen of the exotic Liechtenstein companies on the Milan real estate market. He will also be able to ascertain whether the respective financial statements are fake or real, or just fake, as we believe.

Aren't there rumors that Eugenio Cefis is interested in supermarket chains and other commercial and industrial entities? We have reason to deduce that other « Franche » and other « Adolfi »

are hanging around the President of ENI.

A fox (yellow) who with the Notary (Neri), with gloves (white), with newspapers (red), spreads, taking the piss with elegance and reserve of the Piccoli, the Priests, the Colombos; but above all the Tax Office, the taxpayer, Parliament, Justice. Italy cannot rightly feel proud of such explosive and twisted Knights of Labor.

The man, despite his stage costume, is quite opaque and ordinary. But he is at the same time stubborn, tenacious, haughty. He knows that opponents are defeated through cunning and can be tamed.

Sitting on the seat of one of the most gigantic industrial buildings in Italy, the center of power par excellence, he enjoys immunity, credit, guarantees, thanks to the asbestos space suit of compromises and political alliances.

But if he were brutally asked to reveal where he got the fifty million to finance the advertising operation (LSPN), a masterpiece of his message philosophy, in favor of that (pious) body that serves him as an emergency exit, what would could you answer? We really want it here. Beyond the generic accusations, it is said, the real or alleged private maneuvers. Investigating the waltzes with the real estate companies, with the advertising studios, the offices and the confidential contact details, the page. 574

absolute discretion of his operations, it will be possible to outline the authentic, not at all edifying, physiognomy of Eugenio Cefis.

A marked but impassable path?

One thing is certain: there is still material to analyze. What we have subjected to a rapid examination is ultimately the key to the problem, but it is up to others to unravel it entirely. Have the courage to get to work and see it through to the end.

It is scandalous that a Minister must force himself to scrape the bottom of the barrel, applying certain taxes to the limit of tolerance to balance the state budget and completely neglects certain interesting revelations that would allow him a double act of justice: on the legal side, in itself , and from the tax one.

The notes on the multifaceted activities that we have transcribed are undoubtedly significant. We are not afraid of being seen as visionaries, perhaps in the grip of hydrophobia: we would simply be naive if we considered this sum of implications, details, coincidences, damned contributing causes a pure astral conjunction or a dreamlike fantasy.

Should we perhaps cry wolf (what is it!) and hunt him down too? It's none of our business. As citizens and as subjects of opinion we have the right to point out to those in charge that silence, further down, is complicity.

pag. 575

The political diagrams of the red-black carbonaro

Eugenio Cefis, therefore, a disconcerting and very astute man, for an equally devious and brilliant «Plan '80».

With some discursive imbalances we took a long time to illustrate the organizational temerity, the open game, the easy distractions, the recruitment of landsknechts of all heights and locations. There is a Plan: you can glimpse it in some tears in the gigantic spider web, in some curious and harmless stretch marks.

Mattei perhaps aspired, some say with certainty, to reach none other than the Quirinale; Indeed, he did not lack political qualities, the Cavourian style of the weaver, resistance merits and certain supports; an aura of legend made his name both fabulous and popular. He knew well the psychology of individuals, sometimes even of the masses; he cultivated quite common

hobbies and sympathies. He would have been able to keep the opposition at bay, but the post-war Italian version of res public would sooner or later reduce him (or promote him) to the role of responsible President, American or French style.

Don't talk about the driver

Whether this posthumous image of Mattei's ambitions is true or false, it must be said immediately that his successor Cefis has no appetite for adventures, even triumphal ones, of a marked political nature. A politician in the fullest sense of the word, he acts as such, with casual skill, with stubborn consistency: but no one would dream of him being President of the Republic.

Meanwhile he does not have the populist cliché and instead chooses positions that are a little blasées, aristocratic, refined (like the ex-votos that the squire Restelli, with very few others, tracks down and reports to him); he is not telegenic: in other words, he lacks that seductive aspect that even manages to make La Malfa's face acceptable; he doesn't bother people with his presence; he doesn't hire hagiographers and public defenders, who are also teeming on the market; he is too resolute and shrewd for the almost grotesque hypothesis of a candidacy for the Quirinale to touch him and make him, in this uncomfortable competitive position, even more welcome to the politicians who still leave the reins around his neck.

There will be another to succeed the gentleman Giuseppe Saragat. But it seems to us that some files of the prologue are in the possession of Eugenio Cefis. No one can honestly forget that the election of the President of the Republic will be under the banner of a loan, accepted with jubilation if the winner is a socialist, swallowed with grace if it is instead the turn of a Christian Democrat.

Communist support is indispensable: in the Cefis Plan the prolusion is taken for granted or at least implied.

The plot matches exactly; Italian paper money from the 1980s bears the imprint of Cefis in its watermark. We are not visionaries. Some pieces of the mosaic escape us completely, others are known to us by deduction; but the irrefutable fact that the policy of the National Hydrocarbons Authority coincides so well with the official policy of the left (Catholic and Marxist) and the other -

no less decisive than the absolute freedom (of the press, of customs, of initiative, of alliances, of evasion) enjoyed by President Cefis, they demonstrate with incisive adherence the compromises and main lines of an action that has black gold only the acronym, the pretext, the omnipotence.

It will therefore be necessary to push the government balance further to the left: this is why the "Base" current and other similar ones are supported. And don't ask us for evidence of occasional or usual financing of the «Base» by Eugenio Cefis. If anything, the claim should be addressed to the Christian Democrat current, to Marcora, friend of the President of ENI: they should prove the opposite. AND'

it is all too easy to objectively conjecture that the money comes from the state oil bandwagon.

We were wrong not to record the telephone conversation in which the same former «Albertino» partisan, Senator Giovanni Marcora cites a telephone number 867928, offers electoral compensation to support certain candidacies, sealing it with the assertion that «The Chief is agree".

Therefore, favoring the historic meeting between clericals and communists, without even the cumbersome barrier of the socialists, thanks to a pact of mutual tolerance and respect that the PCI did not reject. With the "Base" pulling the cart and certain fodder for the yoked donkeys, there is an air of mass conversions, defections and desertions from other currents.

Betting on the horse that must win: this is the tactical scheme of the Cefis coach, this is the ENI stable program. The issue of Soviet (and Libyan) gas to be channeled into Italian methane pipelines, pending the good results of research in the Adriatic and the Dutch supply, is a contingent but representative aspect of this Russian campaign.

Since the beginning of the world, money has financed revolutions. Let us hope that the current (or next) one is bloodless and peaceful. At least if we have to suffer it, given that we are regularly paying for it with the decisive contribution, in economic and political terms, of a state body.

The forced osmosis of the six-legged dog

Another stage of the Cefis escalation: reaching the maximum concentration of the state industry, i.e. the most extensive forced nationalization possible. With a scandalous, immoral endowment fund (for the most unthinkable distractions), of 768 billion, the reckless policy of Cefis is facilitated, instead of slowing it down.

After all those it has incorporated or domesticated: press agencies and organs, textile, hotel and tourism industries; or which is about to grab, like Montedison, you can give a bold thought (fortuna juvante) to Fiat and Italcementi. If he were to seriously think about it, Cefis would get there; if he doesn't do it it's because he lacks imagination. He has the power, patience and art, too.

pag. 577

But it lacks lyricism.

Naturally he is with the socialists; with them he demands the nationalization of pharmaceuticals, insurance institutes, hospitals and banks that are still autonomous. The Christian Democrats converge with the socialists on this issue. So this is doable. Morally, there is still a criterion regarding the validity and responsibility of intentions: then if with good reason we leave room for private initiative, it will mean that political contingencies have suggested to men like Cefis to postpone.

Where does ENI's dead hand not reach? Nobody seems to care. If a Stavisky affair happened, as in France in the 1930s, then everyone would discover America. But we fear that ENI, with the guarantee of the State, is not a giant with feet of clay and does not have to fear certain scandals that knock down any giant forever.

If ENI limited itself (and it would do a hundred times better) to looking for oil, to selling petrol, to expanding its network of economic interests (perhaps, like Fiat, starting to create an Agip fee for sore throats), the State would have everything to gain. Maybe they would actually find oil in the Mediterranean, methane on the Adriatic coast.

King Arthur and his trusted knights

The problem is all here. But it's too simplistic, elementary, accessible. Certain follies carry an unmistakable trademark - the political imprint. What would upset a Cefis who traveled the world to visit marine platforms and camps of Agip technicians?

The covers are flawless. The helmsmen of the peripheral boats of the apostle Peter are not insensitive to the call to overcome a historically exceptional impasse. Trips to the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe accentuate the color of this plan.

The carpet bombing of Bernabei's psychological television offensive and of the avant-garde organ, Restelli's Avvenire, stimulates the fundamentalists, the senescent Catholic crusaders, the silent moderate witnesses. Donat Cattin works with impetuous diligence with the gratuitous Turk's heads, the trade unionists, to whom Cefis does not owe a cent, knights against mills, to dig up the economy, so as to make it unproductive and critical enough to sink the plowshare of state reform into. wind-powered by vocation and necessity as they are.

Wages increase, the cost of living goes hand in hand, the devaluation is - according to an adjective of the system - creeping; the square reacts to any stimulus, since the system works properly in the hands of the agitators. Here is the only appeal: we need to change, we need to overturn. With this lapidary statement, the dialectical flow of Cefis stops. He looks like any high official. He wears a hat that accentuates his features as an American-style manager of a model agricultural company. A hat that fulfills the allegorical function of a balaclava from times gone by, when life was more difficult and adventurous, playing Resistance. He likes to withdraw, to be alone.

He does not always feel the need, like Montanelli before the disagreement with Gervaso, to take his faithful squire Resteli with him in the trunk. He sees and re-examines with painstaking attention on page. 578

quiet of via Chiossetto the organization charts, the rural landscapes, the comfortable silence, stirring the ashes of the fireplace or examines again, between one flash and another of his philosophy of the message, the private gallery of ex-votos, with an empty place to put his own on it one day, with the classic acronym VFGR (vote given grace received).

Will the chess match with the partners of the far left take place? Sometimes a banana peel is enough even for the immortals of France or Metanopoli. A sturdy scaffolding can suddenly ruin, especially if it sinks into the sand, the very mobile moods of the square.

Someone could resist him, something could go wild: then things would get pretty bad.

Tautological doubt. In fact, even for Eugenio Cefis there is the alternative of a banana peel, on which the colossus of Rhodes will crumble.

Montedison: a cheat who neither loses his habit nor loses his hair

Behind the smoke of American cigarettes and state oil, the true face of the phenomenon, the ruthless X-ray of which we have just transcribed some nuances of the individual monopoly of Eugenio Cefis, with the court of jesters and buffoons, of wise men and consultants, of friendships and of chiaroscuro, of business and co-interests, of titular and accessory entities, known, anonymous, unnamed (or unnameable).

Not everything went smoothly for him in the past. The Montecatini operation, for example: it seemed on the verge of ending for the best with Merzagora as President, guarantor and guarantor of the small shareholders against the predatory state (ENI). Which then envisaged, through the faithful (temporary?) Girotti, vice president of ENI, already vice president of Montedison before the big resignation, the reorganization of the Group, i.e. the coordination between Anic and Montedison, the linchpin of the entire operation. An agreement between the two companies would have defined

their mutual sphere of action: petrochemicals at ANIC, specialized chemistry at Montedison.

When everything seemed to flow in a sea of oil, after the efforts to round up Montedison shares, implemented by ENI through Mediobanca (with approval from Colombo, Treasury Minister, and Carli, Governor of the Bank of Italy), here is Merzagora, another dynamic character with an exceptional flair, resigning. The agreement collapses. Now there's Pietro Campilli: will it be easier to arrive at an arrangement with him? A good man, he deserves respect and consideration. It won't be a fish that bites, it won't be easy to ensnare it.

It's convenient to trumpet the 169 billion ANIC turnover, the constant increase in production and refining, from the rooftops. Boasting a 12% increase in rubber production, a 7.5% increase in fiber production; 4% of cement; of 16% of chemical crude oil, is child's play, when one ignores the fact that the Company's revenues, due to foreign competition, increased by only 2% during the last financial year.

Programs are one thing, reality is another. Manufacturing interventions, expansion in the sector of synthetic applications and plastic fibres, production of light paraffins, heavy paraffins, entirely biodegradable detergents, new chemical processes in the purification phases: a package of laudable initiatives, which however have to deal with Montedison.

pag. 579

This is equivalent to reaching honorable compromises, rejecting usury, abandoning all political speculation in the alliance. Doing the math means not mortifying the character (and the union) of the shareholders, the private nature of the Company; do not pretend to place it in support of ENI.

This is what is expected from the Hon. Campilli, by the careful vigilance of the Government. It is one thing to control Montedison's profits, another to rake in with subtle maneuvers, to demand surrender at the discretion of the State, i.e. ENI.

Indeed to Cefis itself.

The favorites of the harem, or the scissors on the turban (ENI)

The issue of isolation from the Seven Sisters did not fare any better in Cefis, when the oil-producing countries coalesced under the patronage of Rehza Pahlevi dictated new prices for the crude oil extracted.

Cefis then hoped that the Suez Canal would remain closed to Anglo-American oil tankers, favored in compensation and also in perspective for the decreased transportation costs, given that crude oil increased due to taxed costs.

Cefis thought that by rejecting this, he could dream of an underwater oil pipeline from the Middle East to the Italian coasts, raking in the crude oil that the prospect of the Suez blockade made unattractive and ultimately unprofitable to others.

Things went differently. The grass I want doesn't even grow in the gardens of Cephis. The Suez Canal may be reopened.

The Seven Sisters, in coalition, accepted the price increases imposed by the suppliers; together they close the links on the oil front, reviewing individual policies and settling for lower profits. Consequently they did not lose the Middle Eastern market and at the same time rejected the minority adoption of the small Italian state giant, ENI.

Cefis perhaps thought he was playing David and Goliath, but there is no way we have a modern version of those exploits today. If Mattei had been alive, perhaps the matter would have been successful. But Cefis is not Mattei at all, he doesn't look like him. And he enjoys making us forget it.

Of course we would have had everything to gain if the matter, with the help of external causes, had reached where the President of ENI wanted to take it, making excellent use (this time) of the freedom of action granted to him.

Instead we notice that Cefis's great undertakings work well in the undergrowth, while in the sun the snow melts and everything comes to light, miserably.

Italy must emerge from the protection of economic protectionism, from the phase of stop-and-go development, from certain conditions of manifest inferiority. And perhaps if people like Eugenio Cefis paid more attention to their duty and much less to distractions, something could be done, adopting the pace according to the width of the legs.

pag. 580

Gambling, raving about prodigious turnovers in the middle of the opponent's area and with certain champions in front, you end up also securing mockery. Like our big names in cycling, Cefis also triumphs when the Seven Sisters do not compete: the same goes for Gimondi and Motta, when Merckx is absent.

The autarchy of the nabob

Mattei was learning the lesson with difficulty. They didn't give him time to make some corrections that he had in mind in the last period, when he still held command. A helmsman who had faced many risky rudder strokes and follies: for all of them it will be enough to mention the Gela refinery, built for the purpose of processing Sicilian oil to obtain synthetic rubber and fertilizers. In fact, we now discover that with certain production costs it is difficult, if not problematic, to compete with similar international production.

But at least Mattei will be able to console himself, having created in the South one of those places of relief for unemployment and the industrialization of depressed areas: a commendable work on a human and social level, if not on an economic one. All of this, however, at the expense and in lieu of the State.

Logic and experience would suggest to the man in the street rethinks and remedies. Instead the genius (misunderstood but tolerated and encouraged) of the Gods of Italian black gold loves to try again the good number in the lottery.

If the analytical indications of the 71 wells in Piana del Signore are still valid, Sicilian oil becomes the powerful Italian bitumen. Other than

Supercortemaggiore. Here is the percentage composition: light petrol: 0.0% - total petrol: 3.5% - kerosene: 3% - diesel: 8.5% -

viscous lubricants: 4.5% - low viscosity lubricants: 3%, medium viscosity: 3%. A total of 25.5% valuable product against a bituminous residue of 74.5%.

It seems - by extolling the goodness of AGIP's research and workmanship - to return to the fascist phrasebook of autarchy. After all, Italy needs motorways, so the production of bitumen also has its importance. Then perhaps we arrive, in Sicily, to pump the crude oil with injections of (foreign) oil to make everything more fluid and more easily extractable; then external hot water cavities are studied to convey it, through oil pipelines, to foreign countries that request it, with the cost of money that anyone can imagine.

The famous institutional goals of ENI have no defined or definable perimeter, they do not find even the slightest configuration in practice. We forget the gas that exists and perhaps abounds in the Italian subsoil - to exploit the bitumen, to seek fortune abroad, like the pioneers of the West or the emigrants who for a century have found bread elsewhere.

With AGIP's drilling, we make lice abroad. On the other hand, we give a free show from the Luna Park inside, planning Babylonian service stations, with Big Bons or supermarkets at fixed and competitive prices.

It may be true that cosmetic products, toys, perfumes, textiles and foodstuffs can be made with oil. Perhaps Agip has arrived, with its powerful state petrol, pag. 581

even making cars fly with his Sprint and cheering up users' stops with gastronomic specialties and cheap purchases. Private industry had done something similar on a small and coherent scale (but not too much, given that Pavesi is controlled by foreign capital and SME likes Motta-Alemagna).

But the pachyderm has also arrived here: to beauty products, to cured meats, to the moplen donkey, to chewing gum. All made in Italy, all ENI brand. Everything about the State, in short: how can we avoid, at this point, an

annoying little retrospective thought about a possible, possible, reasonable direct participation in the profits, for some item, of Eugenio Cefis?

It is easy to foresee a proliferation of state-owned companies, in the process of being absorbed, which will produce the best for the boutiques of the voracious six-legged dog.

The political price of imposture, a double-edged sword

Do we want to nationalize? ENI, with Cefis, is on the front line, beating the communists by a few inches (hardly casual collusion...). The so-called silent majority, obviously, stays silent. If she spoke, she would no longer be silent (and useless?). The government is powerless, although it ensures at all canonical hours, as well as at vespers and matins, freedom, home, work, respect for the law (as in the ENI case, precisely). The print appears aligned or subservient or sterilely Savonarola-esque.

The Church of the ni - to which they go, obsequiously, large and discreet favors, through the dark ways of the Lord, of the ENI can only reciprocate with benign understanding. The center-left majority has too much to think about for its own patches and to maintain balance.

The patient and tenacious dunces of the Christian Democratic left have such a heavy meal but also plenty of soft fodder to spit on their plate. The far left waits, accrediting. The man in the street thinks that state petrol isn't bad at all, and that's enough for him. Who then is to blame for the great silence?

We are at a dead end. The grip of the Plan, this elusive ideological and tactical masterpiece by Eugenio Cefis, is tightening. Are certain contaminations all coincidences? The dog appears increasingly ravenous. The supporting walls of the rebuilt democracy reveal worrying cracks and gaps; before long bourgeois society will be a pathetic memory like the fin de siècle, giving way to the triumphant bourgeoisie of the proletariat.

The light comes from the East (like oil). The Marxist ogre is happy to show off to the astonished reactionaries that the claws are red, yes, but because fashion wants them that way; after all, they are harmless and pleasant, even to look at. The priests themselves are realizing this. Missi dominici try in

Moscow to reach the Concordat: didn't it work with Bismarck's Kulturkampf, with the Third Republic, with the fascist monster? Then it will also work with Stalin's grandchildren.

In the antechamber, they are perhaps moved by the ex-votos collected by a certain Eugenio Cefis, rounded up by the devoted hounds sniffing around the Cape.

The reversal? Probably the Dear President of ENI would like it to be quicker and pag. 582

shocking. But it will come anyway. Cefis good genius, as his name suggests, watches and acts. Of course: as long as no one has the courage to stick their nose into certain matters - of which we have woven a large and detailed anthology which take the form of waste, illegality, excessive power, distractions) compromises, political deviations, the light can only come from the East.

Wishes, together, for the servants of Moscow, the state industrialists and our silence. Silence that is not paid to infinitely protect the structures and faces of this Minotaur of State, generated by oil and imposture.

A severe and disenchanted investigation by Parliament is urgently needed, a responsible and courageous act of presence by the Minister of State Holdings. Better yet, for the credit it deserves and for the inconsistency of other guardians, a rapid and ruthless step by the Judiciary, so that light may finally be shed in the dark meanders of the owner-run farms of Eugenio Cefis.

pag. 583

Montecefis. The mix-up

No earthquake, no sudden blinking of eyelashes. The publication of our report "La PetrolCefis", which appeared at the end of April coincidentally with the jubilee promotion of super-manager Eugenio Cefis at Montedison, did not even shake the tender green fronds on the horse chestnut trees in the slightest.

The past is buried. The absurd, illegal deviation from ENI's institutional goals; the public money squandered in the (family-run) management of "Il Giorno"; the productive and grandiose investments (to buy sympathy, discretion, silence, complicity) with the Agip and Anic advertising offers; the capricious distractions of employees; the dots of mass consumerism applied to the advertising marketing strategy; the clever but naive subterfuges of real estate companies registered to loyal Turkish bosses, such as super-secretaries: all of this, we repeat, did not even take on the value of an original epitaph, they did not make any kind and fearful spirit tremble, even if one wants to exist where the Piccoli (Flamini) exalt, raising, the giants like Cefis, whose inaugural declarations at Montedison have aroused an admiring impression in the historical, religious moment that sees the relaunching of our foolish and deranged economy.

What went wrong with the public complaint we presented?

Relevant question even if candid. Scandals, in Italy and elsewhere, work when they have political roots, when they are driven by a decisive reason of state, when they arise from the honored society of parties, groups, personalities of the circle. When they explode, there is a contingent reason. When even the most dosed charges in terms of ingredients, time and launch remain unexploded, it is obvious that many have deemed it preferable to wet the fuse.

As in our case, where the cause still honors the attack and the unfortunate but courageous bomb disposal experts. Every journalist, every news agency could have set out and completed an identical effort, only if they were committed to the meaning of the story, only if they were animated by stubborn patience and convinced of the undeferrable urgency of the work.

A useless effort, then? The Judiciary will say it with its slow pace: that when it attacks (and perhaps precisely because the others cover it up), it knows how to do so with rigorous seriousness, with exemplary expertise.

Should we doubt whether this is often the logical conclusion that a journalistic story aims to reach?

A strange and involuntary (for us) coincidence meant that our complaint arrived precisely at the moment in which the Government, through Minister Piccoli and the authoritative indications of Guido Carli, recalled ENI's Cincinnato at the helm of a sailing ship it leaks and requires, in fact, the temper of a captain like Cefis.

Struck by an inoffensive broadside at the moment of the new investiture, the good genius can say he is happy with the choral clapping and not at all bothered by some solitary dissent (ours). Wasn't it asked in our report that the impassive helmsman of ENI was relieved of his duties for reasons made very clear? Well, success has fully smiled on us: we have won a losing battle...

pag. 584

We will not dwell further on this simultaneity of accidents except to add that by exchanging the Eni-Montedison addends the Eugenio Cefis product does not change. That an agent of "Metano Compressi e Derivati" (Dr. Eugenio Cefis) will remain agent and beneficiary even if transferred to Montedison. That all the other motivated assertions listed and described by us remain perfectly valid (or at least questionable) even after the consecration of the protagonist with the clouds of incense of Minister Piccoli and the installation of the Hero in Largo Donegani.

The personal gratitude expressed by the owner of the State Participations - he really does not lack courage for the precious and tireless work carried out as Presidency of ENI (how will he document it in a future comparison which we hope will be forthcoming?), is yesterday's news. Like the praise of the mainstream press, eloquent even when it expresses reservations or ignores certain merits, to the finally true President: prepared, competent, with notable managerial skills.

Perhaps a gentleman could have been sent to Montedison who was neither trained, competent nor well-referenced? It is clear that the turning point has a relaunch value for Cefis at the moment. A coach who moves from Milan to Inter is not guaranteed to be promoted, however: Milan 1972 could win the championship and Inter end up in trouble in the low rankings. In politics

(and economics) things sometimes go just like this; surely, then, when the newly promoted turns out, like Herrera, to be a magician in rags or worse.

If Montedison is the future in which, says Piccoli, the fruitful action to ensure the recovery of the important company will take place, what is ENI? Indeed, what does the void that Cefis leaves behind represent for ENI? Widows in mourning (metaphorical), orphans in (crocodile) tears, companies dismantled (of regret)?

Impromptu and silly questions. Piccoli doesn't answer; he doesn't know (about "PetrolCefis S.p.A"): he doesn't read (or perhaps only "Popolo", perhaps "L'Avvenire"). He will not be able to make people believe that the State has made a huge sacrifice by moving Eugenio Cefis from ENI, a wealthy business, to marry him with a mixed capital boat, private and State, just because there is no one better than him (Cefis) could prepare for the titanic undertaking.

Frankly, what should we think if these are the upright and exemplary champions of our economic Risorgimento? What a contrast, then, with the naïve portrait that we dedicated to him, illustrating his hobby of ex-votos, of (water) skiing, his passion for real estate, his munificence as the patron of the Opere Pie which make so much on the market!

Ours evidently lacked realism, Piccoli's, triumphalism: both styles were decadent. If no one believes, through habituation and self-interest, in the yellow tale of "PetrolCefis S.p.A.", we are equally certain that no one believes the Minister's laudatory gusts and the generic but solemn commendations he offered at the singular passing of the Righteous.

We would not want to embarrass a Minister like Piccoli by asking him how much the liabilities of "Il Giorno" amount to, what ceiling ENI's advertising budgets reach.

He probably doesn't know, at least with satisfactory accuracy. But we have no doubt at all that he had the time, if not the way, to suspect the dark vice, which he could (or should have) discreetly ascertained, before selling off junk for pure gold, before trimming Annunziata collars (democrats) or to bite the bullet (who knows?) that will one day go against him when, by crazy

hypothesis, he is accused of favoritism or in any case lack of caution, prudence, moderation in guaranteeing damaged goods.

All in all, certain ritual appreciations are fitting for the new President of Montedison.

Pater familias, as we have already said in previous reports, for his skills in inserting pages. 585

(different) family members, placed in the societies he created or supervised. Benefactor: of secretaries who lend him the Citroen DS 21 in their name and the pending fruits of the real estate companies legally entrusted to them (with the addition of trusted heads). The excellent ingenuity of the distributor: of methane when he was at ENI; of chemical products (we presume), now at Montedison.

A penniless man, all things considered, with a knack for leadership through charismatic infusion, but like any genius, singularly distracted. Just as Montedison's ordering by lines must encompass every activity ascribed to a given division; just as the organization by staff must group together in offices directly dependent on the Presidency the secretariat of the Company and its subsidiaries, the competence in matters of personnel, management techniques, financial and legal services: thus all the private companies, outside ENI or Montecatini, of the group Cefis including the "Compressed Ethane and Derivatives" of which he is the agent must be coordinated by him. Otherwise, as with the old Montedison, management would be wasteful and in some respects irresponsible.

A resettlement problem looms, but the tribe must have planned it in time. The Secretary, Franca (Ambrogia) Micheli, as far as she is concerned, "INV.IM."(sas), "F.M.I."(srl, the

"Immobiliare San Sebastian" (sas), Arolo, "Chioscasadieci", "Chioscasauno" has assimilated the word of the boss well. It will agree to be coordinated as it agreed to lend the name (and the car) for these and other (certainly) companies of the Cavaliere del Lavoro Eugenio Cefis.

Doctor Adolfo Cefis, 34 years old, brother, will also stick to the line. He won't do anything with his head, he will lead "Arborea" sas and Immobiliare BCR (snc) as the clan demands, with all its tribal adhesions more or less landed in the hospitable Milan.

Cefis in the crown speech to Montedison said he felt "all the responsibility to guide the management in the fundamental interests of the Company". His squires must have sensed the positive developments of this new management for some time, in the shadow of the tutelary and managerial deity. Here is the profile of "Ge.Da", introduced months ago when Girotti was vice-president, in Montedison to offer its collaboration at the level of subsidiary services (scheduled, according to the reversal wanted by Cefis). Who is "Ge.Da." it's easy to say, wanting to shorten the time. But we prefer an essential history, from which the cunning of the Cefis Clan emerges in occupying a position by first bypassing it, insinuating itself there and beautifully transferring the Penates there. Small family foibles. For "Immobiliare San Sebastiano" Franca Micheli entered in combination with

"Gula Etablissement" from Vaduz; for "Arolo", it entered into a partnership with "General Rock" also from Vaduz; so for the "Ge.Da." the expert Adolfo (Cefis) - probably at the suggestion of the former President of the Six-Legged Dog, called a partner from Singapore to be part of the management. Exoticism is de rigueur. However, another excellent example of activity devised by the good genius of black gold.

The "Ge.Da." (Gestioni Dati S.p.A.) was established in 1968 at the usual address of Corso Venezia, 24, where other social activities are based. The (corporate) reason this time is quite unusual: start-up and management of data processing centers for third parties and for its own account, provision of services and so on.

We had to expand, real estate was enough. A little imagination. You can always find a Peruzzotti Renzo, even in Vigevano, where he is perhaps known (and is) a fine gentleman. For two months he was at the head of "Ge.Da."; then the usual Bernabè Giordano turns up, already working for other companies of the clan (the "BCR" real estate company of Adolfo Cefis & C.), as Sole Director for three years.

The company takes shape, with management and offices in the business district in via Fara and in '69

presents an accommodating metamorphosis, undergoing the incorporation of PRO.DE. (Profili Demografici S.p.A.), already founded in '67 with the purpose of printing and sending letters and correspondence, creating files, etc., initial capital of one million, increased to 15

by better specifying its activity: programming exercises for data research-collection, processing and dissemination of information, consultancy and services for electronic data processing.

In '68 the "Pro.De." opens studios in Rome and has a Council with three members: P.C. Viglio, Ugo De Fusco, Alberto Maffei. Love at first sight came in '69; the usual trusted notary of Cefis notes a capital increase of 300 million. Fusco resigns. Tullio Silvestri replaces him, the name changes: "DA.MA" (Data Management S.p.A.). Then Bernabè takes the place of Silvestri and those reserved for Pietro Carlo Viglio; he becomes GE.DA again. the capital rises to 900 million.

Cefis Adolfo is appointed President with Viglio, Bernabè, Maffei and A. Guglielmo Massa. Doctor Adolfo Cefis has broader powers, the company name is expanded, offices are opened in Rome (Via Shakespeare, 47), the statute is changed, the company becomes "System-Italia", Maffei and Bernabè resign, Ugo De Fusco joins and Cristofer Coleman, the man from Singapore, to be precise.

Laborious but happy trajectory of "SYSTEM-ITALIA" (formerly GE. DA.) at the service of the largest Italian companies to offer, as it did with a lot of negotiations to Montedison, its own cutting-edge American techniques in the field of computer letters , of the composition of mailing lists, in direct marketing problems.

Not understanding the importance of this incident in the new management of Montedison would mean having understood absolutely nothing about Eugenio Cefis's ability in applied (economic) sciences. President, equipped

with excellent recommendations, predicted Deux ex machina of a policy of relaunching the large chemical complex, accompanied by enviable references, ours was preceded in advance scouting, with all the trappings of legality in the sector of an already ruthless competition , by the tools of psychological conquest.

It may be that the offer from "System-Italia" to Montedison, with the services made available to the organisation, will fall on deaf ears, just as it may have already been accepted. We'll see. An alarm is not false solely because the attack is postponed and the targets, for once, distracted. The potential exists, the precedents too. The Clan works, and how.

Cefis always on the market with their unparalleled services; Doctor Eugenio as President of the Montedison complex to save it, according to Piccoli and other jokers, from certain shipwreck; Doctor Adolfo with personalized propaganda, information systems for the Commercial, Administrative, Production and Personnel Management Departments; the programs for the quantitative and qualitative processing of market research results and for the planning of the advertising media made available to "System-Italia". On the accounting books, perhaps, Franca Micheli. Everything is calm, prosperous, safe; income increases, the spider web expands in peace. AND

absolutely to be ruled out, are we asking for a promising collaboration between the state giant and the helpful consultancy center just mentioned? It is not mandatory, but we consider this proliferation of parasitic activities, perhaps independent, in the Cefis procession to be quite symptomatic.

The commendable, exhilarating disinterest attributed to him by the Minister of State Holdings appears, at this point, to be a servile compliment, even if dictated by political expediency.

Faced with the imposition of governor Carli, not only do the Pirellis and Agnellis distance themselves from Montedison, but they find the right man in the right place, complete with immaculate credentials, in Eugenio Cefis.

It is not easy to say what conclusion our investigation will have, just as it is not easy to predict the unpredictable reactions of the man who knows how to take revenge. What is certain is that the mafia's days (or years) are numbered in Sicily too: we don't see why everyone should continue to align themselves, that is, remain silent, for a modest (all things considered) honorable company that belongs to the current president of Montedison. The important thing is that a new state within the state does not stabilize within this, as the previous ENIs suggest.

The matter does not only concern the shareholders or Minister Piccoli, but all of us. This is why we require controlled management at Montedison: there is no need for Montedison's electronic computers

"System-Italia" to understand it.

pag. 588

New glories of the tipper

After having passed through our modest mimeograph machine (not having the mystical and sinister subsidies enjoyed by "Il Manifesto", which has enough money to risk legal costs by denouncing detractors like us) the special report in six episodes on "PetrolCefis S.p.A. ", we leafed through the newspapers every day in the hope of even an incidental recovery and perhaps (a more probable and less happy hypothesis) the echo of some warning or lawsuit for defamation.

We deserved neither one nor the other, neither attention nor reaction. Whether the presumption of those who wrote or the enslavement of those who read remains to be seen. Patience anyway. Which does not mean that the chapter (ENI-Cefis) is closed, at least on our part; so much so that we remain committed to keeping it current, against all public or private interests, pouring out the research, documentation and commentary resources that our news agency continues to have at its disposal without having patrons even from an operetta behind us.

This time we limit ourselves to reporting some circulating rumors, for which we assume no responsibility, having simply recorded; while drawing from

the source, from the severe writings of the public registers, we will have no need to declare ourselves extraneous to the matter. In other words, to avoid being (painfully) misunderstood: the rumors remain rumors and refer to the news; the reports, on the other hand, are very controllable.

We therefore report, based on hearsay (with all the margins of plausibility, of adherence, of full correspondence that the phrase preserves), that the latest ENI balance sheet has been the subject of a dispute: within, obviously, and by part of a mayor or auditor, who would have made three substantial findings on the budget itself. First: the large liabilities, perhaps not highlighted, the coverage and definition of which is not clear. Second: exceptions on the propaganda item which amounts to over four billion, but with as many as two hundred million for studies and research of a nature not well specified and, it seems, not even guaranteed by the relevant supporting documents. Third: inflated budget items, i.e. tainted with administrative populism so that everything appears, Madame the Marchioness, perfectly and socially ordered.

This recorded leak does not specify or identify the perpetrator of the complaint; that is, whether it is Tarzini, or Marnetto, or Giocoli, or Tornaghi, or Mucci; we limit ourselves to adding that the meeting, already scheduled for April 26th, was then postponed to the 30th of the same month and finally indefinitely, pending all the signatures necessary for the budget to be valid for the subsequent examination of the Assembly.

Is something moving within the state pachyderm? It is said that disturbing noises arise within the various companies of the Group; that Cefis' transfer to Montedison was a shock, with the confusion and fears of the circumstance, with the trauma resulting from the changing of the guard. Recording of voices, we repeat. Nothing could be true. It could be fully authentic, with a few more notes. Naturally, investigations are not conducted with the arrogant people in the corridor.

The next few days will tell us if the storm has really passed, if it has left flood marks or has instead contributed to making the horizon increasingly clearer. Moreover, even if nothing had happened, the discussion methods applied to ENI's financial statements require great understanding and credit

almost unlimited in the auditors so that some reservations are justifiable, even resolved good-naturedly with detailed explanations and references to the seriousness of the management criteria of the institution.

However, we report another fact, not anchored in biased rumors or seasonal noises. It is part of the undergrowth activities that highlight the contribution of the former President of ENI, the miracle worker of economic Providence, as the euphoric and strangely relaxed Minister Hon. defined him with analogical lyricism. Piccoli on the same day as the famous crown speech for the investiture at Montedison of the unconquered former colonel of the black gold. Indeed, at Montedison there is a need to turn around a lot; and knowing the attitudinal sympathies of the doctor. Cefis for any sort of reversal, in a certain order of things it is to be expected that he will stir the waters within the new front of action to which the Gods of democratic Italy have destined him. In his way, he will overturn the tipper.

We have spoken at length about the real estate registered by Cefis to some pretty Turkish head, private secretary or relative in general on these pages. It is necessary to mask the subsidiary (and subsidised) activities, benevolently enriching the employed personnel, in short, giving to oneself and to others.

The Municipality of Milan has not specified for the past years, at least the taxable amount of Eugenio Cefis for the purposes of the family tax, certainly small for a man who does not have much of his own, except for the ex-votos and the salary of an official. At this rate, his possible registration on the list of the poor would not be a clumsy joke, so much so that the Minister of Finance himself seems to take it seriously, at least paying attention to his fiscal silence from which we had begged him to emerge: to defend a gentleman, if necessary, or to agree with other gentlemen, since there is a need.

In any case, we wanted to proceed on our own, using the routine technique, like naive but not entirely fast provincial Maigrets. All in all, an interesting profession; sometimes even fun, that of extracting highly instructive news and deductions from severe official books and public registers.

We will not only repeat our opinion regarding Eugenio's idea of merging the companies of which he, and he alone, is the owner. This street, on the

outskirts, is frankly not very recommendable for a Cavaliere del Lavoro, to whom the avenues of the center should be familiar and appropriate in the sunlight. Instead Cefis prefers the fog and the paths, where one can easily pass for proletarians out for a walk, for grain brokers on an inspection, for distracted retired petty bourgeois. We talked about it, perhaps to the point of boredom.

Let us now instead note our penultimate discoveries, other real estate ones unloaded on the sturdy shoulders of the kind lady in charge of the secretariat of our incomparable operator.

Here is the "S.I.M." Società Immobiliare Milano - limited liability, established by the notary of the Neri family, with a capital of only nine hundred thousand lire. Here is the other s.r.l. "Central South Real Estate" with just fifty thousand lire more capital than the previous one, with the usual object (acquisition, sale, management of real estate).

A series of companies that are similar, the cunning of getting away with Franca, a play on words that Mrs. Franca (Ambrogia) Micheli in Ricci will want to forgive us because it is involuntary.

In the private office in via Chiossetto Cefis must be very comfortable, in an iron barrel, away from prying eyes. Family-run company, better company within society. Eugenio Cefis is at the same time, behind the walls of that welcoming building, in the midst of his economic lares, Mrs. Micheli's boss, and the employee, the partner.

pag. 590

The question, naive and childish, is always the same: what does the taxman say about that scarecrow that the Hon. Preti proudly flaunts in the country the evaders of these amateur activities, these fearful, harmless parlor games in which the owner of the house enters as a customer?

The owner is legally Mrs. Franca who must have expertise in the matter like we have in oriental languages. With a partner of such weight at his side, no owner would have any doubts about the quality of the management, the accounting compliance and the usefulness of the operations. The "Società

Immobiliare Milano" and the "Immobiliare Centro-Sud" are two other episodes that add to the previous ones. We report them, as citizens, without any partisan hatred, without victimization, without moralistic fanaticism, to the Minister of Finance for the investigations that he wishes to order.

These are neither burdensome structural reforms nor useless additional investigations. If someone publicly calls me a thief, I have the right to know that I am being defended (and those who accuse me, to be comforted or confused) by those who protect the honor and supervise the duties of citizens who are not of series A, B, C , but they play, in the fiscal championship, in the same group (Italian style). An invitation that the Minister, engrossed in the profession of scraping the scabs at the bottom of the barrel (to refer to a celebrated expression of his), will certainly find a way to welcome.

The failure to provide assistance, in any case, remains: in truth, it is even abandoned by the government's Samaritans. On our own we will proceed with the means we have, accumulating barrels of powder wrapped in tarred cloth: it is not certain that we will always be able to get the powder wet. Courage takes the place of tiredness, we think, of the resigned (and subsidized) conspiracy of silence, when one does not allow himself - as in our case - to be intimidated by anyone.

pag. 591

The obstacle courses

The brilliant biographies that Eugenio Cefis generally describe as an eminent economist, prudent operator, born manager, with a rich collection of medals and intelligent cultural foibles, err on the side of banality when they do not exude imagination, adulation and conformism.

They seem to have been drawn with invisible ink either to get into someone's good graces (perhaps himself) or to earn the title in the race for the Cortemaggiore prizes (Agip advertising), today perhaps replaced with Moplen and Montedison super bleach.

During our investigation from life, we overlooked the artistic touches to the portrait, the occasional mendings, the acanthus leaves to decorate the

pedestal.

According to some of the major (elite) magazines in the peninsula, Eugenio Cefis is the key man in the economy (l'Espresso), the President who comes from the shadows (Panorama); according to Preti, a man of great entrepreneurial ability. Others transcend (in the empyrean of magniloquy): the savior of ENI (since, before, Mattei did not commensurate costs with revenues); lingering to outline the parallel lives, the love and the agreement between the two; then it is stated, concluding the fervorino, that ours was chosen at Montedison with an appointment that responds to the basic approach that should exist in all cases.

Of the two, one: either the Minister of Finance had sunstroke at the end of April, or the enigmatic but excellent character needs a Voronoff rejuvenation treatment, an advertising relaunch (or a justification ?).

We personally have nothing against Cefis: we say this, indirectly, to some of his friends (or adventure companions) who would like to have discovered our poisonous tooth. We are angry with the baroque structure of ENI, with the irresponsible subjective management system, with the too easy deviations of direction, with the tacky and bossy methods of protectionism, of research in the markets, of instrumental eclecticism, of washing of brain with advertising oats and so on.

Let's not repeat ourselves endlessly: the reasons for our campaign were and remain clear, illustrated and defined in the exhaustive but incomplete report in several episodes (and appendices, also to come) which appeared on "Milano Information". Then, like Gulliver in the Land of Giants, our arrows tickled more than one person and in particular (at least we assume so, up to now) the chieftain, was obvious. If he has changed ships, the crew remains, the (concrete) nostalgias remain, the theories and practices that can be traced back to him remain.

It may be true that the assertion accepted with reservations according to which ENI had a savior in Eugenio Cefis after the disappearance (increasingly disturbing, especially when referring to the Di Mauro case) of the man from Matelica. How plausible can the opposite hypothesis be: that

is, that ENI remained standing exactly as before (i.e. very well) despite Cefis.

An attack, like ours, is therefore plausible, directed not at the registered individual "Eugenio Cefis", but at the President of a State Body that belongs to us (to us and to fifty-five million Italians).

At the bottom both the (harmless?) broadsides of "Milano Information" and the swirls of incense (on page 592

of dispersive tactics) of the Little Priests, arise or coincide from the same point. One to illuminate, the other to confuse and camouflage.

We are left stunned, knowing the character so well, even from close quarters, in the face of the panegyrics of the occasion: the formidable technician, the flashlight that gave light to Mattei, the rigorist of public affairs, the individual introverted to clamor and fame, everything work and family; discreet and reserved even by marrying his children (with a celebrating priest, comrade from the CLN years, plus ten guests), while he could demand the presence of Saragat, Fanfani, La Malfa, De Martino, in addition to the added services of the Bernabei masses.

Of course it is edifying to read about him, the car helps him to reflect, it rests him, that his car is a safe place for his conversations, it is his favorite: noble expressions, stolen from the prose for girls of Enrica Handel-Mazzetti or to the condensed male biographies of female magazines. The think tank, Eugenio Cefis's favorite living room on four wheels, is registered in the name of his secretary: the comic book hero does not even own an official small car of his.

And here we are with the usual memorable sayings celebrated in his internal discourses, at ENI or in Largo Donegani: «Let's look each other in the eye, let's say things as they are, let's put the cards on the table», simple allegorical euphemisms in a man who doesn't like to scrutinize you, he escapes in the corner and never puts the cards on the table.

A look (the function develops the organ) made to drill the opponent, to defeat the interlocutor, to fulminate the objection, to accompany the sarcasm.

He tells her things as they suit him, in favor of her, with implications, covert threats, lexical and content deceptions; if he really acted like a preacher, it would border on self-harm (hinting, perhaps, at the things he deals with to ingratiate himself, through the Pie works, with the fourth estate in Italy); explained how things are when the hand (surviving and solid) at ENI works the MCCC (Methane Fuel Combustibles Compressi, which belongs to him), then yes he would be serious.

The papers then rest well kept in spacious and secret cabinets with combined locks, protected from indiscretions, investigations and undue interference, especially from the tax authorities. But which industrialist would ever play with his cards exposed? Better to register them, if necessary, to straw names, to harmless people of the following, with a dependency in Vaduz, the Eden of cancellations and tax exemptions.

Strategist with the velvet glove, he uses the silencer but proceeds quickly, he gets out of the most treacherous waters, appears almost for fun with commercial speculations apparently above all suspicion, dragging - servus servorum - the heavy cart, yesterday of ENI, today of Montedison, to paraphrase the medal of love, today more than yesterday, tomorrow more than today, in terms of takings, both moral and financial.

At the end of a long line of operations, what matters is the sum, the result. We have outlined the items quite extensively, but we would not be in a position to draw the total, both because we are taking care of and reviewing other distractions (to then insert them in the secondary activities column of ours), and because it would be impossible to do the math in our pocket.

Eugenio Cefis has certainly read this financial (and fiscal) panorama, with the haughtiness and compassion of a know-it-all and insured man; perhaps in one of his residences. At most, he unleashes some hound to find out what's behind it: as if everyone had dark interests behind them; to ascertain whether other revelations (so ridiculous...) the naive but boring sans-culottes have in store; to monitor or document (in the case of a replica); to put out the fire with the usual measures to be taken for killjoys.

Our (very modest) silence is not worth, let's face it, not even a mass; so there's no need to let ourselves get carried away. We will continue to say what we know, in spite of any official homily, given by great mediocrities in the political world today on the crest of the wave; in spite of unexpressed or signed intimidation; despite the pneumatic vacuum that the media (independent in name, but employed in business) consider preferable around this matter that is so uninteresting and current.

In the artfully spread smoke screen, our unforgivable squeak is wedged; our exception is inserted into the uniform chorus of approval, which remains so even if it confirms the rule.

"I am the manager", in fact and by choice; with every implication of risk, of self-sufficiency, of evasion from what remain, for mere mortals, laws and taboos. Comics does not highlight this significant side of Eugenio Cefis' personality; he prefers to linger on the Cape bunker, the car (of the secretary) that he, like Mattei in his Alpine redoubt, would love to defend himself from prying eyes, a refuge and an alternative.

Picturesque images, naive and malevolent like the devil's snares on the ex-votos that cheer up the tired days of Cefis, fall into the picture: the red chameleon, the silent tribune, the real estate baron, the overturner of alliances, the dialectical transformist. Of course, the Herrera of industrial crises did not open up the path to resurgence for Montedison by closing the bronze door of the oil empire behind him. The state elephant, the black gold of Italy, remains firmly in his hands, thanks to the men he has seconded there, with Girotti as a substitute.

The harmless device exploded between Piccoli's fingers, creating a cloud of smoke. The shadow man is also the shadow President: he certainly does not abandon ENI without regrets, indeed by divorcing. We would like events to prove us wrong: that ENI would change some paternalistic political directions, significantly reduce advertising investments, do a bit of cleaning. Instead, up to now everything continues as it did when he was there in the inaccessible glass tower block of Metanopoli. Why change if everything was going well, Madame the Marchioness?

Cefis remains a fox who knows how to mind his own business and, when it happens, also those of the State.

All in all (and unintentionally) positive definition. We have mentioned the different channels, the supports, the contributions, the endorsements that it uses. After having provided further details in a recent report regarding the availability of the secretary Franca (Ambrogia) Micheli as a figurehead, this time we can insert other spicy (if desired) details regarding the collaboration of Sergio De Angelis, a fellow countryman (because Friulian, from Sacìle) by Eugenio Cefis (the—is is typical of the Ladin language still spoken today in that very civilized area, and of patronymics). The ex-President of ENI, as we know, is the agent of "Metano Compressi" etc., which we abbreviate as MCCC; Dr. is the administrator of it. De Angelis. Now we can add that he is also a director of the S.p.A. "USI META", a company established in 1967 for the use of natural gas for industrial and civil purposes.

It remains to be ascertained whether Eugenio Cefis assumed the role of agent of this company or whether he limited himself, as prudence suggests, to placing mortgages on it, controlling its activities and balance sheets, and ensuring "USI META" contracts, protection, vouchers business.

It is a question that we turn to Minister Preti, an admirer of the new President of Montedison but also Minister of Finance and therefore at least marginally interested in the fiscal seriousness of all companies, without exception, prospering in our country. Incidentally, we also ask Minister Piccoli if he considers such a transparent relationship between one methane and another edifying...

Even more mysterious are the companies of the Principality: the "General Rock Investment Trust", of Vaduz, page. 594

subsidiary of Micheli in "NV.IM" s.a.s.; the "Trevalor Trust Reg." of Eschen, associated with the

"Arborea" s.a.s. by Adolfo Cefis; the "Gula Etablissement" of Vaduz, which appears in the "Immobiliare San Sebastiano" of the kind Mrs. Micheli, secretary of the Baron in the Trees.

Exoticism is casual. We have already underlined this. It is clear that Liechtenstein meets the financial expectations of Italian capital as well; good air, discretion, silence, confidence.

Let us now clarify that the "Trevalor Trust Reg." he is a limited partner of "Grober" s.a.s. of Eugenia Airoldi, for the purchase and exercise of ownership and management of real estate and shareholdings, with deed of the usual notary Neri. Furthermore, the "Trevalor Trust" is a limited partner of the "Immobiliare Luca", of which a certain surveyor Lampugnani is the general partner. A new track, or rather two, on which to unleash some very skilled bloodhound who has more nose than us (as far as sense of smell is another thing).

If there's a burning smell, there's something roast in the pot, but it's not up to us to find out. Coincidences are incontrovertible, even if it doesn't mean that they have to be conclusive. There is always a notary and always the same one; all these companies have their headquarters in Corso Venezia, 24, where Cefis has set up some of his tents; the company name is strangely repeated, like the predilection for the tiny delivery between Austria and Switzerland.

This is the case, if we want, of "PAR. IN.", of Airoldi Giuseppe, a limited partnership for the acquisition of shareholdings both on its own and for third parties, and in which we note the presence of the "Interoil Investment Trust ", from Vaduz; the case of Attilio Neri's "Warn", a s.a.s.

for real estate and securities transactions, in which the "SADAF Finance Etablissement" appears; from the

"Costanza", a real estate company owned by Grosselli Attilio, with the "Olka Finanziaria Etablissement" of Triesen; of the "Editorial" by Eugenia Airoldi first, then by Franco Caprotti, in which the

"Trevalor Trust". Remarkable detail: the latter closed in Milan in 1970 with a capital of half a million, reopening immediately afterwards in Varese, bringing the capital to fifty million.

The tour of these s.a.s. it's probably complex. Let's be clear: we might have made a mistake. But as long as there are no denials, it is all too obvious to think of collusion between the Cefis clan and the companies of the principality of Liechtenstein: for shareholdings, investments, guarantees, bonds, purchase, management, sale, properties . If the ring exists, as too many elements would suggest, the dual personality of Eugenio Cefis, a public man, required in many ways to distance himself from particular, private interests, would once again be highlighted. If Minister Preti exalts the President of Montedison precisely for the typical virtues of a statesman, we would like to be able to believe him without reservations. Ministers should speak clearly, albeit with the tact and political restraint suggested by the delicate position of certain leading figures in the life of the country.

It is not the authority of the Ministers that makes a man invulnerable from the severity of the law, even if notable, even if placed very high. The oratorical effort of our rulers should instead explain to us why ordinary people are not allowed any inventive creativity in their tax returns, while all the ways to escape the hateful control seem to be open to the divinities of the democratic Olympus.

When someone reports publicly, indicating a lead, it would be necessary to follow this alarm, supported by multiple elements of truthfulness to consider it false and biased a priori.

We have indicated some convincing findings. Naturally, we have not discovered all the cards that the unpredictable game is providing us with day by day. With many pieces, we have corrected the eulogy mosaic that (state) political artists regularly collect around the venerable.

There is a flip side to civil merit. The hero of the Italian economy has feet

of clay, at least on the plinth they wanted to erect for him. The Triple Entente government, parties and unions grant him credentials or entrench themselves in a silence that acquiesces. The fourth estate appreciates the concrete merits that derive from it, and remains silent.

Little by little, with our Sisyphean effort, we will discard all the veils that guard the holy man, collector of votive offerings, real estate and public praise.

pag. 596

The pious contraption

The silence, quite heavy, that fell on the first part of our investigation "PetrolCefis" was predictable and today, as can be seen, regularly modified for pertinent reasons in MonteCefis: where the change in the addends does not lead to appreciable changes in the result.

In imaginative language, we will call this silence a calm. Before storms it seems that everything stops in the air. Waiting for what lightning? In truth, up to now we have barely registered flashes: discreet surveys and innocent advances of reconnaissance, to which the reserve of circumstance binds us; visits and phone calls to the editorial office, requests for clarification, amused curiosity (very often) which presupposes interest in a not very pleasant story.

Usually padded environments reveal something that goes beyond the threshold of detached commentary. In short, we have the impression that the State Vampire with the double investiture smells witches, moves sentries, prepares a tactical diversion because the conspiracy of silence is not totalitarian and unanimous, not even in the industrial and political ranks.

Of course we have stepped on some calluses, several times. Few noticed. Like on the tram, one pays the price and the others don't even notice, as the public transport continues its journey. Indeed, new curls of incense honor the offending baldness, while voices advise us to change profession...

Yes: who makes you do it? In a country where silence prevails and all sorts of mafia cliques are at play, it takes a significant dose of spirit of adventure and unforgivable risk to sharpen the sting at the expense of a plantigrade of this kind.

Eugenio Cefis, before, didn't know us at all; if we met him by chance, he didn't even notice. Why bother him? But man has his Achilles heel. The

Olympic satisfaction of prestige, of tacit immunity, of full powers - today at Montedison as yesterday at the Ente Idrocarboni and still an artifice - is part of the official mimicry of the profession.

Therefore, if the Hon. Piccoli does not open an investigation (very unpleasant and not very productive) into the actions -

Cefis to ENI; if Minister Preti overlooks and accredits the fiscal seriousness of the big man; if the governor of the Bank of Italy even promotes it: this does not mean that the current President of Montedison enjoys the miraculous right of invulnerability, at least before another power that can (or rather must) act ex officio, without asking for opinions or consent to anyone.

Justice is slow to move, but it does so without reservations and with complete freedom. It is natural for a public prosecutor to act if he believes with absolute disengagement, very differently from certain publishers (not journalists) who aim to break even the newspapers financially with ENI or Montecatini advertising.

Avoiding an abstract controversy on weather forecasts, we prefer to illustrate some details of Eugenio Cefis's physiognomy which we have just indicated previously.

This is a typical phenomenon of distraction, reserved with great generosity to certain Pious Works.

Initiatives that guarantee a halo of respectability and very valid merits to man, but which do not fall within the legal means of charity.

pag. 597

Let's be clear: a public man who dedicates energy to activities outside his mandate, unusual to the private commitments we have written so much about (with appendices in the pipeline), earns a plot of land in paradise and does good with cunning and skill. It remains to be seen whether the vocation is authentic, the purposes disinterested, the proceeds purely spiritual. Or if, under the pretext of guaranteeing a kind of (eternal) life insurance, one does not actually seek the good opportunity, the support, the cordial disengagement, the perk, the sympathy of the surroundings.

If I need space to make my way, it's better to be able to count on every arm, secular or ecclesiastical. The Opere Pie, in general, offer an enviable screen, they become references that are still highly esteemed in Italy today, they assign certain quarters of nobility that you would vainly look for elsewhere.

Naturally, it is necessary to make some sacrifices, launch ideas and have specialized staff. The black gold manager then stands out, contributes, advertises.

But what is this Pious Work about which we remain so evasive as to make people think it is a pretext and a gross inference? How many and which maneuvers does it require absolutely calm on the part of the munificent guardian Eugenio Cefis?

We could fully answer these questions, but we don't want to do so (for now).

Previously we happened to provide similar examples of references. As in the case of Dr. Restelli, manager of Snam, seconded (with service order no. 2/70 of 28 January 1970) on the orders of the President of SNAM itself (obviously Cefis) reporting directly to the President for particular tasks, therefore leaving the general management of the Segisa Division ("Il Giorno" ed.).

Of these particular tasks of trust closely reporting to the Cav. of the Work. Eugenio Cefis we said: Restelli ended up at the (Catholic) newspaper "Avvenire", in Piazza Duca d'Aosta, with the duties of President of the Board of Directors of the newspaper, a newspaper that no one decently assumes to be directly dependent or not of ENI or SNAM (where the seconded ad personam, in the meantime, has no longer set foot). From the business card, this doctor Restelli appears to be a SNAM manager: but at the bottom there are the telephone numbers for both Piazza Duca d'Aosta and San Donato (where he goes, at most, to collect his salary).

We have therefore outlined a full-blown distraction with effectiveness, scruple and reliable references. But who has ever worried, who dreams of cleaning things up by throwing just an indiscreet glance at the matter with half a newspaper column? Anyone who has read our deposition must have thought: a) that the world is a country; b) that the gray eminence Eugenio

Cefis enjoys such respect, in high places, that he can afford this and probably more; c) that ENI, all things considered, has some connections with “Il Giorno” in the field of the press, so a more or less “Avvenire”, supported by fresh energies such as those of SNAM, doesn't hurt anyone. Let's try to think with the healthiest realism.

If this is how it ended with Restelli, why should we waste our wallets, squandering precious information in the wind of silence, of indifference, of a sufficient smile?

We would like to point out the imbalances, the interferences, the excessive power, the questionable and discretionary personal dynamism with all the distorted components, the behind the scenes, the uncertainties, the deviations, the most gaudy infidelities, of a public body of the highest renown and of its President: of whom, having moved to Largo Donegani, we could add that his coat is changing.

The President of Montedison administers as a trustee an entity that is not state and is not pag. 598

not even with modest state participation.

Honestly, we wouldn't give a damn, in fact we would point to it as a (rare) example. Unfortunately he honors consultancy and management favors by seconding staff paid by the State, he helps as he can thanks to interventions, especially of an advertising nature that smell of oil a mile away (as the crow flies from Metanopoli).

In the mysterious (but not too much) body, ours has slowly overturned traditional policies, managers and techniques, support and initiatives, to the point of exalting the virtues of the good use of money with advertising panels. Goodness of him, he is the man worth "X" million, or rather (potentially)

“x billion”. If Providence dumps into your home a cumbersome, yes, but precious spiritual shell like Cefis, all you have to do is thank it.

Why? We ask ourselves this with poorly disguised candour. Why does a cover character like him go out and get his money's worth, in affairs that

affect him and his company in the slightest, in activities that have nothing to do with politics? And why do the hosts, even if they reason with evangelical cunning, open their arms wide to him and offer him the widest patronage, leaving him the referee to even correct a line or check every incoming phone call?

I will not make the risposta - trasparente coincide with the greater glory of God in the Jesuitic mark.

It may be that the manager's intentions are very laudable, but we dare to infer that the position in question turns out to be productive for him also on a human (and social, and political) level. Furthermore, we contest - and it is elementary - the search for a respectable, indeed very worthy, goal, with means (made available, in fact) that are at least questionable if not illegal as we mentioned above.

If we do not go into detail it is precisely because the experience also mentioned above suggests that we wait for what we have previously sown to flourish, if it is to flourish (but we very much doubt it). At a certain moment we make a profession full of humility: what can we, with the four cards in our hands, against the maneuvered hostility, the contempt, the curtain of a priori groundlessness that surrounds us?

In reality we must reiterate a concept, dispel an obvious impression: it is not Eugenio Cefis who gives us shade. In fact, there's really no one to ruin our sleep. It is rather a climate, a system, an environment that as citizens, even relegated to the bottom of the rankings, we dare freely point out to a public opinion that is anything but available, for reasons of competition and outcry, to our donkey braying ; to the press, generally allergic to ciappà i ratt but sensitive to completely different values; to government officials intent on promoting rather than recalling; to politicians, who are not very sympathetic to (homemade) explosives that burn. Having said this, and before changing jobs, let's move on. We still have something to say.

PETROLCEFIS E MONTECEFIS S.p.A.

UNDER EXAMINATION BY THE REPUBLIC PROSECUTOR

Following what was published by our Press Agency in recent days, our Director has ordered that the Judiciary officially acquire the texts of the special services "PetrolCefis S.p.A. ” and “MonteCefis S.p.A.”. The file containing the mentioned launches was sent to page. 599

to the Public Prosecutor with the letter of which we are publishing the full text.

TO THE PROSECUTOR OF THE REPUBLIC

ROMA

I have the duty to accompany you with the launches of the press agency I direct, referring to the special investigations "La PetrolCefis S.p.A" and "Montecefis S.p.A", abstaining from any judgment on the merits.

You will see, Mr. Prosecutor, if there are serious indications for a continuation by the Judiciary, valid elements to authorize its initiation, circumstances that deserve to be examined and controlled.

As far as I am concerned, I can only assure you that the journalistic report is the result of patient research, of references to factual findings, of rigorous consultations which have engaged some of my collaborators in the free exercise of their professional activity, and only in the name of it.

I have great confidence, Mr. Prosecutor, in your examination which I know is always enlightened and serene, after having experienced the sufficiency of politicians, the silence of the press, which is prone to depriving oneself of advertising benefits; The imperturbable absence of the interested parties themselves, as if everything were the fruit of sick imagination, of petty demagogy.

It is natural that you consider me available for any discussion and clarification, as is my natural trust in your decisive and binding "opinion", however the validity or otherwise of our statements appears to you.

With senses of deferential, profound consideration.

The report to the Magistrate is intended to be an act of coherence with our professional seriousness and at the same time an act of challenge to those invested with office, authority, skills and right to the press who have only tried to cover up, with the usual system of silence, the our journalistic denunciation, isolating and ignoring such a burning, current and significant issue. Entirely consequent with this decision is the hope that Justice will be able to examine a disconcerting and widespread phenomenon of malpractice that the conspiracy of silence has so far attempted to take away from it.

pag. 600

The geese of the Capitol for Eugenio Cefis - The fiftieth anniversary of the chief

Fifty years, yes: by Eugenio Cefis. Why not remember them? Although our (very modest) contempt for the man is known, or rather for the most illustrious manager of the entire Italian economy with all due respect to Guido Carli, the frowning helmsman, we have memorized this date of birth, 21 July 1921, in Cividale (Udine).

We won't send him roses, of course. We would run the risk of making a poor figure and, if necessary, we would be outmatched by the kind lady Francesca Ambrogia Micheli, a very faithful trustee, with both keys to the heart and free signature, of many ad personam enterprises of the esteemed President.

We will not resort to the telegram of good wishes, leaving the initiative to the Hon. Flaminio Piccoli, Minister of State Shareholdings and grand master of applied diplomacy, more realist than the king, as shown by his excellent relations with the former prima donna of ENI (and still a tutelary angel, although resigned at Montedison). Not even the Hon. should begrudge a telegram. Fanfani, given that he also showed up for the death of that authentic scoundrel (in life) Moranino.

We will not associate with those who, in such a happy circumstance, want to testify to good friendship, useful deference, well-invested esteem and calculated respect for the doctor. Cephis.

Is the Milan Information Agency worth disguising with him? has an open account.

It even professes and claims to be a creditor. There is an open score that the Public Prosecutor's Office of Rome has been obscurely but certainly examining for some time: it is the physiognomy in two versions "Petrolcefis" and "Montecefis" with subsequent biographical references to Ministers, newspaper directors, Parliamentarians, woven by the " AMI" on the basis of an investigation conducted to ascertain the mafia aspect, the sprawling, confused activity, the collusions and the undergrowth where the strength of this man insinuates itself, as flourishing and tenacious as ivy. Covered, we must add, by investigative secrecy, or by immunity through appropriate guarantees, generally of an advertising nature.

It is therefore necessary, in this circumstance, for us to also remember: perhaps in bad taste, but still much more elegant than the shady ways with which the prosecutor of the "MCCC" (Compressed Methane Fuel Fuels) - better known as President of Montedison, probably celebrates his birthday.

How could we express our thoughts to him?

With rhetoric unleashed with a high psychological content, no: saying and not saying, churning out paradoxes, inconveniencing economists and fellow soldiers, quoting the Resistance and the Seven Sisters, praising with panache and detachment, is a style that we are allergic to, even if widely available to pens far more celebrated than serious journalism in our country.

Not even with cold detachment, because every act must, in our case, be motivated: we do not intend to attract further disesteem and more heated irony (or any complaints for blatant defamation) by carelessly and virulently dismissing a man.

Rather, we intend to undermine, with the success of Sisyphus, the myth of this man, the evident page. 601

private exploitation built on the side of his office activity, the inexplicable (but not too much) silence that covers his shoulders and hips.

We won't do it in the name of others: especially if they are missed by the living, like Enrico Mattei, shadow in the long night of Bascapè, very high mentor of our baron of a cheap economy (plus the cent for him, of interest).

However, we would like to be not entirely usual in the (paradoxical) expression of our wishes.

The character on the crest of the wave, an expert in water skiing, especially if attached to the motorboat of the all-powerful state, is frankly not very likable to us. His reckless maneuvers at ENI as at Montedison (unless the transfer coincided with an unforeseeable conversion) are anything but worthy of praise, looking at the administrator of public money, at the trusted manager, at the square and attentive professional , provided that the affairs entrusted to him guarantee him full freedom of action, discretionary capacity and perfect independence.

Casual private affairs escape the Hon. Priests and the tax networks, but they are favorably affected and like the others, treated in the guise of a state economist and they easily disguise themselves with convenient labels in a Clan inspired and dominated by him. Here: this is the mafioso, highly honored in society, to whom our good wishes message wants to reach discreetly and not too badly.

The obscure references

At number fifteen, in via Borgonuovo in Milan.

The one-way system recently introduced by urban planners has reduced the traffic, already inconvenient, in one of the typical, winding and narrow streets of the centre, intersecting Via Croce Rossa and the avenue dedicated to the great Alessandro Manzoni. A Citroen DS21, soft even at pace, well secluded in its refined elegance, represents a respectable representative car. Registered to a company managed by the Cefis secretary, Francesca Micheli, driven by the driver, employed by ENI, Breda, the car proceeds with the dignity of a presidential procession, stops in front of a two-storey building, recently restored with a patina of ancient splendor.

A man gets out of the elegant car and is welcomed with professional deference by a doorman in livery: a little color doesn't hurt with high-class proletarians and the honor of arms de rigueur belongs to a member of the Resistance. Once past the entrance hall, here is an absolutely modern and luxurious apartment: the employees of the Real Estate Conservatory in via Casati are slow at transcribing the names and sales figures of the homes, but there is no doubt that our guy has used a lot of money here from who knows what company , to ensure a welcoming and respectable home. Stylish, evergreen furniture, large spaces, confident taste in furnishings.

The clan is almost complete. His wife, Mrs Marcella Righi, sister of Alessandra Righi who is a partner with Franca Micheli in "Industrial Investments", in which the "General Rock Investment Trust" of Vaduz participates. His nineteen-year-old daughter Cristina. His brother Adolfo, with domicile in via Quadronno, 24 and floating residence for tax purposes: is in fact general partner (limited partner of the "Trevalor Trust" of Eschen) of "Arborea", as well as of the Immobiliare "BCR", attorney pag. 602

of Ge-Da System-Italia, capital of 900 million, with a view to profitable financial relations with Montedison. The son, Marco, with his wife, Mrs. Laura Bersani, residing in the nearby via F.lli Gabba, 7. Absent, but justified, is Cefis' eldest son, Giorgio, with his wife Alessandra Bussola and his daughters Veronica and Arianna, residing in via Brera, and his brother Alberto, an engineer, who manages the plantations in Canada.

There are no other relatives from Cividale or Arola di Belgirate, the locality from which Mrs. Cefis comes and where the family owns a sumptuous villa, completely compatible with the roles and prebends of the head of the President family at Montedison. Bringing everyone together is difficult; certainly everyone more or less participates not only in spirit, in the fruitful extraterritorial or anonymous initiatives in the corporate circles of Eugenio Cefis, the patriarch to whom the dynasty owes prestige, respect, billions and fame.

The air in here is one of serene intimacy. The baron of compressed methane, just as he appears shy in front of the cameras and paparazzi, just as he is allergic to appearing in public, a pose which, in reverse, is also considered effective by psychology scholars, becomes sociable and cordial in the

privacy of domestic possessions , evading for the moment public offices and accessory intrigues.

As in a faded cliché, it is the manager surrounded by his doubly - in an auspicious circumstance, the Martini in hand, the pleased smile, the slightly blasé air of the man who has arrived: precisely, at fifty years old and with fortune, the Lady Luck who accompanied him to Largo Donegani, the most recent stage, displacing illustrious contenders such as Campilli, Merzagora, Valerio, Faina.

My thoughts also turn to 14 via Borgonuovo, the discreet unofficial pied-a-terre of the captain of industry with a crew seconded to the ENI subsidiary headquarters, still discreetly available to the former President.

Several things have changed in a year. Perhaps Cefis sees them again while they are making special speeches and leafing through the telegrams of good wishes, those that have arrived at the house and dictated by friends, others being addressed to him in Largo Donegani. Cefis' home was in via Dandolo and he was President of the Hydrocarbons Authority.

The move to Montedison represents an appreciable progress in the career of this man, today (and tomorrow) in the good graces of Colombo, Piccoli, Carli and certainly protected from any crises and subrogations with his past and his multi-purpose merits. You can't do bad deals with Eugenio Cefis, not even in politics, even if his avarice is notorious.

Red roses

The headquarters is located in a cross street of Via Visconti di Modrone, at number nine of Via Chiossetto.

A modern building, clear in lines and environments, completely alien in appearance to the obscure interests that lead there. The English greenery, gentle garden plants in a quiet, one-way thoroughfare, the favorite street of the Head of many ghost companies, administered here sheltered from page. 603

advertising hype, notoriety, labels and inconceivable inspections by the Financial Police and odious deductions by the municipal office for family

tax (1971: taxable amount 53 million, agreed 7 million 632,000 lire).

The rental contract for this studio, which also houses the almost renowned ex-voto gallery -

polychrome and naive tablets, raked up almost everywhere like the Montedison shares, like the telephone with its branches, is registered to the company with the picturesque name of “Chioscasadieci”. Like the homonymous “Chioscasauno”, the “Arolo”, the “San Sebastiano”, the “F.M.I.”, these are real estate companies registered in the name of the Cefis secretary, Ambrogia Francesca Micheli, a woman from 1929, to rhyme with the boys of '99 and in chronology with Mrs. Kennedy-Onassis.

Today the main one by Eugenio Cefis seems more elegant than usual. The employee - strange relationship of work and interest in reverse is in fact fifty years old. Obligatory, without romantic variations, flowers and smiles, grateful testimony of the faithful housekeeper of the one who was, many years ago now, Mattei's deputy, when ENI, Agip and Snam were in Corso Venezia, near that notary Neri who constitutes by granting them all the mixed participation methane processing and property sales companies of the Micheli-Cefis duo, the ideal address for this hard-working trust, safe from slander and inquisitions. Apparently modest companies with limited capital and unassuming names, the joint interests could absorb Andrea Costa's fleet within a few hours.

This morning, the secretary-administrator is in better shape than ever. As are the assistant Carla Radini Tedeschi (still employed by ENI, despite the transfer of the Chief to another body?) and the driver-delivery boy Breda.

The two phones ring continuously. Even the last postulant he called thought he was the first or at least appeared to be the first in offering his best wishes to the Prosecutor of “Metano Compressi”. Instead he was preceded, not counting the telegraphic messages. Restelli, at the forefront, President of the newspaper "L'Avvenire", ENI manager in terms of salary and kindly lent to the editorial staff of Piazzale Duca d'Aosta.

ENI pays well the newspapers that support its disinterested expectations, it even goes so far as to detach men who know how to reconcile disastrous

budgets and embargo politics at the same time, resolving the two horns of the disturbing program very well. From the point of view of good morals, the matter - that is, these convenient, brazen and usual distractions of personnel, even good ones, to other adjacent missions - does not lend itself to any valid comment: if in fact none, of those who could be involved as control, if we realize it, what is the point of sifting through the (minority) mysteries of reason of state, of healthy productive realism, of organizational complexity?

With Restelli sold to Avvenire, a warhead is saved (or at least kept alive with constant oxygen transplants) and a path is opened to the search for moral consensus for an action carried out with ease and commitment.

Another Cefis credit line, the f.f. administrative director of "Il Giorno", ENI's loud voice in Italian politics, Morandi, also famous as a trusted copyist at the time of signing letters for the engineer. Mattei. Girotti, former vice-president and Montedison's attack pawn, did not fail to send the usual greetings; Bartolotta, general director of ENI; Arcaini always online; the Campanini-Mescoli of Snam Progetti; Sacchi, Snam CEO.

They are some of the few (Cefis knows that it is quality, not quantity that counts) colonels of the state pag. 604

major, present today in a less cold and official form than usual. It's nice to find them or hear them again in the obligatory phrasebook, probably sincere and heartfelt, of such a singular, intimate, significant deadline. Of course, they owe him a lot, but the debt is mutual.

The account with the secretary is more open: of these fifty years to be celebrated, more than twenty have been spent in the same daily profession, making small and large fortunes together, with the passion, the taste, the enthusiasm of neophytes and the flair confident in business. Real estate adventures have taken shape slowly, sometimes by chance or coincidence; him to devise, to test the terrain, to invest according to the wind that blows; she to offer him a head (made of straw) and the name for the companies to be launched.

Initially they were perhaps expedients or alternatives, especially considering the uncertain if robust career at the State Hydrocarbons, with Mattei's mood swings, the proclaimed dauphiné in pectore or, the ruptures with the great ras of black gold (from 1960 to Bascapé misfortune); the dramatic rise in shares with succession and unchallenged dominance. Once you have faced the path of sideline companies, the path is clear, the power of ENI, the name of its president opens doors and cheers the transit.

All this is present, memory and testimony, during Cefis's stay in the study, in front of the fireplace, among the roses of the day. A little aside, however, are the concerns, the medium and long-term loans, the line and staff policies, the joint interests, the obsolescence of the Montedison plants, the liabilities and the increases that tire and monopolize (not entirely) the lively daily life knight's eve of unlimited liability companies. The atmosphere is warm, even for the season; the environment is soundproofed but the conversation is confidential, without the obligatory reticence.

The “Chioscasadieci” as a refuge: where there are no secrets of investments and returns, where the figures have their exact value. We can understand each other, after a long time, with the blink of an eye and a few essential words. Fifty years does not represent a threshold of imminent, even if distant, old age; they are worth a stage, not a finish line.

The greeting messages just read represent the other curial voices, the formal respect of the courtiers and subordinates, even of high rank. No pleasantries enter the sancta sanctorum: only family affairs are discussed, fiduciary contacts are established, plans and remedies are drawn up. Cesare-Cefis, under his tent in Auvergne, does not transcribe attack and campaign memorials, but dictates the thoughts and concrete theories of his literary strategy to his faithful Labieno Micheli.

Maybe something has changed

One year later, 21 July 1972. The future is in the hands of God. Anticipating its events and results is, in our discussion, only a dialectical game. We can only infer that in the space of a year something will have changed color for Eugenio Cefis, the elusive seagull of the Italian economy.

Cefis would not be what he is if the others in charge, not simple spectators, had not let him act undisturbed, without precise limits, without authority checks. It would actually be better to page. 605

affirm that his fortune and his mockery of forms (and substance) depend directly on the devices used by him to domesticate the representatives of the people, the media, the guardians of public morality.

Today Cefis would at most be a model employee, perhaps at a management level, in some well-known Friulian industry, if the Republic had only granted him a medal in recognition of his not well-defined resistance merits.

Instead he assigned him none other than Agip, to be liquidated it is true and under Enrico Mattei, with therefore doubly limited liability. The game is done. The economic guru, the exceptional internalist of the national black gold, the integral and affectionate disciple, is today at Montedison, more than ever in the control room of Italian politics, the evangelist with his celebrated theory of the overturning of the historic concubinage in the making between Catholics and Communists. In the alternative, we know that he is still very rich in private companies, omnipresent, one of the first tax evaders in Italy (a coat of arms, this, much less tarnished than it seems).

Feared, envied, incensed. It conditions the official mediocrity of the political world, with the Colombos, the Moros, the Andreottis included. Holding such a trio in check, in which virtues and qualities that are not individually exceptional in themselves are combined, is truly out of the ordinary. We have to admit this. It does not fit into the unctuous and calligraphic biography of the most famous Elzeviristi right-wing colleagues.

On the account of Cefis, which we know quite well in its human, financial and political implications, we too would have a certain anecdote to churn out, although the character generally escapes from showing himself and allowing himself to be framed in the edifying episode or not.

We have aimed our arquebuses, often forced to make a lot of smoke and meager roasts, on the public figure of Eugenio Cefis, on his extra-institutional initiatives, on his aggressive private service stations and on the

dramatic, shameful, inexplicable silence that his friends and competent authorities.

We will therefore not linger in the little foils of Brother Eugene, despite having mentioned in passing - on these same pages - the good works of the righteous man and his collection of ex-votos.

Its fifty years become a pretext, quite obvious, to revive the special services into which we poured everything we knew, obviously keeping a few cans of food as a reserve and working to exploit more fully other still unexplored areas.

We have written about it extensively and with documentation. Without knowing that we are driven by personal animosity or petty blackmail ambitions: calm down, if you want, the Hon. Arcaini.

We are exclusively interested in the social phenomenon Eugenio Cefis.

The subtle and mysterious reasons for his power, full even if limited by law and custom; private interests in official acts, which can be deduced with extreme logical simplicity from the personal system of co-management of other, personal, businesses; the unjustified enrichment achieved with the launch pads entrusted to him; the use of innocent frontmen to hide colossal interests and defraud the tax authorities; daily political interference; the dark maneuvers to realize that “Plan” of the years

'80s which we have talked about so much and which is saved from being infamous only because the alternative component is not the return to the fascist dictatorship, but the opening to the communists.

The fact that Cefis is arrogant, brazen, full of condescension and detachment is only incidental.

pag. 606

We wouldn't want to repeat our speech, boring us even more, on the occasion of the next birthday, fifty plus one. In the meantime, it is reasonable to hope, perhaps someone will have intervened: Colombo, Almirante, Preti, Malagodi, La Malfa, Piccoli, Andreotti, Ferri, Mancini?

They read what we explained without a peep. Polluted source, they must have reasoned, especially if the summary judgment agrees with unexpressed intentions or, better yet, with certain collusions of interest.

However, we have faith in Justice: the file has been regularly forwarded to it, clearing away the high walls of silence that block the view. It will be a precedent, if he gets satisfaction. That is, if our motivated and collected complaint achieves the (unlikely) aim of annoying, in full compliance with the law, a giant like Eugenio Cefis.

Standing against him requires considerable courage, usually not for free. But since others don't say it, we'll write it. In a country where the official and monopolized sources of information abound in close-ups on the bizarre and humorous events of the memorials given to the Washington Post on the Vietnam War, but the ANAS scandal is completely silent, it is more than understandable that the equally choral silence and reverent respect for such a powerful man as the current President of Montedison.

The Italy of the 70s should be overturned according to the terminology and hopes of our -

in its shaky political, social and economic structures.

Hector of a Plan to which no one apparently gives credit (the "80 Plan", conceived by this Friulian ingenuity loaned to his homeland), with the precedents of ENI and the role of savior of Montedison, the President will perhaps be able to make use of the services of the “System-Italia”, registered in the name of his brother with an elusive residence to carry out the daring political operation.

Zappulli of the "Corriere" christened Cefis with the happy (but overused) attribute of manager, almost as if one didn't know that the Boss fills his mouth with big words of which he very often knows neither the lexical root, nor the connection, nor the position .

He manages to pass himself off, with congenial self-assurance, as a born programmer, an unsurpassed economist, an exceptional dowser (in the

search for black gold, methane and public and private banks), and a healer of unhinged finances.

Give him ENI or Montedison (or ANAS or the government or IRI) and he will lift the earth, engaging in acrobatics without a net (as the prim and naive newspapers write, but not so much).

Montedison's Moses knows that time will prove him right (and proclaims it), as he publicly states that it will justify the climb (à la Montedison) to induce her to reason. His plan, hyperbolic in terms but very simplistic in everyday reality, is precisely to act as a tortoise in the moment of crisis.

Armored as he is, with so many of those shields (crusaders or otherwise) at his disposal, how many imbeciles of our ilk can he eliminate, how many windmills can he boast of defeating, when the road is wide open, without the slightest obstacle, with all the guarantees and immunities of the State and its Little ones assured at every step!

pag. 607

The bandits in double-breasted suits

Almost in the heart of old Rome, a stone's throw from Porta Pia? The “Milano Information” news agency is based in via Piave all'ottanta.

The center of the anti-Cefis conspiracy (of the Piagnonis)? How much authority can be granted to a source of daily information, stinging like a wasp, which however is unable to make itself heard in the chorus of hosannas to the great captain of industry, the incorruptible sovereign of the most important state bodies; if it does not find an interpreter in Parliament, a soloist who demands an investigation and asks for a jury to define and possibly remove certain characters from the public economic scene; if you only come across the silence estimated at a price to be agreed upon?

All in all, a feat for angry amateurs. But the truth remains the truth even if the most imbecile citizen in the neighborhood proclaims it!

Of course, our Barbershop organ, printed on a few sheets of mimeograph, has managed to grab a few notes of reliability over the years, especially in

recent times, when several exploratory phone calls have reached the editorial office on the Cefis case. Let's also add some (welcome) visits to the crusade (against the red shadows): exponents of the UIL, the (in shadow) director of a well-known and unscrupulous Milanese weekly, high-class gray eminences; messengers (or spies) of data collection agencies.

So something is moving. The total calm must not be misleading. You cannot throw a pebble on the surface without the concentric waves expanding. Certainly not what we expected, let us admit it frankly. Ten Christian Democrat parliamentarians available (it seemed) to an interpellation in the Chamber, regularly nipped in the bud (by Andreotti? How could he?). Newspaper publishers who proposed to give us a hand, but then preferred the more adherent language of advertising subsistence, of the Hydrocarbons Authority or associated companies.

The mafia gangs, with the elegant gait of pachyderms, function with chronometric precision. He doesn't escape the loop. Untorelli, look at each other (and blush). Instead, no matter how much we put ourselves in front of the mirror, we have not been able to find any reason (or pride) to be ashamed, nor to give up.

Twenty-first July 1971. An anniversary

The date also suggests a different thought: in about ten days, following the holiday calendar, we too, at AMI, will close our doors for a month. A stasis, not a demobilization. A postponement: to restore commitments and energies in other clearer airs, away from Ministries, from party tournaments, from palace charades.

We have a point: we will not really manage to lift the earth, with Archimedes, but we assure that we will not lose momentum, in the belief that we will succeed where connivances, compromises, opportunities, political maneuvers stop on the threshold of the six-legged baron.

Once these rich (and dark) stables of Argia have been cleaned up, things in Italy could be better, not only at Montedison and ENI. Our sabotage will

return, almost daily, to the enemy's installations. Someone, through solitary courage and the toga he wears, will be able to correct the shot and finally make it reach the target.

In an Italy that recalls the Calabria of centuries ago, crossed by rival gangs (politicians), by thieves in yellow gloves, by countless Turkish heads who fan the claque, silence is de rigueur.

Whoever touches the Prince will have lead; whoever does not touch it will have gold. The metaphor is tired, but readable.

There is no need to close our eyes because the petitioner of a harmless news agency persists in his complaints. It is not even right to paint with stigmata and halo a character who is in many ways (documented) despicable and harmful, as the cotton-mouthed and arrogant newspaperman on Via Solferino does.

The label of truthfulness is not given to the highest bidder, nor is it received through dynastic endowment or popular favor.

Our twenty-four readers and admirers are worth, in the face of facts, as much as the six hundred thousand copies of circulation of aligned newspapers. Or maybe we deserve Eugenio Cefis, enough to call public prayers in (poor) churches for his birthday? Does he truly believe he is sans moi, le délugé?

No, there will be no flood if the real estate knight emigrates to Liechtenstein.

The identity card of the free-range baron

Personal data

Cefis Eugenio, born in Cividale del Friuli on 21 July 1921. Married to Righi Marcella.

Two children: Giorgio and Cristina.

Law graduate.

Resident in via Borgonuovo, 15 - Milan. Office in via Chiossetto, 9 - Milan.

Titles and merits

Knight of Labor - Officer of the 2nd Grenadier Regiment in Sardinia - Partisan fighter in the “Brothers of God” Brigade

Somatic characteristics

1.88 meters tall, wiry, face framed by protruding ears, ruddy complexion, thoughtful gaze, tending towards the mystique of economic doctrines. Combative temperament, prone to low blows, sly and vindictive.

pag. 609

He is as presumptuous as and more than he is worth, authoritarian and guarded.

Professional skills

Histrionic agility more when climbing than when descending other people's stairs. Axiomatic, one-way logic. Pointer's nose in business. A scathing director, he maneuvers figures and balances with the mastery of a champion. Particularly gifted at keeping quiet (that which must be kept quiet). He does not exalt himself under incense but makes them fruitful.

His free time

Mediocre but willing skinaut on the Lombardy lakes. He collects ex-votos with devotion (and profit), one of the most intelligent art investments. Find comfort and relaxation in the Citroen DS 21

made out to the secretary. She goes fishing for acronyms and shelters in Liechtenstein. She reads a lot (the speeches they prepare for him).

Public offices

President of Montedison, today with him open to splendid horizons. Director of the Italian Commercial Bank, despite being interested in financial topics as a hobby. Councilor of the National Insurance Institute (with life premium

guaranteed by the best names in the Italian political world). Also councilor of the Italian insurance companies.

Tax profile

He pays 7,632,000 in family tax on a taxable amount of 53 million. With the reform underway, it is to be assumed that he will be granted exemptions, given the modest standard of living he leads. There is no data for Vanoni and it seems that Minister Preti (who scrapes the bottom of the barrels) could clarify it.

Special friendships

Emilio Colombo, Guido Carli, Flaminio Piccoli. The Italian Trimurti on the altars of the moment. Plus a few hundred deputies and senators of all colors. Very rich in indulgences in the clerical field. Almost the entire national press, generous in its silence at the cost of petrochemical advertising. The loyalists Umberto Salanti, Viglio Carlo Pietro, Camillo Ripamonti, Micheli Franca, Cefis Adolfo (& C.) for the formation of groups and mixed-scheme deployments.

Tastes and inclinations

He smokes sweet-cured Mariboros. She loves still lifes but hates the official court painter pag. 610

Fiorenzo Tomea (dear to his predecessor). He prefers travel by personal jet, lacking only the heraldic coat of arms, for inspection excursions to plantations in Canada. He is fond of the tourist-tax paradise of Liechtenstein, where he takes care of his nerves and his s.i.m. (mixed business company).

He wears an armored vest against bullets (journalistic bullets).

The most recent vocation

The virus of interviews, after Eni's rigid silences. Cincinnato's mission to Montedison goes! well a newspaper page.

Philosophical theories

Despite being a man of the church, he raves about a strange doctrine of reversal and advocates new policies for new courses.

Famous phrases

«Montedison needs to be at peace to lick her wounds». Overall, he too asks for nothing more than to be left alone, given that no one has inflicted any wounds on him. Opposing mosquito bites (Milan Information Agency) with dignified silence.

The heraldic motto

I want, therefore I can.

pag. 611

A miracle worker called Eugenio Cefis. The king of the trapeze

The silent strategist, the shy manager, the sublime restorer of Italian finance, the magician of ethylene - Eugenio Cefis - has, for some time, changed his tactics and habits. This can be seen from the fact that never before in recent months has the good man poured out interviews, he allowed himself to be caught by the lights of the flashes, he moved on to the interview.

A method hitherto unknown to his habits. A sport to which he had never dedicated himself, with a touch of narcissism and role psychology. Not that he is silent out of humility: self-love comforts him. Not that he was reluctant to the usual notoriety due to his introverted temperament: the less said about him, the happier he was. Silence is golden (black), as always! Not even for discretion, impetuous and boastful as he is in his industrial actions. What could have induced him to dialogue, as sudden as it was abundant, so as to compete with the Hon. Moro and Ugo La Malfa?

We have two precise sensations. The first: Cefis has also convinced itself that it is necessary to mark its crossing of the Red Sea with a concession to the press, transferring to the newspapers that dry and unscrupulous style hitherto reserved for its Boards of Directors, in relations with its most trusted collaborators assassins of his politics, in backroom meetings for his obscure but fruitful boarding maneuvers. That caustic and unpredictable, polemical

and unscrupulous Giulio Andreotti taught him a lesson, a symptomatic consideration (Sen. knows something about this.

Fanfani) and without regard.

The other opinion is that the findings of the "System-Italia" company with 900 million paid in, managed by his brother Adolfo Cefis and currently doing business with Montedison in the promotional sector, are being tested by him, with obvious pushes to take hold psychological, of smoothing out rivals, of bold conquest of markets (political ones above all), of influence over economists and public opinion.

Two reasons for breaking a legendary secrecy: the mature season - adapting to the times and (perhaps) the applied methodology of "System-Italia", a competitor to Montedison.

A man who came into fashion

The attack for interviews is therefore the most recent vocation of the bold Anselmo to the (petrochemical) crusades.

The Italian press, as happens abroad, is biased in search of new and sensational thrills to feed to impatient readers. Sex is annoying even lecherous old men. There is too much of it and the means are lacking. The sexy boom is moving to bedroom linens, advertising for cosmetics, and the phallic symbolism of products such as petrol and bananas page. 612

absolutely unisexual...

To avoid a crisis that would bring man (the reader) back to metaphysical discourses and transcendental desperation, the press corrects its aim and hunts for good signatures.

Cefis, like Andreotti, makes money. They also know how to point swords at the plate; they contain a sort of skin, translucent, the most hostile hatred; they say in four (bad) words what the average national wordsmith has to expand into twenty-five disconnected expressions; they knock their opponents off their horses with dialectical rudeness; they create scorched

earth with their own indisputable and unforgettable economic, social, political and corporate theorems. The interview technique - from Hiroshima.

Cefis has always been like this. Public opinion appreciates him only now for the gracious services that the press - aligned with the Agip and Montedison advertising positions that fuel his meager existence - renders him.

We have known him for (just) twenty years. He doesn't know how to dialogue, he loves narrow and egocentric monologue. In his heart (and not only there) the Boldrini, the Roasio, the Girotti himself, of yesterday, and the Campilli, the Merzagora, the Valerio, the Faina, the Cicogna of today or this morning pass for emeritus heads. Including those politicians who praise it thoughtfully, who have transferred it with Spanish splendor to the large industrial complex, once privately owned and managed, now semi-public and in the future owned perhaps, if things go as he wants, cooperative or Kolkloziana.

Only one man knew how to rein in the indomitable and chilling boss of the Italian (state) economy, but his name was Enrico Mattei, a comrade in the Resistance gangs as well as on the barricades of Agip (in liquidation), and then at the crest of the wave until in 1960 he wanted to fire him for the merits (of arrogance) acquired in his shadow in the Hydrocarbons Authority.

It is truly disheartening that a certain language, consequent, from the barracks, from the shaggy but illiterate herdsman (a cliché in which, we have already written, he somatically ranges us and advances), so far barely tolerated within four walls, albeit prestigious and glass ones like at ENI-EUR or at the Metanopoli skyscraper.

Hagiographic hypertrophy

We're having a damned hard time following all the press reports that historiate with arabesques and gilding the excellent interviews of the fresh and verbose new President of Montedison. We will just see them by scrolling through them.

Let's ignore the most widespread rotogravure in Italy, that "Christian Family" known for its open-minded ease and the abysmal level of its cultural

information in comics and handouts. Let's also trash “Il Milanese”, Mondadori's latest periodical publishing venture (when will he get his hands on “L'Osservatore Romano”?) mawkish and rhetorical, hasty and multipurpose, which everyone wants to like, displeasing everyone.

Both the Paoline weekly and Mondadori's Ambrosian newspaper have dedicated columns (of lead, but molten) to the baron of compressed methane, to be precise MCCC prosecutor who page. 613

the acronym of the fourteenth century is not in Roman numerals, but of "Metano Compressi Fuel Combustibili", in fact, a small and not isolated hobby of the magnate.

As for the “Avvenire”, we take for granted the concern, the assiduity, the deference (filialie, et pour cause) to the patron and his creatures; with the advertising from which he benefits, with Giuseppe Restelli loaned by Eni to the Presidency of the board of directors of the leading Catholic newspaper; with the same political views, it is natural that Cefis lives on income in the home of the former "Italy" in the making.

The heavyweight of Via Solferino, of Spadolini style with papier-mâché armour, always available for any change of heart as long as it was dictated by Mammona, stood with Cesare Zappulli on a level of jealous and total adhesion. The times of the Montanelli-Mattei controversy seem very remote, but Missiroli was steering the boat then...

Here too, the raison d'etat, the auri sacra fames, the column inches of (dirty) yellow Agip advertising. Ideas at the service of the cause (or need, or profit), while the truth appealing to many faithful readers of a newspaper that frankly stands out for its seriousness, signatures and tradition - remains an accidental euphemism.

So as not to bite our tails

But politically (and with ethical qualification) on which shelf should other papers of significant circulation be placed: “Successo”, “Epoca”, “l'Espresso” and so on? They do not drink from the same source, nor does it

appear that they have married certain causes, coinciding with approximation on the Cefis line.

It is enough to explain the mystery by resorting to the advertising monopoly of the august patron who, by allocating spaces for advertising to black gold and derivatives (even distant ones), ensures as many high fidelity microphones. We won't solve the charade: we've just discovered one of his terms.

Overall the claque works with discreet observance of times, tones and noises. It is depressing to note this (but are the jokes and axioms of political economy in Cefis's oratory less so?), but when the President of Montedison pontificates, even fragments of it are collected in news reports and commentaries. So much so does the sodium hyperchlorate of the Big Bon, with Raffaella Carrà's chicken legs to enhance its merits and goodness.

We console ourselves by opening “Il Giorno”, relatively discreet, stingy with incense at least compared to “Avvenire”, blatantly reserved for noblesse oblige towards its esteemed employer.

False parsimony, so as not to attract attention, in a newspaper we repeated it several times to Minister Preti, absolutely useless but essential for fiscal purposes to justify the billions (of public money) squandered, as for the "Italia" agency, by Eni in realizing (badly) the nabob's dream: providing the group with its own spokesperson, or rather two, ("Il Giorno" and the agency, in fact, "Italia") in the twelve-tone chorus of the national press.

The taxpayer, in essence, pays out of his own pocket for the survival of these two newspapers which serve a cause that is also unsound in accounting terms, completely unrelated if not contrary to the interest of the page. 614

taxpayer himself and the community. Alongside useless entities, dead tracks, these two parasites should be cut off at the root. Or at least publish its appalling management deficits. Cefis wants to cut off unproductive companies like Montedison, but Eni didn't want to remove its adenoids or decayed teeth! Certainly the fourth estate appears to be much more sensitive (and realistic) to the significant advantages offered by a pro-Cefis policy than to the (modest) truth published by us. Let's say it quietly, the "Milano

Information" agency is today the only a source that disagrees, that actually accuses and attacks: but it does not use the criterion of advertising spaces...

The memorable sayings

To return to our aligned press, it is invigorating to grasp the most precious pieces and crumbs, naturally scattered by Eugenio Cefis in his interviews.

The statement, for example, that Montedison "needs to be at peace and lick her wounds" is brilliant. So let's leave her alone, poor little thing. And with her the manager, pondering the discounted prices that "System-Italia" can offer him or rubbing the mosquito bites that a certain, obscure press agency has been extending for some time...

Again: of the Montedison, the baron in the trees has a panoramic vision of «all 360 degrees of the horizon», a privilege allowed by mother nature only to certain insects, such as flies (if we are not mistaken), which have composite eyes, in able to see above and below, and forward and behind.

In any case, we won't be making much of a mistake by accepting Eugenio's laughable idea at face value, the man with such a vast horizon that there are pre-stressed buildings, real estate (of the secretary) and contact details in the Principality...

Changing records: from the pearls of “Successo” to the sumptuous setting of an austere organ but also in need of understanding to balance its budget, as the gentleman knows. Cefis: here “

L'Espresso”. «The operation to clean the Montedison budget has always been postponed» (due to the previous apothecaries, Merzagora, Campilli, Faina, Valerio, editor's note); «The losses we record today are nothing more than the fruit of the past», I therefore reiterate for a man who will not leave such heavy legacies to his (distant) successors; «it will take at least three years before we begin to feel the effect of the new strategy», obviously considered miraculous and safe, in the hands of the great leader to whom Providence, through Piccoli and Carli, handed over hand and foot the shaky and gigantic industrial structure of Italy.

As you can see, the music is always the same.

The credit Cefis enjoys is equal, we would say, to its incompetence; when he, interviewed, discusses the relationship between investments and turnover, the immobilization of plants and work hours, on the national chemical level, the savior does nothing but use the terminology and conclusions of his negroes, of the staff around him, technicians of value, of which, with sufficiency and detachment, he translates the tissue papers and lights up with reflected light.

Moreover, the position he holds does not require any particular specific skills: if he were a true economist, if he knew the subject in depth, if he shone with his own light, he would not have had the career he has had. We would like to see where his dazzling wisdom, dished out on page, would end up. 615

interviews and round tables, without the launches and carrier rockets of "System-Italia", without the care and make-up of its technicians.

In Judea and Samaria, always a prophet

No one expects a captain of industry to be among the anthology rhetoricians. Indeed, the literary (and cinematographic) cliché loves to present these characters in a veil of flattering sloppiness, good bourgeois of modest culture, without dialectical weapons, but on the other hand endowed with productive magic, flair, authentic genius in business.

Cefis, who begins to proclaim his doctrines, is no longer content with acting, he also wants to appear: with somewhat questionable effects, revealing in public what he is in private, that is, aggressive, unfriendly, pre-compressed like a bulldozer that shatters everything on the his way.

We ask ourselves, after the incense curls of severe newspapers, after the typographical relief of certain spaces in the press: did our knight of industry use the wide angle (360 degrees) to frame -

once upon a time the situation of Eni, and did he lead with equal energy that clean-up operation that he is about to carry out in Montedison in three years?

We would say that previously, riding the steed of national petromethane, he used rather singular systems of internal cleanliness. Such as the use of

advertising companies under Eni for actions absolutely unrelated to Eni and the body's tasks such as the diversion of funds to curry favor with politicians; such as the assignment of teams of Eni personnel in the machinery of certain information bodies; like the purchase, worth millions and millions of lire in advertising subsidies, of the silence and consent of half the Italian press; such as the increase in the deficits of the social newspaper ("Il Giorno"); like the direction of consultants, prebendated and useless, at one's disposal; such as the splitting of his personality into institute activities and opulent and demanding hobbies such as real estate and similar.

With these premises, deduced from the most documentable policy of Eugenio Cefis, former President of Eni, we believe we are the only ostriches in Italy to declare the managerial qualities of the Patron non-existent, and the in corpore vili experiences implemented so far by him in the fabric to be absolutely harmful of our country's economy. Experiences that served him, paradoxically, for yesterday's promotion and today's credit.

A disconcerting but obvious endorsement comes from the latest increase in Eni's endowment fund, voted with 319 yes and just 19 no by Parliament, for a total of 290 billion in five years. The vote, which took place by secret ballot, therefore with full freedom of possible dissent, fully certifies the unanimity or near consensus for the actions of Eugenio Cefis, who has just left the management of the Hydrocarbons Authority. The litmus test of his virtues therefore came from political power without appreciable distinctions of party or origin!

The increase in a fund that should rightly be called public waste, since it is taxpayer's money, is slightly scandalous, but in the forge of Vulcan we are talking about a thousand billion, not a few thousand lire, the favors of the most severe censors converge of the Italian political economy, people like La Malfa and Malagodi, like Mancini and Andreotti. All together page. 616

to decree a useful and profitable gesture of trust towards a company in which Cefis has maneuvered with dangerous ease, using (public) capital in initiatives which we have demonstrated to be illicit and wrong.

The South can well wait for the billions that are thus stolen from it to support the mythomania of Eugenio Cefis, still a shadow of Banquo in the

meanders of Metanopoli. Each of these gentlemen Pertini, Piccoli, Restivo, Servello, Massari, Bucalossi and many others was able to inform themselves based on our launches, but it is obvious that the truth is worth much less than smoke and interest.

All together to confirm Parliament's trust in a rebellious, but still family, son. This massive presence in favor of an organization that until a few months ago was the exclusive ad personam fiefdom of Eugenio Cefis is disconcerting. We would like to think that ours is a prophet everywhere: at home, as long as he directed the National Hydrocarbons Agency; abroad, so to speak, in the role of guardian of Montedison.

The accreditation of certain sums, voted by the honorable members of each faction, endorses the initiative desired and conducted by Cefis: this is beyond doubt.

Venice is important, agreed. The deputies who present questions on the subject after the (almost) explosive revelations of Indro Montanelli act correctly. But when a clear denunciation is offered to the governments and to the country on the abuse, the malpractice, the irrational management of Eni as was done by us not even a rooster crows in the night. Evidently the darkness transforms them all into gray cats.

One more stone

Let's go back to the unexpected familiarity that Eugenio della Montedison uses today in keeping a regular column in the newspapers, in spite of the abstruse and convoluted declarations, the prefabricated discursive dishes, the banal frozen foods that he squanders in his interviews.

He did not lack the worldly setting. Rotogravure biographies that praise his law degree, perhaps to indicate the profound reasons for his excellent competence in economic matters; who portray him as a passionate skin racer on the Lombardy lakes, a tireless worker even on board the car (registered to his secretary), an exemplary captain of a perfectly nationalized industry.

Pale etchings dedicated to the legend of a giant of the hydrocarbons and chemical industry, offered to loyal readers of the romance genre. Thus

emerging from anonymity, Eugenio Cefis must necessarily submit to the curiosity, not always reverent, of the public.

As citizens we too have the right to submit a well-articulated question to him, but since we are certainly not accredited by him, we pass the opportunity on to some colleague, more deeply involved in the mysterious metalworking world, to be a little more original than usual.

Here is the academic question (because no one will dare to make it the subject of a question) which we would like to discuss in installments for discursive convenience and which we would like to see taken up by some Successo body and the like: first: whether "Milanpetrol" (s.r.l.), established on 1 October 1968 with the negligible capital of 950 thousand lire from the notary Bellotti, based in Milan, via Tiziano, 19, having as title page. 617

social the management of concepts, especially as regards petroleum derivatives, belongs to the Eni Group or not; second: if it is actually part of Eni, why the limited liability formula has been used, appointing a sole director with full powers, in the person of Squeri Carlo, born on 20 June Bedonia (Parma), former manager of Eni and currently Mayor of San Donato Milanese; third: if it does not belong to Eni, why was it decided to privatize this important sector (contracting of service stations, turnover of hundreds of millions with as many employees, vehicles, business scope), given that in the past this activity it logically fell within the interests and direct management of Eni; fourth: in one case or another, we are asked to ascertain the volume, the business framework, the criteria for granting service stations to third parties (private individuals), their number and name. In both cases we would like to know who is behind Squeri, how the profits are divided, and how the Company responds fiscally.

Pertinent questions, chosen at random from some that the composite configuration of the National Hydrocarbons Authority and its hundred couloirs of power suggest. We cannot really attempt an inventory of these subspecies, thriving within the Group, but people like the hon. Piccoli and Minister Preti, however naive the reference may be, has all it takes to uncover what's wrong. Having trumps and not playing them is quite foolish, but usual in Italy.

Of the secretary of Cefis, Franca Ambrogia Micheli, we have identified several corporate titles, real estate and otherwise, all clearly linked to the person of the Chief, including the representative Citroen, belonging to the F.M.I. (an acronym invented by the baron, but with very little waste of imagination, for the esteemed lady mentioned above).

Of his brother Adolfo without mentioning the other, Alberto, who provides plantations in Canada on behalf of the tribal chief - we have highlighted with "System-Italia", various industrial compositions, formally irrelevant but always symptomatic enough to understand the Cefis revolution.

Of the same patriarch who shows that he has nothing to fear, thus skillfully revealing himself to be there

“MCCC” of Modena, of which he is newly appointed prosecutor, while the Turkish head Sergio De Angelis acts as administrator.

On the pavement of indifference

What more can we expect from us poor people, limited in time and (financial) means to delve deeper into an already so interesting and profitable discussion?

With great difficulty we go looking, like amateur detectives, for the social reasons in which the acronym from Sesame, Apriti by Eugenio Cefis appears, the mixed deal companies (s.a.i.m.) to coin something adhering to the theme in the vicinity of the clan.

If it were just as curious, the State, which is much better equipped than us in terms of duties, inspections and defense systems, would by now have removed every veneer of suspicion from our insinuations, revealing their mystification or truthful content.

It is very true that the Judiciary cannot be moved by every anonymous complaint, by a phone call, by the first outburst of any press organ; but it is equally clear that pag. 618

the evidence we attach and the exhaustive documentation drawn up in our services should not be confused with cheap scandalism or the petty revenge

of small mafia factions. Everyone must do their own job. We have identified finds, analyzing them as far as the modesty of our instruments allows, referring the results to those responsible and repeatedly, in vain, soliciting a response.

The state seems to have other problems to solve. The bodies responsible for protecting the citizen's interest (not just economic) regularly cover it up, because it is hot (in winter) or freezing (in summer).

Every reminder falls on deaf ears.

It is stated: it is not the case, just as it is not the moment, just as it is not the man. Otherwise, politics on the axis of equilibrium would suffer, the dosing of favors and blackmail, of concessions and immunity, of pretexts and expedients to keep a boat in precarious sailing conditions going.

For our part we use the mimeograph machine as a rotary machine, common sense allied with courage as a guide; of the Magistrate, possibly, as a mandatory reference.

Certainly, Cefis's dissertations on the recovery of Montedison, offered so generously to journalistic spaces, leave us speechless: if he is so skilled in restoring his own private initiatives which are already in excellent health, he could also be a miracle worker for the large institution of which today holds the rudder.

The reasoning goes: but isn't there perhaps the example of Eni in removing the fiduciary credit from this second therapeutic enterprise of the Lord of the mixed-use companies?

If it were enough to suck the milk of lean cows, as Cefis did, to secure a career, a name, a halo, we would all be giants of the Italian economy. It's time to remove the mask from these high finance operations and reveal to the country the authentic pirate physiognomy of certain very secret maneuvers.

The press in Italy must free itself from certain forms of humiliating financial servitude as amply documented by the large-page advertisements for state

petrol and the columns dedicated to hagiographic portraits of a man who handles billions but doesn't even own a car.

Everyone knows that a labyrinth exists, but no one has the courage to follow Ariadne's thread that we have graciously offered to identify its topography. Although warned by official indifference, we will continue to offer other leads, other reports, other useful traces, so that someone, finally, opens their eyes.

pag. 619

Further essay on Eugenio Cefis - The multifaceted ingenuity of the captain of industry

We have already had the opportunity in the past to reveal to our patient readers - among them we include illustrious but distracted ones such as the Honorable Colombo, Piccoli, La Malfa, Preti, not to mention (much more attentively) the Public Prosecutor of Rome to whom we have personally delivered the launches of our agency; we have already outlined the cornerstones of the strategy of the President of Montedison and honorary President (black gold is in his blood) of ENI, Eugenio Cefis.

Given that our time is full of instances, of lucid and collective madness, of usual chain scandals, of foolish confusions; given that the Italian centre-left whose inconsistency, barter, compromise and practice of empty cheques-promises we have several times uselessly pointed out to us, passing as men of the right, seems to be designed with these vocational qualities; given that to stay afloat you need flair, skill, protection and guarantees: this obviously results in a common denominator of action for those who, like the very (almost) honorable Mister Cefis, must constantly defend themselves by ruthlessly attacking others.

Where the eminent captain of public industry learned these essential rudiments of strategy, we do not know.

At school, no, because a law degree does not open the doors to a diplomatic or military career. Perhaps as an officer of the Grenadiers in Sardinia, before '43, or later joining the "Brothers of God" partisan brigade, with the

auspicious meeting in daring projection with Enrico Mattei and Giovanni Marcora, today a fairly obscure senator of the Republic but feared leader of the " Base", the one that clearly intends to cross the fence for a DC-PCI alliance.

The fact is that Eugenio Cefis remains faithful to his typical management of the profession, in terms of style, temperament, custom and convenience. Before and after of ENI. Within public companies such as "Idrocarboni" or semi-public companies such as Montedison. By knocking out opponents, quickly overcoming contradictions, taming political authority, conquering the press with advertising, diverting the prying eyes of the tax authorities from real estate or financial companies registered to others, but clearly and jealously owned by him.

Summary of the great offensive

His rise to ENI is recent history. Mattei's companion, his deputy until the Matelica had enough of a thorn in his side, of a wolfhound at his heels, of a cumbersome and too skilled negotiator ready to take over; in 1960 he played the comedy of voluntary resignation, saving face in the face of a real torpedo.

If Bascapè's shadow had not fallen on the great President of the Italian oil consortium, pag. 620

Cefis would have had to look elsewhere for the humus for his fruitful, successful enterprises. Instead, here is the Cividale native again in his old position as deputy, this time following the harmless man of letters, statistical wizard, exemplary gentleman, Marcello Boldrini.

The return was said to have been desired by the then Hon. President. Signs, also because only from such a high authority could the chrism of rehabilitation descend to much more extensive and significant levels of power than before.

He attacked with energy, taking advantage of the interregnum and the circumstances, so much so that he assumed the effective presidency of the companies of the ENI Group, leaving some prestige to Girotti, then General

Director, literally jubilating Boldrini as the sole Presidency of the Hydrocarbons Authority : a position of general without army corps, of captain of industry without factories, of teacher without pupils.

He attacked Mattei's men, who were very loyal; he freed himself from his old internal adversaries; he quickly liquidated Boldrini, taking away not only the presidential seat, but humiliating him with the exclusion even from the Board of Directors of ENI itself.

The old Boldrini, a chosen and upright genius, an honest gentleman, was thus completely marginalized.

Not even Mattei, when establishing ENI, had dared to remove the Professor from the Presidency of Agip, limiting himself solely to joining it in his capacity as CEO.

All reserve and detachment, Marcello Boldrini, to one of our messages of grateful and affectionate solidarity, let his amazement, bitterness and disgust shine through in his response.

The conquest of Montedison is today's history.

To the white weapon

The system has not changed. Brutal and primitive, usual in the political ars since the world began, conducted with yellow gloves, it consists in the methodical clearing of the field of action, clearing away obstacles, baronies, adversaries, attacking with vehemence without major scruples, if necessary kicking them in the face . All the others are incapable and harmful, dangerous to boot: so let's treat them as we treated Boldrini. Shock strategy against the Valerios, the Merzagoras, the Campillis, at the same time moving the backups and the pawns (a Girotti, former deputy of the former President of the Senate), to finally reach the open in Largo Donegani.

In the cold, functional, ruthless competitive spirit of these gentlemen's enterprises not even a thin veil of fair play remains.

The discredit on people; veiled and flaunted accusations of incompetence, elephantiasis, private interests, slush funds in the personal management of

the companies where they preside and reign; political bypassing; the cunning in observing times and circumstances: these are the main lines, across the board, such as the use of chemical weapons, preferred by our hero, a classic and grey, but profitable, example of applied Machiavellianism.

A few well-aimed shots, highlighting at the same time the pending right to take that place, pag. 621

perhaps with the more or less involuntary connivance of the de facto economic powers and the stars in full light Mediobanca, Carli, Piccoli, Colombo

Chronicle of a long year

This is therefore the conquest methodology adopted admirably by Cefis for the occupation of Montedison.

1967: he spreads the word and has it written (possibly paying for it in advertising and petrol vouchers) that the President in office, Giorgio Valerio, is absolutist, very limited in managerial skills, lacking the intuition and foresight of a modern manager (as he could instead boast Cephis himself).

In other words, he adopts the identical attack angle used for Boldrini four years earlier, preparing the ground with diversionary actions.

1968: a massive campaign of round-up and purchase of Montedison shares begins with ENI, through an Institute that we have already mentioned.

1969: the election of Merzagora benefits the Cefis initiative, both because the time is not ripe for other developments, and to burn or convert the new President, in whose footsteps Griso Girotti acts.

1970: the most difficult but decisive year: Merzagora clearly warns: Girotti is giving Montedison a "publicistic" imprint that I am not at all willing to ratify or subscribe to. In fact, he goes away, amidst the understandable embarrassment that his gesture causes and with the full relief and amusement of the good Eugene who moves his pawns from afar. Campilli arrives, but the countdown is not yet ready.

Thus the conclave, gathered in the house of Ferdinando Ventriglia, economic advisor to the Hon.

Colombo, ends well with the white smoke for Campilli. Agnelli, Piccoli, Colombo, Petrilli and the usual Carli were present, on that 13 December 1970 the candidacies of Bruno Visentini and Imbriani Longo fell. On that occasion, the socialists did not allow Cefis to go to Largo Donegani, having Girotti replace him at Eur. Four months later, on 24 March 1971, Vice President Girotti himself proposed some important appointments within Montedison; Campilli rejects them, but is forced to resign. The game is done. Carli and Piccoli, with Colombo, name Eugenio Cefis to collect the heavy legacy.

This man, sure of having a solid foothold in ENI through the (fictitious) succession to Girotti, nimbly plants the other foot in Lardo Donegani.

Take a good look, on occasion, at Cefis's feet. Even without wearing seven-league boots, the man who faced the Seven Sisters certainly has no reservations or hesitations in making his way in a leap, from Metanopoli to the center of Milan.

pag. 622

The typical training

Only fools can think that in Italy when someone leaves one side of power they don't look back. Eugenio Cefis, while continuing to calmly govern ENI in fact, through trustees, has meanwhile landed on something like 1700 billion in turnover, 150,000

employees, 300 thousand small shareholders.

It arrived there like a beneficial fury, with the wind at its back and the sea very rough; his flag flies and his hijacking ventures thrive in the shadow of the unfavorable situation. The acetylene wizard today will perhaps cure the ancient ailments of the pachyderm Montedison, but he will certainly draw oxygen and laurels even if things get worse despite the divinatory art of the man who friends and admirers consider the most illustrious clinician in public economics.

In fact, his formation is fierce and perfectly positioned, as in the fabulous times of sabotage and partisan attacks. The line-up: Cefis captain and attacking midfielder, Piccoli in goal who saves everything, even left-handed shots, even if he is deaf, even if he is distracted. Carli and Corsi (his trustee), half wings. Terzini Restelli, President of "Avvenire" and paid (away) by ENI, and Girotti, specialist in clearances and corner kicks. Ali the old comrade in arms Gritti and the dark but powerful Marcora.

Adolfo, the captain's brother, director of "System Italia" (capital 900 million), acts as a free agent. There are two midfielders, with covering functions, but they are often alternated or replaced given the great availability of the role. He takes care of the collections and negotiations at "Gallia" Franca Micheli, secretary, owner of several Cefis companies and of the same car in which the President normally travels. Parliament should be the arbiter, but it is played in the open and on trust; or the Judiciary, which is not yet seen. Spectators are the 54 million Italians, for whom the show is everything, and the rest doesn't count.

The mysterious track divergences

With this assault team and assuming they accept the match, who could resist them at the moment: the Pirellis, the Falcks, the Pesentis? Underneath, there is a non-aggression pact that perhaps conceals mutual contempt (and fear). Everyone is quiet, everyone goes their own way.

Didn't Cefis leak the suspicion that there were slush funds in the old Montedison balance sheets which are now being investigated?

Skillfully, once more, he attacks; to subsequently exonerate himself from the not unlikely rumor according to which during his time, at ENI, the esteemed President Eugenio Cefis had secret extra-budgetary resources at his disposal to subsidize politicians, of every stripe, nuance and potential; to ingratiate himself with conspicuous donations, the other adversaries and the other powers, the religious one not excluded.

After all, is it conceivable in Italy a command post that does not have available means and formulas to circumvent, to appease, to facilitate the

honest handling of things? Father Zappata, however, condemns the use of these referees, once he reaches Montedison, ignoring as irrelevant page. 623

the previous abuse practiced by him or the use of "Precompressed Methane" to put a penny aside for his still distant old age.

Although he puts his hands forward by proclaiming that it will take three years before fixing the situation at Montedison, perhaps with the use of foreign capital that Giorgio Corsi is thinking of (capital of Liechtenstein, always limited partner or general partner in private Cefisian companies registered in consortiums of relatives and similar?), the therapy adopted by the new President to relaunch Montedison involves some painless surgical operations, which he says are indispensable, such as amputation and the elimination of certain unproductive sources of deficit companies belonging to the colossal chemical group.

The initiative, one would say, is excellent; tainted for us by a double vice of origin. He would deny today what until yesterday he regularly and obstinately accepted (or wanted) at ENI. The rails, on the track of coherence, diverge.

The brilliant innovations

Why didn't Eugenio Cefis, at ENI, impose the clean-up that he would like to implement at Montedison, eliminating the most visible sources of waste such as the "Italia" agency and the "Il Giorno" newspaper?

The respective deficit, repeatedly denounced by us and notoriously recognized, would have deserved equal energy. There must clearly be an advantage, probably calculable in the psychological yield, why passive voices in a group must survive and be strengthened, and others in a different group must be suppressed.

The double policy of the instruments may perhaps fall within the obscure reasons of economic-political realism, but they do not at all provide references for the newly elected at Montedison.

Again: why did Cefis liquidate the flourishing and productive companies at ENI, transferring them to private but faithful managers, such as the

“Milanpetrol” of Squeri, former ENI manager, now mayor of Metanopoli? Why privatize what makes and keep the ballast "Giorno" and "Italia"?

No one guarantees us, given that this is a public matter, that given the precedents, he will not adopt the same disconcerting and foolish policy at Montedison. Cefis strategy deceived. Let's take a closer look at other implications.

He made the most of the reduction (for obvious economic advantages, he said) of the Board of Directors, which went from 29 to 21. What could an apparently drastic and unpopular operation mean for a company of this scale?

In truth, he wanted to get rid of eight treacherous and inconvenient adversaries as soon as possible. The others, in the coming years, will either fall in line, as they seem to have deemed convenient to do today, or will certainly be filmed elsewhere.

For us, and for any common sense observer, the ENI experience is largely taken for granted.

He doesn't want collaborators, only executors: for the others, the stake and the honored jubilation: pag. 624

for those excluded, any contact details of companies where they can land can be provided (for a fee) by "System Italia" of Adolfo Cefis, brother of the Grande.

An authentic joke put into circulation that Cefis would be adopted by the Montedison shareholder base. Everyone knows that his name has been imposed, that he himself hatched a thousand plots to get there, knocking out. Valerio, Agnelli, Pirelli, cowardly exited at a time when their presence appeared necessary by the Management Committee.

The defendants of the "old regime"

However, all the psychological and tactical preparation to make the Cefis President acceptable is edifying.

It is quite unusual (and bad) to hear the newly elected person ask for the head of both predecessors in a company meeting, to call on the judiciary for an investigation into hidden funds, into uncertain and equivocal budget items, as if all the ascendants of Cefis at Montedison were thieves.

Let's see how many of them are agents of personal companies with Montedison involved (just as the "Metano Precompressi" of the agent Cefis is inserted out of circulation in ENI); let's check how many of these people are in the habit of registering the car they travel in or the private affairs they follow in their spare time (but not too much) in the name of the secretary or friends and relatives; let's check how many convenient shareholdings, through mysterious twists and turns of connections, they maintain with dozens of real estate and financial companies; let us ascertain, through clues and deductions, whether any "System Italia" owned (fictitiously) by their brothers has ever had a business relationship with Montedison.

Taking it for granted that none of the big names already at the head of the Italian chemical empire methodically resorted to these expedients, we have to ask ourselves which side of the courtroom the judges are on and which the defendants are on. Cefis, who wants to establish himself as the new man, who gives a guarantee of reforms and seriousness, had every interest in casting discredit and suspicion on the shadows of the past, on which the power and ability of the healer stands out better today.

Who incited the shareholders to declare the company financial statements incomplete and false? Perhaps no one has ever looked at the plot of Eni's financial statements to understand what the alchemy means; just as no one takes the time to thoroughly examine the tax accounts of the companies belonging to the individual Cefis group. Behind Savonarola's pulpit of the national public economy, there is a large churchyard in which the preacher scratches and plays, undisturbed and calm. The important thing is to speak out against the old notables of the previous Montecatini-Edison managements.

To the experts in financial matters who have written through reports, footnotes and various disclosures that are useful in supporting the Cefis strategy, defining shareholding democracy in Italy as yet to be invented, we would like to offer a disarming consideration: even before this, that

managerial democracy must be implemented or managerial that prevents ours and all the Cefis in the country from imposing themselves by discrediting others to accredit themselves.

pag. 625

When this awareness fails the Colombos, the Piccolis, the Carlis, then it means that a political democracy in the clean sense of the term is also missing; a free choice, that is, of capable men in the right place, not the imposition articulated as a system, the appointment based on party merits, on the whims of the current. The truth is that Cefis now has a magician's license, in a country where horoscopes and weather forecasts take precedence over reality.

The ace in the hole

We don't know if Montedison is recovering. Everyone agrees in asserting that the management is sick and the new President himself is quick to list some of the symptoms, proposing mandatory interventions, some of which are truly charlatan surgeons, such as the reduction of councilors.

Of course, if the tooth hurts, it is not enough to fill it with analgesics or start chewing tobacco, it must be removed, removing, in our case, some decayed element, without attributing faults to past managements that they do not have.

The roles of ENI and Montedison must be clearly clarified: if Cefis is involved, the relationship is not idle. The latter cannot become the springboard of the former. And if Montedison could aspire to an endowment fund of a thousand or more billion like the National Hydrocarbons Authority, things would be better today just as they would have been better in the past if the benefit had been granted to it. A paradox, evidently.

We mean that a company finds itself in difficulty when it finances itself, while if the State is behind it, every impasse can be overcome quickly, foreseen and taken for granted: public income is impoverished, of course, by extorting with new taxes the citizen, but morality is subjective, in these cases, when the common good is invoked to justify the individual sacrifice.

Many think that the appointment of Cefis to Montedison would not have been accepted by the interested party if he had not had some tricks up his sleeve to renovate the large complex: we add that Cefis would not have flowed into Largo Donegani if he had not had the opportunity to do so; he seems elementary to us, unless we consider him a lay missionary, open to the financial apostolate.

It must be said in the meantime that with the takeover of Montedison the politicians have conquered an additional center of power, and one that is well worth a mass.

Then it must be confirmed that Eugenio Cefis has not given up on ENI at all, if not in part. Finally it must be argued that Cefis's long nose and excellent nose persuaded him of two things: first the possibility of taking care of his business a little (as he largely knew and knows how to do it at ENI); second, the system of fixing things through algebraic ENI-Montedison joint ventures, no longer in competition but in their own areas for their own profits, with direct interventions of a financial nature by the State, according to the formulas that Giorgio Corsi will suggest to him, without giving in the eye, without exposing a crude but profitable game to prying eyes.

The Italy of sorcerers

The shareholders must have hoped for the same thing at the meeting at the end of June, albeit from opposite angles, who out of almost four hundred million shares present ensured seven-eighths of them for Cefis with just forty million abstentions and only six against. A plebiscitarian vote, if we like. As in the Chamber, in the same month, the increase in the ENI endowment fund by 290 billion over five years was voted with 319 votes in favor and 19 against.

Eugenio Cefis, the enchanter. No snake in the Italian political undergrowth seems to resist him.

Look and seduce. She doesn't ask for favors, she buys them with her relaunch action and with his psychological strategy. He neither praises nor

neglects his opponents, he destroys them. Thus the ENI-Montedison stage becomes nothing more than the transfer of methods and technologies applied from one bank to the other, without interruption.

It is said that the English - poor things - would envy us the IRI-ENI combination, also bewitched, masters of economics and democracy, by the prodigious adventures of the magician. Let's wait a few years and we will see what trend the parabolic curve of the Italian economy will take.

Recovering businesses by involving the State: that's fine. But when it comes to restoring the State, what will we do? Fire eight councilors, smuggling eighty back; amputate the dry trunks, grafting some recovery “System Italia” onto the trunk. The elixir of life packaged with home-made aniline (Cefis)...

Eugenio Cefis' personal plane will not end up in crumbs on some remote Bascapè on the peninsula. He has the guarantee of the Montedison shareholders, while Mattei had them against them, like the Seven Sisters. When sorcerers fall, they bounce on the soft ground and find themselves higher than before: healthy and well, with the halo of heroes.

pag. 627

“The Anonymous Cefis and C.” - The mandarin clan

A severe investigation into the bosses of the Italian economy is yet to be written.

And it is not certain that it will be written, because in our ancient and noble country the so-called chains reign, a harmless term that barely veils the gray reality of trusts: from that of Pesenti (cements, but also banks and similar), to that of Agnelli (Fiat, parent company of countless offspring) to the others of Moratti, Costa, Monti, Falck, Pirelli and so on.

These respectable people, linked to a still powerful union, the Confindustria so reviled by the masses, or even by single and autonomous initiative, also effectively controls a good part of the printed paper market, the other surviving (we will not investigate how much and which, the topic being marginal to our understanding) as a clear or subdued State Monopoly, due to

legitimate ownership ("Il Giorno", the "Italia" news agency, Rai-TV itself) or due to advertising conditioning in the Sipra cauldron and similar.

In short, to hasten the premise, the Italians (and other peoples, but we are not interested in the beyond the Alps), are oppressed by the leagues, be they state or private; the Italians, better still, are managed by the monopoly of audio, or visual, or audiovisual information. And they are managed to an even greater extent when the two parties sign non-aggression pacts of mutual tolerance.

Precisely when these conditions exist, the freedom to write resonates as an epitaph of the freedom to read; that is, we must read what they impose on us and ignore what is nipped in the bud and removed from the market - it becomes contraband goods, without prejudice to the usual excellent exculpatory evidence, confirmatory exceptions to a rule.

A case: how is it conceivable to find a publisher willing to risk his position and income, to risk an honorable career by accepting services, investigations, journalistic investigations that expose the cartels, revealing the immoral implications of highly esteemed personalities, indicating names, addresses, compromises, lineage and dynasty, refuges and alternatives, dethroning the kings of canned sauce or the monarchs of the financial kingdoms or the fruit and vegetable mafia bosses or the big names in (synthetic) rubber and oil and derivatives?

Abstractions for an attempt

An investigation into the bosses: are we joking?

Highly honoured, powerful and cruel, they would know how to ruin an unfortunate person in the mood for dissonance and make the richest publisher in Italy bankrupt. But the risk is seductive; sometimes having nothing to lose, perhaps to gain by putting back into the wadding of a sufficiently paid silence the revelations mentioned, the background announced, the surprises offered for anticipated enjoyment in the summary or on the page. 628

presentation.

Not running this second, comfortable risk, we will start writing, without knowing whether our timid gesture of illuminating with a few strokes of grazing light a pre-eminent example of these gentlemen - duly and for some time subjected to private consideration for the purpose of documenting and documenting - will have the honor of entering society, decked out in typographical characters, launched with decorum, welcomed with attention; we know how much emergency fire extinguishers are worth, the good will or passivity of regimes, parties, gangs and sometimes - even respectable but impotent places of judgement.

Today therefore we talk, without illusions, about Eugenio Cefis. Of this fifty-year-old Friulian, half state manager and half private industrialist, who arrogantly bounced to the helm of Montedison, therefore in full evidence on the scene of the games of power.

Not that man comes from nothing and is affected by this nothingness. Twenty-five years ago he emerged from the war of liberation, and after just as many he rose from the Presidency of ENI to that of Montedison.

As for the first half of the journey, we would say it was more fortunate than fortunate.

I don't think, therefore I am

Among the paradoxes of this man, the most disarming: the almost absolute lack of notoriety, remote or current; such as to attribute to him obscure births, a silent career as an immigrant from Cividale to Milan and a life dedicated to the well-being of the country.

Cefis is so penniless that he doesn't even own a small car. She lends it to him, graciously, by the secretary, Ambrogia Micheli, owner of the “F.M.I.” (Francesca Micheli Immobiliare); not of small displacement, being a representative Citroen DS 21, but equally of others (if it were any car, how could the hagiographer of the regime, sitting in the cockpit, meditate on what the company that you of Count Faina, after licking their wounds?).

He is, and is valid because he does not possess. That is: cogito, ergo non sum (or vice versa). Even his house doesn't exist: he winters in a luxurious

building, restored for this purpose before packing up his bags from via Dandolo, 4 last autumn; it is located at 15 via Borgonuovo; while he spends the summer and the weekend in Arola, on the Maggiore, the lake that brings to Switzerland small and occasional tourists like us, as well as very faithful forwarders of hard currency, like those of Cefis. In any case, neither of the two houses is registered in our character's name.

Nothingness is the wealth of Eugenio Cefis. Nice novel title. Moreover, it can be translated as follows: poverty (concealed), in contrast (inverted, for fiscal convenience), is a precious currency, to be spent well, it is a label of respect. The economic gurus love to secure the favors of the proletariat by making themselves known as poor, detached from the (public) goods of life and guaranteeing their (uncertain) future with the (hidden) goods that they save from the beds of Procrustes or from ignoble Caudine forks.

Or they own, in the sun, only themselves, and then the career is possible (and dizzying), the agreement with everyone is within reach, the fanatics, the Donat-Cattins, the Demartinians, the Berlinguers, the Molossians are silent by assault.

pag. 629

Or they are the owners of a medium-sized car and a three-room apartment, including a food cooker and a bathroom, and then like Randolfo Pacciardi they are on the wrong side, and are on the sidelines, anti-communists by necessity and pre-conciliar in religion.

The export-import monadology

Digression (and comparisons) only superficially brutal and disjointed.

Eugenio Cefis is a born champion of transformism; he has free access behind the bronze door (without the devil having to marry the holy water with this); in his conversations he extols the Maoist doctrine, which prevents private property but keeps the private individual at the head of the acquired company, ensuring for him and the company a more than exhilarating production rate.

A man of such eclectic ideological convergence deserves a trip; let's say how Willebrands, Casaroli and Arrupe accomplished it by the patriarch of Moscow; to ask him, in our case, a plausible interpretation of the (alleged) apparitions of Lourdes...

Let's forget about the (very delayed) sound bites. It is incontrovertible that the character loves to pass for a dark man of the contemporary intelligentsia, erotic within the limits of orthodoxy, a magician of politics and finance.

In any case, Trojan horses abound in any generation. Cefis is simply a skilled importer of new courses (and a superb exporter of real estate).

ENI inserted Soviet methane gas into the methane pipelines; Middle Eastern or anti-Yankee oil in Italian refineries; in the budgets of the mammoth six-legged dog complex the billions of the State to repay its liabilities, expertly digested.

The versatility of the Grande explains the conciliar sympathies he experienced in the partisan brigade

“Brothers of God” and the modern ones that make him dream of bold structuring of political reality, guaranteed by his economic alchemy.

The demonstration, in reverse, was given by himself, moving on to Montedison. If the game succeeds in politics, is it really absurd to think of the unity of Christians with Muslims, because even the moon, like Paradise, belongs to everyone? Yet heretics revel in ideas. Cefis suffers from ancient starvation, or is not malnourished only that one (idea) ends up as a result of the others.

From the resulting great (but profitable) mess, we have the man. State and private industrialist at the same time; together Christian Democrat with clear availability for other shores; he owns neither house nor carriage, but he has both; he is poor but rich: better, he is rich but wants to appear poor; he expropriates ex-votos from churches but only to have them restored, embellishing the waiting room of the private studio in via Chiossetto, 9 and thus honoring art, faith and (personal) taste; he looks to the west but winks his magic eye to the east.

Two-faced Janus or ambivalent full-back of international stature, Cefis is a miracle worker, Cefis is the founder of s.a.s. (limited partnership); Cefis in Beijing or on the staircases that have banished the radiance of Michelangelo's uniforms; Cefis magician and mystifier. As we will say: pag. 630

demonstrating with good arguments, as is appropriate.

Current activities

Cefis everywhere. It doesn't seem like it, but it's like that. He doesn't like photogenic cheese, amiably hiding himself from flashes as well as from the taxman, but he enters the newspapers by force, by interview, by reference, by accident, by commission. So he is not at all flashy in politics, but he knows how to dominate some shareholdings and influence several large currents, acting at the level of ministerial teams.

It does not appear on the “Who is it?” of Italian finance, but his name should be in the place of honor. Behind every dissident catechism, there is his soul. The Moors of Venice do not beat the touch if Eugenio Cefis is behind the clock; the Little Ones of the system don't move a step if he isn't warned.

The compelling character officially emerges with his public law roles. We find him in the annals, in fact, President of Montedison, Director of the Italian Commercial Bank and of the National Insurance Institute. Exciting news, but absolutely negligible quantitatively. The companies that he de facto or through a third party controls or owns are missing.

For this purpose we have summarized Cefis's participations out of text, either by placement as Councilors or members of a college of safe men, or by direct intervention. Men and situations that represent the capital, majority or otherwise, provided by him through the purchase of shares.

Through “Investimenti Industriali”, perhaps s.a.s. of Mrs. Franca Micheli in partnership with

“General Rock Investment Trust” of Vaduz and his sister-in-law Alessandra Righi in Furlani; or through "San Sebastiano", a real estate company owned by Franca Micheli herself in one with the "Gula Etablissement" also from

the capital of that mythical state between Switzerland and Austria; through curious and different financial alchemies of which he is an illustrious master.

Naturally the picture is incomplete and provisional, as we have been working on it, as if to reconstruct a schedule, for months. We come across customary silences, ingenious disguises, findings made specifically to discourage the most painstaking researcher. But every day we pick up the thread, we find some pieces, we get closer to a satisfying mosaic portrait of the financier Eugenio Cefis.

Incidentally: figures in the billions emerge from these patient investigations. The ineffable minister Preti would be better able to assure (us and public opinion) if only he sacrificed a tenth of the energy he lavished on picking fleas from poor trade unionists like Storti and Gabaglio.

For now we will limit ourselves to a sort of book of the noble families of course, of the census pertaining to Cefis, tracing summary and analytical portraits, in the strict alphabetical order and with plausible references to the contaminations that emerge from it.

pag. 631

Airoldi Eugenia Born in Domodossola, like Giuseppe (Airoldi) and Rita (Airoldi) wife of P.

C. Viglio a family clan in the social clan on 5 November 19 30. Own assets: (or presumed such): general partner of the s.a.s. “Grober” for the purchase, exercise of ownership, shareholdings, granting of sureties and obligations to third parties. The limited partner of the same is the "Trevalor Trust"

of Eschen which Cefis' brother, Adolfo, uses for other combinations.

Furthermore, from '66 to '69, the kind young lady was a general partner (with the same limited partner mentioned above) of the “Editorial”, which later passed to Dr. Franco Caprotti, another man in the Cefis circle.

Corporate positions in Cefis companies: Mayor of the L.S.P.N. (National Advertising Company Line).

Airoldi Giuseppe Born in Domodossola (and son of Pietro like Rita Airoldi?) on 12 February 1919. Owner of a clinic for visits, clipping and bathing of dogs in via Aurelio Saffi, Milan since 1959. In 1968 he added to this a very unrelated activity: it deals with the representation of national and foreign companies for electrical material, trade and special equipment for airports and theatres, variable autotransformers and regulators, electrical equipment for general systems. It would be interesting to know to which companies, perhaps state ones, he sold and made profits.

Other assets owned or believed to be owned: he is the general partner of the s.a.s. “Industrial Shareholdings”, for the assumption, in fact, of shareholdings both personally and for third parties; to grant sureties, provide guarantees, etc. Partner of this s.a.s. is the “Interoil Investment Trust” of Vaduz.

It remains to be seen what "Interoil" has to do with it, which honestly smells like oil a mile away: only in this way would the limited partner not be a casual partner, as well as useful for tax purposes.

Corporate positions in Cefis companies: he had one, a rather singular one. He had acted as a bridge in the

“Società Immobiliare Milano” for the transfer of ownership between the old certain Dr. Ciravegna Tommaso and the new one, the already mentioned several times Franca Micheli, secretary of Cefis Eugenio, becoming the Sole Director for eight months, in 1961.

Bernabè Giordano Born in Faenza on 25 September 1932. He does not appear to have any assets of his own, unless one considers his participation, as limited partner, in Immobiliare “B.C.R.”, the general partnership for the purchase and management of real estate, which Dr. enters.

Adolfo Cefis among others who we will see later. In fact, we find the name of Bernabè as Sole Director of “Ge.Da.” (Data Management), the company destined to then merge into

“System Italia”, a capital company with 900 million in capital managed by Adolfo Cefis. In the

“System” we will find, even if for a short stay, the Giordano Bernabè.

Bernabè Natale Born in Faenza on 23 December 1900, he could be the father of Giordano.

Like these, it boasts a stake in the same Immobiliare “B.C.R.”.

Casali Sergio Born in San Marino on 27 December 1914. Own assets: partner, with Franco Barberi, also from San Marino, in Immobiliare “Ovest Milano”; partner with others in (Reiser) “La Serenità”, pag. 632

a real estate that is a program, as can be seen from the name; owner of the “Italian Society of Chemical Development” (every association with other big names in the chemical sector is purely coincidental), in partnership with the “Sosvic” of Chur and with the representative. Aldo Agrati for this and similar activities: we mention, one for all, the participation of the "Italian Chemical Development Society" in "Deisa", for the manufacture of wax and polishes; still owner of the “Società Italiana Sviluppo Brevetti Internazionali”, with the good capital of 35 million and with very respectable partners: the “Techwarn Holding A.G.” based in Mendrisio and Dr. Robetto Perego, mayor of some suspicious companies (in perspective) with those of Cefis. A note of colour: the s.r.l. “Vero” by Sergio Casali, who purchased Mrs. Polli Angioletta’s share in Pellegrini in the “Miti” company in 1962

(Manifattura Italiana Tessuti Warp Knitting) after a dizzying increase in capital due to some strange turns and twisted shareholdings, in 1967 he sold it to the “Pedele” company (to whom other than the “Bretal Etabl” of Vaduz, general partner?), of Angelo Pilgrims; digressions on the topic of investments, permitted a

Sergio Casali Corporate roles in Cefis companies: mayor, and fully trusted, of that "Linea Società Pubblicità Nazionale" L.S.P.N., certainly not among the capitals of the group.

Caprotti Franco was born in Monza on 28 March 1930. Specialisation: the graphic sector; However, he doesn't disdain real estate. The "CAMT" can be attributed to him, precisely in the graphic sector.

(“Trade of Printing Machine Accessories”), a s.r.l. which sees Caprotti as the general partner and "Editrice Europa" (of which Cefis man Renzo Petuzzotti is a partner) as the limited partner; the "Editorial", transferred from Milan to Varese with a capital increase from half a million lire to half a billion lire thanks to the participation of the "TrevaIor Trust", which Cefis usually uses, and also thanks to the exit from the "Editorial" itself of Airoldi Eugenia, as we have mentioned; “Arti Grafiche Editoriali”, in partnership with Arturo Buffo and Bergomi Giovanna; there

“Rotogravure”, emigrated to Turin. Among the real estate companies, "Immobiliare Gardenia" for the usual management etc. of real estate, in partnership with Bergomi Giovanna and with "Rotogravure" (which is actually hers), as well as "Tecasvir Finanzund Industrie Anstalt", of Triesen, in the legendary Principality of (Italian) tax evaders.

Official positions in the companies involved: apparently none, but we know how indicative certain bribes are: convergences with Liechtenstein companies, purchases from Eugenia Airoldi, the incorporation matrix drawn up by the trusted notary of Cefis, Neri, the contact details of the various companies they say a lot...

Cefis Adolfo Born in Cividale del Friuli on 29 April 1937; he resides with his wife, Mrs. Biffi Emilia, in via Quadronno, 24, for the sole purposes of domicile, as those who prefer not to tax themselves in the Lombardy capital know well. Own assets (or delegated by the clan leader Eugenio): Real Estate

“Arborea” in partnership with the limited partner “Trevalor Trust” of Eschen, for the operation etc. of real estate; the “B.C.R.”, with the same corporate purpose, in partnership with friends Bernabè father and son and two others whom we will mention, as limited partners; “System Italia”, of which he has been the attorney since 1970

when the capital was increased to almost a billion; company that deals with the start-up and management of data processing centers and similar activities, also on behalf of third parties (maybe why not? Montedison. .).

Corporate positions in the companies of the tour: all those indicated above, none excluded, with powers of ordinary and extraordinary administration, due to the lieutenancy exercised on behalf of the clan leader.

pag. 633

De Angelis Sergio He was born in Sacile (Pordenone), a very fertile land of talents, but also of straw men for the Cape, as we will see, on 19 January 1912. It seems that he preferred Modena as his residence, where both the companies he trusted were based administered, both before Mrs. Marcella Righi got married to Cefis Eugenio (i.e. in 1943), residence of the lady herself.

Presence, casual of course. Private goods: in Milan, as it seems, nothing. Elsewhere, especially in the Emilian city, it would be profitable to expand the research.

Positions in companies: sole director (being Eugenio Cefis Attorney) of “Metano Compresso Carburanti Combustibili” (MCCC), for the sale of methane and by-products, in Modena; administrator of "Usi Meta", a company for the use of natural gas for industrial and civil purposes, with a power plant also in Modena, via Canalgrande 81. Here the name of the prosecutor has been prudently avoided: the reason arises from the fact that it is a Joint-stock company (and not a limited company like the "MCCC") and the positions would be advertised, which is normally unwelcome to Cefis. Finally, De Angelis is responsible for Iraq for the “Petrochemical International Instrument Co.” (in which the joint Americo is site manager), with 250 million in capital, manufacturing of electrical systems, pipes and tanks.

Cefis not only follows the oil sector, but also takes care of the sharing in extraction plants and deposits, grabber of the former.

De Franceschi Edda From Milan, where she was born on 3 April 1934. Own assets: “Immobiliare Eden”

in partnership with Rusca Enrico Pietro, of the ring because he is a member of the "B.C.R.", the true paradise for the purchase and management of real

estate, an activity so congenial to all or almost all the men of the ring.

Positions in Cefis companies: general partner of “B.C.R.”, led by Cefis' brother, Adolfo.

De Fusco Ugo Di Napoli, born on 5 October 1930. An investigation should be carried out in the Neapolitan city to ascertain the possession of one's own assets. As for the positions that interest us: former President of

“Pro.De.” (Demographic Profiles), which in '69 incorporated the “Ge.Da.” (Data Management), changing its name the following year to “System Italia”, a company of which Adolfo Cefis is the agent, in which De Fusco joins as a councillor.

Fusco Francesco Like “De” Fusco was born in Naples in 1916, on 2 April. Own assets: partner, with Sergio Fusco (perhaps his son, born in Naples on 8 November 1943), in the “Papanco” real estate company, with the usual social purpose. Positions in the business: Director of the "Union Produzione Cinetelevisive" for a short time, as the mysterious company, in which other names emerge that we will clarify, established in January 1968 with capital of 160 million, was dissolved early and placed into liquidation. Few know why, certainly Cefis is among them

Grosselli Attilio Doctor, to be ascertained in which branch, born in Bologna on 25 December 1912 and resident in Milan (after having been registered in Naples until July '63) in via Organdino, 2. Private assets: general partner of the “Initiative Mobiliari e Immobiliari ”, of 50 million, for the usual page. 634

company name and with limited partner the “Nautil Finanzanstalt” of Vaduz; The in. Im. Par." (Real Estate and Shareholding Initiatives), for participation in companies and businesses in the industrial and commercial field of which “Mulil Anstalt” of Triesen is a limited partner. This company later took on a shareholding in the "Società per agricultural enterprises and management", having in turn the

“Tecnopesca” and Mr. Ciocca Giuseppe, with whom we will deal, among the limited partners.

Doctor Grosselli is also a limited partner in “Costanza”, a real estate company whose general partner is the “Olka Finanz Etablissement” of Triesen. Positions (perhaps not harmless to the effects of our findings): councilor “Amiata”, “Savoia Assicurazioni”, Cotonificio Val Brembana.

Positions in companies in the sector or supposed to be so: (this time we use if, because the research needs to be in-depth): mayor of the "Calzificio Milanese Ciocca", of the "Società Fiber Tessili" and of the "Italo Americana Prentice".

Guerrieri Vittorio Di Livorno, born on 28 August 1916. Real estate: at the time of writing it is not possible to indicate any. Positions in the Giro clubs: he had the honor of being the first President of the “S.P.N.” (in '63 the "L" (Marketing Line) had not yet been introduced

“National Advertising Society”). However, it played a bridge role in the "Special Transport Company" (Why special? Perhaps articulated buses for the transfer of certain flammable liquids?) The s.r.l. in fact, in 1966 he had a certain Paolo Rai as proxy ad negotia, who became sole director the following year. The administrator of "CTS" in '65 was certainly Giuseppe Pezzini, also the administrator of "Sadeca" (electrical conduit devices and similar) which then merged into

“Menchini”, which we will deal with in detail. In June 1967 Vittorio Guerrieri was the sole director of "CTS". Taking into account that the company was founded in '64 by Montano Lampugnani, a figure from the circle we will deal with, the "Compagnia Trasporti Speciali" gives us reason to think. It would be interesting to study how one can suddenly switch from advertising (S.P.N.) to transport.

Lampugnani Montano was born in Novara on 4 June 1921. Through the “Leasing & Trading Co.

For Stella Product”, of which he is a general partner, deals with the purchase and loan of industrial machinery and equipment, with the usual company in Liechtenstein as its limited partner, this time the

“Vie>> based in Schaan. Another of his own assets is the “Luca” real estate company, a s.a.s. of which ours, who is a surveyor, is a general partner with the already well-known “Trevalor Trust Reg.” of Eschen. Let's add, while we're at it, "Silem", with a nice capital of ten million, of which he is the general partner; in '64 he was the man who started the special transport business, through the s.r.l. which in '65 reached one hundred million in capital "Compagnia Trasporti Speciali".

Charges in the Cefis context apparently none. Except for any contamination with the

“Trevalor”, the company preferred by Cefis for its activities, and except for any tankers...

Menchini Ortensio Accountant, elderly among the elderly, trusted dean, born in Mantua on 23

July 1902. Own assets: as for individual businesses, there are none. On the other hand, it largely benefits from co-ownership in the joint-stock company. already extinguished or still alive.

Among the first we mention the “Sa.De.Ca” (Electroconducture and Similar Devices), in which, as we have reported, there was also a certain rag. Giuseppe Pezzini who was sole director in '65

of the “Compagnia Trasporti Speciali” (names that always recur). The “Sa.De.Ca.” it was then incorporated into the "Fratelli Menchini Industria Thermoplastica Italiana" which, obviously, included Menchini Ortensio and other men in the business, including Eugenio Cefis himself.

We find Menchini a man of particular influence at the "STIEM" publishing house in Milan, as President and CEO, before it was sold by ENI to private individuals (Paolazzi) and the latter went bankrupt. When there is a smell of crisis, ENI sells off its sick companies and the administrators move: perhaps to the "Italia" Journalism Agency, of the ENI Group itself, to guarantee the continuity of the tokens. At the “Italia” Agency we find Menchini.

Ambivalent private industrialist with a closed company (Sa.De.Ca.) and an open one, the “F.lli Menchini”. State Administrator: with a STIEM sold and the position obtained later at the agency

"Italy". Inside and outside, but always under guarantee when the financial power of Cefis watches over everyone, with its unidentified banner.

United forces, one strategy che vale

The review is not complete. We are halfway through transcribing the personal files of those who seem to us to gravitate, to a greater or lesser extent, directly or marginally, subordinate or collateral, in the orbit of Eugenio Cefis. An orbit with obviously poorly defined contours, deliberately artfully blurred, according to an ingenious policy of masking and discretion.

The sun is high on the horizon, but the boss's men march compactly, each with their own roadmap, with the necessary sustenance, with the means of attack and defense useful for the conquests and for the protection of what has been indicated by Cefis.

We can immediately understand the guidelines of the technique implemented by the Friulian mandarin and explain his unsuspected sympathies for Mao's exotic but productive method of requisitioning private companies while keeping the managers in place, ensuring continuity and profit.

Perhaps these ideological sympathies are just a snobbish gesture, a fact of presence in a political contingency that wants the great figures of industry and finance to turn to new concepts, while continuing to stir the dough with the usual ingredients. The method was imported and applied very well by Cefis. Menchini Ortensio is a symptomatic case, but not the only one, as we will see later.

Had he done it in the name of a (communist) regime with a democratic label, we would have had a justifiable absurdity. Not even by idea. Eugenio Cefis acts on his own behalf, looking after his own interests. With histrionic skill, leaving the real estate to many people in order to also make the resulting profit progress on a private level. The leader's strategy is reflected in the tactical moves of his companions.

All for one, one for all. Economic warfare, disruptive actions, shareholder skirmishes, conquest of capital, insertion into other people's positions, adjustments. The Resistance can also serve to free the country from fascists, but it is better if it can ensure the management of an empire pag. 636

economic and the birth of a dynasty.

Lean hyperboles of circumstance? Those who don't know enough about the arts and genius of Cefis might think so. Indeed, those who refuse a severe investigation into certain things, yoked to the wagon of one-way freedom of the press or forced into silence by the opportunity, perhaps compensated, to overlook many imperceptible makeshift and consolation activities, in the name of a greater good... Patiently we would like to demonstrate it, and we will do so on these pages with good arguments that only voluntary blindness will be able to make appear, once again, as a pretext or malicious insinuation.

pag. 637

Other paragraphs - For a moral apologue

An investigation into the owners of steam in Italy. Would that make sense? When there are no guarantees of adequate launches through the means of communication, which have become (or have always been) monopolies, sharecropping, easements of passage for private industrialists or for the State?

This is what we asked ourselves in the introduction in the previous report, expressing a skepticism that is as well known as it is useless. Freedom of the press is a noble cause, but it often functions as the protection that the Constitution guarantees to the landscape. Paraphrasing Horace Walpole, one would say that freedom is a comedy for those who practice it and a tragedy for those who suffer it.

Everyone knows that a publisher is not really free to publish what he wants, how and when he wants; conditioned both by the employers' unions (the so-called chains that belong to Confindustria and individual industrialists), and by advertising that fills their liabilities and asks for discretion if not

obedience; without taking into account fashions, tastes, the bite of a case (literary or otherwise), political interests and traditions to be respected.

When we don't get to the desolate spectacle of the State-publisher ("Giorno" - "Agenzia Italia" and countless other convenient newspapers), of the State as exclusive informant (Rai-TV), of the State as arbiter of the life of newspapers and periodicals linked to the wire of the advertising granted by it through "SIPRA".

Advertising often measures all the information, transcribed one-way as the client wishes. Among the large remote advertising dealers, Eugenio Cefis enjoys preferential treatment on the newspaper market.

For twenty-five years, installed at ENI, he has been able to find alliances and consensus by using "Supercortemaggiore" advertising for ENI, guaranteeing himself the immunity that benefits his businesses. Things, since he arrived at Montedison, have not been different: indeed it seems that the happy passing has ensured him official licenses of probity, ingenuity and genius, as Colombo, Piccoli, Preti and C willingly agree.

Few lights and large shadows

Not knowing enough about a person's life and personal affairs, it is easy to believe him, by subjective suggestion, to be a saint, a top economist, an exceptional captain of industry. Easy because the character is pleasant, useful and generous. , serving the cause.

Publicly, having access to news massification channels, he is attributed the role of Cincinnatus of the year 2000, granting interviews on the topic and inspiring speeches and showgirls.

Then the other side of the statue comes out from under the pedestal. We notice that his pages prosper more. 638

private affairs than those entrusted to his care by the State. You also note that the good man finances the parties and therefore has allies in every key position. In other words: in '45 Cefis did not possess any capital; today it has assets worth billions.

For an industrial audience, the fact always remains disconcerting and wondering if his hands are clean is just elementary. It is not necessary to live in communist countries to claim a trial or at least an inventory, given that the tax authorities nitpick the mildest and most disarmed taxpayer, but seems to be careful not to nitpick those who, in five decades, have made such a fortune with only the salary of (very high) official.

Are we really naive, suicidal, when we ask this? Democracy, it is true, allows the free exercise of entrepreneurship, but provides adequate means to control its income. In a country like ours, where the unemployed are around one million, the underemployed are countless, the pay levels are low, emigration is a current phenomenon, an acute crisis in the agricultural world, it is not honest that nabobs live who have made billions without redistributing them through tax levies.

But Cefis has many friends, behind many doors, as we have already said. Those who should assure him, at the same time, immunity and Paradise, have not yet been born, however.

The cumbersome tutor

Cefis is a golden man. Otherwise politicians wouldn't be competing to keep him quiet. Otherwise no authoritative exponent would block the interpellations of Simonacci and ten other parliamentarians who ask to shed light on his mysterious designs.

Maybe there were many who had it on their stomachs, but the only one who hadn't digested it was Mattei, who rightly considered him a know-it-all tutor in the master's house: and kicked him out of ENI. Long live Mattei: but the giant from Matelica is dead.

Which other Mattei (except the journalist, formerly at "Carlino", today on the sidelines because he is not framed on the left), what other tutelary deities could now be invoked? Indeed, we have the anti-Matteans, ministers who extol the virtues of Cefis, miracle worker of many evils (Montedison, but also economic dysfunctions that afflict currents, clientele, electoral budgets of individual candidates).

What freedom of opinion (written) if Eugene, with his "Plan '80" a pedantic and imaginative strategy for the conquest of power and the recovery of the national economy could mortgage the Quirinale itself?

Cefis knows what it wants and gets it at any price, especially when it spends state money, running the gears with oil taken from the gears themselves. No, he is not a thief.

He administers state funds, invests them, dispenses them as he sees fit, autonomous as the position he has rightly guarantees him.

He keeps the funds that do not belong to the state, perhaps sends them outside the borders, but who can deny him that? The fact that we denounce - also continuing with the cataloging of the characters in his circle, already begun previously - is that he has acted and is acting while at the same time taking care (quite badly) of the public interests with which he is invested and (quite, indeed very good) the pages. 639

private interests that no one knows anything about, or pretends not to know, or knowing, doesn't say: precisely because, if the IRS really got into it, it would be unpleasant surprises for everyone, as well as for him.

Let's continue with the review of his legendary staff, of the men who compete with the Saracen in this entertaining court of miracles

Micheli Francesca Ambrogia in Ricci, born in Mandello Lario on 18 July 1929; secretary of Cefis for more than twenty years, in the office in via Chiossetto, 9. A faithful militia that the Chief has wanted to reward over time by naming part of her personal companies in her name.

They are: "Arolo", a real estate s.a.s., of which Micheli is a partner with the "General Rock Investment Trust" of Vaduz; “San Sebastiano”, another real estate company, in partnership with Micheli-“Gula Etablissement” of Vaduz; the “F.M.I.”, the third real estate company managed by her, but without associates; therefore the initials of her name (Francesca Micheli Immobiliare) and the possibility of equipping the Chief with a car, the Citroen we talked about. Two other properties are the "Chioscasauno" and the

“Chioscasadieci” (the eight in the middle were demobilized by their legitimate owners with whom Micheli had nothing to do). Usual activity: ownership, sharing, management of real estate and respective operation.

Still others: the “Società Immobiliare Milano” and the “Immobiliare Centro Sud”, Cefis's first real estate excursus from the moral capital to more distant frontiers. Eighth company, the “Inv. Im.”

(Real Estate Investments), has as its purpose the participation in industrial and commercial companies (in analogy with “San Sebastiano”). The members, given the importance of the object, are Cefis' sister-in-law, Mrs. Alessandra Righi, sister of Mrs. Marcella Cefis and the "General Rock Investment Trust"

of Vaduz.

It is obvious that through this company, and all the others, Cefis is free to grasp the most remote horizons, to act where, when and as it sees fit. Micheli's own assets: they are identified with the positions in the Giro companies, and are left over from them. Cefis rewards loyalty, at a very high price if those who represent it are very docile instruments, to the point of becoming - from a de facto employee (Micheli) - master in name and right.

Olcese Vittorio Born on 11 August 1925, we cannot specify where, resident in Milan, in via Lanzone da Corte, 2, graduated and with good quarters of nobility (in the clan a touch of blue blood offers enamel and dignity).

Own assets: several. From the s.a.s. “Naviglio” (granite Milanese), a real estate company in partnership with Fabio Mauri of Rome and Roberto Olivetti (the typewriter guy), at “Clark J.” an LLC which deals with the execution of editorial photographic work, in which the noble Alberto Papafava Antonini dei Carraresi and the proletarians Ronchetti and Annarosa Germani enter. Again: “Documenti di Arte Moderna”, then Cefisata (and he, with Cefis, naturally knows where it merged) and “Palamos”, another limited liability real estate company with two partners that we find in the Giro.

Positions in companies related to Dr. Cefis: Councilor of the “LSPN” in '66; Councilor (and let's imagine what was heard) of the “Industrie del Legno Viotto Antonio”, of the “Luigi Ciocca” hosiery factory, of the “Artificial Textile Fibres”, of the “Fabbriche Formenti”: four companies that pag. 640

they show curious adhesions with the men of Cefis and which we will deal with.

Olcese is then regional councilor for organization and personnel, a severe task that he carries out in the ranks of the Republican Party, rich in his specific expertise and business technique.

Padoin Luigi One of the keystones of the Cefis system. Born in Sacile on 23 February 1907; he brings with him the community of origin with the Cape. He has an office in via Donizetti, 32, home to many companies connected to Cefis. He lives in Milan in Via Dandolo, 4, where Eugenio lived until some time ago.

The boss let him join as a councilor at "Lanerossi", at Banca Manusardi (in which Cefis must have his back), at "Fibre Tessili", at "Antonio Viotto", at "Virginio Rimoldi", in addition he is mayor of the " Ullion Produzioni Cinetelevisive”, certainly controlled; he is also a councilor or mayor in various other companies that have nothing to do with the Giro.

Own assets: “Immobiliare Dandolo, 4”, in partnership with his wife Vesta Pezzini (singular coincidence of surnames with Giuseppe Pezzini of the “Compagnia Trasporti Speciali”); limited partner of "Reamoul" for the management of rustic buildings, in partnership with Italo Neri; partner of

“Immobiliare Palamos” with Vittorio and Antonio Roncoroni from Olcese as partners. Let's ignore the relatives (his sister, Clementina, married a Viotto from the wood industry), with which it is easier to explain his positions in the fabrics and yarns branch (such as “Supertessile” and others).

Charges in the round: we mentioned it indirectly. Let's say that Padoin is the long arm, the representative man of the Clan, which Cefis usually uses in its operations of high financial surgery and transformation of companies;

character in whom he has the greatest trust and with whom he emerges familiar and familiar.

Perucconi Ruggero Born on 19 February 1904, he is an insurer from Milan (office in Via Pagano, 54 and residence in Via Colleoni, 9) who can be placed on the same level of authority as Ortensio Menchini.

In fact, like him, he is a councilor of the “F.lli Menchini Industria Termoplastica Italiana” (of which Cefis was President), and like him he was a councilor of the “S.T.I.E.M.” publishing house of the ENI Group, handed over a deficit to Paolazzi Editore which then closed its doors; like him he is now an advisor to the “Italia” Journalism Agency of the ENI Group.

Furthermore, we can only conditionally attribute to him the ownership, in partnership with "Kemco Trade Trustreg", of "BINO", a real estate company based in Varese. We do not know what expertise an insurer boasts in the field of plastic fibers and publishing; however he must have a role in the tour, apart from the conflicting specializations.

Peruzzotti Renzo Accountant, is from Vigevano but lives in Milan, in Via Spinoza, 8; Micheli's peer (11 August 1929). He too seems to be an expert, like Caprotti, in publishing, after one of his companies, "Automac", regularly went bankrupt in 1965. Perhaps for this reason he turned to other activities.

Own assets: the “Prato Magro” - in the fat of the tour for the management of farms, agricultural companies, pag. 641

farm buildings; granting (obviously) loans, sureties, bonds, a not uncommon hobby in the tribe. The “Società Editrice Europa” with a capital of 10 million, about which it would be interesting to learn further information; for now we know that he is Caprotti's partner in CAMT.

Positions in Cefis companies: promoter of “Ge.Da.” (Data Management) for the well-known start-up of data processing centers and related management (very profitable), later merged into “Pro.De.” (Demographic Profiles), then in turn Enita in Adolfo Cefis's “System Italia” (& C.).

Rusca Enrico Pietro Man with a quick biography: born in Milan on 15 July 1927, having as his own assets the participation, together with Edda De Franceschi, in the real estate “Eden” with the usual activity. "Interesting" positions: limited partner of the "BCR", Adolfo Cefis' real estate company, in which the aforementioned De Franceschi Edda and the Bernabès, father and son, participate.

Righi Alessandra Another scant entry, even though it is Cefis' sister-in-law. Born in Pieve di Cadore, perhaps an occasional location, in July (a congenial month for births for the Cefis clan), on the 17th of 1912. She has lived in Milan (after having stayed for a long time in Fagnano Olona) since 1952, with the husband, Mario Furlani, in via Fabio Filzi, 23. Own Benz: penniless like her brother-in-law Eugenio. How will the taxman milk these poor people?

Positions in companies: partner, with Micheli and "General Rock" of Vaduz in "Real Estate Investments", i.e. for participation in industrial and commercial companies, as well as for real estate management. Too little to have a (modest) bank account?

Sperotti Cesare Surveyor born in Vicenza on 15 April 1929 (again, for statistics enthusiasts, a usual return: the year of the Concordat, a very welcome term for the Capo's initiatives).

It is not to be underestimated, even if a little mysterious. It mainly deals with export-import of rubber as shown by the "Sigla" (capital of 250 million, where it is only as sole director) and the other "Sigla" (Società Internazionale Gomma Lattice & Affini) which divides instead with the Frenchman Alcan Alain and the Veronese Raffaele Foà, as well as Laura Trice, born in Alexandria, Egypt. An activity fervent with content and interesting discovery.

Positions in the companies of the Cefis group are part of the "Italo Americana Prentice" which deals with zips and braces, but with a capital of 500 million and of which three pillars of the clan are auditors: Padoin, Vovo and Silvestri.

Silvestri Tullio Born in Cuneo on 24 November 1938, doctor, important pawn on the chessboard, with a clear predilection for the photo-cinematic branch (and can also do well in television Caroselli), apart from the real estate business which is never lacking.

Own assets: Ia “IN.IM.PAR.” (Initiative Partecipazioni Immobiliari), whose social purpose is clear despite the lexical abstruseness of the commercial acronyms; its member is the "Mulil Anstalt" of Triesen, a constant companion and favorite financial-tourism refuge for the members of the Cefis clan; capital of just half a million, a respectable figure for the greedy people of these s.a.s.

pag. 642

The young man is then the owner of "Produzione Fotofilms" without partners, but with good business (if generated by generous commissions). Due to this specialization he was called as an advisor in the "Union Produzione Cinetelevisive", a company worth 160 million, later dissolved (but certainly re-established in other places), which had other men of the clan as members.

Positions: former sole director of “Pro.De.” (then “Ge.Da.”, now “System Italia”), which he founded in

'67 and then passed through various hands to Adolfo Cefis, his little brother.

Salanti Umberto He is among the oldest friends of Cefis, having been born in Grumello (Pavia) on 15 August 1900. He lives at the magic number, already met twice, of via Dandolo (four).

Own assets: in the “Italian Investment Casting” with solid companions (Kaiser and Visconti di Sanvito); through his son Angelo (Immobiliare Ripamonti); jointly ("Tin Processing Machinery Factory" of which he is a director). Then through the presence in the "FIR"

(Fabbriche Industrie Riunite, former Fabbriche Riunite Placcati Oro) in partnership with Kaiser, his son Angelo, Visconti di Sanvito and Arduini, director of “Lanerossi”.

The list would be very long, but we are rather interested in the positions in the Cefis ring: they range from Banca Manusardi (suspected of collusion), to “Fabbriche Riunite Formenti”, to “Fingraf”, to “Virginio Rimoldi”. Let's ignore the many presences in other companies not in the business.

Among its own assets, it is still worth mentioning the “SETUAM” real estate, the “E.G.A.P.I.” real estate. and other activities in the methane sector, which highlight the relationships of trust with the giant of the sector: la

“Metanifera Sommese” and the other, more important “Metanifera Alta Italia” jointly with Visconti, Maffei Giuseppe and Carcano Gaetano. An authentic column, in short.

Viglio Carlo Pietro Graduated in economic sciences, from Novara, where he was born on 7 April 1919 and where he lived until 1947. He lives in Milan, in Via Moscova, 46/5 (Office in Corso Venezia, 24). His wife is an "Airoldi" (from Domodossola, like other Airoldi of the Cefis group).

We could call it, with the Sun King of Oil, its Richelieu. It is enough to remember that the sovereign had sent him to the "Montedison" before arriving there himself, at the time of Girotti in a contesting position with respect to Melzagora and Campilli, a prophet (at home) to pave the ways of the lord. For Educia itself it placed him at Banca Malusardi as an advisor.

Viglio is then mayor of the "Union Produzione Cinetelevisive", of the "Italo Americana Prentice", of the "Industria del Legno Viotto", of the "Fabbriche Riunite Formenti". It is not enough. And again at

“Pro.De.” - then “System Italia” first as advisor (in 1968) and then (1970) alongside Adolfo Cefis.

Each industrial enterprise of Dr. Cefis (Eugenio) bears the Viglio guarantee mark. Which has its good and honest properties, among which we will mention the "Immobiliare Pineta Eur" of which he is a general partner, having as a limited partner the "Immobiliare Cernaia Settima". Carneades! Cernaia Settima is also by Viglio Pietro Carlo. Viglio also deals with the production and marketing of agricultural products (a sort of Arcadian relaxation), through sharing, through

“Pineta EUR”, in the “Li.Ra.”.

pag. 643

Other tangential fragments

To this list of personal profiles we will make another more concise one, in which very important figures appear, but of lesser standing in participation in the Cefis tour.

Before transcribing these names, let's review for a moment the broad meshes through which Eugenio Cefis exercises his pantocratic action, almost always - as we have seen through subtle, imperceptible juxtapositions, sometimes so fleeting that the citation (or the finding we made) seems completely random.

A connection exists. We could embroider fantasies: by age groups, by origin, by contiguity.

Those would be digressions, and not even curious ones. It is better to draw an initial conclusion: the League is solid, its backbone is straight and very agile. If Cefis wasn't that gold vein that some (naive) suspects (and that no press in Italy proclaims), we wouldn't have so many men willing to know how to earn their bread every day, as the leader declared to the ENI army graduates, a vault, in San Donato; that is, to people who toed the line, so as not to find themselves fired overnight.

Here the relationship is evidently different because it is free, voluntary, and on behalf of third parties, of representation. This does not mean that the discipline remains the same: Cefis is consistent enough to promptly marginalize those who do not know how to play the game. Even the men who have to collaborate with him, even indirectly, know it. Among them, in the list, there will be those who don't think like him, who are even on the other side. We apologize to them for their involuntary inclusion.

- Amadio Leopoldo: born in Sacile. Councilor “Italo Americana Prentice”.

- Arduini Giovanni: advisor to “Lanerossi” and with Salanti in the “F.I.R.”.

- Aureggi Enrico Aristo: director of “Metanifera Sommese” (upon his entry into the company, the capital rose from one to one hundred million).

- Agrati Aldo: partner (with Sergio Casali) in “Sischi”, former President of the dissolved “Società Finanziaria”. Partner in "Deisa", manufactures wax and polishes.

- Bruno Luciano: councilor in the “F.lli Menchini” and in the “S.T.I. E.M.”.

- Carughi Giovanni Luigi: advisor to the “Visual Cinetele Production Union”.

- Deamici Giuseppe: advisor in the “F.lli Menchini”.

- Del Negro Ruggero: commodity exchange agent, waste broker, advisor in the “Italo Americana Prentice”.

- Del Negro Alvise: advisor to “Italo Americana Prentice”.

- Formenti Paolo and Carlo: Councilors of Fabbriche Riunite Formenti.

- Fregoni Bruno: councilor Lanerossi, mayor of “Union Prod.Citelevisive”.

- Guerrieri Vittorio: former “LSPN” councilor, “Compagnia Trasporti Speciali” councilor.

- Kaiser Carlo: Managing Director “Virginio Rimoldi”; advisor to “FIR” and “Investment Casting Italiana”.

- Marnetto Renato: mayor “Montedison”, councilor “LSPN”.

- Neri Italo: limited partner “Reamoul”, “Salis” and “Warn” with men from Riro and Liechtenstein companies.

- Polli Vincenzo: advisor to countless textile companies. But also of the “Formenti”, of the “Fibre Tessili” and of the “Calzificio Ciocca”; Padoin's brother-in-law.

- Roncoroni Antonio: interested in the real estate "Palamos" and "Cora", but also councilor of "Formenti" and "Fibre Tessili" together with his relatives Mario, Eugenio and Vittorio.

- Spizzico Giacinto: director of some companies, including "F.lli Menchini"

- Squeri Carlo: director of “Milanpetrol”.

- Viotto Elia, Cesare, Mario, Franco: Advisors in the wood industry of the same name.

To all these names many others could be added. Reasons of expediency lead us not to do so for now, as we are ascertaining precedents, activities, sudden conversions, returns, confluences with the interests of the Cefis group.

A very long tour, with twisted or impassable tracks: making some serious mistakes is still easy

But we will hasten to point out that we have approached objective reality, citing names and relatives, more by default than by excess. It may be that some names or certain corporate reasons called into question prove to be completely unrelated to the activity of the Cefis clan: who doesn't happen to make mistakes in such an arduous and complex (journalistic) investigation?

We will then resort to the reserve. We will replace the strangers, if there are any, with others, whose records we are patiently reconstructing. Eugenio Cefis' tour is like the Milan Cathedral in whose shadow the captain of industry has camped: a Factory that never ends, with unexpected events, changes of guard, recoveries, props and fervent construction activity.

The Arabian Phoenix is reborn

Cefis: a reminder for politicians, a beacon for those seeking safety and protection.

The man is rather haughty, contemptuous in his ways, equipped with lethal doses of sarcasm. He is

much more reckless than Mattei. But the same religious authorities ingratiate themselves with things that happen in Italy, even if we live in the era of a church of the poor.

pag. 645

The judicial authority does not intervene even when it is asked to ascertain perhaps the crimes of distraction, referring to ENI personnel, as in the case of Giuseppe Restelli paid by the State but professional President of the board of directors of "L'Avvenire".

The same ENI funds, at the time of Cefis, were willingly diverted towards activities that had nothing in common with the institutional Eni of the institution; tens and tens of millions a year, for twenty years.

There are personnel employed by ENI, but they are never seen at ENI; of course the institution pays for it. There are billions of ENI itself thrown to the wind in advertising adventures, a penny of silence...

This happened yesterday with Cefis (and the faithful Girotti still hasn't remedied anything). This, if not currently (but hasn't "System Italia", of course, already established profitable relationships?), certainly tomorrow, at Montedison, where the illustrious economist has regularly defined his predecessors as incompetent and wasteful. The method that worked well for Hydrocarbons will also work very well in the realm of chemical compounds.

We just don't know how he will be able to reward his guarantors, especially at a political level, as he no longer has regional Agip representations to assign. It would be right to find a new shot-proof De Mauro. To find out what revelations the mafia banned the journalist who wanted to shed light on Mattei's end.

It's really a shame that the man from Matelica ended up like this, and so soon. With him alive, Cefis would barely be an official, a deputy, even if with a passion for real estate. Or perhaps Mattei would have definitively ousted him after the first expulsion. Instead, the Arabian phoenix has risen from the (others') ashes, even if Eugenio Cefis (who did not love him in life)

was pleasantly absent at Enrico Mattei's funeral, despite owing him everything: before and especially after.

The (multipurpose) art of “cashing in”

The Friulian is master of the field. He succeeded in hooking up Montedison, an undertaking that failed in Mattei. Indeed, he taught politicians a lesson, because it cannot be denied that his example denotes the value, in Italy, of the economic power entrusted to management. The control room in via Chiossetto, in Milan, is at least as representative as Palazzo Chigi, with a potential that would be the envy of the most aggressive mafia gang on the island.

Why don't the various Mancini, Malagodi, Forlani or Ferri react? Simply laziness or awe, despite being widely aware of many misdeeds highlighted by us some time ago? Piccoli, Preti, Colombo and De Martino themselves suffer it, almost conditioned by his dark filter of power. Is this statement grotesque? Let's ask "the Honorable X" then

which blocked the parliamentary question on Eugenio Cefis. These are facts, not rumors.

Who will free us from the bosses in yellow gloves, given that (almost) only chicken thieves end up on trial?

A question that perhaps will receive a comforting answer. Bazan and Ippolito, two typical sultans who ended up in jail, await more illustrious companions. Olympus is difficult to climb, but the speed of the fall could prove dizzying, and we would like other doors to open to welcome the giants with feet pag. 646

of clay and with a head of gold (black).

Only in this case will the journalistic denunciation make sense, in a climate of authentic freedom of the press: where the truth is honored first, even ungrateful, even incredible, even relaunched with the simple courage of honesty.

pag. 647

Fiefs and vassals of the great baron

In order to be serious, probative and reliable, an investigation must highlight verifiable data, concrete facts and plausible circumstances that cannot be overturned. By doing so, the person conducting the investigation is allowed the consequent right to ask disturbing questions; to report surprising discoveries to those in charge; to comment even brutally on a matter that offers cause for meditation and disdain.

The journalist's job can be pleasant, to be enjoyed with all decorum, if the ink used is what the boss likes and the ideas floated follow current fashion; if, however, one remains free from headwinds and compromises, the profession becomes difficult and thankless.

Finding a publisher willing to accept an irreverent and truthful dossier from one of the many deities of Italian economics and politics is utopian to say the least. Thus the idea of the investigation into the number one baron of national business remains the exclusive pride (or condemnation) of those who conducted and published it.

We can agree, not to boast about it, but to relieve others of responsibility, if necessary, that the credit for this far from popular initiative falls on us, and on us alone.

Had we had more suitable means of penetration; If the keepers of registers, filing cabinets and news had opened the ajar door a little more, we would have achieved more complete results than what we have largely managed to condense and gloss.

We had to make our way through a forest full of difficulties and prejudices, using edged weapons and homemade clearing equipment. We had to postpone some essential inspections, including abroad; set aside investigation supplements; neglect certain areas; approximate some definitions; some names not well configured were kept silent. The panorama of the empire is thus only rough-hewn and we do not have the drills that ENI uses to find black gold even where it is not found.

In short, we want to say that the result of the investigation is clear in its lines and obvious conclusions, despite being more indicative than complete, edifying rather than detailed.

No one will be able to deny by scrolling through the list that we will detail the versatility and ease of Eugenio Cefis on the other side of the noble medal. It appears from it that the state industrialist is also a private entrepreneur; that suspicious interests and shareholdings are boiling and boiling in the cauldron of his real estate assets; that many of his exploits, not at all legendary, seem to have been devised specifically to defraud the tax authorities.

No one will be able to doubt that man is equipped with his own mask; that the systems adopted are questionable, if not despicable; that the inconsistency between the public manager and the astute private merchant remains clear and obvious. Really clean, those hands, as he makes them say, as other flatterers are quick to celebrate?

Again: when devices and measures are implemented to advance personal affairs in public office duties as ours has been doing for twenty-five years - certain actions are paid. 648

constitute crimes, at least using codes as an honest parameter of everyone's actions.

Businesses on the trapeze

So what are the charges we make against Dr. Eugenio Cefis?

First of all, the fact of having registered a certain number of real estate and industrial and commercial companies in the name of his private secretary. Secondly, that of having entered, through some of these companies, into partnerships with foreign financial groups, which due to dislocation , tradition and custom stink of legal intrigue to evade (Italian) taxes.

The first charge is frankly unspeakable and morally defines itself. The other shows how the exemplary statesman knows how to circumvent the State itself with absolutely petty and despicable methods and twists.

Here is the list of these companies

“AROLO”: limited partnership for the purchase, operation, ownership and management of real estate. Established in November 1960. Members: Ambrogia Francesca Micheli (secretary of Eugenio Cefis) and “GeneraI Rock Investment Trust” of Vaduz.

“IMF.” (Francesca Micheli Immobiliare), for the management of real estate. Limited liability company established in 1949, but passed to the secretary, who became sole director, in March 1956. Curious detail: the car used by Cefis, the Citroen, is registered to the

“F.M.I”

“IMM”: (Real Estate Investments). Limited partnership, for participation in industrial and commercial companies, real estate and securities management, the purchase and sale of properties. Established in April 1967. Members: Micheli Francesca in Ricci, Righi Alessandra in Furlani (sister-in-law of Eugenio Cefis), “General Rock Investment Trust” company of Vaduz.

“Chioscasauno”: limited liability company for the purchase and management of real estate, established in April 1950, but taken over by Cefis in February 1961. Sole director: Micheli Francesca. Relevant detail: The Cefis office, in via Chiossetto, 9, is registered under this name.

“Immobiliare Centro Sud”: limited liability company for the purchase, sale and management of real estate; established in February 1959, but acquired by Cefis in November 1962. Sole director: Micheli Francesca.

“S.I.M.”: (Società Immobiliare Milano), limited liability, for the sale and management of real estate, established in November 1956, but passed to Cefis in December 1961.

Sole director: Francesca (Ambrogia) Micheli.

“San Sebastiano”: real estate limited partnership, established in June 1963 for the page. 649

participation in industrial and commercial companies, management of furniture, buying and selling of properties. Members: Micheli Francesca and “Gula Etablissement” of Vaduz.

“Chioscasadieci”: (il)limited liability company, established in May 1950, taken over by Cefis in February 1961, for the purchase and management of real estate. Sole director: Micheli Francesca Ambrogia in Ricci.

Eight companies in eight years, with a very regular average of one per year, is no small feat. However, it is barely negligible if you look at other load-bearing structures of the Cefis construction; almost decorative elements, support beams, connecting pastimes.

The protégé of the principality

Let's abandon the baron's exploits for a moment and take a look at what his friends have done in the meantime: either by individual initiative, or by group necessity, or at his suggestion, in particular for the combinations with the Liechtenstein capital, strategy obviously adopted by Cefis.

Trevalor Trust Reg. of Eschen: entered as a limited partner on 5 January 1966 in the “Editorial”, a s.a.s. of Eugenia Airoldi, first, and of Franco Caprotti then, to launch editorial activities and any other activities directly or otherwise connected. He entered again as a limited partner in “Grober” s.a.s.: of Eugenia Airoldi for sureties and obligations to third parties, on 11 September 1963. Finally he entered as a limited partner on 6-4-1964 in “Immobiliare Luca” to allow Montano Lampugnani greater purchases of real estate, industrial and commercial investments.

Interoil Investment Trust of Vaduz: entered as limited partner on 14 October 1965 in “Par. In.”, s.a.s. of Giuseppe Airoldi, for the acquisition of shareholdings both on his own and in a very interesting particular way on behalf of third parties.

Sadaf Finance Etablissement of Triesen: allows Italo Neri, through the "Warn", to develop profitable securities and real estate operations. Limited partner since 8 July 1968

Olka Finance Etablissement in Triesen: general partner since 15 October 1968 in “Constance”

s.a.s. by Attilio Grosselli, again for securities and real estate transactions.

Kemco Trade Trustreg: allows Ruggero Perucconi, general partner, successful real estate businesses in “Bino” s.a.s., established on 4 May 1968 and transferred for convenience to Varese.

VIE di Schaan: coupled as a limited partner to Lampugnani Montano again, in

“Leasing and Trading For Stella Product”, the s.a.s. for the purchase and loan of industrial machinery and equipment, established on 7 July 1966.

pag. 650

Nautil Finanzastalt of Vaduz: in aid of Attilio Grosselli, in the “Initiative Mobiliari e Immobiliari”, as limited partner, on 28 December 1965.

Mulil Anstalt of Triesen: allows Tullio Silvestri, through the “In. Imm. Par.” productive participations in business in the industrial and commercial fields. Mulil is a limited partner and was incorporated on 9/1/1967.

Tecasvir Finanz und Industrie Anstalt, of Triesen: limited partner in “Gardenia Immobiliare”, established on 7 November 1963 by Caprotti (camouflaged in “Rotogravure”) for the usual real estate purposes

Techwarn Holding AG. of Mendrisio: the Allgemeine Gemeinschaft partner of Perego Roberto and Casali Sergio in the “Società Italiana Sviluppo Brevetti Internazionali”, established on 30-7-1964, capital 35 million.

Sosvic, from Chur: partner of Agrati Aldo and Casali Sergio in the "Italian Chemical Development Company", established on 3/20/1963, with capital of 7 million.

Walchiria Etablissement of Balzers: limited partner of Italo Neri's “Salis”, for the usual real estate transactions.

An authentic proliferation of limited partnerships, with some institutional and topographical exceptions. Foreign capital enters everywhere, even if just outside the city, compared to Milan.

There must be a reason why the friends of Cefis have chosen the Principality as their refuge and financial support.

We know a few elementary notions about economics, but we are aware of sales of share packages, purchased by ghost and shell companies in Liechtenstein, in order not to give up what the operation entails to the Italian tax authorities.

We might even make a damn mess.

In any case, behind these bold diversions there is something jarring; and the technicians of the Ministry of Finance should ascertain in their respective budgets, in the corporate objects, in the precise activities of many exotic partnerships the true physiognomy of the business and any collusions between the interests of the State (guaranteed by Cefis) and private speculation.

pag. 651

But let's go back to the smallest clan of the Cefis group: the family one.

The dynastic apparatus

We know absolutely nothing, or very little, about his brother Alberto. A former manager in a company of the ENI Group, he then took on responsibility for the plantations in Canada on behalf of Eugenio, who goes there by personal jet quite frequently to supervise and plan.

How the President of Montedison manages to reconcile his poorly disguised sympathies for the (economic) regime of Mao, the state companies run by the former owners, and the productive efforts of free-run businesses in Canada is a mysterious thing, if not eloquent. More than a double game, it is an ambivalence of role, as the great impresario always loves to do.

We know something more about his other brother Adolfo, born in Cividale del Friuli on 29 April 1937.

Resident who knows where for the tax authorities he is domiciled with his wife Emilia Biffi in Milan, in Via Quadronno, 24, the elegant street where Mayor Aniasi also lives.

Here are the companies that appear to be managed by Adolfo, certainly on behalf of his older brother:

“Arborea”: a s.a.s. (does it need to be said?) established in June 1966 for the purchase, operation and management of real estate, of which he is a general partner while the limited partner is the well-known "Trevalor" of Eschen, the same company used by his friends Caprotti, Airoldi and Lampugnani. .

“B.C.R.”: another real estate company, established in January 1966, with the same corporate purpose, having in addition to Cefis, Bernabè Natale and Edda De Franceschi as general partners. Giordano Bernabè and Rusca Enrico Pietro are the limited partners. Here too it would be interesting to evaluate the resulting combinations to judge the size of the deals.

“System Italia”: former “Ge. From." (Data Management) which included Peruzzotti Renzo and Giordano Bernabè. Former “Pro. De.” (Demographic Profiles), in which Silvestri Tullio, De Fusco Ugo Viglio Carlo Pietro, Maffei Alberto, Massa Alfredo gravitated. Finally "System Italia", for the start-up and management of data processing centers, in addition to the research, collection and processing of information dissemination. The capital: from one million in '67, to 15 in September of the same year, to 900 million in March '70. To get in touch, to offer one's services to Montedison too, it was necessary to carry out this proportional capital increase...

The Cefis gang in the “System” has its good representation. Different company names, for one, then, definitive one. On the other hand, in the "System" the goal of processing information according to the infallible Cefis method has been reached: taming public opinion to conquer the (stock) market and make the money (in the "System") so widely used .

Other profiles for an inventory

We now come to a subsequent filing of small companies, entrusted by Eugenio Cefis to his good friend Sergio De Angelis. He is also from Sacile, therefore Friulian, where he was born in 1912.

“M.C.C.C.”: i.e. “Compressed Methane Fuel Fuels”. Founded in 1950 with an almost insignificant capital, 50 thousand lire, increased to 1,050,000 in May '55, to carry out the fuel trade, export and transport of methane. In 1960 the company expanded: it opened a new compression station in Modena, via Emilia. In '67 the power station was moved to via Canal Grande, an emblematic location.

De Angelis is the Sole Director, while our Eugenio proclaims himself as Prosecutor. How he managed to discover himself God only knows. It is an exception that we cannot understand, keeping in mind the great man's technique of entrenching himself behind comfortable and inaccessible screens.

“USI META”: second managed company, without attorneys due to the good conduct demonstrated in the “Metano C.C.C.” from the Sacile hound. The establishment dates back to 1967, the capital of just one million (however, the large turnover counts). The purpose: use of natural gases for industrial and civil purposes.

Mattei discovered methane, Cefis exploits it properly, collecting proceeds. We would be Trappist if we didn't consider this policy to be authentic.

Petrochemical International Instrument Co.: what a long name to say that the company, established in 1962, deals with the manufacturing of electrical, measurement and control systems (tanks, pipes, tanks).

Revenues from methane and oil are no longer enough. It is necessary to establish good joint interests in materials and extraction, storage and processing infrastructures. The thing is quickly done, perhaps with a joint-stock company, in whose folds, and behind apparently unsuspected names, specific interests are hidden. Thus Gazzola Francesco acts as technical director and Winchler Carlo as commercial director, with Luerti Carlo as

administrative director and De Bernardis Matteo in charge of supplies. Where does De Angelis place you then? He appoints him as responsible for Iraq, an operational sector that is evidently important and profitable, given that the capital is increased to 250

millions. If that wasn't enough, the relative

Americo De Angelis is appointed director of Cantiere, so nothing escapes.

It should be noted that Americo De Angelis is also President of "Bergum", a billion-dollar capital, a company that strangely manufactures mechanical, electrical, measuring devices and light and heavy carpentry. On his board of directors we find Carlo Winchler and De Bernardis Matteo who are also in "Petrochemical". In the board of auditors, Corti prof. Pietro, present in Petrochemical.

Coincidences or something more? In this regard, let's not forget that the administration of "Bergum" is located in Sesto S. Giovanni and the branches of "Petrochemical" are located. The (random?) collusions are quite symptomatic, so as not to see the big picture.

The eclectic dinosaur

We will not continue the list of methane, oil and similar companies. The specific sector deserves a separate mention. Instead, let's move into other fields to give scope to our investigation.

Cefis also loves to jump from one company to another, displaying a multifaceted genius and not neglecting any kind of financial activity. Our capitals are so scattered and dilated that the topic itself invites us to follow its articulations and variety somewhat at will.

"Menchini Brothers - ITI"

It is the "Italian Thermoplastic Industry" which deals with the molding of plastic and similar materials. Today it is a thriving company with 200 million shares (how many of Cefis?), with a turnover (declared: but the

real?) of 300 million. In 1954 it was a small thing, so much so that the capital, of just 9 million, was doubled the following year by Eugenio Cefis himself who became part of the Board of Directors with Menchini Ortensio, one of his own given that there 'is both in the

“STIEM” (ENI) and in the “Italia” agency. In 1965 Cefis was still part of the company, even as President. The object is naturally expanded like capital: molding, yes, but also manufacturing, production and trade of objects in plastic materials and synthetic resins, with particular reference to technical articles, household items, stationery, electricity, sanitary ware, sacred craftsmanship (in series) . It remains to be seen whether the Supercortemaggiore Big Bons are offered for sale, doesn't the increaser who advertises the fact say: "there's more at Agip"? even these consumer products, an excellent deal for the plastic wizard.

Who then tiptoes out of the company after having placed his other trusts there: Deamici Giuseppe, technical services manager; Ruggero Perucconi on the Board of Directors (also former “STIEM” when he was part of the ENI Group); Giulio Colella (another former “STIEM” sold to private individuals and duly bankrupt), on the board of auditors; the young Marco Cefis, son of Eugenio, as manager (at twenty-five years old, genius arises in this house), until the death, a few months ago, of the poor boy.

The technique is quite usual: he enters through his men (by exception he enters himself), reorganises, increases the capital and controls with his gigantic shadow both the board of directors and the board of auditors, thanks to trusted spokespersons.

Italian American Prentice

Since 1947, with the founder Italo Urbino Cappellotto, it had been dealing with the trade of radio sets and household appliances. In '48, Mario Dosi, the Christian Democrat senator, entered with Leopoldo Amadio (from Sacile); the capital increases to 50 million and the industry expands by manufacturing zippers, braces, ribbons and the like. In 1950, Cesare Sperotti, the brave Anselmo, surveyor, sole director of a certain "Sigla" company which deals with the import-export of rubber, raw, natural and

synthetic (how our ears are ringing at the reference to Anic and to its resins and rubber, from the ENI Group).

In 1960 the Dal Negro brothers from Treviso entered (playing cards?), one of whom was a commodity broker and silk broker. The capital today is 500 million, with a declared turnover of 1 billion and 600 million and factories in Brugherio and Vimercate.

pag. 654

Coincidentally, there are three Cefis big names on the board of auditors. The man from Sacile, Luigi Padoin, his condominium owner when he lived in via Dandolo, former "Lanerossi" and Banca Manusardi councilor; Attilio Grosselli, interested in real estate, commercial and industrial holding companies

“Giro-Padoin & C.”; Carlo Pietro Viglio column of Eugenio Cefis, former Montedison councilor (to study the bypass plan and the methods of triumphal entry - into the citadel most coveted by Robur-Cefis, the conqueror), former councilor of Banca Manusardi, former councilor of "System Italia ” - Adolfo Cefis' company - more or less among all the companies in the business, beyond the related ones which we will deal with in detail.

A countryman of Cephis, the Amadio; three of him men of him in the board of auditors (made up of three people ...): coincidences? Or the devilry of Eugenio who also switches from plastic objects to Iampo zippers (registered in the USA, while he sympathizes with Mao?). And Sperotti, where do we put him, how do we want to frame him?

However, if there were any doubts, it would be enough to take a look at the share distribution to see and check Cefis' actual interest in the "Italo-American Prentice"

“Antonio Viotto Wood Industry”

The factory is located in Sacile; turnover: 700-800 million, around two hundred employees. Chairs and the like are manufactured there, and wood is generally worked. How can Eugenio Cefis get into it, then?

It may be that his presence is real, but we are not sure (this must also be said).

Appearances show plausible reasons for interest. First because the board of auditors is made up of Luigi Padoin, Attilio Grosselli and Pietro Carlo Viglio, the identical trio of "

Italo Americana Prentice", just quoted, making all the considerations expressed on that occasion current.

On the Board of Directors, in addition to two Viottos, Mario and Franco, we also find another Padoin, LeopoIdo; we also find, it is symptomatic, a man sure of Cefis, that Vittorio Olcese who before being interested in various real estate companies related to the Padoin group, was a councilor of that "LSPN" (Linea-Società Pubblicità Nazionale), certainly of Cefis, unless it is from ENI (but this would not change anything about the presence of Olcese, everywhere a trustee of the Chief).

It is very true that having a Padoin-Clementina married a Viotto, one could consider the "

Industria Viotto" more than the personal and family tour "Padoin" rather than the Cefis one; but then we ask ourselves what someone from Olcese does on the board of directors, and on the board of auditors, if not Grosselli, then certainly Viglio Pietro Carlo, a man from Cefis and not from Padoin.

"Fabbriche Riunite Formenti"

Apparently it is the least suspected of those we have mentioned. The benefit of the doubt is always allowed. Furthermore, the boundary between the Padoin Group and the Cefis Group is deliberately confused. Undoubtedly the two have common interests, although certain sectors of intervention and initiative remain distinct.

A distinction is certainly not easy, indeed it can be said to be impossible. Even the presence, for example, of pag. 655

old Umberto Salanti on the board of directors of "Formenti" constitutes a contradictory element, rather than offering glimmers of light. The registered

office is in via Dandolo, 4. Padoin, Salanti and - until some time ago also Eugenio Cefis - live at the same number.

The company name is interesting and the sectors of activity of "Formenti" are eloquent: it manufactures articles and accessories for weaving. In any case, we point it out as a probable ramification of the Cefis revolution, because on the board of directors, in addition to Salanti, we find the inevitable Vittorio Olcese, a highly representative voice in relations with the President of Montedison.

In the board of auditors, in addition to a certain Mascheroni (who tells us something because he is in the methane-oil business), we find the aforementioned Luigi Padoin and Walter Armanini. The latter is part of the Aureggi Enrico Evaristo trio (good coverage for Cefis in some methane companies), and Casali Sergio (mayor of the “L.S. P.N.”). We see the three of them together again in the “Latteria Cremasca Voltana”, Aureggi managing director; Casali who controls “Sisbi” and “Sischi” (abbreviations for patent and chemical development companies) as councilor, Armanini as mayor.

Adherences, references, alternate rhymes, agreed. It gives rise to doubts that this is a (harmless) comedy of errors. If we didn't know and didn't try on these pages to demonstrate amply that Eugenio Cefis loves this kind of disguises, pretexts, combinations. His good or bad messes, depending on the spectator, he stages with absolute discretion, for a limited audience of connoisseurs, or rather lovers of arthouse theatre.

Instinctively one would be led to draw conclusions. But faced with a wealth of details and leads available, the imperative is really to give up a summary judgment.

We therefore conclude this first illustrative round of the companies clearly owned, controlled or presumed by Eugenio Cefis, with a very simple consideration.

The picture of its shareholder structure is impressive; the game of his men is very skilled even if not always qualifying. Italy is therefore also made up of these men who serve the economy by making use of it, who make a

residence of a pedestal, of a credit, a premium for every profitable action. Totally ignoring any moral implications.

People who solemnly declare themselves for new courses, who look at avant-garde experiments in a Marxist key; men who pose as saviors of the country and in private adopt private morality.

A serious investigation cites the facts; documents your accusations. We have done it, or rather we are doing it, because the discussion is just beginning.

The economic aggression that centers on the name of Cefis is disconcerting and we are certain of reaching just a few eloquent indications among the mass of clues and discoveries that the most baron of Italy would offer - for example - to the expert eye of a tax reason .

pag. 656

The various and possible circumstances of the industrial knight

Does anyone remember Gaetano Baldacci? and died a few months ago. In the thickest silence, he who had raised a huge uproar when he decided to go against Mattei, providing sensational revelations from the columns of "ABC", the pre-March edition weekly (not to be confused with the current melancholic cheap erotic sheet).

Baldacci disappeared amid the indifference of all those whom he, at the time he directed "Il Giorno", had contributed to valorising, to elevating onto the prefabricated pedestals of the Italian oil empire Eugenio Cefis, among others, very few.

It couldn't have happened otherwise. Lively and unfortunate polemicist, Baldacci reacted to the (acceptable) despotism of Mattei, attacking with virulent but solid arguments, the excessive power of the six-legged dog and his masters, the centralizing management of the Matelica, the most robust financial sub-government in Italy.

The gang of that time found a banana peel at the right time for the former director of the (state) newspaper, "Il Giorno": the Bazan affair. But while foxes like the Lagumina and the Bolaffi -

they managed to get out of it with a few superficial burns, Baldacci was destroyed, as a journalist and publisher as well as as a man, together, obviously, with Carlo Bazan, philatelic and absent-minded president of the Banco di Sicilia.

The ras of ENI and the mafia that surrounds them are fearsome, vindictive to the core, implacable.

Whoever touched Mattei found lead (except for the trapeze artist-prince of typographical lead, that Montanelli who, then as now, was allowed to transmigrate from one party to another and slaughter the Boyars in effigy on any tribune; passing as a prophet of now and as a wicked bienfaisant).

Sooner or later everyone was silenced, reduced to the ropes, forced into hiding; kindly advised against persevering in a chain error. When of course no timely trap was found to set for him and everything ended there.

Whoever touches Cefis today (but in France they would say the faut toucher du bois) has no better luck. The great man is at the peak of his career, he passes as a brilliant and exceptional manager or as a distinguished economist; he is a friend of the powerful in the East as in the West, in every sense of the internal and international political meridians; he influences some essential levers of power in Italy and ultimately can do whatever the hell he wants

L'industriale double - face

It also has an army of officials, media, private and state opinion centers, hidden protections that support it and (perhaps reluctantly) revere it; yes

ensures favors and silence by commissioning advertising spaces. The religious power, especially in Rome and Milan, is on his side. He has freed himself from the shadows of the past: Mattei first, when an unfortunate accident took him away, Cefis returning through the door after Enrico, while alive, had duly ousted him.

He has the wind at his back and can sail at several knots an hour. It is said that you serve the interest of the State.

The truth that no Baldacci will ever write and that he wastes no time even minding his own business, with a commitment, cunning and stubbornness that will leave you dismayed. There would be little harm in taking care of the public domain and domestic affairs: if it didn't happen that the first ramifies the other, develops it and rewards it, to the tune of billions.

We still live in a world of inequality. There are people who promptly, despite the galloping progress, die of hunger. One million unemployed in Italy marks the decline of the recession. We witness the gray spectacle of those who dominate with the greed of capital, with the oppression of majority shares. People who cannot say they are satisfied unless they make concessions to others.

How many of these are there in our country? Certainly less than one might imagine. But Eugenio Cefis in the ranking surpasses the Falcks, the Pesentis, the Pirellis and the paradigmatic Agnellis by a few points. And not so much because he represents ENI (we want to agree that the Hydrocarbons Authority always weighs heavily on him: otherwise why would he spend his half days even now in the ENI branch office, in front of his house, at number 14 of via Borgonuovo ?): and with ENI the State; or with Montedison, half the state. Cefis emerges rather because it is ultimately one of the most powerful and aggressive private industrialists, branching out into the most varied market sectors.

We have in fact mentioned his holdings in real estate companies; we discovered his interests in Canadian plantations and his forms of intervention in the commercial and productive fields, through convenient entries into the companies he registered in the names of relatives, friends, and even the secretary himself.

We have highlighted the financial shelters of Liechtenstein; the methane, oil and similar companies of his personal circle. We then highlighted the superb ramifications of his private capital that cover spaces from plastic to rubber, from wood to zippers, from chairs to fabrics.

His personal assets, on the other hand, don't interest us much: a jet, two (or twenty) residences in the city, at the lake, in the mountains; the expensive hobby of votive tablets, precious letters to relatives, are part of the cliché for

an accomplished man, for a distinguished and respectable landowner. Agreed: jealously guarding one's possessions and being stingy (like he is) does not correspond to evangelical dictates, but is part of custom. We say this incidentally for those religious people whose friendship he knows how to exploit and who so willingly boast of his friendship.

We are instead interested in Eugenio Cefis's rush to invest, at a time when others are giving up) either for fear of losing everything (if the political course changes direction), or to avoid risking too much.

He knows this, and focuses on the weakness of others. Why resist him if he is the State - the force - if Colombo and Carli, Moro and Piccoli, and every other notable who counts in Italy are competing for a place alongside him?

The empire of Cephis. A joke for those who ignore the size and current solidity of Eugenio 1st. The taxman works with him using breech-loading, representative guns; decorative projectiles that at most bounce happily off certain armour. The borders do not impose excessive restrictions on him, if he can easily connect with foreign capital.

The delimitation between the public sphere and private initiative is vague and inconsistent, so no page. 658

voice on the right or left disturbs him on the subject. A few months in the partisan brigades offered him Alexander's necessary warm welcome and a moral investment of the highest productive standard.

Continuing our investigation, this time we offer some modest examples of interest highlighted in equally significant references.

"Banca Manusardi"

It was established as a joint-stock company in 1949, but the takeover of Cefis, as it seems to have happened, dates back to a more recent date, April 1961, the 26th to be precise, when that doctor joined the board of directors. Luigi Padoin (office in via Donizetti, 32 where many companies are based, mostly limited partnerships because they are real estate, managed by Cefis as trustee; and home in via Dandolo, 4, where Cefis himself lived). The Dr. We find Padoin in various companies around.

In 1963, another step forward: our company also placed Carlo Pietro Viglio on the board of directors (office in Corso Venezia, 24, where there is a large group of companies certainly controlled by or belonging to Cefis). The son is notoriously a trusted man and companion of the boss's initiative in the sector of systematic addresses, the management of electronic centers (perhaps including Montedison), entrusted to Adolfo Cefis.

Again: in 1970 Umberto Salanti made his entry, also with an address in via Dandolo, 4, associated in the methane fields and various investments. However, the board of directors is not enough: the accounts need to be checked. Therefore it is appropriate to find a place on the board of auditors for the esteemed Roberto Perego, a great friend of Sergio Casali, who in turn is the boss's trustee.

In fact, Perego and Casali are in the "Sisbi" together for industrial patents (with possible guaranteed sales). Both Perego (sole director of "Elicem", in via Dandolo), and Casali (mayor of the "LSPN" of Cefis and director of "Sischi", a chemical device, of which ours knows something), are wealthy on his own, enjoying very large credit from the President of Montedison.

We will not be so naive as to consider the presence of three men on the board of directors and two auditors on the board of auditors accidental: if there are justified doubts, it will be enough to check the actions of Banca Manusardi a little, a task that is impossible for us, but easy for those who investigate complete with delegation and mandate.

Eugenio Cefis's portfolio could not miss a credit institution, he learned the art of guiding it (remotely) at the Banca Commerciale Italiana, of which he is an advisor. An instrument of so much weight, yet so discreet, serves the cause very well.

“LSPN - National Advertising”

We are not aware that the Hon. Piccoli, in Parliament, admitted that this advertising company belongs to ENI (as he did for the “Italia” Agency), even though it works precisely and almost exclusively for the (advertising) fortunes of the powerful Italian petrol.

In the margins of free time which are many, the LSPN studies, plans, launches and assists certain pages. 659

campaigns which have nothing to do with the institutional purpose of ENI, but concern one of the most delicate sectors of Eugenio Cefis's (charitable) activity, a sector which was certainly not entrusted to him by the secular arm, and in which he pays out of his own pocket or can afford not to pay at all.

Since these are good works, we will not delay further, for now.

However, if the "National Advertising Company Line" does not belong to the Hydrocarbons Authority, the ownership must be inferred to Cefis itself, which shows a genuine passion for the field of occult persuaders and messages of interdiction and psychological conquest.

He is so infatuated with her that he seriously believes that competition with the Seven Sisters can be done in Italy by entrusting Raffaella Carrà with the role of Ninfa Egeria of our country's motorists.

It is possible to buy something (in the Big Bons), and at a good price, following the (disinterested) advice of the friendly star, but not everything.

Returning to "LSPN", we note the headquarters in Milan, in via Passerella. Established in 1961, it saw the appointment of Dr. as president two years later. Vittorio Guerrieri, who is already interested in the "

Special Transport Company", of which he is currently a member of the Board of Statutory Auditors. We mentioned the circumstantial relationships with this Company on the part of Cefis at the time.

Also in '63, a trusted man enters, Vittorio Olcese, son of the former cotton worker, Achille.

The Olcese of "Viotto" wood, of "Formenti", of "Fibre Tessili", of "Editrice Arte Moderna", of the real estate "Clark", "Palamos", "Naviglio", and other companies.

It is true that over time both Olcese and Guerrieri left this prosperous advertising company, in which Cefis is at home, as a fond connoisseur. On the other hand, a board of auditors is set up strictly under its control, with Eugenia Airoldi (related to Pietro Carlo Viglio, general partner of "Grober", former owner of "Editorial" who later moved to Caprotti), a woman of sure economic virtues, regular customer from Liechtenstein for corporate combinations; with Bruno Fregoni (councilor of “Lanerossi” and mayor of the “Union Produzione Cinetelevisive” which we will talk about shortly); with Sergio Casali, finally, of whom we have recently woven the addentellati col

“giro”.

The history of this company, the turnover, the number of employees, are of interest to us only marginally. We are keen to have ownership verified.

If it were ENI's, we would ask ourselves why it is a Cefis domain, and why certain advertising campaigns - of which the walls, the buses in Milan, and the newspaper inserts offer probative testimony - ultimately end up paid for by the taxpayer, since they are business who have nothing to do with ENI except on the financial side.

If, however, it were to be owned by Cefis, as it seems to us, we ask why it has exclusive (or almost) exclusive rights to ENI advertising. Which would be doubly immoral. There's no exit from here.

“Cinetelevisive Production Union”

We grope in the thickest mystery, we dare to confess it openly. Certainly not by qualification of characters, but by duration (of them). The men: Franco Fusco (owner, with his son Sergio, of the real estate “Papanco”); Carughi Giovanni Luigi (perhaps the technician on the board of directors); finally that Tullio Silvestri, an old acquaintance for those who have followed us so far, as well as Dr. Cefis; mayor of the “Italo Americana Prentice”, councilor of the “Pro.

De.”, then “System Italia”; on his own he is the owner of “Produzione Fotofilm” and has the “In. Im.

Par." (Real Estate Investments Commercial and Industrial Holdings).

If these are the pillars of the board of directors, no less significant are the names of the union trio: Carlo Pietro Virgilio, Fregoni Bruno (the one from “Lanerossi”) and Padoin Luigi the same as always, like Viglio). Why, and here lies the dark side of the matter, a short time after the foundation, after just three financial years, the production of films and the related trade for cinema and television, as well as the documentation and advertising activity, ceased to hit?

After making 160 million in capital available on 19 January 1968; after having previously absorbed "Unionfilm", after having changed its old name to its current name ("Union Cartons"), the company closed its doors. Where it flowed, where the capital ended up, remains a mystery. Cefis certainly has a passion for advertising and its supporters. What other devilry has he come up with to throw the “Union Produzione Cinetelevisive” to the dogs?

To ascertain this, without running the risk of facing a disdainful silence on the part of the interested party, some additional patient investigation will be necessary, or if the tax authorities want to get involved, some indiscretion.

"Artificial Textile Fibers"

By induction, we should attribute this company to Cefis' friends rather than to our very good public-private entrepreneur. It's the company name that leaves us in doubt: is it possible that he had a hand in a deal that concerns the production, packaging and printing of coupled viscose and neotene transparencies? The company is large enough to justify a certain appetite (1,260 million in capital), but even his friends have the right to mind their own business.

These reservations of principle aside, it is interesting to list the men who run this company. Vittorio Olcese and Luigi Padoin on the board of directors, in addition to several Roncoroni, a certain Giorgio Illes and Olcese's father,

Achille; Umberto Salanti and Attilio Grosselli (with Anacleto Motta), in the board of auditors.

Enough to dispel the doubts expressed at the beginning, knowing that fox from Cefis who manages a crowd of (very worthy) Turk's heads and could also dispose of the "Textile Fibers" at will (we believe). A little caution however does not hurt, indeed it is de rigueur, in deference to honesty.

The stars look down

We will now give, almost as an interlude to break the monotony of always the same and recurring names, a list of companies in which the usual friends of the clan leader bounce around for a change.

We repeat: it may be that these participations are in person, not as frontmen of Cefis itself. Just as the opposite could be true.

pag. 661

Even for these companies, additional investigations would be useful, carried out by and on the initiative of those who can and indeed must shed light: stars who are watching, as in the original title of an allusive and successful TV novel by Archibald Cronin. In short, they look, but they probably don't see.

“Sacit”

400 million in capital, for the industry and trade of men's underwear and knitwear. On the board of directors: Vincenzo and Vittorio Polli (the former also in the "Formenti", in the "

Textile Fibers” and in the “Calzificio Ciocca”); plus Giuseppe Lanfranconi. In the board of auditors: the usual Luigi Padoin, Attilio Grosselli and Umberto Salanti; a perfect trio for the necessary control. With or without (apparent) guarantee of the beautiful dark man at the window.

“Milanese hosiery Luigi Ciocca”

Born - it should be said - in 1942 as "Fides Romana Films", by a certain Alfonso Scannone, it became such in 1949, with the aim of providing for the production and trade of socks and the like. In June 1970 the capital increased to one billion. On the board of directors: Vincenzo Polli (better specified above); the Vittorio Olcese, dear to the ras of methane and plastic; Giuseppe Ciocca, partner of Attilio Grosselli in the “Società Imprese Agricole e Gestioni”.

In the board of auditors instead: Luigi Padoin, a man from Sacile, roommate of the Cape, old adventure companion in industrial and commercial enterprises; Attilio Grosselli, limited partner and general partner in many strange companies; Sessa Alessandro, probably controlled by the two controllers mentioned, and therefore harmless.

“Soc. An. Virginio Rimoldi & C.”

Like the previous one (by pure coincidence?) it started from a film company, the “S.A. Films”, in '35. Activities: trade in special sewing machines and related accessories and spare parts (valuable, like the members of the board of directors, and interchangeable like them).

.In 1937 Umberto Salanti appeared as prosecutor. In '65, a curious merger with “Lesa Immobiliare” increased the capital. In 1960 Carlo Kaiser joined: partner with Umberto Salanti and Alberto Visconti in the “Fabbriche Industrie Riunite”; partner with them in the Italian Investment Casting and for the fusion and investment casting of metals (what a range of skills and what spheres of interests).

In '66 Luigi Padoin made his entry (could he ever be missing?) and the capital reached two billion.

On the board, other presences of a certain interest: Luigi Lovati (also a member of the “Investment Casting Italiana”), Umberto Garbagnati, whose name we will find again with pleasant appeal in the

“Methaniferous Upper Italy”. Board of Statutory Auditors: Roberto Perego (mayor of Banca Manusardi, partner of Sergio Casali in “Sisbi”, director of

“Elicem”: family man, in short); Aragnetti Dr. Pier Giorgio; Jorio Franco (the latter in Banca Manusardi, too).

Can “Virginio Rimoldi” be included in the Cefis horizon? Some precise conditions of names pag. 662

- they would make us believe that ours is no stranger to the affair. However, it could be pure coincidence. We have reported a lead that may turn out to be wrong, like others, but others could, by delving deeper into the matter, discover interesting branches.

“FIR - Fabbriche Riunite of Casalmaggiore”

Capital: 250 million. The board of directors includes Umberto Salanti who we will find in various companies in the methane sector; Carlo Bergamaschi and Carlo Kaiser (companion of the former). The corporate purpose: manufacture and trade of costume jewellery, sunglasses, industrial supplies, motors. There's a big difference between the gold-like patches (and the blued lenses) and the engine gears. In any case, productive versatility is not a crime.

However, we see Roberto Perego, Pier Giorgio Aragnetti (partner with Angelo Salanti in "Immobiliare Ripamonti", also mayor of "Rimoldi") and the surveyor in the board of auditors.

Giovanni Bottarelli, former mayor of the real estate company “Dana Aedes” with a capital of one hundred million, of which Roberto Perego is now the sole director. Names that recur monotonously, so much so that they tire the reader and - first - the reporter; but which probably have few or only one matrix in common.

Elusive physiognomy of a mafia

We have naturally cited only the names and companies of some importance, worthy of a certain attention, among the many addresses that our research has accumulated in the editorial office.

We have mentioned a few companies among those assigned in the "Who is it?" of Italian Finance to an Umberto Salanti or a Luigi Padoin. Authentic

monsters of activity, spiders who weave with discretion, success and courage, but who also know the wise use of limited partnerships, of which no book or register will ever give the details. Salanti and Padoin, with a few others including Carlo Pietro Viglio, know the life and miracles of Eugenio Cefis. They have made him, when necessary, a bridgehead or shield; they authoritatively accompanied him in the escalation of so much power. Via Dandolo, 4: the address of one of the most aggressive and compact brain trusts, with very extensive branches on the production, trade and credit markets.

We do not pretend to make ourselves strong by using today's populist and melodramatic language: however, we are convinced that there are political mafias and criminal associations, but also highly respected companies of an economic-financial nature that are no less fearsome, even on a different level, than those. In the reflections, let's say, of the morality of the State, of respect for the taxpayer, of the inequalities that still exist, of fiscal discrimination.

The financial mafia shows disdainful condescension towards all these values, when it does not influence political power itself. If every day we have to witness the unseemly spectacle of people maneuvering millions with the same ease we use when juggling cents, we could reach a conclusion as hasty as it is Manichean.

But if we think that Eugenio Cefis' tax is 7,632,000 lire, on a taxable amount valued at pag. 663

just 53 million a year, and we consider that a more rigorous and impartial assessment could multiply these figures by five or ten (or to even higher levels): then it is natural to hope for the introduction in Italy, in addition to divorce, of the Maoist of Trustees (incorruptible) in companies absolutely owned by the State.

Cefis would boredly push away, like so many harmless mosquitoes, annoying (and rude) thoughts like ours, if they reached his ears (and they do). He generally does not admit, due to style, tradition and custom, feeling contradicted. He believes himself to be a demigod and finds faithful

followers for his cult of the person. If everyone listens to him, it is obvious that he ends up convincing himself that he is perfectly and usually right.

He is pedantic, keeps rude people at a distance, and barely allows himself to be paid homage to. But in Italy they applaud him for example. The economy in the country

as scholars and serious politicians warn, it's going rather badly, if not in ruins, but he sets aside billions without much effort given the number of useful idiots who favor him. Before long, if things go badly, they will ask for the heads of the capitalists who starve the people, a story as old as it is sad.

But Cefis is not among the masters. He is the state industrialist, a regularly paid official. Even if he officially receives a few million lire a month, he nevertheless remains an employee: against whom no cultural revolution will ask for the gallows. Yet this myth cannot be broken.

Baldacci died, twice. Montanelli is not so committed to suicide as to take it out on Cefis as he did (badly) with Enrico Mattei; he has to look after Venice, since the Crespis, also masters, have become sensitive to advertising space. The show of passive or interested connivance is unseemly. But how many things don't go like this in Italy? The extras, especially in politics, get agitated, but the protagonists have nerves of steel. If politics has become the daughter of economics, Cefis can rest assured.

We know this too, continuing undaunted to tell in a future report the implications of Eugenio Cefis's interesting policy regarding oil and methane pag. 664

“L'Anonima Metano” - The cheerful squadrons

When it is asserted that by settling the disagreements, the diasporas, the adversities within the Catholic party, that process of political clarification and understanding between the parties of the current government majority would also be initiated, thus giving a concrete meaning and revaluation to the same concept of democracy, rather out of date both in the eyes of public opinion and in an objective examination, there is evidently no account of the many intrigues and influences, which must be traced back to the

responsibility for the cracks and internal disagreements of the relative majority party.

We don't even realize that we're asking too much. Such as when, for example, the peaceful solution of the (real or presumed) states of internal controversy in the Catholic Church, between traditionalists and reformists, is invoked, to follow the picturesque nomenclature in force; union that is hoped for in the name of its founder himself. Reckless demands, almost: how to still claim a pact of tolerance between the two systems into which today, in fact, the world is divided: communism and liberal democracy, or if one prefers materialism and humanism, albeit in name of peace or survival of the species.

It is not that the hope for unity (in Catholics, in democrats, in the assembly of peoples) is erroneous or just instrumental. There is no one who does not see, for example, how bargaining within our government and, externally, a coherent, robust, loyal opposition to any form of totalitarianism, would be a panacea and would constitute a sure relaunch for this precarious and shaky Italian democracy. Likewise the overcoming of conflicts between States and between currents in the Church.

But realism and less superficiality are needed in judging within a party or within the various international communities - the trouble, the antagonism, the controversies. It is not enough to ask for a clear break with the splits: we must remove the causes that generated them, cut the sources of financing at every level of suspicion. It is not enough to demand the end of personalism and clientele: we must also look upstream and investigate the origins and cover-ups.

The free points to be doubled

The Hon. Andreotti, the unattainable enfant terrible of the crusader shield, one of the most prominent figures of the entire Montecitorio assembly, and so convinced that in the absence of petrol the great personal and organizational machines of the Christian Democratic currents would be forced to mark time, perhaps

even to dissolve, which went so far as to propose a system of public financing for parties, in broad daylight.

Don Sturzo, who could see farther than his (respectable) nose, had come to the same conclusion a few decades earlier, exactly when he realized that the Hydrocarbons Authority, pag. 665

with Mattei he effectively influenced men of the Christian democracy through other men of the DC, gathered in a current heavily supported by ENI.

Yesterday's story. Not to be forgotten, however, because in the meantime ENI funding has become more fluid but more substantial, flowing to other Christian Democratic (and non-Christian) currents, crossing the embankment to flow to other secretariats and currents, whether in government or opposition. Not only that. The Mattei method has set a precedent (or has revived ancient, overused teaching norms).

In several public bodies, governed by Christian Democrats, by socialists (of both tendencies), by republicans to remain in the center-left - they are financed in the same way, that is (not to use pitiful and stupid euphemisms) by stealing from the budgets or deriving advantageous interests from management extra-budgetary of the institutions themselves.

Internal shield-crusader cannibalism is favored by the race (to arrive first) for certain large centers of power, for certain ministerial positions that ensure subsistence, size and profits for currents and men. To keep the apparatus, the newspapers alive, to pay the staff, to launch campaigns, to support huge electoral expenses of the members, it is necessary to draw on this round of transactions, without confirmation and without reversal.

Let us take this reality into account before hoping for unity, the demobilization of the currents.

Otherwise, we would just be considered naive.

Malpractice, perhaps customary, perhaps congenial. But we do not believe that the Andreotti proposal, if accepted, will be able to resolve the odious aspect of this parasitism of men and structures.

For example, every appointment by the State to Public Bodies would be inspired by technical rather than political reasons, similarly to the uniform criterion adopted by private companies and businesses. We should therefore remove all those false technicians who obtained the nomination purely on party merits.

To overcome the evil at its roots and to guarantee a margin of reliability for certain reforms (such as the one hoped for), it is necessary to go back to these clear points, removing them en bloc and replacing them with a real purge, giving way to the best in the professional sense of term.

The politics of “rule and divide”

It is not a doctor's therapy. As in our budgets, there are predictable expenses and impossible expenses; just as we see ourselves forced to keep our car in the garage if there is a petrol station strike or we lack the money for a full tank, so it should be possible to cut to the roots that widespread system which consists in living at the expense of the State by using the money of the State itself, in all imaginable forms.

We were talking about the hateful but productive criterion adopted by Mattei to ingratiate himself, condition and almost paralyze the Christian Democratic authority (because in fact he was entitled to approval of every internal or international operation).

pag. 666

Mattei went further, placing a thorn in the side of the DC party, that is, that group of grassroots parliamentarians, who used the fronda and reported the Boss's word: whether it was called exclusiveness of oil exploration or alliance with the socialists or endorsement of the squandering of money in ENI balance sheets, such as the liabilities of, for example, "Il Giorno". His successor, Eugenio Cefis, did better. He financed every other Christian Democratic sector: don't Piccoli, Doroteo, display detached amazement (didn't he in fact praise him, also sending him to Montedison?) and don't pretend to be annoyed by Mister X who would not have stopped Simonacci's questioning on certain ENI-Cefis revelations, if the resulting accusation was found to be unfounded or harmless.

Cefis has adopted a similar policy to the other parties. What Mattei had not succeeded in having the majority of Christian Democratic actions on his side and the more or less hidden control of almost all the other political factions was achieved by his successor. Although he did not enjoy the esteem of the former President of ENI, upon his death or shortly after he rose to that very chair and showed a clear affinity of methods with his predecessor, at least in this field.

Apart from the question of taste and moderation between the two greatest exponents of the Italian oil apparatus, their ability consisted not in dividing their adversaries in order to dominate them, but in a tete-beche version of the axiom: to dominate, and then (eventually) divide (in the sense of dividing).

It is said that the former Mrs. Mattei enjoys an income of fifty million a year, after the divisions and the disputes with the brothers of the deceased. If Cefis is absent tomorrow, how much would the annuities to the survivors amount to? Probably the fifty million would become (inflation aside) five hundred, or even more.

Personally we have attempted to examine the private interests of the current President of Montedison; others could arrive at an edifying and impeccable inventory better than us.

The method thus applied would once have seemed reckless and the voices reporting it would have sounded feeble and out of tune. Not today. This self-financing chain letter system almost becomes legalized, at least tolerated as responding to a mass media. The beneficiaries do not disdain appearing in joint-stock companies as members of the board of directors, so that the position is known and the service of dependence made known.

The shadow of the super-president

Poor Sturzo who from the then free and upright Giornale d'Italia thundered against these corruptions of political and economic power. What would he do today: better yet, where would he find hospitality to raise his accusations?

Who would listen to him, given that in recent times he has been considered crazy, having the temerity to ask for strict controls to ensure that the

taxpayer's millions do not slip from the budgets of state bodies, led by illustrious and esteemed swindlers complete with knighthoods of labour?

But let's resume our analysis on the very broad topic of the para-professional activities, real estate or otherwise, of the captain of industry Eugenio Cefis.

pag. 667

These activities are part of the ENI cauldron: because it seems that he is currently still the President. A President who can, if we want, be Girotti's paternal shadow.

We will try to stick, almost invited by the reader - who in our case is a sort of juror in a courtroom, to the facts. We have several to outline. Not all, perhaps, but enough to make it clear that ours is not pure malice or gratuitous defamation.

Others, before us, have reported that some family members of the (Fanfanian) minister Lorenzo Natali are holders of Agip concessions (Agipgas or Snam, it's a bit the same thing) in Abruzzo, being the Hon.

Natali son of that land; dealer for Puglia is the Hon. Vincenzo (Vincenzino, when he was a modest employee of the six-legged dog) Russo; Senator Giorgio Bo is interested in the same products for Liguria, former minister for a long time of State Participations; a task that took him, in fact, from the state ones to the personal ones.

Rumors that we report without at all claiming to confirm their truthfulness or not, for the sake of simple (and instructive) news, but which deserve to be severely investigated (not with the drills of the "Nuova Pignone" or other highly celebrated investigative weapons such as parliamentary commissions of inquiry, capable only of filling archive files and favoring pleasant trips for members, invited to learn but not to tell). Probed, it was said, by the competent bodies. To whom it seems in bad taste to continue to wish happy rest, but the rhythm doesn't change anyway.

Brief but edifying summary

For our part, we prefer a fairly broad overview of images, looking at the characters and x-raying with good will the connections between them and the "Anonima Petroli >> or

“Anonima Metano”: the political mafia, without exception as a mafia, has joined one of these two bands.

In the reports published so far we have had the opportunity to break down the companies and men into two distinct ramifications: those who handled business (more or less legitimate, more or less shady) on behalf of Cefis, and those who moved, for their account, in the Cefis perimeter.

The distinction cannot be repeated except in part: it is abstruse to pretend to attribute with certainty to Caio what could be Tizio's, or vice versa, meaning Tizio is the protagonist of our edifying story.

The inevitable confusion partly derives from the very nature of financial activities, partly

to the camouflaging impulse favored by the conductor, somewhat from the usual Italic background of certain matters.

However, the implications remain. With ghost or shell companies; with respectable screens or Turk's heads that closely resemble the Chief (a strange physiognomy, as we had defined it as a herdsman, for a surname which in its non-laborious etymology recalls the Greek meaning khefal).

Therefore it is natural that he pushes himself towards the most varied frontiers, in search of direct and immediate popularity, that is, to find members of boards of auditors and boards of directors even among the pages. 668

minor characters, regardless of whether they are Ministers or poor farmers (so to speak).

In previous reports we have traced the essential physiognomy of many of the most accessible characters in the cast, finally reviewing the societies in which they were or were supposed (with exhaustive approximation) implicated

Speaking of the two anonymous methane and oil we will not be able to maintain the distinction in objects and instruments. We will therefore limit ourselves and cite the facts, as they emerge from the voluminous dossier, collected with exhausting research, documents, photocopies, notes, extracts and sheets in quantity. The work, which lasted many months, cannot however be said to be finished and will be enriched with appetizing supplements as soon as other guide tiles are placed in their place.

If we were to include in this review also the rumors, not collected by others but which emerged during our journalistic investigation (the possible public or private domain of said rumors does not concern us at all), we could, in addition to the Hon. Natali and to the sen. Bo, cite for example a Verzotto Graziano and a Mattei Italo, brother of the late President.

Interlude of accidental “noises”

We could then see the first, obscure ENI employee with a good partisan past, become an Agipgas dealer in Syracuse, national, provincial and regional secretary of the DC in Sicily, a land that has interested ENI so much for concessions, construction of plants , exclusives.

We know how profitable Christian Democratic political power can be in this regard; in fact, after having rendered many services, we find Graziano Verzotto today president of a company with half a billion in capital (the "Sarp" Azionaria Raffineria di Palermo for the processing of mineral oils), a company that we would not be sure to whom to attribute 'ENI alone, or to Hydrocarbons and associates, or to other consortiums of parties and the Sicilian region. Verzotto's parallel life - in the DC and at ENI

- if it is not covered in dark implications, it is exemplary enough to deserve an incidental mention.

As for Italo Mattei, christened by some as a public crybaby after the death of his brother President, restless in politics to the point that if the DC does not offer him a place on the list he will calmly move to another party, still in the centre-left, just to maintain advantages that he would not have in opposition, he is known as the co-author of a memoir that suggests many hypotheses on the end of Mattei n. 1, of which (hypotheses) not even one appears credible.

Quarrelsome (with the widow, Mrs. Margherita, of the former President, with his own brothers) over the division of Enrico's considerable inheritance, he is an Agip dealer in Central Italy, and for various products.

He certainly has no qualifications to complain about ENI, to which he also owes good earnings, in conjunction with the happy years of the Mattei season.

Rumors, we repeat, that we bounce around just to lighten the tension of this story, in which we have only accepted findings, rejecting all the gossip and chatter on page. 669

circumstance.

The financial power of methane

The Italian subsoil, as everyone now agrees, is not rich in methane or oil. The first, indeed, after the exceptional findings of this post-war period, has revealed that it is neither sufficient nor inexhaustible.

However, both arrive in Italy and like any other country not endowed with oil aquifers or very rich sources of natural gas, we import the majority of it from abroad: gold from Iran and America black, from the USSR and Holland the rarefied one. Although poor in these minerals, we have a large company in Italy that largely takes care of everything: putting methane in pipelines, distributing it, selling it (and, of course, looking for it). Similarly, ENI - this enormous company of the legendary Italian superfuel - manufactures drills, transports oil, searches for it, sells it, processes it.

There is a whole series of subsidiary companies, which could - if we continue like this -

supply almost entirely a supermarket, so vast is the range of production and trade of products. The issue of malpractice has been lurking for some time in the shadow of the state's methane-oil giant.

We will call them with the allusive term Anonymous.

The unsuspected mafia teams that set up companies make hundreds and hundreds of millions of profits; in part they divide them up (indeed in certain situations only the division between friends is valid); they give them in part as bribes, either to the big boss or to the party or to currents (and secretariats): how would the federal of Milan, senator Giovanni Marcora, compensate for the preferential votes given to certain men (in the grassroots current) in the list ? This explains authoritarianism and the proliferation of currents. It was necessary to find a point on which to hold the earth: ours identified it in these gifts that leave everyone satisfied with the (mutual) good accomplished or to be accomplished in the future. Don't eat the daisies, and the daisies (de dung Herrici) will not eat you: on the contrary, they will leave you in jubilation and active digestion to continue on your way.

Which and how many mixed dealing companies are s.a.i.m. if the cheerful story allows us to coin a company name, entirely inspired by the methane-oil sector of the knight of labor Eugenio Cefis, of his friends, or are you managed in trust by the long arm of the party?

Let's review them a little, without pretending that the inventory is exhausted. We will at least note that the power of these sources of energy (and money) is very notable even when it is suitable for heating the food on the plates of politicians.

"Metanifera Alta Italia"

She is the group leader; the first perhaps also in chronological order of constitution; the one that gives the most extensive meaning to the processing of methane on behalf of the honorable association, which ranges from mineral exploration operations to the exploitation of hydrocarbons to the construction of plants, pag. 670

to the distribution of liquid and gaseous gases, to the buying and selling, to transport, to the trade of equipment.

It is the society, again, which gathers or has seen within its bosom the most trusted and representative men of the Ras. Established in June 1952 by the notary Dr. Cellina (the other notary, Dr. Neri, just deals with real estate), by Umberto Salanti, roommate until some time ago of Cefis in Via Dandolo,

director of Banca Manusardi, of "Formenti", of Rimoldi; advisor in numerous companies, gray eminence of Cefis);.Maffei Giuseppe (relative of Alberto, interested in Adolfo Cefis' "System Italia" and of the Antenor of

“MetaniferaMartesana”?); Visconti of Sanvito nob. adv. Alberto (Salanti's partner in business and society, owner of real estate); eng. Domenico Fabiani (perhaps the only competent one); Gaetano Carcano (interesting mixed guy who will have the task of looking after dozens of methane companies).

In 1954 Giovanni Besana, another friend of Salanti with whom he was interested in joining, joined

“Dell'Orto”; Naselli Orlando and that Ernesto Vigevani, a surveyor who we will deal with in detail later, placing him next to the minister in office, Sen. Camillo Ripamonti. In the

'58enters Umberto Garbagnati of "Fingraf" and Rimoldi, Silvio Sardi, the man from Cernusco sul Naviglio, also fertile like the Carcano of numerous and active generations of methane action, adding a conspicuous and almost unusual real estate package. Between '65 and '67, Sardi Silvio, appointed sole director, brought in the two Salvatores - Calise and Piredda and Maria Malegori, who constituted, as we will see in detail, Sardi's trusted trio.

In '68, Wahan Pasargiklian and Meda Filippo (son of Luigi and grandson of the homonymous Philip: the great, because he was only interested in politics tout court, rather than in politics as a function of the economy like his son, or of economy without politics, like his nephew). We also find a certain Mario Gentile while the power of attorney goes to Barracchia Vittorio and Antonio Vaccari, whose names we will find later and several times.

No interesting figures emerge in the board of auditors, as always respectable people like Edoardo Astolfi, Pietro Bignami and Pietro De Rocchi weigh neither against nor in favor of (possible) centers of power with unlimited availability.

So who owns the “Methaniferous Alta Italia”? Di Meda and Pasargiklian no. Not even Di Gentile, Vaccari, Barracchia, Malegori, Calise and Piredda. They are only men of trustworthy representation, excellent guarantors if you

will and upright characters. Perhaps the company passed from Salanti (third party delegate) to Silvio Sardi. However powerful and billionaire he may be, he should not be the absolute master: perhaps he is subjected to bounties, perhaps they control his budgets to extract bribes. What can be stated with some certainty is that the "Methaniferous Alta Italia"

appears strangely contaminated by private and political interests.

In the clan of the current board of directors and among the names that have passed there, the

“anonymous methane” in full force. Some are missing but we will find them next to other methane pipelines, as will be seen later. Shadows stir discreetly behind the names, but they already have a complete name, a symbol, a shield behind which to feel sheltered and thrive in a magnificent silence.

“Metanifera Ambrosiana”

Geographically we couldn't help but move to this company, even though it is not affiliated with "Metanifera Alta Italia". Let's say that it is connected to it, which falls within the sign generated on page. 671

from the parent company.

Established as a limited liability company in August 1953 with the usual profitable social purpose by Milano Pirola, from Cernusco sul Naviglio (Silvio Sardi knows the men of the place well), together with Angelo Sirtori, Giuseppe Morandi and Massimo Bernini. People whose age varies between sixty, as required by the ancient tradition of experience in processing and conducting business.

In 1956 a surprise blow. Two directors are appointed. One is Ripamonti Camillo, Mayor (for life) of Gorgonzola, a man of strict observance in the "Base" DC current, very loyal to the National Hydrocarbons Authority, a lively and eager parliamentarian who garners votes in the Lodi area, currently minister for Scientific Research , after being spoken to at the Sanità, he, an engineer even if not a practicing one.

The other is Ernesto Vigevani, director of many mixed methane companies, good in all the ways suggested by someone's fervent imagination: from those run by Sardi to those run by Bruno Manenti, up to those driven quietly by Ripamonti: clear sign that a derivation, a common ancestry must exist between these characters who always seem to be looking for an author or suggest a reference to him)

A non-negligible detail: these two directors are designated to remain in office for the entire duration of the company. After a few months many go from March 4th to May 3rd of this year of methane grace 1956 second twist. Ripamonti and Vigevani resign, despite the lifetime investiture (of the company) previously assigned to them.

why never? A mystery soon revealed: the name of a guy (even illustrious), destined to reach the department of scientific research, or of other excellent minds, is not always appropriate to highlight in the context of activities that could be little marginalized from public office.

Wise rethinking. Especially since there is no shortage of strawmen to cover the void on the market. Therefore, in 1960, and after the fleeting appearance of a certain Adolfo Zurloni, Malegori Maria, Sardi's trustee, and, in '64, Sardi Silvio himself, entered in place of the resigning people.

Needless to say, he moved the company to the (safer?) fiefdom of Cernusco sul Naviglio.

Ripamonti chose the time and way to leave society, where he would have had a long and peaceful life.

In our zigzagging around the city in search of the “s.a.i.m.”, we have now reached via S. Marco, 26, where for those who don't know there is the headquarters of Camillo Ripamonti, not a minister of research, but the protagonist of (research e) exploitation of gaseous hydrocarbons. Let's see the not many anonymous ones we manage to meet.

"Cream-Orobica"

A limited liability company established in 1955 with negligible capital but with a specific purpose of safe investment: construction of methane

networks. Ripamonti, one can easily understand, cannot reveal too much. We might as well expose harmless figures who have no public face, positions in the party, or ambitions to perhaps reach the ministerial seat. A Vanelli Enzo as Sole Director can do very well. Even more so if he is already well versed in the profession and has already been a councilor of the "Sime Impianti metano" of Crema (also for this page 672

we will deal with).

The Minister specialized in research seems to have acquired a taste for the distribution and sale of the precious mineral, so much so that he is trying, perhaps with Vanelli) to build methane pipelines, an activity that must certainly be considered productive and sure to happen. In fact, there is another one at the same address

"YOU - MA"

It is precisely with this somewhat unusual acronym that a company operates for the distribution and resale of fuels and lubricants (the latter also fall within the scope of methane).

The company should perhaps have been called “Ri-Vi-Ma” (Ripamonti, Aligevani, Manenti). Instead Camillo Ripamonti preferred to stay away from it. Only Manenti appears (implied) in the trademark, although only Ernesto Vigevani appears as sole director.

“VI - Ma” is a limited liability company. established in '55 and located at that time in the Ripamonti neighborhood (methane exploration), in via S. Marco. Capital: 500,000 lire. In 1960 the company moved to via Brera, with Vigevani as sole director, certainly a shadow of Ripamonti, and who also acted on behalf of Bruno Manenti.

Molteni - Fuel Industry Fluids, liquids and solids

What courage: this time the company is joint-stock. Founded in '64, it was based in Busto Arsizio. The operation of gas workshops is also proposed and it is quite substantial (200 million shares: who will ever have the majority?).

The Ghidoli lords (Pasquale and Tullio) of Vittuone came up with it first; the usual Giuseppe Maffei (of the leader Metaniferi Alta Italia); Ernesto Vigevani of Cortemaggiore, where in a fabulous time Italian oil flowed, (now exhausted), partner of Ripamonti (for how many seasons?); Bruno Manenti who we continue to mention without specific qualifications, having to meet him live later.

In 1967, having completed their role, Maffei and Ghidoli left: the former perhaps preparing for other sorties, while the latter returned to nothingness, the twilight that we passed through and from which we started. In 1969 the survivor of the Ghidoli family, Pasquale, became President with Manenti Bruno as managing director and Ernesto Vigevani as prosecutor. On the board of auditors: Aldo Ferrazzi, Leonardo di Clemente, Giuseppe Locati.

At this point we will leave Ripamonti's methane (which drives Italian industries and many (too many) people behind easy profits), which we will not, however, lose sight of. We now happen to meet the other groups of this rich search for deposits and distribution. First of all, that of Salanti and his companions, always in the methane offensive.

Metanifera Sommese

It was also founded by the notary Cellina in 1958, with just one million in capital, earmarked for p. 673

rise to the current 100 million. The object is dilated here. It no longer refers only to the sale of hydrocarbons, but to their transport and related distribution, with the addition of similar generic terms.

The plants are located in Somma Lombardo.

The company was conceived and made up of Messrs. Salanti Umberto name and guarantee, noble (but realist) Visconti di Sanvito Alberto (old acquaintance), as well as the inevitable Giuseppe Maffei, the man from Pinzolo, now on the threshold of seventy. In 1961, Maffei's position was occupied by Enrico Aristo Aureggi, who increased the capital to one hundred million.

Aureggi is the owner of several real estate properties and is a business partner - between Aristo(crats) and Visconti -

with Sanvito; Salanti guarantees for him. In 1961, Ermes Visconti, son of Alberto and interested with Aureggi in the "Milk Production Consortium" of Gallarate, came forward.

In 1963 the company moved to via Dandolo, where Cefis Eugenio and Salanti Umberto lived - by chance. Then in 1966 Bruno Manenti, Ernesto Vigevani (and Turati Francesco) joined. New move, this time in the Ripamonti district, in Via San Marco; steps are taken (and it is easy to deduce who the deus ex machina of the matter is) to anonymize the board of directors, entrusting it to certain Loffi Bruno from Trento, Pietro Rainoldi from Milan, Macconi Corrado from Piadena.

Finally the company moved to Cremona. An operation that does not make use of the approval of the board of auditors, composed of Aldo Ferrazzi, Francesco Branduardi and Luigi Olmi.

The third delegates

We will now take a look at the structures and management of other methane activities, linked to our assumption by transparent ties of logical (and financial) continuity. They will be the third parties to whom the accessory and supporting action of the noble society is aimed.

“Metanifera Martesana”

Old company that was called “Anonima Gas Santa e Villa San Fiorano” in 1926, for the production and distribution of gas. And it is with certain well-known protagonists Tronconi, Fontana, Pessina, Cereda outside our space of intervention, that we find an Antenore Maffei, officially related to our Giuseppe (Maffei).

Let's ignore the years up to 1945, completely absent from this very recent history. In the

'46 Silvio Sardi appears as administrator. Evidently his knowledge with Cefis (and Mattei and the DC) dates back to that time and will prove

invaluable.

In ' “Anonima Gas” changes its name and becomes “Industria del Gas”. An authentic industry that emerges - so to speak - from anonymity, with Sardi himself as general partner and his wife, Rosalia Corazzi, as limited partner. In the same year this "Gas Industry" merged with the "Metanifera Agratese" and with the Metanifera di Carugate, giving rise to the last methanifera, the "Martesana", with its registered office in Cernusco sul Naviglio. In 1962 the first stroke of the helm: "Sarfin" (owned by Sardi himself, a company for "industrial and commercial participations", which they will later join page 674) enters

Meda, Piredda and companions; “Sarfin” becomes limited partner).

Two years later another surge: the “Metanifera Milanese” of the Israeli (who died in 1969) Navoc Isaac took over as general partner, we don't know on whose behalf. Other notable changes: in '64 Gaetano d'Orta enters, with power of attorney from Salvatore Calise (Sardi's trusted person); in '66 and '68 Piredda Salvatore, Malegori Maria, Starace Ercole, Gugliotta Edoardo, Jaretti Mario and Galbiati Giuseppe joined. In '69, as usual, Vaccari Antonio and Matteo Albanese were favored and procured, while Galbiati and others changed direction.

The corporate stages are therefore complex, all curiously conducted between the Naviglio (which touches Cernusco) and the Martesana (now covered) in Milan. However, the much sought after and distributed gas travels peacefully along its routes, channeled well and regularly introduced into homes and factories. The product is excellent, they say, the delivery and delivery network works perfectly.

Business in the field of gaseous hydrocarbons is thriving as never before.

However, we must realize the histrionic aspect of a multipurpose management that imposes changes of ownership, issues and withdraws powers of attorney, choosing men, executives and addresses with careful cunning, expanding capital, fixing quotas and the dosage of general and limited partners. All without anything substantial getting out of hand or without things changing much.

It is the well-known law of the economic mafia, to ensure stability and discretion to its businesses, tangentially guaranteeing those involved with those contributions that prove vital at least in the field of political parties, in the DC in particular.

There is gas, even if it is not enough and we need to import it from Morocco or the Russian steppe. We must know how to exploit and extend its benefits into the widest possible political distribution system.

The discussion is quite long, the network of companies is very vast. The implications - that is, the theme that matters for the purposes of our investigation - are interesting, so much so that we have to take them up again.

pag. 675

In the orbit of the rising sun

With methane in Italy you can build golden businesses. Whoever grants it wants his share of benefits. Those who deal with it obtain considerable profits through companies. The same party currents resort to methane, even in the process, because the financial benefits that a DC can secure from some political maneuver (in Milan with the federal Marcora, perhaps), manage to eliminate fearful deficits deriving from the management of the apparatus, from the various electoral campaigns, from hunting, especially to preferential voting. Without meaning to, we outlined three groups. They constitute, as we have already had the opportunity to mention, the so-called anonymous methane. The first group, owner or manager, establishes to whom to assign the hydrocarbon being processed. To be able to do this he must naturally have (and have had, in a historical present that is still current) his hands in the mix. It must be within ENI, moreover at the highest level of responsibility.

First Mattei, then Cefis, have skillfully wielded this magical power.

Once the first died, the second remained master of the field.

Indeed, with the experience acquired or with the timely and certain knowledge of the organisation's business plans, it is possible to establish,

outside of ENI but in parallel, interesting connections, anodyne companies (on their own or on behalf of friends), private to all effects and absolutely discrete, but auxiliary to the ENI itself. Better to define them as private affairs in official documents, as the code calls them. But who can prosecute companies in Italy that are so protected by immunity and silence? Four months are imposed on a worker who steals a book from the newsstand at the Palermo station or the career of an Ippolito or a Bazan is cut short, but people like Cefis, due to very different distractions, are not touched.

This is an (incidental) very bitter twist on reality.

The League of Honest

A second group is partly made up of Turkish heads, that is, men who appear on corporate documents on behalf of third parties who cannot and do not like to appear (therefore upon meeting the Salanti, the Visconti di Sanvito, the Maffei, we immediately go back to the source and note in watermark Cefis); partly by men who have experimented with methane because with the proceeds from the construction of networks and pipes, from the operation of gas workshops, research, exploitation, transport and sale, they ensure a very respectable percentage, like any self-respecting worker's salary (as done by the Ripamonti Camillo, the Sardi, the Carcano, the Manenti, the Vigevani, among the best known), while guaranteeing a bribe in different quantities and as a consequence of individual agreements, to the ras of the party, to the advanced currents, to the provincial federations. The third group is made up only of the beneficiaries; that is to say the men of the party (of the majority, but also of other minorities) who have the obligation to spend well what they have graciously had.

They must support themselves without practicing a common profession; own houses, land, pag. 676

secretaries, hobbies and newspapers; then impose with the weight of money (profitable from black gold) one's own thoughts in politics, so as to make it coincide, obviously, with that of the Chief, or rather as Marcora calls it, of the President (because there can be no other Presidents) , who all conditions and sends or absolves with the authority and prestige of his name, Cefis.

Malpractice or immorality, it doesn't change much. Just as the ramification of dark interests does not change by bringing into question the name mafia. It is a fact that it is a league of bullies who act behind the backs of the State and the taxpayer, on the fringes of justice, together preventing any prying gaze from those who might investigate.

One feels disgust when reviewing this staff of high-level crooks, generally considered excellent officials, upright or at least respectable) guardians of public affairs, whether they are in government in the party, in Parliament, in state or semi-state industry. Excellent, textbook shamelessness; curious analogy of shares and profits with oil mud, which ensures incredible excessive power.

And to think that a detailed complaint from us (between dozens and dozens) would be enough to bring the league leader and his henchmen straight to San Vittore or Regina Coeli (it remains to be seen where the magistrate, who is not there, will indicate a place for legitimate suspicion) .

Perhaps the simplest accusation we have formulated: that of the distraction of personnel, i.e. the assignment of different tasks to people seconded at the expense of the National Hydrocarbons Authority to the most disparate observation posts. Dozens and dozens of cases, starting with Restelli Giuseppe at “Avvenire” and ending with the same official driver of Cefis, Breda and the second secretary, Radini Tedeschi.

New leads for an investigation

Nobody moves. In this country of ours, full of hopes and underemployed people, of political and Southern nuances, of emigrants and singer-songwriters, but also of mafiosi and multimillionaires, a little flair, flexibility and intelligence are enough to keep all the powers in check, all arms, lay or ecclesiastical, all sources, including information.

So what's the point of dwelling on traces and clues, all quite connected to each other, all watered more or less with methane? Perhaps it will help to cover our backs, to document our accusations; with the risk, of course, of ending up convicted for having told the truth, as far more illustrious precedents show.

Let us once again take up the thread of our analytical discussion.

Having to return to the long-winded and inexhaustible list of methane companies, we certainly give priority (again) to the brave and very enterprising Minister for Scientific Research, who also cultivates a passion for research (and exploitation) of hydrocarbons. An activity less prestigious on a social level than that of a Dicastery, but which perhaps ensures him more substantial benefits, assuming that Cefis and the Party at least leave him the beneficiary of some well-paid presence.

pag. 677

“Lumezzane Gas”

Established in 1955 and itinerant in Milan (from Via San Marco to via Sismondi; from via B. Sassi to Via Reina, up to via Haiech).

The initiative can be traced back to the industrious Bruno Manenti, to take care of new mining research operations in the national and foreign subsoil and the exploitation of hydrocarbons of his own and third-party production. The homeland, we see, is no longer enough. We need to emigrate with specialized teams to help ENI or even compete with the Italian oil giant.

Of course, the company needs a good board of directors. So much so that if we notice a Polenghi Michele (in 1958), a name which does not express much, we also come across a Ripamonti Camillo, engineer (and later Minister), in the role of President. Punctual reconfirmation for the following three years, on two occasions, until '66.

A year later, a twist, usual at Ripamonti: he disappears (along with his trusted Michele Polenghi) and Manenti becomes prosecutor, alone but not undisturbed. The Minister left only out of delicacy, so as not to compromise himself, with the acrobatics of a profession congenial to politicians. However he remains in the heart of the matter.

At this point it seems suggestive to summarize the presence of Bruno Manenti in a first group of companies; the man from Crema is certainly not a second-rate figure in this methane deal, if he can afford to traffic his talents through "Ladir" (capital 50 million) for the purchase and sale, management

of shareholdings, financing of real estate activities, of which he is general partner, having as limited partner the “Ladir” Anstalt of Vaduz. Shareholdings are also dear to our Cefis.

A framing subject

Let's focus on this character even better.

We find it again in “G. Carabelli”, established in 1949 with 40,000 lire of capital for the industry and trade of timber and its processing. In 1952 the capital increased to around one and a half million. In '58 his wife, Gianna Agello, became sole director. In '65 it changed from Anonima to s.a.s. Obviously: how could Manenti be a general partner otherwise, having the "Ladir" as counterparty (i.e. himself plus the usual "Ladir Anstalt")?

We also see it in "Marivima", another joint-stock company founded in '58 for the sale, exchange and construction of buildings, with a harmless Giuliano Gianluigi as sole director. In '58 Manenti revealed himself again, bringing the capital from one to as many as fifty million.

In '65 the usual transformation into a limited partnership, so as to allow the interested party the Manenti-Ladir combination.

If we wanted to know in how many companies and for how many companies "Ladir" works very well, we should ask Ripamonti's trustee, that is, Manenti from Crema.

pag. 678

“Ero Gas Met”

A respectable company with 300 million capital in thousand lire shares, for the research and exploitation of hydrocarbons and the supply of gas, established in 1959. In 1967, Manenti Bruno appointed Nicola as manager of the Monterotondo methane pipeline. Santarino. In '70

another development: opening of a further business in Narni Tegarolo (Rome). The good mayors Paola Biondini, Luigi Olmi, Giuseppe Piloni allow it.

Real Estate Management “Igegas” Gas Pipelines

Founded in 1951 as an LLC. with a capital of 60,000 lire it claimed to manage network systems for the distribution of methane gas and other fluid gases. Naturally, the sole director, Bruno Manenti, brought the capital to ten million in 1952, transforming the company two years later into a joint-stock company, establishing a board of directors in 1956 with himself, Vanelli Enzo (of

“Sime” and “Crem Orobica”) of the Honorable Ripamonti's methane friends, as well as Renato Olmi (also from “Sime”).

Manenti also has a declared weakness: to make companies change direction periodically, as if he were afraid - as happens this time with our investigation - of being found out. In ten years, from the '60s to the '70s

in fact, Igegas has moved three times: to via B. Sassi, via Reina, to via Hayech.

"Gas meter"

it is an s.r.l. established in '65 with 900 thousand lire and suddenly raised to 50 million a year later.

Sole director for mineral exploration operations is Pietro Crotti, from Offanengo. However, we assume full responsibility by asserting that Crotti is a straw man to cover Bruno Manenti, and hence Ripamonti.

Usual stylistic elegances that lighten the bureaucratic tension of the company names and their implications.

“Brescian methane pipelines”

Other s.r.l. at the time of its establishment in 1954 with sole director Manenti Bruno.

Transformation into a joint-stock company in 1956 with capital of 250 million. It carries out methane gas distribution activities only. This is followed by the restless owner's moves from via Garofalo to via Sismondi,

then to via Reina and via Hayech. He is followed by the usual mayors Luigi Olmi, Pietro Crotti (already met in Gasmeter...) and Grossi Osvaldo.

Manenti's initiatives are almost dizzying. One would say he was a born founder. He doesn't give himself a break (or his superiors don't give him any). Here he is again at work with:

“Prealpine methane pipelines”

Company founded in '56, with limited liability and just 120 thousand lire of capital. The Single Manager, page. 679

Manenti always starts out rather quietly. Then maybe, in a couple of years, it manages to increase the hospital a hundredfold, and more, bringing it to 150 million. Obviously transforming an LLC. in S.p.A.

This is required by the social purpose which here is extended to mineral exploration operations, exploitation of hydrocarbons, construction of plants, distribution of liquid gases. There is a lack of transport, but others will take care of this, perhaps the "Sommacar" (International Transport Alliance) based in Via San Marco.

Who will be the mayors of the “Metanodotti”?

It doesn't take too much imagination: three people of absolute trust, namely Luigi Olmi, Paola Biondini and Pietro Crotti. As a good outsider, Manenti never changes the theme that wins.

"Aersodigas" (or Sodigas)

Founded in '54 - years of fruitful fortune for the brave man from Crema and a simple limited company. with little capital (one hundred thousand lire). In the same year it becomes by action by the usual sole director Bruno Manenti, who calls upon himself Giuseppe Olinicri and Bruno Bolla (a name that we see again in the "Lumezzane" of Ripamonti; in the "Società Nazionale Gazometri"; in Estigas; in the " Tirrenia gas”; and as if that wasn't enough, we meet him as sole director of the company

“Società Pubblici Esercizi”, piccolo s.r.l. rose from 100 thousand lire to 10 million in capital in the space of five years).

“Aersodigas” activities: public city gas service with gas pipelines in Biassono, Cerro Maggiore, Muggiò and Rescaldina. Thus part of Brianza is served (we will see later who covers the remaining territory) Capital one hundred million. It's not a little. Also on the board of auditors are Luigi Olmi, Musu Boy de Roberto and - who knows - Maffei Giuseppe: full of years, of roles, of trust from the boss.

The Bolla of the grand tour

We mentioned in passing Bruno Bolla, of the Manenti-Ripamonti tandem. It will not be useless to comment after the "Lumezzane Gas" on his other relationships in the context of long-range methane pipelines.

"Imigas"

Company for mineral research in the national and foreign subsoil, the exploitation of hydrocarbons through the construction of wells and conduits for their transport. The territorial extension of the company name is curious (and stimulating): not only Italy, but also beyond the border (perhaps in competition with ENI, without a doubt). The content is also relevant, from extraction to resale, with easily imaginable earnings.

Who is the head of “Imigas”? Bruno Bolla, the man from Soave (Verona): at least that's how it appears, while pag. 680

We won't have much trouble identifying who's behind him. The capital was doubled from 1960 (the Joint Stock Company. Whose shares? was born the year before) to 1962 (from 25 to 50 million). A sign that business is going well, not just for Bruno Bolla.

“Tirrenia Gas”

For the production and distribution of gas. With dependencies in Santa Margherita and Rapallo, where the climate seems better than in Milan. An old company, from 1927, which in its most recent history shows us a capital of 260 million in '61, 300 million in '64 and 585 million the following year.

The councilors (among many others also Accetti Paride, social democrat and municipal councilor of Milan): Bruno Bolla, President since 1970.

In the board of auditors Giuseppe Mascheroni (gas man in the colleges), Lanni Diodato and Perlasca Giorgio. We have no elements either for or against the adhesion or otherwise of this "Tirrenia Gas"

compared to the tour we are going through. We would just like to make sure that it has nothing to do with it at all. That's all.

National Gasometer Society

Construction and operation of gas distribution systems. Bolla Bruno is the managing director of the current Council; note Mascheroni Giuseppe (mayor of “Tirrenia Gas”) and Maraya Sergio (formerly of “Estigas”, now extinct, with Bolla). In the board of auditors, Giorgio Perlasca again with Luzzani and Morgese.

It would also be useful to learn how unrelated this company is to those involved in the Manenti-Ripamonti sector, given that Bolla is a partner of these.

“Bergamo methane pipelines”

Joint-stock company (one million capital at the time of its establishment in 1960), intended to carry out mineral research in the national and foreign subsoil (it is clear that Bergamo has economic ramifications halfway around the world); as well as to implement the exploitation of hydrocarbons through the construction of wells and pipelines, their transportation (gas), as well as (again) the design, construction of plants and distribution of liquid, gaseous and compressed gases.

Nothing is missing at all. If anything was lacking, it was the administrator, and we will mention him immediately: a certain (but not too much) Luigi Floridi (who we will see again), born in Marengo. But he was replaced in '63

by Bruno Bolla. In 1966 the company name changed to Estigas Città s.p.a.; capital increase in two stages, from 150 million in '68 to 300 million. Present on the board are the two Sergios, Bolla and Maraya.

"causes"

For the management of public gas service plants, mineral exploration operations, etc. Founded in '63, one million capital, director Luigi Floridi. New administrator page 681

in the same year, Bruno Bolla. In '64 the capital amounted to 500 million and the board was made up of the two Bollas (Bruno and Sergio) and Sergio Maraya. Then Armando Felisari and Cavallari Vittorio enter. In '67 it ceased due to the transfer of the headquarters to Rome.

This is a mystery that Manenti, friend of Ripamonti, and Vigevani (friend of Manenti), as well as Bolla, a partner of all three, will be able to clarify.

“Gas Orobica”

It was established as a joint-stock company. in '63 with 45 million in capital for the usual research and exploitation operations. Luigi Floridi manages it (but then who will pass it on to?) who transfers it the following year from Crema to Milan, in the kingdom of Bolla, that is, in Piazzale Susa.

“Sleeping gas”

Always with the usual operational reason, minimum capital (just one hundred thousand lire), founded in

'58. Administered directly by Bruno Bolla, who brought the capital to 15 million in '59. Bolla Bruno stands out on the board with Mario (this time), plus the Floridi Luigi (who reappears), sole director in '64, with capital increased to 45 and then to 150 million.

Returning to the major orbit

After the not useless excursus in the realm of Bolla, we resume the all too dry list of dominions aggregated to the Crown of Ripamonti and Manenti, over which the friendly shadow of Eugenio Cefis watches over.

An opportunity (in parentheses) to apologize for a speech as detached as it is unfriendly, the one that we intersperse with quotes, figures, names, company

names.

This is the subject and it has its own eloquence, especially if you want to carefully follow the game of connections in an edifying labyrinth like the one headed by the tireless President of Montedison.

Here are some other illustrative references.

“Methane Systems S.I.M.E.”

It is within the territorial borders of Manenti Bruno, born in Crema. Subject: mineral exploration and exploitation of hydrocarbons. Capital, 300 million, this time in large denomination, that is, in shares of 100

thousand lire.

On the board of directors, in addition to the decorative directors Eliseo Restelli and Serafino Bonaventura, the page. 682

Renato Olmi (also of “Igegas” and a close relative, it is argued, of Luigi Olmi); the same Bruno Manenti as Vice President, and that Ezio Vanelli (of "Igegas" and "Crem Orobica"

dear to the Minister of Research, Scientific and Methane).

In the board of auditors: Luigi Olmi (permanent figure) and the mobile units Ruggero Gallo and Velardi Filiberto. We continue to follow Manenti, to then move on to other interesting "types" of the "Anonima Metano". Here she is:

“Methane Pandino”

Founded in '54 with 160 thousand lire of capital. A limited liability company, managed by "Bruno" and with the usual social purpose. It underwent a metamorphosis in '66, when Augusto Cattarozzi (partner in "Alfa Metano" later sold to Ernesto Arcelloni; turns of convenience much less mysterious than one might think) entered, bringing the capital to 14 million. In '66, however, Franco Vanelli arrived there (by necessity a joint member of Vanelli Enzo of "Igegas", "Sime" and "Crem Orobica"), hosted

by Ripamonti in via San Marco. In '67 Luciano Angiolini appears, a name that for now tells us nothing.

Another characteristic of “Metano Pandino” is the instability of the headquarters: from via Calvi to via del Gesù, from via Mozart to via Tommaso Grossi, then to via Paracelso, Piazzale Litta, up to via Giulio Uberti.

It seems that the earth is burning under the feet of people haunted by the ghosts of guards and tax collectors.

Or is it simply a wandering mood, a hobby that doesn't cost much if it's really useful to lose track of (of what?).

“Milan methane pipelines”

Founded in 1952, with a capital of 60,000, the s.r.l. it is administered by Bruno Manenti. In 1957 he felt the need to have a top technician at his side: Ernesto Vigevani - with the report of the "Camillo" of the ambiresearch - was ready. So much so that the capital was increased to 30 million and the s.r.l. transforms into a joint-stock company In 58 a certain Livio Kaban, from Trieste, was co-opted into the company, support of the two aforementioned gentlemen.

"we counted"

With fifty thousand lire at the time of the foundation (1954), Gaetano Carcano - a character who can be on Bruno Manenti's level - claimed to carry out technical-administrative consultancy, planning and everything else in the field of electricity and gas. Error of perspective, at least.

In fact the capital increased to ten million in '57. In '66 the old Carcano feels the burden of the years (he was born in 1898) and calls into the company his relatives (the sons, it seems to us) Enrico and Pietro, the first from '39 and the other from '43. Three years later they renounce the role (or are cordially induced to do so), and Manenti, sole director, effectively enters the “Conteam” (1970). A character that we finally leave behind to dedicate ourselves to Carcano.

We have already identified Gaetano Carcano when presenting the "Metanifera Alta Italia", of which he is the founder (certainly by delegation), with Salanti, Visconti and Maffei.

pag. 683

In the methane sector he has used every Esica resource, growing old - he is now 73 years old - in the profession; then he involved the family because his wife, Mela Maddalena, and his children (we believe) Enrico and Pietro give him a hand to make the companies prosper (joining them as directors).

Carcano is certainly a boss, because it would be ridiculous to consider him a straw man. An interesting comparison can be offered by this series of methane plants, in an eloquent if necessarily boring list.

“Methanifera of Milan”

Established in 1954 by the (specialised) notary Cellina. An LLC with just 50 thousand lire of capital. At the start, because already in '63 this increased to 35 million, naturally following the increase in business.

“Metanifera Pontirolo Nuovo”

Started in the same year, with the same corporate formula and the same amount of capital, increased after three years to 10 million.

"Metallifera Canonica d'Adda"

It began like the others in the same year, with the hiring of Doctor Cellina; always a limited liability company with capital of 50 thousand lire, later increased (1956) to 10 million.

“Metanifera Dell'Oglio”

This time Carcano goes unbalanced: in fact he resorts to the joint-stock company. Year of establishment: 1954, capital one million.

In the initial council we meet Croce, and a professional Christian Democrat exponent in Milan, Silvio Riva Crugnola, a candidate elected to the

Provincial Council several times, except for the last round when he had to give way to the young lions.

In '61 Mrs. Carcano, Mela Maddalena, enters. In '62, for who knows what intervention, the company was put into liquidation and Milani Claudio took care of it. Immediately after the termination was revoked, Carcano found himself sole director. In '66 Pietro Carcano (twenty-three years old) and Enrico Carcano (twenty-seven years old) joined. Alchieri Benedetto then makes an appearance (1969). A year later the company ceased, however moving to Crema.

“Metanifera Gessatese”

Established in '53 for the usual activity connected to the sales and trade of state hydrocarbon pag. 684

(with temporary but justified passage into private hands, moved by the anonymous methane company).

Gaetano Carcano in this s.r.l. he is not alone; Mario Pirola, formerly of the company, keeps him company

“Metanifera Ambrosiana” in which Ripamonti and Vigevani were present before passing it to Silvio Sardi and Maria Malegori. A crossing of names that quite reveals the curious plot of these derivations from a single matrix.

In the same year 1953, Pirola was replaced by Carcano's wife; who in '57 facilitated the entry of Benvenuto Mela (a relative of Mrs. Carcano, it seems) and in '63 also obtained a role for Enrico Carcano.

The methane concessions to the Carcanos are repeated. Evidently good conduct is involved, exemplary execution of the task, loyalty to the most genuine corporate reasons, in addition to the profits (which are not lacking at all), paid at least in part to the common fund of the anonymous company for subsequent distributions.

“Cometa s.r.l.”

This time the object also changes, while the name denotes greater imagination: it involves operating methane distribution systems. With headquarters in Gorla Minore, the company was founded in 1960, but despite being in the province of Varese, there is a branch in Milan. It is administered with the usual skill by the old Carcano spouses, with a certain Spartaco Saita, who is also quite advanced in years like his two partners.

“Empa Gas”

Limited liability, established during 1969 with fifty thousand lire of capital for the usual reasons of methane once it emerged on the surface (although today, having exhausted the Italian mineral stocks, Cefis introduces Libyan, Soviet and Dutch extraction methane into the distribution network : in the interest of the consumer, who finds products of good quality and competitive prices, but also with obvious advantages for his friends who work there).

Here we find the young Pietro Carcano, now able to fully replace his father Gaetano.

New change (and only one, so far) in 70 when Giulio Arcelloni, brother (if we are not mistaken) of Ernesto Arcelloni of Alfa Metano, became sole director.

“Alpha Methane”

Established in March 1967, with the formula of limited liability and with a symbolic capital of sixty thousand lire, by Cattarozzi Augusto, from Isola del Piano (former partner of the

“Metano Pandino” of the Manenti-Vigevani Group).

In 1969 he was ousted, as sole director - changes of the guard are the order of the day in "Anonima Metano" - by Arcelloni Ernesto, brother of Giulio of "Empa-Gas", and of Carlo, of “FIN S.p.A.”, all from Ziano Piacentino. The headquarters, from via Giulio pag. 685

Oberti moves to via Fabio Filzi and the capital rises to the considerable figure of 49 million (why not round it up to fifty since it was there?).

“Methaniferous Alta Brianza”

It was established in 1960 by the notary Cellina, entrusting it to Gaetano Carcano. Always an exemplary father, he gave power of attorney to his other son Enrico six years later (compensating for the expectations of the two brothers).

The limited liability company in terms of liquid and gaseous gases must not be a small thing, even in terms of territorial coverage, so much so that it recalls the parent company, the "Metanifera Alta Italia" company that we talked about at the time.

The capital followed a notable leap, because in 1969 it rose from the initial fifty thousand lire base to a good 120 million. These maneuvers respect the seriousness of the group's operation, but also highlight the availability in every sense on which they can count. Which presumably denounces the enormous turnover of the anonymous company, amounting to billions.

The anxiety of the common good

Also to break the monotony of this data, we want to insert a (local) color bracket here on the Carcano-style.

In that house, business and good works are de rigueur. Moreover, the Grand Master, Eugenio Cefis, alongside the Industrial Presidencies, the real estate hobbies, the methane companies, has kindly wanted to welcome the presidency of Opere Pie, a far-reaching commitment, capable of ensuring him the gratitude of the religious arm during his lifetime, and some considerable merit on another level.

Therefore Gaetano Carcano founded the "Institute for Family Housing" in 1955, calling you in '56

Osvaldo Ballabio and replacing him eleven years later with Magenes Luigi. In the meantime, the capital rises from 15 to 70 million.

What does this Institute, so respectable and providential on a social scale, do? Roughly what "La Colonnetta" does (of the rag Claudio Milani, the one who was in charge of liquidating the "Metanifera Dell'Oglio" before the

change of heart): making it easier for heads of families and young people about to form a home for themselves. access to home ownership.

Perhaps because she was twenty-one years old at that time and the problem of getting married was also arising for her, Carcano's daughter, Maria, was induced in '63 to also found something similar: thus "La Vita" was born, a s.r.l. with 18 million in capital and destined to intervene in situations similar to the "Colonnetta" and his father's Institute.

Two years later, however, we find Maria Carcano as a limited partner of "Imme", a s.a.s. with 5

million in capital, of which a certain Giulio Ponticelli is the general partner. The “Imme” provides the page. 686

maintenance of buildings, perhaps even those built for young spouses by the three institutes mentioned above.

It might seem like pure malice. The Carcanos must also manage the millions they earn in the best possible way; and dedicating oneself to works of social interest, as Cefis does, has a mediated purpose that goes beyond the immediate purpose. A presence within the world of charity guarantees sympathy and recognition, absolutely providential when one remains closed in so many and varied affairs.

Leaving the Carcano family, let us now delve into the methane activities of the Sardi group, a character that ranges with agility from gas to real estate, as we will see more fully as we continue our inductive discussion.

In the meantime, we will frame him in the framework of the companies that rely on the precious hydrocarbon, together with his friends.

“CO.GI.M”

Established in 1960, with the intention of carrying out methane plant operations, in all subsequent phases of processing and development. Sole director is Silvio Sardi of Cernusco sul Naviglio, the formula is the joint-stock company. In 1967 the Roman Salvatore Piredda and Mrs. Malegori Maria, from Villasanta di Monza, entered.

In '68 other appointments: Meda Filippo (nephew of the great of the Popular Party and son of Luigi

"Gigi" politically inferior to his friends but capable of establishing profitable business relationships with Mattei and Cefis, later passed down to his son Filippo), as well as Wahan Pasargikllan.

In the same year, the power of attorney went to Antonio Vaccari (of "Metanifera Alta Italia", the parent company of Salanti, and of "Metanifera Martesana") and Vittorio Barracchia (formerly of "Alta Italia"). In '70 we had a council made up of Pasargiklian, Meda and Vaccari, with the first of the three as President.

The staff through which Sardi acts in this company is the one indicated. It is not useless to add that, except for Sardi, the others are secondary figures, decorative presences in the much more complex picture of the "Anonima".

"SIME - Guardamiglio"

Methane company established by Ernesto Vigevani, destined to pass in '59 to the trio Silvio Sardi, Rosalia Corazzi (Silvio's wife) and the sister of Maria Malegori (already mentioned), Alessandra Giuseppina.

To think that this group of operators in the hydrocarbon sector is autonomous from other groups would be naive, given that identical names occur in SIME as in "Metanifera Alta Italia".

Vigevani, from the Ripamonti block, handed over the reins to Sardi and in 1967 we noticed the entry of Salvatore Piredda, the following year Filippo Meda junior and the man of Armenian ancestry, although born in Milan in 1920, Wahan Pasargiklian. In '69 the power of attorney ends up with the trusted Barracchia and Vaccari and pag. 687

the following year the board was made up of the same names as "CO.GI.M".

"Alone"

Company (joint-stock) "Mantovana Erogazione Gas Metano", with headquarters in Cernusco, initially (1960), capital of 25 million. Sole

director is Silvio Sardi; (en passant) Funari Alessandro, then (also fleeting) Oreste Meneghini, while the capital reaches 75 million.

In '67 monotony of returns Piredda Salvatore and Malegori Maria arrive; again in '68 the Meda and the Pasargiklian. Specialized in these powers of attorney is the man from Barletta who obtained the power of attorney in '69 (Vittorio Barracchia), together with Antonio Vaccari. Currently the headquarters should be located in Biella, even if the company is from Mantua in terms of origins and name.

Space and breadth of guarantees

As we did with Bruno Manenti ("Ladir" company, in partnership with the Vaduz company of the same name) we can reveal at this point that Silvio Sardi also felt the need to secure a financial coverage, to move into various sectors and obtain large guarantee surface.

In fact, in '62 he set up "Sarfin" Sardi Finanziaria in Cernusco with just five million for industrial and commercial participation, securities and financial operations. All our people have refuges like this: Cefis, Viglio, Salanti, Padoin, Manenti. Why should Sardi be any less?

In '63 the capital rises to 30 million and the Turk (with a good head) Prosiado Exkinari, now eighty years old, enters with Garizio Alfonso (from Biella: where, as we know, Samem converged). In 1966

the faithful Salvatore Piredda and Ettore Starace, former prosecutor of the "Metanifera Martesana", come to the fore. The following year Exkinari and Garizio leave, Filippo Meda (junior, and how), who had found a way to gain access, also renounces, while Alessandro Visentini, from Motta di Livenza (Tv), also interested for a certain time at the “Metanifera Ambrosiana”.

Passion common to the exponents of the "Anonima", these financial companies. We are not sufficiently familiar with the mechanisms of these economic activity formulas, but we can nevertheless deduce that they do not represent a simple pastime for the operators who resort to them. Sardi will let us glimpse it, when in the reasoned summary phase we have the opportunity to return to it.

Returning now to your methane plants, we have a reserve:

Gas Workshop Company - Albenga Aqueducts

which denotes a fairly recent but productive territorial expansion. This company dates back to

'67 when two trustees of Sardi - Salvatore Piredda and Malegori Maria - set it up by shares pag. 688

with capital of 6,650,000, with appreciable losses. In t69 the two directors were replaced by a council, with the usual Piredda, Pasargiklian and Filippo Meda.

The sun illuminates them all

In this tiring excursion in search of satellites we never lost sight of the center, that is Eugenio Cefis. Everyone, more or less, falls within its orbit, like methane in Italy of course and the pride and pride of those at ENI who practically have a monopoly on it. The exhausting enunciation of data, circumstances, characters is approaching its conclusion, as we will see in the next and last (for now) report of the series.

Even if the filaments often prove imperceptible and the deductions may seem arduous, it is a fact that the methane club acts on planes that pleasantly intersect with harmonious perspectives and perfect agreement of tones and directions.

Which results in calm management and an overall revenue that makes your head spin. In the shadow of state functions, in Italy, easy billions are made quickly.

pag. 689

Last round for the knockout.

How much do the “Anonymous” make for the exploitation of hydrocarbons? What profits can mineral exploration, the installation and operation of gas workshops, the construction of methane pipelines, the distribution of liquid

and gaseous gases, transport to dealers and wholesale sales guarantee? The answer is less rhetorical than the question wants to imply, as long as we turn the question in the right direction: how much should ENI produce from methane, if it really had exclusivity in Italy, if it was the owner of all or most of the companies that we have registered in the previous reports, rather than limiting themselves, as they do, to the operation of a few, such as "Metano Arcore", "Metano Casalpusterlengo" or "Metano Sant'Angelo" (these also family-run, in implicit or blatant collusion with parties and currents)?

Absolutely naive questions. If ENI had a monopoly in the sector, how would the "Anonymous" companies prosper, what margin would there be left for private initiative in this field? Better: private initiative, which brings together three competing but not rival gangs, with the nymph Egeria called Eugenio Cefis behind them, the majority party and in general the economic-political mafia which acts with impunity, even without coming out into the open at all.

Of the many (out of many) companies that we have reviewed previously, it is possible to distinguish those in which the party's interest enters from those that belong to Cefis and from the others, of dubious cataloging, but of certain subordination to the "Anonima "?

It is certainly not possible, at least with limited means like ours when faced with a difficult, deliberately tangled subject, in which straw men come and go and meet at every step, gray eminences loom in curious returns, names and capitals and company names alternate, in the absence of perimeters between company and company, and clear boundaries between spaces of exclusive or non-exclusive interest. It would be like trying to grasp the plot in a Joyce novel.

There is consistency, and there is truth. The thread, the matrix, the inspiration, the instigator emerge easily: a logical narrative thread is missing. But this is enough to prove that the councilors act on command, the corporate names act as a framework and the activity is directed towards well-concealed but obvious goals. The real masters are upstream; they never go downstream, where gas is sought and sold, with the invoices that increase revenue and year-end dividends.

A game worth many candles

Gas companies make money. Otherwise, how could an authentic adventurer like Cefis have built an industrial and financial empire in just a couple of decades that ranges from real estate to plantations in Canada, from collections of votive tablets to plastic production, from zippers to joint interests with credit institutions, to the properties of advertising, cinematographic and applied IT companies, such as "System Italia", whose capital is close to one billion lire?

In summary: to the extent that Eugenio Cefis can justify his current economic power (and all the shares he enjoys in the Company), he will be able to free himself from the rather infamous accusation of being a mafia leader, an unscrupulous profiteer of state gas, having left almost nothing lieutenant 25

pag. 690

Years ago.

The gas companies pay: otherwise how could the DC, in particular the "Base" current, the men of the left provincial federation of Milan in particular, honor expenses of electoral campaigns, of affection, of press management, of initiatives, of compensation for preferential votes, power equipment, staff?

The same thing applies to them too: when they tell us how and where and who gave the billions to be put into assets to remedy, in the balance sheet, a gigantic deficit, then the inevitable accusations of state convicts, of dishonest servants of ares and altars, of and complacent of an unspeakable game.

Disturbing aspects of current malpractice. The serious thing is that people don't pay much attention to it; that Justice is getting tired of prosecuting the thieves of billions and is forced to apply the laws to chicken thieves and contraband smokers. Even more humiliating is to witness the unseemly spectacle of these gentlemen, linked to our "Anonymous", covered, guaranteed, honored in every field. Despite the evidence, ventilated or documented, of certain situations.

An old incidental episode

For this occasion, we want to revive an example, yet another in the series, which is absolutely significant.

Embezzlement by distraction is registered as a crime in our Code, and does not require excessive legal culture to be understood. Distraction (of personnel) was committed by Bazan of the Banco di Sicilia and Ippolito of the CNEN (National Nuclear Energy Committee), having arranged the movement of certain employees in the individual entities, on behalf of the Institutes, but in the exclusive interest of the principals. Bazan and Ippolito ended up in court for the crime of distracting personnel and were sent to prison.

Eugenio Cefis is not satisfied with distracting some unit, let's say ENI, to place it where he maintains specific (private) interests. Cefis has been removing dozens of them, for years and for years. Many people know this, besides the interested parties (bodies and people), but no one says anything, as it benefits the employee, the company name where he is seconded) and Cefis itself, of course. That he knows he is liable to prosecution but that he doesn't run the risk, because silence is golden.

Our men in government? They know these and other things very well: but they don't speak, they don't report it, they don't oppose the continued transgression of a rule of law. He is the law, with the benefits he ensures in partibus infedelium.

By suing, we would be forced to add something new to other evidence.

We did it with Restelli Giuseppe, ENI employee loaned to the (Catholic) newspaper

“L'Avvenire”, an extremely accessible case to any Sherlock Holmes emulator. But nothing happened. We will not repeat the mistake, howling loudly names and addresses, avoiding putting the mafiosi with their backs against the wall using arquebuses, daggers and the scream of the forest. If necessary, however, we would be able to handle much more efficient weapons.

But let's go back to Ariadne's thread of “Anonymous”, to draw its logical conclusion in this episode.

pag. 691

Emblematic cards for a profile

After having succinctly illustrated the various reasons for these societies, it would be worth reviewing the authors and directors who operate them.

Leaving aside the alphabetical order, instead taking care of an analogical criterion, by classes or groups, insisting on the triple somatic filing of the clans. In short, we will mention with greater attention the names of the major implicated, exhausting at the end with hasty references the minor characters, the character actors and the extras.

We have already said that "Anonima Metano" is headed by three distinct but non-competing minds: Umberto Salanti ("Metanifera Alta Italia", "Metanifera Sommese"); Alberto Visconti of San Vito (like Salanti, in “Alta Italia” and in “Sommese”) and Giuseppe Maffei (“Aersodigas”,

“Metanifera Sommese”, “Molteni”, “Metanifera Alta Italia”). Three protagonists who condition the entire apparatus and activity of the three groups, of which we will give any definition, calling them with the Greek letters of the alphabet.

We then find the exponents of the first methane club the "Alfa" group Camillo Ripamonti, Bruno Manenti, Ernesto Vigevani, Enzo Vanelli, Bruno Bolla and Luigi Floridi. Here is the single implication in methane interests.

Ripamonti Camillo

Mayor of Gorgonzola, Minister in charge for scientific research. He has an office in Milan (political office) in via Crivelli, 15/1 and the economic district located at 26 via San Marco. He lives in Gorgonzola in via Serbelloni 4. He is a Christian Democrat senator from "Base" and wins thousands of preferences in the Lodi area, where his popularity as ras of the area is significant.

A fine genius who in '56 with Vigevani was administrator of "Metanifera Ambrosiana", a position he should have held for the entire duration of the company, while instead the company passed -

on paper to Silvio Sardi. In '58 he joined "Lumezzane Gas" with Bruno Manenti and was later reconfirmed until '68 when Manenti became sole director in place of the board of directors. Ripamonti disappears.

Manenti Bruno

Born in Crema on 1 April 1908. Sole director, as we have said, of "Lumezzane Gas". It is also included in the “Metanifera Sommese”, in the << Metano Pandino”, in the “Metanodotti Bresciani” (sole director), in the “Metanodotti Milanesi” (with Vigevani technical director), in the “Metanodotti Prealpini” (sole director).

His presence in the “Aersodigas” is noted (in '54: now there are Olivieri Giuseppe and Bruno Bolla, with Maffei Giuseppe on the board of auditors); in “Sime - Industria Metano” (board of directors); in Molteni - Liquid and Solid Fuel Industry (together with Vigevani, Maffei & C.); in “Ero Gas Met” (sole director); in the “Igegas” (councillor with Vanelli and Olmi). Ours owns "Ladir", a financial company with the same name from Vaduz as a limited partner; the “Carabelli” for the timber industry and trade, as well as the “Marivima” for the buying, selling, exchange and sale of buildings.

Among so much versatility, how will he manage to find time to take a nap? of which it is part and the so-called he needed a connection between "Alfa" of which Sardi's "Beta" is part - that is, between page. 692

two groups so named by us - between these two and the third branch that of Carcano which we will call "Gamma", establishes a bridge, giving life to the "Conteam": consultancy, design of methane plants, distribution of electricity and gas.

A character of unquestionable weight, of great skill and entrepreneurial intelligence. Inferior to Ripamonti, indeed submissive, but with great openness in the hydrocarbon sector, where it represents a sort of exclusivity

especially for methane pipelines, in addition to the flair demonstrated in the field of financial companies and complementary and ancillary activities.

Vigevani Ernesto

He is the group's technician. Born in Cortemaggiore (nomen et omen), where once a few barrels of oil a month flowed, in 1918, the surveyor entered into business relations with Manenti (with the function of technical director in the "Metanodotti Milanesi" and duties of advisor in the

“Metanifera Sommese” and in “Molteni”, where he is also prosecutor), as well as with Silvio Sardi (for whom he was advisor in “Metanifera Alta Italia” in 1954, in 1956 with the same position in

“Metanifera Ambrosiana”, in 1958 administrator of “Sime” methane plants, which then passed to the Sardi group).

Like the others, he presents himself alone as the sole director of "Vima" (an acronym that recalls the duo Vi(gevani)—Ma (nenti): a company that coincidentally was relocated before ending up in via Brera, 28 right in via San Marco , where Minister Ripamonti spends the winter in methane business). It seems clear that Vigevani is a capable man, but also a simple figurehead offered to Ripamonti (and his superiors) to disguise Anonima.

Bubble Bruno

It is not a matter of homonymy: he is one of the Bolla brothers who deal with the production and trade of wines, those robust Veronese wines such as Valpolicella, which the writer B. Marshall recognizes as having the value of tonics for work.

Therefore excellent aperitifs also in the business field. However, as happens with Piero Bassetti with the canvases of the same name, his name does not appear among those of the owners, as would be obvious. Perhaps it is better to settle for the role of general manager, just like Bassetti, so that there is no need to highlight the "Who is financial" with one's presence, falling into the group of capitalists for whom the gallows ropes are ready.

Bruno Bolla was born in Soave on 12/28/1925. The vocation for the splendid local vines, with their very sweet names and aromas, strangely pushes him to take the path of methane, a genre so polar opposite to fine wines. Here he is administrator (in '70) of “Tirrenia Gas”; we see it, until '69 when the company closed down, in the “Estigas”, then in the “Sodigas” (after Manenti, from '54, until today); in '69 he was introduced into the “National Gasometer Society”. Curious is this synchronous advance between Bolla and Manenti on the open ground from which the Verga retreat; Maybe I'll take over for the purchase of shares? Plausible hypothesis with a prudent director like Ripamonti, with not only courtly supervision from Cefis. He then appears in the “Lumezzane Gas” (with Manenti and Ripamonti); in the

“Metanodotti Bergamaschi” (so called until 1965, the year in which it changed to “Estigas-city”, a reason that explains the survival of the “Estigas” without the “city”). He is in this company together with Sergio Maraja and Sergio Bolla (of wines), with capital of 300 million. In the “Sovegas” he is with Mario Bolla, also from the Soave and Valpolicella dynasty, and with Luigi Floridi, while in the “Imigas”

Bruno is all alone. At least on paper.

In Italy and abroad, mineral research and activity in the hydrocarbon field in general pag. 693

they require capital, technicians, facilities, safe masters and guarantors. The latter are not lacking, as Bruno Bolla also knows very well. Of which we will point out, as an investment hobby, the

“Società Immobiliare Pubblici Esercizi”, established in 1957 with a capital of ten million. Maybe he needs it to combine wine and gas, to at least make a sparkling drink. Too bad (about the wine).

Floridi Luigi

The last of the "Alfa" group was born in Marengo on 7 September 1927. He was the sole director of the

“Gas Orobica” with capital of 45 million for research and exploitation of hydrocarbons; Bolla's predecessor in the “Metanodotti Bergamaschi” (today

“Estigas-città”) sole director of “Sovegas”

(150 million in capital) and the “Estigas” (without city), before this formally ceased.

We have thus outlined (and reviewed) the deployment of the "Alfa" group, one of the most aggressive and powerful in the entire "Anonima Metano" distribution network. Captained by Ripamonti behind the thin screen of discretion of political reason, entrusted in fiduciary regency to Bruno Manenti and Bruno Bolla, with the technical assistance of Vigevani and the excellent services of Vanelli and Floridi, the team runs perfectly, giving certain satisfaction to its supporters who live on the rocket of crusader shields and bribes on silence.

The empire of Sardis

Let's now try to dispose of the second "Beta" team which has the most important exponent in Silvio Sardi. Born in Cernusco sul Naviglio, sixty years old, he constitutes one of the most disconcerting figures in terms of dynamism, power and investiture of the entire "Anonima". How he reached such a prominent position is known to Mattei and Cefis, Salanti and Ripamonti; as well as very few others, including the devil.

Authentic real estate and methane baron, whose initiation into the double circle is unknown. We are not inclined, however, to the idea that the very large profits deriving from hydrocarbon deals and real estate operations remain in his hands; it would be reasonable to ask instead how much his bribe amounts to and what are the receptive channels of the profits thus cleaned.

In our analysis, this identikit portrait isn't much: but is it perhaps not much to have uncovered a character like Sardi, even if we won't be able to easily identify him more closely?

In the hydrocarbon sector, Sardi is interested in the “Metanifera Alta Italia” (seized in the 1960s and now managed by his men; Piredda Salvatore, PasargikIian Wahan, Meda FiIippo); to the “Metanifera Ambrosiana” (since '56) of which he is sole director; to the “Metanifera Martesana” (where we

meet him already in '46); at the Azienda Officina Gas Acquedotti of Albenga (since 1967), first with the directors Piredda and Malegori and now with Pasart giklian, Meda (and Piredda); at “Cogim”

(construction of methane plant operations), which he established in 1960 and is now administered by the duo Pasargiklian and Meda (son of Luigi and nephew of the leader of the Popular Party), with the addition of Antonio Vaccari.

We see this management trio again in the “Sime Guardamiglio” which recorded the passages of Vigevani Ernesto and Sardi in '59, and is now entrusted to them. Here again is "Samem" (a Mantuan shareholding company supplying methane gas), reached in '62 and currently managed by the Meda, Piredda and Pasargiklian families. In the dense harvest of methane, in addition to the men from Sardi mentioned, we also find Salvatore Calise, Mrs. Sardi Corazzi Rosalia, Mrs. Malegori Maria in Riva. This page 694

to seal the theme - Sardinia in the methane field.

Let us now summarize the interests of the powerful feudal lord in the real estate sector.

“Castello di Mazzè”: buying and selling, management of real estate etc. Joint stock company since 1961, with Sardi Silvio (plus Sergio Testori, Erba Enrico, Piredda Salvatore), capital 1 million.

“Cava Martesana”: extraction and trade of gravel, s.r.l. of 1959 with Sardi, Piredda, Malegori Maria. Even gravel contributes directly to real estate management better than hydrocarbons...

“Sarfin”: industrial, commercial shareholdings; financial operations; s.a.s. of 1962, with Sardi, Ercole Starace, Piredda and Meda, Galbiati Giuseppe and Visentini Alessandro; capital 30 million (shared with the “Finanziaria Pilugiana”). Sarfin joint interests: Immobiliare Cascina La Rosa, Ongolo; Podere Baraccone Vecchio, IJbaldo, Mocol-Desa, Olearia, Fornaci di Milano, la Vecchia Pievaccia, Martesana, Imperiale. And others. An eloquent ride that suggests many things.

“Fornaci Riunite Cascinazza”: Joint-stock company founded in '63. It is from Sardi Silvio with Testori Sergio and Meda Filippo, while in the past there were also Malegori and Piredda

“Immobiliare Fortuna”: a joint stock company of '63 with the usual corporate purpose, established by Mrs. Malegori, on behalf of someone (easily identifiable). Currently administered by Annamaria Bertetta.

“Sama”: buying and selling, management, real estate operations. There is Sardi with Il Piredda and Malegori.

“Sonia”: kind name for real estate speculation. Per Azioni, founded in '63, with Alessandra Giuseppina Malegori (this time) and certain Enrico Montini from Monza and Livio Oriani, from Vimodrone.

“Fornace Brianco”: for the brick and ceramic factory; established in 1960; sole director first Silvio Sardi, then Mrs Maria Malegori.

“Esercizio Cinematografico Martesana”: for the management and construction of entertainment venues.

Sardi's business is always expanding. It's an s.a.s. founded, as an S.p.A., in '60 with limited partners Sardi's wife, Mrs. Rosalia Corazzi, and the aforementioned "Sarfin", then also Malegori (from '67); general partner Silvio Sardi.

“Immobiliare Agricola Ardens”: S.p.A. already established in '41, awarded to Sardi in '63 (the year of the boom) and managed by the same with Mrs. Malegori, after the transfers and related powers of attorney to Piredda Salvatore and Testori Giovanni.

pag. 695

“Parea Seconda”: a 1960 real estate project with Sardi as well as Galbiati Giuseppe. In '61 it changed to "Poasca Seconda", while in '64 Sardi sold the share to Immobiliare Actna, with the latter as limited partner and general partner a mysterious Sudanese, Andrè Farhè.

“Immobiliare Banfa”: usual object, usual formula; it dates back to '69. Set up by Maria Malegori who left in '65 to make room for Sardi, Testori, Meda (now managers), after a brief transition to Salvatore Pirredda.

Immobiliare Basile: dates back to S.p.A. to '37, but Sardi joined in the fabulous 1963, later bringing Piredda there. In '69, a public deed clarifies that the company is managed solely by Sardi Silvio. A superfluous clarification, if in all these enterprises the master is one and the heads vary with little imagination.

“Immobiliare Cavallasco”: S.p.A. of '63 with Alessandra G. Malegori first, then with Testori (Giorgio or Sergio), Piredda, Sardi.

“Princes' Real Estate”: particularly congenial to the prince of real estate, respecting the sovereignty of others (the king is elsewhere, but supervises or sends). The same company name. And in '63, with Sardi again, Piredda and Malegori Maria.

“Cross Real Estate”: buying and selling etc. it's fine, despite the harsh appeal of the name. They know it, since '63 that he saw so many fortunes from Sardi, these and Maria Malegori, Piredda and in '70 a certain Nicoletti Francesco, in addition to the not insignificant extra, Meda

“Immobiliare Colomba”: the turtledove, in this case, is Malegori Maria, commanded since 1963 to manage the company alone (Sardi's trust is boundless).

“Immobiliare Cavaione”: also founded in 1963 as an S.p.A. by Maria Malegori (in Riva: to be ascertained who her husband is), sees the entry of Zambardieri Gabriele ('67) with Silvio Sardi, and in

'69 of Piredda, a branch of Malegori, in turn right-hand man of Sardi.

“Immobiliare Monfalcone di Rivolta”: joint-stock company in '49, joined by Sardi in the holy year 1963; four years later, brief appearance of Piredda. Since '69 sole director Silvio Sardi

“Immobiliare Cascina La Rosa”: the prince loves rural life. He lives in Cernusco, outside the large concrete metropolises; it fits well in old country

houses. In 1959 he also set up this company for the usual real estate operations, bringing in Rosalia Corazzi (his wife, born in Pozzuolo Martesana). However, in the same year the lady left the company which Sardi transformed into a limited partnership, becoming a general partner with "Sarfin" and the returning (for the window) Mrs. Rosalia as counterparties. In '64 the game is reversed because he leaves and Malegori enters. Fun game, but certainly profitable: a sixth sense is needed in business.

pag. 696

“Ongolo”: a joint stock company taken by Silvio di Cernusco in 1960, transformed into s.a.s. with partners Rosalia Corazzi and “SarEn”. In '64 Malegori Maria took over from Sardi, just as Alessandra Giuseppina (Malegori) replaced her sister in '67. Here too, vicious turns suggested by first-rate technical needs.

“Podere Baraccone Vecchio”: also with this sideshow excellent deals guaranteed through the purchase, construction and canalisation of the land itself. Partner since '67 with 20

million in capital, Sardi, having as guarantors "Sarfin", Malegori bis and Rosalia.

“Generalcase”: for the sale of real estate. Established in '62 as a limited partnership by a certain Bettinetti Giacomo, general partner, and by "Sarfin". In '64 Bettinetti was replaced by Alessandra Malegori, in '66 the power of attorney went to the usual Sardi and Calise: the latter was obviously revoked as soon as the good of the company required it, i.e. immediately afterwards.

It is not to breathe a sigh of relief that the list ends. We do so only because the abstract language of these real estate or non-real estate derivations of the great empire over which, like Queen Victoria, the unnamed peacefully (or discreetly) dominates, threatens to lose meaning due to the inexhaustible wealth of holdings and interests, transcribed as we agree with faithfulness and meticulousness. The material, we repeat, is grey, to the point that the greatest effort is found in reading rather than writing these notes. Like any documentation, it aims to be exact and exemplary.

To the point of being interminable, even though they only wanted to run a few tracks. Here are the new entries, one-act plays with the same protagonists and above all with the same direction and supervision.

“Immobiliare Ubaldo”: the s.r.l. dates back to 1949. Sardi joined it in 1952 as sole director.

In '57 his wife Rosalia Corazzi appears. In 1962 the company transformed into an LLC, with Silvio Sardi as general partner and “Sarfin” and Mrs. Rosalia as limited partners. In '64 the owner gave up the place to Mrs. Malegori who then passed it on to her sister Giuseppina Alessandra in '67.

“Mocol”: founded with limited liability in '57, welcomed Sardi as sole director in '59

(property sales). It changes to s.a.s. in '63 with the limited partners “Sarfin” and Corazzi Rosalia (Sardi's general partner), Mrs. Sardi later leaving in favor of Malegori (Maria).

“Olearia”: this time it is a construction company founded in '62 as a limited company, with Luigi Penati as general partner and “Sarfin” as general partner. Malegori Alessandra takes Penati's place in

'65, while two years later Maria took over to replace Alessandra.

“Societa Anonima Fornaci di Milano”: encouraging prospects emerge in the field of bricks and ceramics. Sardi understood and in 1957 took over the company, which had been active for 16 years, transforming it from a joint-stock company in 1960. in s.a.s., he as general partner, “Sarfin” and Corazzi as limited partners.

As always happens, in '64 Malegori Alaria replaces Sardi's wife and takes away the power of attorney from Calise, attributed to him in the meantime.

pag. 697

“Immobiliare la Vecchia Pievaccia”: romantic and clerical name, desired in the auspicious year 1963, jointly by “Sarfin” and Malegori. Nothing old or derogatory about this

a company that changes protagonists but not activities and which probably continues to ensure profits for those involved, protected from the excessive indiscretions of an amiably tolerant tax system.

“Marsa”: built in 1963, it was registered, uniquely, to the two Malegoris. Another unusual fact: in the same year, he mutated from s.a.s. to joint-stock companies. Again, for a change: in '67 Alessandra ousted, with good manners (we believe), Maria, becoming sole administrator.

“Immobiliare Fulmine”: publicly traded since '59. Company name: real estate, but also financial initiatives (to be carried out with the speed implied by the name). In '61 Sardi and Galbiati supplant the founders, Gianzini and Servegnini. Usual transformation into s.a.s. with Malegori on one side and the

“Olearia” on the other, already encountered by us.

“Immobiliare Imperiale”: it must work well, despite the cacophony. This s.a.s. is allusive, in the context of Sardi's business dominance. From '63, with Maria Malegori as general partner and "Sarfin", with certain Manetti Edmondo and Liprandi Domenico as limited partners, it was specified that the real estate business would last, God willing, until '74. Evidently after this deadline Sardi thinks he can retire to the Riviera, forgetting this jumble of undertakings and risks.

“Immobiliare Desa”: it is one of the first s.r.l. of Sardi who founded it in '52 with only 50 thousand lire of capital. In '63, when everything seems like gold under the sun of the boom, he becomes s.a.s. (a plausible artifice to everyone, even to those of us who don't know much about financial accounting and applied economics).

Sardi is the general partner and "Sarfin" and Corazzi are the limited partners. He became the owner (in name) of Alessandra Giuseppina in 1967.

The spearheads of the General Staff

We have met the names of Silvio Sardi's aides-de-camp, a meticulous monotony in the long index of activities connected to the great financier, friend of Cefis. We will give a brief CV of them here, so as to better broaden

the discussion and provide personal information of a certain interest in the matter.

- Calise Salvatore: born in Porto d'Ischia in 1906 and resident in Milan in via dall'Ongaro, 24 (after having lived in Rome until 1927). His job is to exercise powers of attorney, at least on a temporary basis, on behalf of the boss. We wouldn't be able to give him anything else, but we think it's enough.

- Corazzi Rosalia: wife of Silvio Sardi, born in Pozzuolo Martesana in 1915. She seems destined, at least in the financial x-rays reproduced here, to be regularly supplanted by the two Malegoris, who rage with absolute punctuality in terms of attendance and returns. She doesn't have time to join her husband's company when he finds the two of hers to get her out of the way.

- Malegori Maria: married Riva, she was born in Villasanta, just outside Monza, on 13 January 1931.

It's a shame that very little is known about her husband. We have mentioned all the companies in which you work, except page. 698

one, the “Azienda Officine Gas - Acquedotti di Albenga”, founded in '67 as a joint-stock company with 6

million and 650,000 lire of capital, on his initiative and that of Piredda Salvatore, now administered by the Pasargiklian-Meda-Piredda trio. The relationships with Sardi, from the economic and productive side, are very close, because his name is recurring in almost all real estate and non-real estate initiatives in the Cape.

- Piredda Salvatore: born in Rome on 7 December 1911. With Calise, he is one of the two "Salvatores", the first in fact, with more important roles even if rather subordinate in general. It remains to be seen whether, as we doubt, he controls (by mandate) Sardi, or is his faithful collaborator. We believe the first hypothesis, however fictional, precisely because the staff of the "Anonymous" is meticulous in its maneuvers and uses diabolical cunning

even in the dislocation of departments, even if they are trusted and have long experience.

- Pasargiklian Waban: despite his Armenian name, he was born in Milan-Affori, as we have already seen, in 1920 and lives there in Corso Matteotti, 11. With Filippo Meda, the double junior, he is a trustee of Sardi, with shares on the rise, judging by the appointments (his and Meda's) on the boards of directors; at the (apparent) expense of the Malegori and Salvatori (Calise and Piredda), but in perfect synchrony of work and profits. Ultimately they are all willing emissaries of a single source.

- Meda Filippo: son of the honorable, former vice mayor of Milan, Luigi (now deceased), and nephew of the other Filippo who we will call the great one so as not to cause errors of homonymy. Born in Milan on 16 March 1929: therefore almost the same age as his partner Wahan. Also a trustee of Sardi, both in methane and real estate. Furthermore (or as a bonus?), we also see him as a city councilor of Milan, perhaps to make people miss his grandfather better; who was involved in politics, and how, but only in politics, without getting involved in business.

- Vaccari Antonio: born in Cento (Ferrara) in 1901, but resident in Milan in the same building as Calise, in via Dall'Ongaro n. 24, typical useful and convenient character. Someone to whom to entrust (and remove) the powers of attorney, to put here or there in moments of emptiness and vacancy of the companies, to replace when necessary, having forgotten the old owner, bringing in the new one. Real estate companies, like hydrocarbon companies, are populated by these generics who, once their share of responsibility has been fulfilled, fall into anonymity.

- Malegori Giuseppina Alessandra: sister (if we are not mistaken) of Maria, having also been born in Villasanta, a year later, in 1932. In addition to her holdings in the Sardi house, we will add that she is part of the "Immobiliare Vignatese" (Via Dandolo, 4, where Umberto Salanti and Luigi Padoin live and where Cefis was domiciled). In real estate there is Adele De Giorgi, but also Enrico Aristo Aureggi, partner with Salanti & C. (and owner of several methane companies and other financial companies).

The family-run group

Thus exhausted, with the verve quite tired of the social reasons and the various contaminations, the second squadron of the "Anonymous" which we called "Beta", we come to the last one, the

“Gamma”, a typical business consortium with almost artisanal management. It won't take us much time to exhaust these biographical sketches of characters who may seem minor but who have significant importance in the overall economy.

- Carcano Gaetano: born in Milan on 21 February 1898. He was, with Salanti & C., founder in '52

of the “Methaniferous Alta Italia”. He is the sole director (35 million capital) of the "Metanifera di Milano"; of the “Metanifera Pontirolo Nuovo” (s.r.l. with 10 million capital); of the “Metanifera on page. 699

Canonica d'Adda” (same formula and figure as the previous one); of the “Metanifera Dell'Oglio”, now in Crema; of the “Metanifera Gessatese”; of the “Metanifera Alta Brianza” (120 million capital); of the s.r.l. "Comet"; of “Conteam” (here in partnership with his children until the company was sold to Manenti); of “Empagas” (in partnership with Giulio Arcelloni, brother of Ernesto della

“A1fa Methane”). Finally, he is the owner of that "Institute for Family Housing" which we mentioned previously.

- Mela Maddalena in Carcano: wife of Gaetano, born in Sassari in 1904. She is a partner with her husband in the "Cometa", in the "Gessatese" and in the "Dell'Oglio". When it comes to business, the wife can also contribute profitably and discreetly.

- Carcano Pietro: certainly the son, born in Milan in 1943. Figure in the "Metanifera Dell'Oglio", but given the age of his father, it is to be believed that he will collect the inheritance of numerous paternal companies.

- Carcano Enrico: born in Milan in 1939. As the eldest son, he assisted his father in various companies: the <e Dell'Oglio ”, the “Gessatese”, the “Conteam”, the “Metanifera Alta Brianza” (the one with just 120

million in capital).

- We have already said about her daughter Maria Carcano, interested in “La Vita” to help young newlyweds looking for bread, yes, but also for a hut.

The circle of the third series into which "Anonymous" is divided is quite narrow, but business prospers nonetheless. On whose behalf? This is the recurring question in these lists, among which a distracted reader could get lost, that is, lose Ariadne's thread of the Cefis labyrinth. In this case too, we can consider the Carcanos as simple screens, but it is not possible to ascertain more than that.

The investigative supplements, not out of curiosity or indiscretion, can legally be expanded by those who are entrusted with going to the end. We limit ourselves to exemplifying the reasons and names of those who are members of the methane-real estate association which appears absolutely anonymous, but whose context and management are equally clearly inspired by a single Marshal of Italy. Ultimately we find ourselves admiring champions of reform: for the home and for the country; construction and methane, structures of national progress.

Stunts, choristers, extras

We have reached the final stage of our story of parallel lives on the "Anonymous" of methane.

We have collected the official elements of the various biographies, quite succinct and still exhaustive. However, we could bring up some of the minor figures, apologizing for this umpteenth relapse into the inevitable list.

- Barracchia Vittorio: 64 years old, from Barletta. Man from Sardis, as he is interested in the "Metanifera Alta Italia", the "Samem Metano", the "Sime Guardamiglio".

- Biondini Paola: mayor of the "Metanodotti Prealpini" and "Metanodotti Bresciani" and therefore linked in business with Manenti, of the "Alfa" sector.

- Cattarozzi Augusto: 45 years old, from Isola del Piano. Manenti's man, placed at “Metano Pandino” and at “Alfa Metano” (with Arcelloni).

- Crotti Pietro: from Offanengo, 75 years old. Director of "Gasmeter" and mayor of the two pages. 700

“Methane pipelines” (Bresciani f Prealpini).

- Garbagnati Umberto: from Crescenzago, aged 76. Companion of Salanti (also in the "Fingraf" and "Rimoldi", as well as in the "Metanifera Alta Italia").

- Galbiati Giuseppe: from the Sardi department. Born in Milan in 1928. Partner in "SarEn", the powerful Enanziaria, in "Metanifera Martesana" and in "Immobiliare Poasca".

- Ghidoli Pasquale (father) and Tullio (Eglio) from Vittuone. They are from the first squadron, as they join the "Molteni", led by the Minister Ripamonti.

- Maharaja Sergio: 52 years old, from Verona. Manenti-Ripamonti Group because it is interested in the “Estigas” and the “Bergamaschi methane pipelines”.

- Olmi Renato and Luigi: engaged in the “Sime”, “Igegas”, “Ero gas-methane”, “Metanodotti Prealpini”, Alfa squadron.

- Olivieri Giuseppe: born in 1933 in Milan. t in the “Sodigas” and in the “Aersodigas”.

- Pirola Mario: from Cernusco sul Naviglio (home of the great), Sardi group. Present in

“Metanifera Ambrosiana” and in the “Gessatese”.

- Starace Ercole: 68 years old, from Milan. From the Beta group as it is interested in "Martesana" and "Sarfin"

- Sguazzi Rino. first group because of the “Esti-gas”, the “Gas Orobica”, the “Metanodotti Bergamaschi” (ManentiRipamonti).

-Visentini Alessandro: from Motta di Livenza, 68 years old. Beta Group ("Martesana" and "Sarfin").

We will not repeat ourselves for Umberto Salanti, Giuseppe Maffei, Alisconti Alberto di San Vito, of whom we have discussed at length.

Final fireworks

What is the global extent of this carousel of names, subject of corporate formulations, capital, co-interests?

Gentlemen: let's check the financial statements of individual companies to find out. What are the net revenues of the parent company of the three assault squadrons of the "Anonima Metano"? This can be seen by default by checking who is behind. A raid, seals, an investigation. That would be enough. But we doubt that we want to go that far.

Land speculation, construction. Extras, secondary figures. Limited partnership; Financial and industrial and commercial participation companies: the common strategy to reserve for activities that veil of discretion and silence that is needed.

The respect of politicians dominates everything, because the party component emerges grandly in the tapestry of methane, just as the contribution of real estate is a first-rate financial guarantee.

If you stick your nose in there is the risk of getting confused, of losing the thread. Is it possible that such cunning and such perfect anonymous organization can thrive in Italy today? That our country, land of stamp papers and bills of exchange, a republic that encourages and protects (postal) savings, pag. 701

homeland of metalworkers who claim you are not necessarily wrong) a salary of university professors and university professors who are activists How metalworkers (with little edification of public opinion, which matters a damn), have brazen and revered billionaires who maneuver behind the back of the State, outwitting everyone like authentic parasites promoted to the role of benefactors of the national economy, talent scouts for unknown mineral resources and the powerful Po Valley methane?

Very possible. At least as long as Cefis holds the reins. By removing his mask and controlling him, his actions, his cronies, some light could be shed; staying edified.

Our exhausting and lonely work is over, at least for now. Although there remains a lot to explore, to compare. We would have to start over, with the same names and new ones

“reasons”. But this will have to be done by the State if necessary.

We do not count on the various ministers and political personalities to whom we have shown our services. They have not lifted a finger, nor will they lift a finger in this second round. For the elementary reason of the imbalance of power: Anonima and Dr. Cefis are extraordinarily stronger than us. Indeed, they are vindictive and the truth, in these cases, is dressed in rags.

Unless Justice and for this the Public Prosecutor does not provide it. This Cefis scandal is one of the biggest scandals of the time in our country. At Montedison he will continue to take care of the affairs of State and those of the Cincinnatus who is him: rich, intriguing, transformative. His place is not out of place next to the Ippolitos and the Bazans. Let's say it with a certain frankness, not in the name of our very modest expectations, but of Justice with a capital letter.

Asking for the end of the mafia is only a duty for a citizen, a form of ethics for the journalist. This is what we ask out loud, certain that we will lose ourselves once again in the chorus of hosannas, but certain, equally, that someone listens to us: and notes, and understands, and wants.

FINE

pag. 702

Deep Black

Mattei, De Mauro, Pasolini: a single lead to the origin of the state massacres

Giuseppe Lo Bianco, Sandra Rizza

publisher: chiarolettere 2009

pag. 703

Protagonists and extras

Enrico Mattei, president of Eni, died on 27 October 1962 in the Bascapé plane crash.

He wants to revolutionize Italian oil policy. According to a judicial investigation, he was killed in an "Italian plot" covered by numerous red herrings.

Irnerio Bertuzzi, pilot of the Morane Saulnier 760, Mattei's private plane. He dies with the president in the Bascapé disaster.

William McHale, American journalist. He is following the president of Eni in Sicily for a reportage. He dies with Mattei and Bertuzzi in the plane crash.

Greta Paulas, Mattei's wife. She confesses that she saw her husband cry after yet another death threat.

Italo Mattei, brother of Enrico. He becomes convinced that the Eni president's second trip to Sicily is a trap.

Rosangela Mattei, daughter of Italo, granddaughter of Mattei. The Minister of Justice Oronzo Reale made shocking statements to her on the death of the president of Eni.

Angelo Mattei, nephew of Enrico Mattei, told the judges that the president of Eni discovered Cefis intent on rummaging in his safe, and kicked him out.

Rino Pachetti, former partisan, Eni security officer.

Sani Waagenaar, journalist, correspondent for the «Saturday Evening Post». He followed Mattei on his first trip to Sicily.

Mario Ronchi, settler of Bascapé. Before Mattei's plane crashes into the ground he sees "a ball of fire" in the sky. It would be proof of sabotage. But

then he takes it all back.

Eugenio Cefis, Mattei's number two. He resigned in January 1962, returning to Eni immediately after the president's death, radically changing oil policy. For the secret services he is the founder of P2.

Graziano Verzotto, in 1955 was responsible for Eni's PR in Sicily, in the 1967 political elections he was elected senator, a position from which he resigned on 19 December 1969 to assume the presidency of the Sicilian mining body. Franco Briatico, Eni external relations manager, Cefis man. Angelo Fornara, Eni engineer, very loyal to Cefis. Vincenzo Cazzaniga, president of Esso.

Carlo Massimiliano Gritti, Cefis collaborator at Eni. Secret Service Relations Officer. Italo Mattei says that it was Gritti who tried to convince him that his brother had died following a plane crash.

Raffaele Girotti, CEO of Snam in October 1962, when Mattei crashed his plane in Bascapé. He is listed as a Cefis loyalist.

Marcello Boldrini, president of Eni immediately after Mattei's death. Overwhelmed by Cefis' strongest personality, he actually only deals with public relations.

Franco Di Bella, chief reporter of the «Corriere della Sera». P2 member, will become page years later. 704

editor of the newspaper.

Gualtiero Nicotra, Verzotto's cousin. President of the bankrupt Alis airline, he promises the pilot Bertuzzi to hire him and make him an important air manager.

Giuseppe D'Angelo, DC, was the president of the Sicily Region in 1962. He is a fierce opponent of Vito Guarrasi (see below), who with the Milazzo government had sent the DC into opposition.

Mauro De Mauro, journalist for the Palermo newspaper «L'Ora», a former republican, disappeared in Palermo on 16 September 1970 with the «white

lupara» method, while investigating Mattei's death.

Franco Rosi, film director. He commissioned De Mauro to research Mattei's last trip to Sicily because he wants to make a film on the death of the president of Eni.

Vittorio Nisticò, director of «L'Ora».

Vito Guarrasi, lawyer, gray eminence of Sicilian politics. According to Verzotto, he is a man from Cefis in Palermo. He is considered Mister X of the De Mauro case.

Antonino Buttafuoco, known as «la Spingarda)). After the kidnapping, De Mauro tries to steal confidential information about the investigations from his family. He is arrested but then released from prison.

Nino Salvo, DC, powerful Sicilian tax collector, sent to trial for mafia in the maxi-trial of 1984. According to a repentant, he learned from Guarrasi that De Mauro was investigating Mattei's death and reported it to the boss Bontade asking him to intervene.

Elda Barbieri De Mauro, wife of the missing journalist. With her brother-in-law Tullio, she meets the accountant Buttafuoco several times, until she pushes him away due to his ambiguous behavior.

Junia and Franca De Mauro, daughters of the missing journalist. The first keeps a diary in which she notes all the "anomalies" that revolve around her father's kidnapping. The second is the last to have seen him alive.

Pier Paolo Pasolini, writer, poet, director. An "inconvenient" intellectual, declared homosexual, he was murdered in mysterious circumstances at the Idroscalo of Ostia, in Rome, on the night between the 1st and the 2nd

November 1975.

Giuseppe Pelosi, known as "Pino the Frog". He confesses to having killed the writer alone following an argument that broke out during a paid homosexual relationship. But in his story many things don't add up.

Giuseppe Mastini, known as «Johnny the Gypsy», Roman criminal and multiple murderer. In prison he boasts of having participated in the Pasolini crime with other inmates, but then denies it before the judge.

According to some testimonies, as a prisoner, he maintained contacts with subversive right-wing circles.

Giuseppe Borsellino, known as «Braciola», and Franco Borsellino, known as «Bracioletta». They are two thugs from Tiburtino. They confided to Marshal Sansone that they had killed Pasolini with Johnny and Pelosi. Then they say it was a joke. They died of AIDS.

Faustino Durante, an expert who carried out a necropsy on Pasolini's body, demonstrating that the reconstruction according to which Pelosi was the only one to hit the director is completely unlikely.

pag. 705

Nino Marazzitta and Guido Calvi, civil lawyers for the Pasolini family. They have repeatedly invoked the truth about the Idroscalo crime.

Graziella Chiarcossi, Pasolini's cousin, lived with him during the period of the crime at Idroscalo.

Luciano Garofano, commander of the Parma Carabinieri RIS. He claims that, by analyzing the traces of blood left on Pasolini's clothes, the dynamics of the crime could now be clarified.

Sergio Citti, disciple of Pasolini, then director. Convinced that Pasolini was lured into a premeditated ambush at the Idroscalo with the excuse of returning the "pizzas" of Salò, which had been stolen.

Licio Gelli, head of P2. Indicated by a confidential note from the services as the successor of Cefis in the underground plots of Italian power.

The magistrates and investigators

Ferdinando Li Donni, police commissioner of Palermo in 1970.

Boris Giuliano, head of the Homicide Section of the Palermo Flying Squad in 1970. Killed by the mafia.

Bruno Contrada, head of the investigative section of the Palermo Flying Squad in 1970.

Twenty years later he will be arrested and convicted for mafia.

Carlo Alberto Dalla Chiesa, commander of the Palermo Carabinieri Legion in 1970. Killed by the mafia.

Giuseppe Russo, captain of the Carabinieri in 1970. Killed by the mafia.

Vito Miceli, originally from Trapani. In 1970 he was head of Sid, the Defense information service.

Nino Mendolia, head of the Palermo Flying Squad in 1970. Pietro Scaglione, in 1970

prosecutor of Palermo. He was killed on 5 May 1971, on the eve of his testimony in the Milanese trial for defamation in Guarrasi.

Ugo Saito, public prosecutor of Palermo in 1970. He leads the investigation into the De Mauro kidnapping.

Mario Fratantonio, in 1970 investigating judge in Palermo of the De Mauro investigation.

Giacomo Conte, investigating judge of the anti-mafia pool in Palermo. In 1991 the second investigation into De Mauro's disappearance opened, which was then closed.

Vincenzo Calia, deputy prosecutor of Genoa. And the prosecutor who in Pavia, in 1994, opened a new investigation into Mattei's death, linking for the first time the killing of the president of Eni with the disappearance of De Mauro and the Pasolini murder.

Antonio Ingroia, deputy prosecutor of Palermo. In 2001 the third investigation into De Mauro's disappearance opened. He requests and

obtains the indictment of the boss Totò Riina.

Giancarlo Trizzino and Angelo Pellino, president and side judge of the Court of Assizes of Palermo pag. 706

who is trying the boss Totò Riina for the killing of De Mauro.

Renzo Sansone, Marshal of the Carabinieri. Having infiltrated the Tiburtino underworld, he collects the confidences of the Borsellino brothers.

Italo Ormanni and Diana De Martino, the former was deputy prosecutor in Rome, the latter is still a prosecutor. They are in charge of the latest investigation into Pasolini's killing, opened in 2005 following Pelosi's televised statements and subsequently closed.

Notice to the reader

Dear reader,

take a breath: you are about to take a leap in time, a race back in Italian history, to discover the mystery of the conspiracy that could have caused the death of Enrico Mattei, the president of Eni who crashed his plane in the Pavia countryside in 1962 of Bascapé.

But you're about to discover something more.

That that plot would have been orchestrated "under the cover of the state security bodies", and then hidden in a tangle of silence and misdirections ready to come together every time, in the history of the country, someone threatens to reveal the secret.

For this reason, the journalist Mauro De Mauro apparently disappeared into thin air in Palermo, eliminated under mysterious circumstances by the will of an invisible instigator. For this reason the writer Pier Paolo Pasolini, officially killed in an absurd quarrel between "faggots", was apparently the victim of a planned ambush. How are the three crimes linked? A thread as black as oil envelops the end of Mattei, De Mauro and Pasolini.

And this is what prosecutor Vincenzo Calia states in his complex judicial investigation into the end of Mattei, forced after nine years of investigations to conclude the file with a request for dismissal for not having collected sufficient evidence to hold the culprits to their responsibilities. The investigation was therefore closed.1 But the investigating judge Fabio Lambertucci, while closing the case, could not fail to highlight "the undisputed merit in terms of historiographical research of the investigation conducted by the Pavia Prosecutor's Office". Lambertucci himself, in fact, recognized the existence of a disturbing chain of apparently inexplicable facts that followed the death of the president of Eni, reading them as "possible red herrings", but in the absence of sufficient evidence he noted that "on the crucial issue of the disappearance of Enrico Mattei, historians will be able to practice as much as possible from now on." Warning: this is an important clarification.

The profession of historian and that of judge are irreducible and can never be identified.

Carlo Ginzburg noted that «a historian has the right to see a problem, where a judge decides "no place to proceed"»2. And so, while for the judge the "Mattei case" has reached a point of arrival in the archive and cannot be the subject of further investigation, for the historian the same story, full of mysteries and questions still unresolved, constitutes and will continue to constitute a case to be investigated.

In short, the judge and the historian cannot help but follow very different paths: the former judges only on the basis of evidence and clues, the latter also reconstructs on the basis of hypotheses. The historian (and, in our case, also the journalist) therefore proceeds by deductions, and is entitled to underline the pages. 707

contradictions and flaws in official reconstructions, as long as his hypotheses and questions are honestly presented as such.

And here we are with our story. What follows, dear reader, is a reconstruction based on facts collected from judicial papers, archival documents, books, reports and interviews. A story

"wrong" which goes well beyond the judicial truth achieved so far.

Page after page, going through the labyrinth of three never solved cases, you will be able to look at Italy as no one has ever seen it, from Pasolini onwards: a country where the criminal nature of power has always hindered the exercise of justice, where the system of cross-blackmail constitutes the sad rule of the past, and is the logical premise of a present characterized by the democratic legitimation of new authoritarianisms which threaten, once again, the stability of the institutions.

note:

1 See the archiving decree of 17 March 2004 ordered by the investigating judge Fabio Lambertucci. The document is reported in full in the appendix.

2 See C. Ginzburg, The judge and the historian. Considerations in the margins of the Sofri trial, Feltrinelli, Milan 2006.

Prologue

Rome, 2 November 1975. Half past one. It's late at night. On the Duilio seafront in Ostia there is a carabinieri car on patrol. Suddenly, an Alfa 2000 GT arrives, a beautiful silver gray sports car, whizzing past in the forbidden direction. But who is this madman? A carabiniere sees her, suddenly straightens up, places himself in the center of the road, raises the stop paddle. But Alfa doesn't stop. The soldiers jump on the Gazelle and the chase begins. They reach the Alfa, flank it against the guardrail and force it to stop. But suddenly the Alfa starts again, skidding. The policeman hurriedly runs into the car and starts the chase again. The hunt for the mysterious driver ends in a few minutes. It takes the soldiers almost nothing to reach the fugitive again, and this time the officer has the machine gun in his hand.

But who's in that sports car? A little boy jumps out of the luxury car

«kid», a dry and lanky teenager, with curls and a small cut on his forehead, who still tries to escape, on foot, tottering on his high-heeled boots, but is

immediately caught. And handcuffed. What is your name? Pelosi Giuseppe, aged seventeen, known as Pino, has some previous convictions for theft. Why are you running away? I don't have a driving licence. He's not even eighteen. AND

then he stole that car. And what are you doing in Ostia, Pelosi? The "kid" replies that he went there to accompany a friend, then he saw the police and ran away. Why are you hurt, Pelosi? The boy says he hit his head on the steering wheel while driving away in the sports car. It's nothing, he explains, it doesn't hurt me.

Whose nice stolen car is that? The police look at the registration document: it is Pier Paolo Pasolini's car. This Pelosi guy stole a well-known person's car. It is five in the morning when the "little boy" is taken to the juvenile prison of Casal del Marmo. "Give me the ring - says Pelosi - my ring, I lost it." And a precious ring. Pelosi Giuseppe now wants it back. He tells the police to go back to the car, to look for this gold ring, a nice big one, with a red stone and the writing "United States Army". The police search, but find nothing.

The ring isn't there on the Alfa. Pelosi is taken to jail and the silver car is parked in a garage. Before leaving it there, the police notice that there is a green sweater on board, an old, used and tattered sweater. It is found in the back seat, along with Pino Pelosi's jacket and sweater. And there is also an insole, just one, for a right shoe, size 41. Nothing else. The case, at dawn on Sunday, seems closed. But in prison, as soon as he arrived, Pelosi made a revelation to his cellmate: "I killed Pasolini."

At the mouth of the Tiber there is a degraded area called Idroscalo. It is a shantytown, a cluster of illegal houses, with tin roofs, which are standing on a dare. At 6.30

in the morning Mrs. Maria Teresa Lollobrigida, owner with her husband of one of those shacks, has just arrived. She looks around, there's no one there, she sees a big stain in the puddles, she thinks it's a garbage bag, and she starts cursing. «But damn them...» she Then she approaches to get him out of the way. Only then does she realize that it is a corpse. The lady remains petrified: she goes back to the shack, calls her husband and together they

inform the police. The body is in the center of a football pitch. Around the body there are pieces of wood full of blood, locks of hair and a ring, a ring with a red stone and the words "United States Army". A few meters away, among the puddles and mud, there is a striped wool shirt, all stained with blood. AND

even a red tablet of blood. On the ground, tire tracks running from the pitch door to the lifeless body. Indeed, if you look closely, those traces go up the trunk of the corpse, crossing it from side to side. The car has it

crushed.

pag. 709

«My goodness, what have they done to this unfortunate man?» The body is a mess of blood and pulped flesh. He's lying on his stomach, wearing a tank top and a pair of pants with the zipper open. Anyone with eyes to look at him realizes that the man was beaten ferociously: there are injuries and bruises on his head, shoulders, back and abdomen, fractures to the phalanges of his left hand and ten broken ribs. He was beaten to death. At 7.30 the head of the Rome Flying Squad, Fernando Masone, arrives. At ten in the morning the actor Ninetto Davoli recognizes the body: it is that of his friend Pier Paolo Pasolini.

The police found Pasolini's body. The police stole his car. They are the prologue and epilogue of the same story of blood and death. Shortly thereafter, Pelosi, in prison, confesses: «I was with my friends Salvatore, Claudio and Adolfo, in Piazza dei Cinquecento». His story is long, detailed, precise. It begins at 10.30pm the previous evening, Saturday, in front of the bar, a kiosk in Termini station. Pay attention to this story full of gaps, holes, inexplicable elements, because this is the reconstruction that for thirty years, or rather for thirty-four years now, has constituted the only judicial truth on the death of Pier Paolo Pasolini.

Saturday 1 November 1975. It is 10.30pm. Pelosi is with friends, smoking, chatting, passing the time. A metallic gray Alfa 2000 GT approaches. A man comes down and asks one of the boys, Adolfo: «What do you think? Let's take a walk?". Adolfo says no. The man then approaches Pelosi and repeats:

"Hey, do you want to come for a ride with me so I can give you a gift?" Pelosi is a "little boy", a little boy, but he is a smart guy, he knows what that man wants, he knows that he is "picking up" him. But it's there. “I'll come,” he says. And gets in the car with him. The man asks Pelosi what his name is. The boy replies: «Pine tree». Then he says he's hungry. Dinner time has long passed, but the man knows a place, a restaurant that is still open. Maybe they'll be later than expected. Pino asks the man to return to the station bar for a moment, he must get the keys to the house and the car, which he left with a friend. The Alfa reappears in front of the kiosk. Pelosi asks her friend Claudio for the keys and tells him that he can take the car, with the duplicate, as long as he leaves it at his house.

The man and Pino now go towards the Biondo Tevere restaurant, where the former seems well known. Everyone greets him, because that man is Pier Paolo Pasolini, a famous one, but Pino says that he doesn't know it, for him he is just a kind gentleman, called Paolo.

Pino eats heartily, a plate of spaghetti, then asks for a chicken breast. Meanwhile Paolo asks him a lot of questions. They stay and chat while sitting in the restaurant until 11.30pm, then they say goodbye and leave, stopping to get petrol in a self-service shop and then heading towards Ostia. Paolo explains to the little boy that if he agrees they will go to an isolated place to do "something". So he says, and then he will give him twenty thousand lire. Pino smiles and agrees.

At midnight the Alfa stops on the Idroscalo football pitch. Paolo takes off his glasses, places them in the glove compartment of the car, then bends down and begins oral sex with Pelosi, who however suddenly stops. From this moment on, Pelosi's story comes to life: it is the story of a quarrel between

«faggots». The story of Pino who suddenly no longer fits, gets out of the car, walks away; and of Paolo who, dissatisfied, angry, follows him. What happened? What does that kind gentleman want from the "little boy"? Pelosi says the man asked him "something," something the boy absolutely refuses to do, and his refusal made him furious. He took a stick and now threatens him, with evil eyes. Pino gets scared and runs away, the man runs after him. They run for about fifty meters, but Pino has those boots, and the ground is full of holes and puddles. The boy slips to the ground. The man catches up to

him and hits him on the head with the stick. Then Pino sees a board on the ground, grabs it and smashes it on Paolo's head, then kicks him twice and also hits him in the face with more kicks. He's mad with fury. Pino is scared now, he no longer understands anything, page. 710

he holds the tablet tightly and beats until Paolo falls to the ground. Then he gets in the car and looks for an escape route. While he presses his foot on the accelerator of that luxury car that he doesn't know how to drive, he feels a jolt: he thinks he has hit a bump or a pothole. A few meters ahead, he stops. There is a drinking fountain. Pino gets out of the Alfa, rinses his hands and face, and finally sets off again. Shortly afterwards, on the seafront, the police see him running against traffic and sound the siren.

The quarrel between "fags" that killed Pier Paolo Pasolini is all here. And Pelosi's story to the investigators who, the day after the crime, already had a long, articulated and detailed report in their hands.

That Sunday the news of Pasolini's death, covered by the press agencies, hit Italy like a blow. Who died? The author of Teorema, Ragazzi di vita, Mamma Roma; the writer, the director, the poet. The "faggot". And how did he die? He died as a "faggot", beaten to death by a young man he had lured for sex, in a car, in exchange for a few lire. How disgusting. Right-thinking Italy is scandalized. But the police reassure everyone. The killer confessed. The killer is safe in a cell. The case is solved.

There is nothing in this story that fits. Starting with the first findings. At the Idroscalo, the police found dozens of onlookers, children, slum dwellers next to Pasolini's body; they are there trampling on the traces of the beating, and no one thinks of chasing them away. A little later, at nine, a team of kids in t-shirts play football on the pitch near the body. There are journalists, photographers,

«pischelli», all people who walk on the scene of the crime and make it impossible, later, to examine any traces of footsteps or tyres. More than an investigation, it's chaos.

Not to mention Pasolini's Alfa 2000 GT, which remained in the carabinieri garage until the following Thursday, when it was finally handed over to

forensics. For four days the car remains open and in the rain, until it is parked under the shelter of a shed and, during the manoeuvre, the driver crashes into a pole. On that car there is still a green sweater and a number 41 insole that do not belong to Pasolini. The sweater is old and worn, the family doesn't recognize it, and Pasolini never wore insoles. They don't even belong to Pelosi; they certainly ended up in the car on the day of the murder, because the car was washed the day before. There is also a bloodstain on the roof of the Alfa: it is a sign that someone leaned with a dirty hand to open the right-hand door, the passenger one.

The director's family entrusts the necropsy report to Professor Faustino Durante, surgeon, professor at the Institute of Forensic Medicine of the University of Rome. The expert discovers that Pasolini died because his car ran over him, fracturing ten ribs and his sternum, lacerating his liver and causing his heart to burst. First, however, he was beaten to death.

As? In the Idroscalo pitch there are two bloody posts and two boards. But for Professor Durante, Pasolini was hit with something much heavier. The strangest thing is that the alleged murderer, the "little boy" Pelosi, is clean. He only has a bloodstain on one cuff, another on his trousers. It cannot be that Pasolini did not react to the attack, yet Pelosi, apart from a small wound on her forehead, has no injuries or abrasions. So? How many were there? Who helped Pino massacre Pasolini? Pelosi says he did it all himself. But how?

He is a seventeen-year-old boy, he is one meter seventy-one tall and weighs only sixty kilos. The press focuses on the "Pasolini mystery". After one of the interrogations, the police dragged Pelosi to the Regina Coeli prison. The little boy has swollen eyes, maybe he cried, maybe they stepped on him, the journalists call him, bombard him with photos, one shouts at him: «Pino, what have you done to your eyes? I'm like a frog." Since then, he has earned the nickname Pino the Frog. He's skinny, he's confused, he's just a kid. Was he the one who reduced Pasolini like that with a piece of soaked wood? And he didn't even defend himself?

The trial of Pino Pelosi, accused of "murder in the person of Pasolini Pier Paolo" opens on the 2nd

February 1976 before the Juvenile Court of Rome. Pasolini's family, with lawyers Guido Calvi and Nino Marazzita, join the civil action. Presiding over the court is Alfredo Carlo Moro, the brother of the president of the DC Aldo Moro. The judge rejects the request to consider Pino Pelosi incapable of understanding and will made by the defense on the basis of the expertise of Professor Aldo Semerari, a criminologist linked to subversive circles during the strategy of tension who was later killed by the Camorra.

On April 26, 1976, the court sentenced Pelosi to nine years, seven months and ten days, and a fine of thirty thousand lire for obscene acts, aggravated theft and voluntary homicide in the person of Pasolini Pier Paolo. But the judges don't believe his version. «The college believes – writes Alfredo Carlo Moro

- that impressive evidence emerges from the documents that Pelosi was not alone that night at the Idroscalo.» The defendant and the attorney general appeal the sentence. On 4 December 1976, the section for minors of the Court of Appeal of Rome acquitted Pino Pelosi of charges of obscene acts and theft, but confirmed the conviction for murder. This time, however, having re-examined all the elements, the new Court deems it "extremely unlikely, given all the things said, that Pelosi could have had one or more accomplices." There was only him, Pino the little hedgehog, who massacred and killed Pier Paolo Pasolini that night at the Idroscalo. The murder is the rambling outcome of the usual quarrel between "faggots" and hustlers. On 26 April 1979 the Court of Cassation confirmed the sentence. Pasolini was killed by Pino Pelosi. Period and that's it.1

The trial is over, but the mystery of the Idroscalo has just begun. To fully understand it, we need to take a step back in time. Like in science fiction films. A step back thirteen years. On a wheat field, in the darkness of a rainy evening, just a kilometer from the Linate runway, Milan. When a "ball of fire" appears among the clouds in the sky.

use:

1 The sequences of the night at Idroscalo and the chronology of the trial of Pino Pelosi are reconstructed following the article by Gianni Borgna and Carlo Lucarelli Thus Pasolini died, published in «MicroMega», 6, 2005.

pag. 712

The Mattei case

A ball of fire

The fireball rolls across the sky followed by numerous "streamers", bright flashes that quickly descend towards the ground in the pouring rain.

And on the evening of Saturday 27 October 1962. A few minutes before landing at Linate airport, the Morane Saulnier 760, after having ignited in a blaze, crashed in the countryside of Bascapé, among trees, fields sown with wheat, vegetable gardens and bushland , in the heart of the Pavia province. On board the plane, coming from Catania and headed to Milan, are the president of Eni Enrico Mattei, the pilot Irnerio Bertuzzi and the American journalist William McHale. All three lose their lives. Their bodies, horribly mutilated and charred, end up in pieces in the puddles. Among the remains of the cockpit, the pilot's burnt license and the dial with the gold spheres of the Omega watch that Mattei wore on his wrist appear: the hands are stopped at 18.50.1

Within a few hours, the site of the tragedy was filled with people: journalists, photographers and onlookers arrived in droves, all watching and searching for something among the still smoking wreckage of the plane. Secret service agents also move undisturbed among them. There is also Tom Ponzi, the well-known private detective,2 who arrived aboard a Jaguar and, after him, a mysterious Eni manager, who arrives accompanied by a chauffeur and company car.3 The manager also watches, scrutinizes and controls the scene of the catastrophe, then vanishes into thin air.

The blaze in the clouds is seen by the farmer Mario Ronchi, who lives in the Albaredo farmhouse; he has just finished dinner when he hears a noise, "like thunder", so he says, which calls him back to the farmyard. A few hours after the crash, the man told a journalist that he heard a "strange thunder

because, even though it was raining, it didn't seem like a storm." He says he ran into the farmyard with tremendous fear, and saw the "red sky, which burned like a great bonfire and the little flames falling all around". He says he understood that it was an airplane. He says:

"It had caught fire and the pieces were falling on the lawns." The farmer reports that he immediately ran to warn the Landriano police.

This is what the farmer Ronchi tells "in the heat of the moment", a few hours after the catastrophe. He tells it to Fabio Mantica, a reporter from the «Corriere della Sera» who arrived among the first to gather news in the rain, splashing through puddles and human remains scattered in the mud of Bascapé.

The next morning the «Corriere» publishes the piece, fixing forever a truth destined to silence for over thirty-five years.

From that moment, in fact, the farmer will deny everything. No "fireball", no big bonfire and sparks, no streamers, no nothing. The farmer, heard for the first time on Monday 29th

October 1962 by Marshal Augusto Pelosi, commander of the Landriano carabinieri station, provides a totally different testimony. He says he noticed "a fire of gigantic proportions" three hundred meters from his home. On the ground, no longer in the sky. He says he tried to get closer to the scene of the disaster, but "he was blocked by the flames, the intense darkness and the rain". He says he only realized later that it was a fallen device.

The following day, Ronchi signed a further statement for the ministerial commission of inquiry, in which he reiterated the same circumstances reported to Marshal Pelosi.

pag. 713

What happened to the witness after October 27, 1962? Why does he deny having seen that "ball of fire" in the sky? What does it mean? It only makes sense if we want to exclude the possibility of the in-flight explosion of the Morane Saulnier 760, and therefore of sabotage. And what could it matter to an unknown settler from Bascapé, dedicated only to his vegetable garden, to

exclude this or that lead, to stick his nose into the investigative hypotheses formulated about Mattei's death? However, the matter matters a lot to other and much more important individuals. Are they perhaps the same ones who, the day after the accident, hurriedly rush to pick up the farmer and take him to a muffled office, to find out exactly what he saw and heard the previous evening?

Ronchi himself recounted the episode only recently.4 The farmer says that the day after the plane crash, on Sunday, some employees of Snam (National Methane Pipeline Company) showed up at his farmhouse and accompanied him to San Donato Milanese, in an office, perhaps the Snam headquarters. He says that in that office he is questioned about what he saw the previous evening. Snam was at that time a subsidiary company of Eni and was operationally led by men close to Eugenio Cefis.5 Shortly before Mattei's death, and for a couple of months after the Bascapé accident, the operational top management of Snam in fact there is Raffaele Girotti, CEO of the company and an official particularly linked to Cefis.6

But who is Cefis? This is a name to stick well in the memory. They call it the

«cuirassier» because he is about one meter and ninety tall, he is balding, abrupt, glacial, a compulsive eater of sugar cubes7 and a collector of votive offerings in wood and silver. Some say that he was the first "sorcerer" of information, financing and buying press agencies and newspapers to impose his own point of view and manipulate public opinion on the major issues of finance and politics.8 Some others are certain of his very close relations with the OSS (Office of Strategic Services) first and with the CIA afterwards.9 Some even whisper that he is Mattei's number one enemy, and that he has sworn revenge on him, because nine months earlier the president had forced to resign from Eni. There is certainly only one thing: in the "mystery" of Mattei's death, as well as in the hidden Italian history from the post-war period onwards, the role of Cefis is significant. Listen to what Felice Fortunato Ziliani, a former partisan and DC militant, hired by Agip in 1949 and director of the Fiorenzuola D'Arda factories until 1984, declared to the prosecutor years later. On the evening of Mattei's death, just an hour after the tragedy, Ziliani was already in Bascapé. And he recalls: «[...] In Eni and Snam circles, it was known about Eugenio Cefis' concern about finding, at the scene of the accident, the bag containing the documents that Mattei had

with him on the plane».10 And again: «Yes he said that Cefis had gone to the location several times and his most trusted men within Eni had been in charge of searching for the bag". The bag was later found in the deepest point of the hole produced by the impact. Ziliani cannot say whether she "was taken directly by Cefis". But regarding the presence of Cefis in the wreckage of the plane, he specifies: "Everyone knew it, and I'm talking about hundreds of managers."

Possible? Does Cefis really show up at the site of the massacre? Is he the mysterious manager with chauffeur who is seen wandering around with a livid look among the puddles of Bascapé? And what does the humble colonist Ronchi have to do with a gray eminence like Cefis? Snam is certainly the company that sends some "employees", a few hours after the plane crash, on Sunday morning, to the Albaredo farmhouse, to grab the farmer and question him, even before the judicial authorities. This

"interrogation" is the only fact that occurred in the short period of time between the first statements released by Ronchi and the new version that the farmer began telling the next day. What is the settler told in that office in San Donato Milanese? Is he being threatened? Is he advised never to speak of that "ball of fire" in the sky again? Are they promised something in exchange for silence?

What is known for sure is that Ronchi himself admits to having received benefits from pag. 714

Snam, while trying to minimize its extent. The farmer says that, after asking for electricity for years, the light was brought to him some time after Mattei's death.

He also says that, in the following months, when Cefis became president of Snam, the company built the road that leads to Mattei's "shrine", an area dedicated to the memory of the president of Eni, and that that is a road that he it is very useful, because you cross it every day to go to work, and before it was not suitable for vehicles. Ronchi says that he subsequently even managed to stipulate a regular contract, with a salary of around eight hundred thousand lire a year, for cleaning and cutting the grass in the Snam enclosure. He says that the proposal to do "something" in exchange for these

sums was made to him by some Snam surveyors. He also remembers some names: «Raia, Bonfiglioli and others».

He says he built a new house with that money in four or five years.

Eight hundred thousand lire a year. Little more than a donation for Cefis' Snam, ready to pour much more into the coffers of the parties. But it is fortunate for Ronchi that with that money, a real annuity, he stops being a farmer and becomes a "lord": he can hang up his spade and boots.11 In exchange? He must remain silent. Forever. No "fireball". No explosion. No sabotage. No evidence of Mattei's killing.

note:

1 «The remains of the bodies and the personal objects found were transported», among which the «machine and dial of a flat Omega watch with spheres and hour indicators in gilded metal were also taken for identification. The clock reads 6.50pm and the hands are tightly adhered to the dial.» From the body description and recognition report of the 28th

October 1962.

2 «One of the first people I met was Tom Ponzi: I had wondered what he was doing there without being able to give me an answer. I later looked into the matter further and I think I remember that he had a specific contract with Eni for an information service [...].» From the report of the journalist Ferdinando Azzolini.

3 «While I was doing this, someone pointed out to me a gentleman who was getting into a luxury black car with a driver, dressed in dark, telling me that this gentleman might know something more. I was surprised that that person, who was on the spot, left in a hurry. This behavior made me suspicious and led me to follow him to find out more and understand the reason why this gentleman immediately ran away after arriving. So I also got into my car and told the driver to follow that gentleman. We followed him until the dark car stopped in front of the Eni central building in San Donato Milanese. The gentleman immediately got out. The security guards and policemen immediately let him in and greeted him respectfully. I also tried to enter the

same building, but I was stopped and there was no way to continue. I remember that gentleman was running and I waited for him outside the building, with the intention of blocking him when he came out." From the report of Raffaello Romano, reporter for the «Corriere della Sera».

4 «[...] I believe I was interrogated by the Carabinieri and I also remember that the day after the plane crash, some Snam employees accompanied me to San Donato Milanese to an office which I believe was the Snam headquarters. In that office I was questioned about what I had seen the previous evening. A.D.R. [Answers to Question] I reiterate that I was questioned by these gentlemen from Snam but I cannot say who I spoke to and what qualifications they held within Snam because I don't remember. A.D.R. I don't remember who came to pick me up, I only know that it was from Snam. A.D.R. I don't remember which vehicle I got on to reach San Donato and I don't even remember how long the conversation in the office above lasted.»

From Mario Ronchi's report to prosecutor Calia of 1 September 1997.

pag. 715

5 «At the time of the Bascapé disaster, when Ronchi was brought to the Snam offices the day after the disaster, Cefis was out of Eni (he was removed from Mattei in January 1962) and from all the operating companies of the group, including evidently also Snam. He will return as vice president of Eni and president of all the operating companies, again in 1962, shortly after Mattei's death. Furthermore, the investigations revealed that, even after his dismissal from all positions, Cefis continues to maintain relations with Mattei himself and, naturally, with many officials of the institution." Prosecutor Calia to the authors.

6 In October 1962 the president of Snam, at least formally, was Mattei himself, who was also head of Eni. But at that moment, Girotti was at the top of Snam's operations, as prosecutor Calia reconstructed to the authors. The latter was a trusted man of Cefis, who in 1970 appointed him vice-president of Eni. When in 1971 Cefis himself moved to the presidency of Montedison, abandoning Eni, he would leave the presidency of the oil body and the main

sector companies to Girotti, and would also appoint him vice-president of Montedison itself.

7 «[...] He ate sugary treats constantly: "To keep up" they usually say "the military chews glucose" [...].» In «Panorama» of 18 April 1974.

8 «According to accusations from the Radical Party's press agency [...], Cefis had sent 270

million to the neo-fascist weekly "Lo Specchio", 40 to the right-wing newspaper "Il Tempo" of Rome, 24

to the official Jesuit magazine "Civiltà Cattolica". "In total" wrote the agency, "Eni has disbursed over twenty billion in just a few years." Ibid.

9 «Cefis was a very strange guy in the sense that he appeared "mysterious" to everyone, almost as if he wanted to confirm his origins as an officer of the SIM (Military Information Service). He on the other hand had forbidden his image or name to appear in the newspapers." From Mario Pirani's report to prosecutor Calia of 20 February 1996.

The Ucigos (Central Office for General Investigations and Special Operations) file registered to Eugenio Cefis contained the following "note" in which, among other information, we read: "CONFIDENTIAL. Milan, 2 January 1971. Based on what was reported by confidential sources, the following has been learned: Italo Mattei [...] would have proof that the removal of Cefis from Eni, a few months before the Bascapé air disaster, it was not a spontaneous gesture, but was imposed by the late Enrico Mattei as he discovered that Cefis was a double agent and was connected to the American secret services."

10 «I remember that they dug mainly in the main hole where the largest remains of the plane were. [...] I also remember that I noticed with disappointment that those who were digging were mainly looking for a briefcase. I intervened by saying that I had been assigned, as a doctor, to look for the human remains of those traveling on board the crashed aircraft.» From the report of Michele Salvini, head of Eni's health services, who spoke in Bascapé together with the nurses.

11 Among the benefits attributed to the farmer Mario Ronchi was also the hiring of his daughter Giovanna at Pro.De. S.p.a. (later Ge.Da. S.p.a.), directly attributable to the president of Snam Eugenio Cefis, also through his brother Adolfo.

pag. 716

The black corsair

Who is Enrico Mattei? To answer this question, it is essential to understand what his revolutionary vision of the world oil system represented in post-war Italy.

For the US press, the president of Eni is "the most powerful Italian since the time of Julius Caesar". Mattei is an innovator, an authentic oil "corsair", but above all he is an elusive character.

Especially for Americans. In an interview with Rai, he thus recounts the outcome of a meeting with the head of one of the oil potentates: «I was called to establish a collaborative relationship, but all the collaboration of this illustrious leader concerned Italy. And that is to keep prices up, so we all earn more, exactly the opposite of what I have to do, as a member of a state company. So I told him: in Italy, you know, I think you've finished making your own politics. From now on we will do it. We had other topics to discuss, but I took out my pencil, crossed them out and told him: I have the impression that we have nothing more to say to each other, but you will remember today's conversation for the rest of your life. Because we are poor... We need... we need to work...". With his authoritarian attitude, with his frank, direct, even if always kind, ways, Mattei is someone who deals on an equal footing with the oilmen of the superpowers: he never forgets that Italy is at the rear, but he makes it clear that the Eni can also establish the rules of the game.

Its "corsair" nature amazes the world linked to drills and black gold. Not caring about all the Atlantic agreements, Mattei says clearly that Eni can and wants to find new markets, exploring alternative scenarios, negotiating with Third World producing countries, in search of more advantageous agreements. This deeply disturbs the Anglo-American oil powers, especially

the United States, the leader among producing countries. And the USA, after the war, is still considered in Italy the liberators, the saviors of Europe from the Nazi yoke. Not to mention that, in times of fierce conflict between East and West, the stars and stripes apparatus (including the CIA which with the acronym OSS played a fundamental role in the Allied landing on the peninsula) look at Italy as nothing more than a province of the new Western empire, taking it for granted that on a political and economic level our country must strictly conform to the Atlantic choices.1 The Americans, and in particular the Anglo-American oil companies, united in the cartel of the Seven Sisters,2 are determined to expand their business on the Italian territory they have just liberated.

But Mattei does not feel at all conditioned by the traditional rules of the contracts conducted until then with the oil cartel, and has no hesitations in offering other interlocutors, countries

"poor" until then outside the scope of international economic contracts, more favorable conditions. Breaking with the usual percentage of 50 percent of revenues, Mattei manages to offer up to 75 percent, and furthermore makes the new producing countries his partners in businesses whose risks he alone will bear. It offers technology, scholarships, participation in the redemption projects of new partners who are generally snubbed and treated by Western superpowers with post-colonialist attitudes.

It is the only way, according to Mattei, to free the bedraggled Italy that emerges from the war under the influence of the American victors, guaranteeing the country energy and, consequently, political and financial autonomy. He summarizes the concept in a story he tells journalists: «Once upon a time there was a frail and emaciated kitten who was hungry. He saw some large, snarling dogs eating and timidly approached the bowl. He didn't even have time to approach before they pushed him away with a paw. We Italians are like that kitten. We are hungry and can no longer stand big, snarling dogs. Also because in that bowl there is oil for everyone."

The results prove him right. In 1962, Eni employed 55,700 people, owned fifteen oil tankers and was a giant with interests halfway around the world, led by a single man: the «pain in the ass pag. 717

oil", which holds its destinies in its hands. Mattei, the genius, the madman, the revolutionary. Mattei the

oil "privateer". But where did he forge that iron character that made him a leader?

note:

1 After Alcide De Gasperi's "historic" trip to the United States (January 1947), the USA indicates its idea of a relationship with Italy, which must remain a faithful subject: "A kind word and a slice of bread, a tribute public to Italian culture and a discreet allusion to the virtues of American-style democracy" (21 November 1947, Walter Dowling, responsible for Italian affairs at the US State Department).

2 The expression «Seven Sisters», coined by Enrico Mattei, indicates in a derogatory way the seven largest oil companies in the world (five American) of the 1950s. The expression is essentially due to the fact that these companies, in order to obtain economies of scale, had established, since the 1920s, agreements to regulate the production of oil and the marketing of the derivatives obtained from it. Given that these seven companies effectively controlled almost all of the upstream and down-stream of world oil production, the effect of these agreements had global significance: the Seven Sisters effectively managed to control for twenty years, from the end of the Second World War until the early Seventies, the entire life cycle of oil, which in those same years became the main energy source of the entire Western world. The Seven Sisters are: Standard Oil of New Jersey, later transformed into Esso (then Exxon in the USA) and later merged with Mobil to become ExxonMobil; Royal Dutch Shell, Anglo-Dutch; British Anglo-Persian Oil Company, later transformed into British Petroleum (BP); Standard Oil of New York, which later became Mobil and later merged with Exxon to become ExxonMobil; Texaco, later merged with Chevron to become ChevronTexaco; Standard Oli of California (Socal), later transformed into Chevron, now ChevronTexaco; Gulf Oil, largely merged into Chevron.

The partisans

It all begins about twenty years earlier, in the winter of 1944, in the mountains of the Ossola Valley, at the time of the partisan war. Mattei is a leader; his nom de guerre is «Marconi». From Acqualagna in the Marche region, Mattei is the second of the five children of a Carabinieri brigadier convinced that

"Remaining poor is a misfortune because you can't study." After finishing primary school, he was sent to boarding school in Vasto, where he attended the lower technical school. The poverty of the family and the rigid discipline imposed by his father push him to look for a job soon.

The brigadier, in the meantime promoted to marshal, manages to get young Enrico hired in a factory as a painter of metal beds. The nauseating smell of paint will remain forever imprinted in his memory to the point of giving him a sort of idiosyncrasy for all penetrating smells, "including - he confessed years later - that of my petrol".

In 1923 the boy found a new job, he was hired as an apprentice in the Conceria Fiore.

The apprentice's career is rapid: first a worker, then a chemical assistant, finally director of the laboratory. In 1929, when the Conceria Fiore closed, Mattei founded his first factory with his sister and a brother: a small laboratory producing emulsifying oils for the tanning and textile industries. In 1934, he tried to become a real industrialist and founded Chimica Lombarda in Milan. Two years later, in Vienna, he marries Greta Paulas. Then he graduated as an accountant and enrolled at the Catholic University. He is

volcanic, enterprising, ambitious. But his career takes a sudden turn when war breaks out. In May 1943 he met Giuseppe Spataro, through whom he came into contact with the Milanese anti-fascist circles. And after July 25th he joins the partisan groups in action in the Lombardy mountains. There, among the valleys, the young career industrialist was put at the helm of one of the "white" formations, of Catholic origin, those that would be the

reservoir of the Christian Democratic ruling class in the post-war period, and in the Oltrepò Pavia he enlisted over forty thousand volunteers.

DC puts it to the test. The issue to be addressed is the balance between the Christian and communist components in the fighting brigades. Mattei must assert the weight of the DC formations and understands that he must make maximum use of the commitment of the lower clergy who, especially in the countryside, support the Resistance. According to the communists, it is necessary to ensure the widest mass participation and the most rigorous harshness in the armed struggle. The DC boast, however, of "humanizing" the struggle. Mattei often repeats that in the face of a common enemy, conflicts are an unsustainable luxury. He works by persuasion with the clergy of the countryside: he convinces parish priests, mothers superiors and fathers priors to cooperate.

He thus built a dense network of bases in unsuspecting locations and organized meetings and commands in churches and convents. Luigi Longo, future leader of the PCI, does not hide his amazement at how Mattei "knows how to use his relationships with industrialists and parish priests". The former serve him to raise funds, the others to strengthen the conspiracy network.1

This is the moment in which Mattei meets, in a church in Milan near Corso Buenos Aires, the fighter «Alberto», the nom de guerre of Eugenio Cefis, twenty-three years old, like him a partisan commander. Son of a small building contractor from Cividale del Friuli and of a teacher, with six other brothers, Cefis was a student at the Military School of Milan from 1936 to 1939 and attended the Military Academy of Modena from 1939 to 1941. From the end of October 1943 to 25 April 1945 he fought in the mountains of Val d'Ossola first in the Valtoce partisan formation, and then in the Alfredo Di Dio group (Piedmont and Lombardy).

Cefis is a skilled strategist, but above all a cold executor of the orders of the only partisan enclave established in 1944 in Northern Italy, precisely in Val d'Ossola. During the years of the Resistance, thanks to his good knowledge of English, he came into contact with the Americans of the bridgehead pag. 719

near Bergamo. His relations become close with Captain Emilio Daddario, a member of the OSS. It is the origin of those underground but very effective elective affinities between Cefis and his "American friends", which will be talked about, rightly or wrongly, for the entire duration of the century.

Captain Daddario is a "headhunter": he has the task of capturing, to hand them over to the Americans, the exponents of the Social Republic. He doesn't succeed with Benito Mussolini, because he arrives too late. The mission is instead crowned with success for Rodolfo Graziani, Valerio Borghese and other minor characters. Cefis tightens contacts with Daddario. It is a solid channel for supplies, which arrive in abundance. And when Mattei, at the first meeting, offers him food and help, Cefis can afford to give him a clear and proud refusal.

If Mattei tightens the purse strings and acquires proselytes for the DC, Cefis and his men have the

"full belly", the most efficient weapons, in short they are perfectly autonomous. And ready for anything. Cefis carries a Beretta submachine gun and they say that, if necessary, he has no difficulty in using it.2 A note from the Carabinieri that surfaced in 1957, in fact, accuses Cefis of having had a man and a woman shot on 21 October 1944, in Alta Val Formazza, hiding the bodies. Nine days earlier, on 12 October, he was killed by the Germans in the battle of Domodossola, in which Cefis, the partisan leader Alfredo Di Dio, of whom the man from Cividale was the right-hand man, also participated. A still obscure episode: years later Cefis will be accused by MSI MP Giorgio Pisano of having witnessed the long agony of Alfredo Di Dio at Sasso di Finero without having done anything.3

In the following months, there were not many contacts between Mattei and Cefis. The two do not like each other and therefore carefully avoid each other. Bergamo is an area that Mattei is careful not to frequent with his partisan brigades, so as not to come into conflict with Cefis, which has clearly shown that it does not appreciate interference in his work. They are two characters tempered by war. Just as Mattei is impulsive and passionate, Cefis is cold and determined.

The only thing they have in common is a visceral anti-communism. The first founded the Italian Federation of Volunteers of Freedom (Fivl), which aims to be the "fourth column against communism", a sort of Gladio ante litteram. The Fivl "is committed to supervising in the factories every nucleus promoting disobedience, threats against efficiency and productivity, and hindering the communist climb to posts and positions of command and responsibility".

Cefis' equally profound anti-communism, however, is nourished in a completely different way: mindful of his ancient ties with the Americans in Val d'Ossola, in times of the Cold War, the man begins to cultivate relationships with Atlantic extremism , to the point of fueling real authoritarian dreams in the second half of the seventies.

Cefis and Mattei have little in common, they theorize two different ways of opposing the columns

"red" of the Resistance, express two different visions of life, yet their common partisan militancy generates a singular affinity that will lead them to meet again.

In 1945, when the conflict is now over, Italy must be rebuilt, but coal is scarce and there is no trace of other raw materials: the industrial dream needs oil.

In August 1945, Mattei was called to Agip with the task of liquidating its assets. But he does quite the opposite: his objective is to guarantee the country a national energy hub, capable of ensuring the development of small and medium-sized businesses at lower prices than those of international oligopolies. To do this he needs political alliances, strong relationships in government, and skilled collaborators ready for anything. It is at this point that he remembers Cefis, and arranges a meeting with him in Milan. Among the many names that he can summon, he chooses that of the fighter

«Alberto», the cold, icy partisan, quick with a rifle. The friend of the Americans. Former SIM officer (Military Information Service). Mattei offers him to work with him. Cefis, for his part, is pag. 720

waiting for his chance. He graduated in Law, and now deals with construction affairs and the assets of his wife Marcella Righi, a rich heiress, married in 1943 on Lake Maggiore.

This time he answered yes to Mattei, and obtained the management of Agip's personnel.

Subsequently, when Mattei decides to give life to the left-wing movement of Base within the DC, to support him politically in his activities, Cefis takes care of the organization of the group.

Head of the Base is Senator Giovanni Marcora, who in the partisan formations was commander "Alberto"'s number two.

From that moment, in fact, Cefis becomes the boss's right-hand man, the "mysterious object", destined, all observers will say, for the dirtiest operations: corruption of deputies and relations with the secret services.4 The commitment is impressive and the compelling challenge: we must convince the government and large industry to abandon the traditional forms of energy used until then and replace them with methane. And set off, for oil, to conquer the world.

note:

1 The part on the Resistance relating to Cefis is taken from the investigation by prosecutor Vincenzo Calia into the death of Mattei.

2 The part on the Resistance relating to Mattei is taken from I. Pietra, Mattei, la pecora nera, SugarCo, Milan 1988.

3 Giorgio Galli recalls this in La regia occulta. From Enrico Mattei to Piazza Fontana, Tropea, Milan 1996, pp. 117-118: «The names of Pisano, a very young volunteer in the RSI, and of Cefis, a young partisan commander, are intertwined starting from a tragic episode of the Resistance, when the commander of the DC-oriented partisan formations in Val d'Ossola, Alfredo Di Dio, fell in combat during the battle for Domodossola, in which Cefis had also participated".

In 1969 one of the many battles for control of Montedison was underway. Pisano organizes a group of his small shareholders. According to Scalfari and Turani it works in agreement with Cefis. But the relationship is cracked, judging by the following episode: «In April 1969, twenty days before the sensational assembly of Montedison, Giorgio Pisano went so far as to print in "Candido" an open letter to Eugenio Cefis in which one could read sentences such as the following: "It is not here, however, that we are interested in his past as a young officer during the Second World War and as a partisan leader in Val d'Ossola (by the way, when will he give his precious testimony on what happened on the tragic morning of October 12, at Sasso di Finero, and on the long agony of Alfredo Di Dio)?". [Pisano] insinuated, that is, that the president of Eni knew more about Di Dio's death than he had ever said and, he implied, than he had any interest in saying." E. Scalfari, G. Turani, Master race. History of the state bourgeoisie, Feltrinelli, Milan 1974, pp. 206-207.

The following year (1970) Bellini, who had collaborated with Pisano in organizing the group of small shareholders, returned to the episode in these terms: «On 2 October 1944, at Sasso di Finero, Cefis witnessed the death of Alfredo Di Dio [of whom he was deputy commander, Editor's note] under the blows of German soldiers" (ibidem, p. 86; the 2 is a printing error: the event occurred on 12 October). It seems that something has happened at Sasso di Finero of which Cefis cannot be proud and which is evoked in an ambiguous (Bellini) or threatening (Pisano) way. The evocation brings luck to the latter: from journalist in financial difficulty to senator (Missino).

pag. 721

4 «One of the most famous American journalists, Cyrus Sulzberger, noted in his personal diary, later published, on 21 July 1959: "I had lunch with Alvise Savorgnan di Brazzà.

He has just inherited a large fortune from a rich aunt, so he has left his job with Mattei but remains his consultant. He told me interesting things about Mattei's political operations.

X, a brilliant manager but unpleasant man [...], was Mattei's main 'paymaster'. His job was to buy deputies. He achieved this by offering a

well-paid position in a state agency, a position in which there was nothing to do. X checked that he voted correctly. In essence, L. Bazzoli, R. Renzi, The Mattei miracle. Challenge and utopia of Italian oil in the portrait of an incorruptible corruptor, Rizzoli, Milan 1984. Many believed they could identify Cefis in the mysterious X (see above, pp. 144-145).

pag. 722

"Mattheism"

«Liquidate Agip? I do not even think about that." As soon as he was appointed extraordinary commissioner of Agip, the body for the production, processing and distribution of oil, Mattei sets out his program and reveals himself to the world for what he is: a dangerous killjoy. The new commissioner took office on May 12, 1945, with the rubble of the war still smoking, and his appointment was ratified on June 16 by Charles Poletti, head of the Allied military administration.1 With the blessing of the Americans,2 l The official task given to him by the Italian government is to close Agip, a public company created by fascism that dug three hundred and fifty wells and never found anything, a state industry considered a useless bandwagon. There is a directive from US colonels Henderson and King which imposes the immediate transfer of product distribution from Agip to CIP (Italian Oil Committee), i.e. to an entity in the hands of the Allies.3

But the Agip technicians blurt out to Mattei that the demobilization maneuvers wanted by the Americans go against national interests, because in Caviaga, on the outskirts of Milan, an exploratory methane well, opened and then closed during the war for fear that it might fall in German hands, it is rich in gas and just waiting to be exploited. "Methane? But I'm looking for oil!" Mattei appears disappointed at first, but later has everything about methane explained to him, understands its immense potential, and begins to dig, in open violation of the orders received. In 1946 the Caviaga well fills with bubbles: it is methane that flows at 150 atmospheres and is just waiting to be channeled to serve the industries. Suddenly, Agip regains its share. The Italian government is doing an about-face: it will no longer close.4

The Americans, displeased, intervene immediately: they force the government to remove Mattei from Agip, they manage to close the Caviaga

well and sell the Marghera refinery to a company that has British Petroleum among its partners.5 They don't know, however, that they were up against a tough nut to crack. Mattei becomes furious and turns to Ezio Vanoni, a rising exponent of the DC left, to assert the rights of exploitation by the Italian state. Vanoni talks about the issue with the head of government, Alcide De Gasperi. It deals with. In exchange for Mattei's help in the electoral campaign (the DC won the elections with 48 percent, against 31 percent for the Popular Front), on 10 June 1948 De Gasperi had a new Agip board of directors elected: Mattei boldly returned in the saddle, with the ranks of vice president.6

Excavations begin again in the wells of the Po Valley. In 1949 Agip drilled a well in Cortemaggiore and found methane flowing wetly: it was finally the Italian oil dreamed of by Mattei.

In reality, it will be a very small trend.7 But the discovery is being hyped by the newspapers as a radical turning point towards economic well-being.

And so the Italy of the boom discovered its black gold. And Mattei becomes his prophet. The country, destroyed by war, deludes itself that it has found a source of redemption, a hope of redemption. The De Gasperi government receives an important injection of popular confidence from the discovery and Mattei comes

"reimbursed" with an ad hoc law that greatly disappoints US expectations: the Italian state reserves for itself the concessions for research in Lombardy and northern Italy, granting its US rivals concessions that are little appreciated in other regions.8 Agip obtains the exclusive for explorations in the Po Valley. Around this exclusive, another fierce conflict explodes with the United States which, under the excuse of the free oil market, intends to exploit Italian resources as they please. But the Americans, this time, lose the battle.

Po Valley oil, ready to become the «Supercortemaggiore, the powerful Italian petrol», appeals to the right-wing electorate (and its nationalistic nostalgia) as well as to the left-wing one (already page 723

aware of the opposition to US interests) and the figure of Mattei begins to swirl on the wave of popularity of the first magnitude. And he came up with the idea of creating a super-body to coordinate the country's energy policies. Eni, the National Hydrocarbons Agency, was founded in 1953.

Eni is Mattei, and Mattei is the soul of Eni.

In the EUR offices, the former worker who has become everyone's "Engineer" manages the non-metaphorical petrol of the Italian engine. The advertising slogan coined by Ettore Scola ("The six-legged dog is the most faithful friend of the man on four wheels") is the commercial for Italy's economic boom. The billions begin to flow into Eni's coffers and, alongside his strokes of genius and magician's tricks, the man with the "six-legged dog" begins his activity as a great almsgiver for the parties. Mattei needs alliances, he needs them desperately, and the parties do not always respond to his needs promptly enough. Therefore he decides to buy men and support. And the invention of the bribe system in Italy, of parallel budgets for the creation of "slush funds".

The radicals, in a white paper published in the 1960s, denounced that «Mattei, in his rise to power, was able to exploit the chaos of the Italian political leadership in the best way».

They say that «its main lever of power was the DC, a party without an ideology other than that of private interest, composed of very different tendencies and men, united only by an alliance for power, to maintain power ». They say that «Mattei supported himself, and therefore financed now one group, now another, often several groups together». And that "he was not satisfied with his party alone, but also gained consensus in other political groupings, having left-wing men and even fascists on his side".

Corruption plays an important part in Mattei's rise to success. But what the radicals define as a confused and populist ideal is a goal for the new president of Eni

«pure»: the state goal of energy liberation. Mattei is convinced that he must ensure Italy has autonomous oil resources to also guarantee its political autonomy. And he doesn't intend to take a step back. He acts like a state

manager and the moral disorder of Italian politics effectively gives him full powers. He buys newspapers and journalists, mayors and local administrators, gets deputies and senators elected, and, according to the popular wisdom of the time, helps support the candidacy of the President of the Republic Giovanni Gronchi.

Engineer Nicola Melodia, an Eni official, recalls having witnessed a phone call with the head of state which reveals how Mattei felt capable of mistreating even the most authoritative of Italian politicians. To Gronchi, who advocates the opportunity to have an operator from the port of Livorno with a bad reputation in local circles work as a freight forwarder, one day Mattei answers the phone in a rage: «President, I have to tell you something, you broke my idiots...".9 Mattei himself candidly admits more than once that he has financed Italian politics:

«For me, parties are like taxis. I get on, pay for the fare and get off."

Thanks to slush funds, Mattei had Parliament approve a law in 1957 which authorized Eni to dispose of concessions in Italy, but above all granted carte blanche for concessions abroad.

It is the attack on the world oil monopoly held by the Seven Sisters. In the same period, Mattei founded a newspaper, «Il Giorno», and two press agencies, opened an impressive series of representative offices abroad, set up a valuable network of informants to whom the Italian secret services offered important forms of collaboration . And he sets out to attack the Third World, rich in oil yet to be extracted.

From this moment on, Italian foreign policy has only one point of reference: Enrico Mattei.

The historian Paolo Cacace states: «His strength expands to the point that it becomes almost impossible for governments in office to take foreign policy initiatives without his consent».10

pag. 724

The president of Eni builds new relations with Iran, initiates relations with Libya, establishes contacts with Egypt, negotiates with the king of Jordan

with a respect never shown by Anglo-Saxon oilmen, enters into relations between Algeria and France, marked from the anti-colonialist war of liberation. With Eni's modern fleet of planes and helicopters, it moves from one point to another in the Mediterranean: it goes to Tunisia, Lebanon, Morocco. And from the Shah of Persia, the young Reza Palhevi, he obtained his first concessions. To convince him, she also offers him the willingness to arrange an "arranged marriage" with the (perhaps unaware) Maria Gabriella of Savoy, daughter of Umberto II, to replace the sterile Soraya who, due to the cruelty of business and Salic law, had been one of the most sincere supporters of Mattei's cause at court.11

After a visit by Mattei to the USSR, the borders of this enormous country were also opened for Eni contracts, which were then signed at the end of 1960. The president of Eni was not even considered a stranger to the birth of OPEC (Organization of the Petroleum Exporting Countries), founded on 14 September 1960, which includes Iran, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Venezuela.12 OPEC is the result of a new awareness of the Third World producing countries of the diktats of the Seven Sisters, no longer considered the masters of oil. And Mattei is among the creators, even if unofficial, of this antagonistic "cartel".

From this moment the annoyance towards him grows exponentially. Too much power, too much money, too many enemies. The generals of the Atlantic Pact keep an eye on him. The American and English services, committed to financing the revolutionary movements in Persia to convince the Shah to sign the concessions for the USA and Great Britain, remain taken aback. Some court dignitaries in favor of the Italian solution and numerous Persian technical officials were assassinated. The world's oil giants realize that Mattei is serious.

And confidential reports on the "Mattei danger" begin to circulate among insiders. One, English, is from the British Foreign Office. It is dated 19 July 1962, and reads: «Matteism is potentially very dangerous for all oil companies operating in the context of free competition. It is no exaggeration to assert that the success of the Matthean policy represents the destruction of the free oil system throughout the world."

The other is American: it was drawn up on 13 June 1961 in Washington by the CIA analysts led by Allen W. Dulles. It's a top secret report. The 007s send it to the White House, the National Security Council, the State Department, the FBI, the Pentagon and the Atomic Energy Commission. It states that «Mattei's enormous influence in internal politics, the need for low-cost oil for Italian industry, and the prestige resulting from the presence of the Eni logo in some underdeveloped areas, lead us to predict that the government will do little to significantly reduce Mattei's activities."

And Cefis? He is one step behind his president. And he carefully follows the evolution of the situation. He accumulates influence and power, and above all he does not stop cultivating his American friendships. Nor the obsession with secrecy. Few in Italy can say they have ever seen his face. Almost no one can say exactly who he is and what he does.

In 1953, for the first time, he took on a political position: he was a member of the Milanese board of directors of the DC, he met Fanfani, and built a solid and lasting alliance with him.13 If Mattei is the public image of Eni's politics, Cefis is the obscure but very powerful helmsman of internal cabotage.

But relations between the two are not idyllic. Cefis, pro-American, obviously does not share Mattei's political strategy which has led Italy into a no-holds-barred economic war with the Seven Sisters. Mattei, for his part, does not tolerate Cefis conducting private business using the Oil Authority, as he did by acquiring co-interests in the Rasiom and Esso refineries, which pag. 725

at the time they supplied the Mediterranean NATO and the Sixth Fleet; an acquisition in clear conflict of interests, given that the Americans and NATO were in that period potential "clients" of Eni, which would have liked to snatch them away from the competition.14 At the beginning of the 1960s, according to a confidential note from Ucigos drawn up in January 1971, Mattei discovers that Cefis is a double agent and is connected to the American secret services.15 And that's not all.

When Mattei's Eni begins to accumulate debts, up to eight hundred billion lire, and all the liberal economists unleash ferocious controversies against

it,16 the Dorothean current of the DC already begins to see Cefis as a possible future interlocutor.17 There is essentially a creeping, underground war between the president and his right-hand man.

note:

1 N. Perrone, Mattei, the Italian enemy, Leonardo, Milan 1989, p. 22.

2 E Barca (ed.), History of Italian capitalism from the post-war period to today, Donzelli, Milan 1997, p. 206.

3 L. Pietra, Mattei, the black sheep, SugarCo, Milan 1988.

4 «From this moment [...] Agip is running at full capacity and Mattei can already glimpse the future large profits that he will be able to obtain from the sale of methane. Once the activism of the new leader became known, however, not very veiled pressure from US companies quickly reached the government, accompanied by alleged espionage dossiers which insinuated the suspicion that Mattei was animated by social-communist sympathies which had perhaps matured, it was claimed, during the Resistance; therefore take 360 degree action to ensure that the "dangerous destabilizer" is removed. The government, opening up to these pressures, demoted Mattei to board member and let the Americans reshuffle the concession programs as they pleased, allowing them free use of the technical studies carried out by Agip which had carried them out in the 1920s at one's own cost (or rather, at the cost of the State)." By M.G. Mazzocchi, Enrico Mattei. The oil corsair, in www.storiain.net, 63, January 2002.

5 «Americans gain access to all of Agip's research assets and view them with great interest. The Caviaga well is closed and the Marghera refinery is sold to a company owned by British Petroleum. Edison is preparing a plan to transform Agip into a company owned one third by Edison itself, one third by Agip and one third by the Metano company, in turn owned by Ras and Edison.» Ibid.

6 «More and more convinced that political independence leads to economic independence, more and more certain that the exploitation of a country's deposits is the responsibility of the State and only the State for the benefit of

the entire population, he remains shocked by these projects and appeals to Ezio Vanoni, an enlightened rising exponent of the Christian Democratic left. He in turn addressed the head of government directly, Alcide De Gasperi. In exchange for Mattei's help in the upcoming elections [...], De Gasperi had a new Agip board of directors elected on 10 June 1948: Mattei was vice-president, his friend Boldrini was president. » Ibid.

7 Giorgio Bocca says that on 13 June 1949 the «Corriere diformazione» published a nine-column headline: Vast oil deposits discovered in the Po Valley. «It is not true - writes Bocca - only a bubble was found in Cortemaggiore which will run out in a few weeks, but it is oil that comes out of a well in the Italian countryside, the black gold that we have always envied others, page. 726

which we were unable to find even when we had it under our feet in Libya, where Ardito Desio had discovered it while searching for water.»

8 N. Perrone, Il disssto programmato, Dedalo, Bari 1991, p. 52.

9 «On another occasion, during the period in which I was CEO of Stanic (from 1st

July 1954 to 1 July 1958), I received, early in the morning, at the company's headquarters in Rome, a direct phone call from President Gronchi, whom I had never met, in which he encouraged me to have the opportunity to work as a freight forwarder. an operator from the port of Livorno who, to my knowledge, did not have a good reputation in local circles. Even though I was embarrassed by the unexpected phone call, I was ready to respond, shielding myself from President Mattei and saying that I should have informed my president beforehand. Which I did. Mattei immediately summoned me to his office in Via del Tritone, from where he called President Gronchi. I then witnessed the phone call which at a certain point was abruptly interrupted by Mattei, who, upset and red in the face, said verbatim: "President, I have to tell you something, you pissed me off...". Once this sentence was finished, Mattei hung up the receiver.» From the report of engineer Nicola Melodia to prosecutor Calia of 27 September 1995.

10 P. Cacace, Twenty years of Italian foreign policy (1943-1963), Bonacci, Rome 1986.

11 N. Perrone, Mattei, the Italian enemy, op. cit., p. 79.

12 «In a certain sense Mattei cannot be considered extraneous to a political and economic event of great importance: the birth, on 14 September 1960, of OPEC, which includes Iran, Saudi Arabia, Iraq, Kuwait and Venezuela. In fact, OPEC is proof of a new awareness of their role on the part of the producing countries, and Mattei played a fundamental role by demonstrating to them that the diktats of the Seven Sisters were not irrefutable. The Metanopoli schools now host students from all the countries with which Eni has relations, and Mattei knows that this investment will bear fruit in the years to come, when his former students will have achieved pre-eminent positions in their countries.» M.G. Mazzocchi, op. cit.

13 «[...] Cefis is part of the Christian Democrats by which on 15 February 1952 he was appointed member of the executive council of the provincial committee of the party [...].» From a note from the Milan police headquarters dated 7 June 1954.

14 «In reality Mattei did not tolerate that Cefis had a joint interest in Rasiom and Esso refineries, which supplied the Mediterranean NATO and the Sixth Fleet, at a time when he was fighting for Eni to become a supplier of both. There had been other incidents: a very serious one concerned a case of favoritism towards the Lenci company, endorsed by Cefis for strictly personal reasons. CIA agent." From the notes of Pietro Zullino, journalist of «Epoca», delivered on 23 February 1996 to prosecutor Calia.

15 «Based on what was reported by confidential sources, the following has been learned: Italo Mattei [...]

would have proof that the removal of Cefis from Eni, a few months before the Bascapé air disaster, was not a spontaneous gesture, but was imposed by the late Enrico Mattei as he would have discovered that Cefis was playing a double game and was connected with the American secret services.

[...]» From a confidential Ucigos note dated 2 January 1971.

16 «In October 1962 the institution's debt exposure (mortgages, bonds, debts to banks) amounted to approximately 657 billion. At the end of 1964, after 26 months of "reorganization" and

"restructuring", Eni's debt position had risen to 905 billion. A net increase, therefore, of 248 billion. It is true that in the meantime the Group's technical fixed assets had increased by a corresponding figure, but the fact remains that not even the management pag. 727

"anti-adventurist" by Eugenio Cefis had succeeded in the "miracle" of reducing, proportionally, Eni's debt position.» E Bellini, A. Previdi, The assassination of Enrico Mattei, Selene, Milan 2005.

17 «Also sharing [the controversy, Editor's note] was the Dorotean current which already saw Cefis as a possible interlocutor (the friendship between Eugenio Cefis and the leader of the Dorotei Mariano Rumor dates back to then).» In «Panorama» of 18 April 1974.

pag. 728

The trap

Eni Palace, Rome. January 1962.

Enrico Mattei is alone at his desk. It's almost 6pm, the offices are about to close.

Not for him.

For him it is the moment of truth.

Knocking at the door.

«Avanti.»

"Engineer? Here I am."

A man enters softly.

"Sit down."

The man sits down. From his attitude, deferential but decisive, it is clear that he is a trusted collaborator.

"You understood well?"

The man nods. “But how could this happen?”

“That's what I intend to find out.”

"It's incredible!"

"Yes. But it happened."

“No one but you has that key.”

«And yet, my dear, someone has opened the safe. My safe.»

The man nods again.

«Let's recap - says Mattei - the plan is simple: I officially leave in half an hour. The staff, the managers, everyone must know that I am absent until Monday."

"Agree."

"Everything is clear?"

The man gets up. "Then I go."

The interview is over.

The president remains motionless, with his chin resting on his hands, listening to the sounds of the employees leaving, hurriedly, cheerfully, ready for the weekend's entertainment: the chairs dragged onto the page. 729

floor, doors slamming, voices greeting each other, the elevator motor working at a frenetic pace. Mattei waits, waits to be alone in the immense floor of the building.

When he seems to no longer hear any noise, the president leaves his room, walks a few meters along the corridor and enters his private living room, the safe room. The room is small, muffled. On the wall next to the sofa there is a door. Mattei slips into that dressing room, which is dark and windowless, and closes the door, leaving only a tiny crack. Now it is invisible from the living room. But he can control the room, which is all included in his visual space.

In the darkness Mattei remains motionless like a vibrant cat aiming for prey. And willing to wait for the whole day, for the night and even for the next day if necessary. He does not fear tiredness, not even boredom or hunger or thirst. He was a partisan, his stakeouts were his bread and butter. It hasn't been that long since then. Something tells him, however, that the wait won't be long.

And in fact it is like this. Not even an hour later, the door opens. In the closet Mattei opens his eyes wide. And what he sees immediately afterwards makes him smile in the dim light. Eugenio Cefis walks confidently towards the safe, takes out a key, opens it, reaches in and grabs a pack of documents.

Then, not at all suspicious of being spied on, he sits comfortably on the sofa, begins to leaf through the papers and read.

Mattei feels his heart beating faster in his chest. Without bothering to be quiet, he opens the door of the closet, takes three steps and is standing in front of Cefis, his deputy, who is now looking at him with his mouth open.

He tells him dryly: «You only have one option: resignation. If you don't resign within twenty-four hours, I'll throw you out."

Eugenio Cefis, general director of Eni, resigns from the organization a few hours later. To journalists who ask him in amazement about the reasons for that sudden exit, he explains laconically: "I don't agree with the financial management of the institution." And the same explanation that he will always repeat, over the years, to all those who ask him to reveal the mystery of those resignations. But everyone in the EUR building knows very well that Cefis would never have left his place if he had not been forced.1

One thing is clear to everyone: there is now an open conflict between him and Mattei. It's a war between titans. Mattei is the president, the "black privateer" of oil. But Cefis is a gray eminence. No one can believe that he will take the blow without reacting. Mattei knows that he has to stay alert, that sooner or later his former right-hand man, and now dark adversary, will get his answer to him.

And with interest.2

1 «On 1 January 1962 Eugenio Cefis left the Italian oil company. Different opinions have been expressed on this resignation. [...] However [...] it was not possible to ascertain - in the absence of unequivocal sources and documentary evidence - what the real reason for that sudden separation was.

Cefis himself, interviewed for Eni's "Interview Fund", did not dispel the doubts in this regard, providing evasive and generic reasons, as well as contradicted by his return to the organization immediately after Mattei's death, when nothing had changed in the conditions policies of the country." From the report of the Pavia prosecutor Vincenzo Calia.

2 This chapter reconstructs in a fictional way the background to Cefis' resignation narrated to the prosecutor Calia by Angelo Mattei, Enrico's nephew, in the report of 25 January 1995: «The first thing is an episode that concerns the real reason that induced my uncle to chase Cephis away. My uncle had noticed that someone was putting their hands in his personal safe which had a painting behind it on a page. 730

room at your exclusive disposal at Eni in Rome. Mattei then turned to one of his closest collaborators - I don't think it's Vincenzo Gandolfi, who was his secretary - telling him to spread the word that he was leaving and would be absent for two or three days. Instead of leaving, he hid in a small room communicating with the room where the safe was. After a few minutes Cefis entered and my uncle caught him with his hands in the safe, from where he had taken and was reading some documents concerning financing of political parties or figures. At that point my uncle presented Cefis with the alternative of resigning or being kicked out: Cefis preferred to resign, officially motivating it - still today - with the fact that he did not share Eni's economic policy".

The threats

Surprised in Mattei's private living room, intent on reading the president's secret papers after having broken into his safe, Eugenio Cefis is forced to say goodbye to Eni. From this moment, by a singular coincidence, a period of fear begins in Mattei's life. The "corsair" finds himself living the following months immersed in a climate of paranoia.

Right on time, the first threats arrive. Letters that define Mattei as a "subversive" and which bear the signature of the Oas. And the Organization de l'armée secrète, the clandestine terrorist group which in those years (March 1961-June 1962) fought for the maintenance of the French colonial presence in Algeria and which in one year managed to kill 2,700 people. Between 1961 and 1962 the terrorists wrote a series of threatening letters to Mattei, warning him that they had learned that he was carrying out "anti-French activities in the East and North Africa in relation to the oil question". The OAS does not tolerate Mattei's oil policy in Algeria because it indirectly supports the National Liberation Front. And he makes the threats. With unusual, at times even ironic, language, the terrorists remind the president of Eni of the means used by their organization

"to suppress the troublemakers with plastic attacks", and they say they are pleased to let Mattei know the decisions that concern him and "which were taken in a secret meeting in Paris".

"Decisions" that sound like a death sentence. Mattei is impressed, scared, worried, to the point that he makes no bones about any of these threats. The American espionage services are connected to the OAS, through the deputy director of the CIA Richard Bissell Junior.1 The OAS is also in close contact with Italian neo-fascist groups.2

Mattei's fear, however, meets indifference, derision, skepticism. In Italy, a violent press campaign began against him accusing him "of having threatened himself" to gain support, sympathy and favours. Gaetano Baldacci, in issue 32 of the magazine «Abc», claims that no one has ever threatened Mattei's life; that the president of Eni has always relied, in

difficult moments, like Mussolini, on the mobilization of the "national spirit" to support "his own dictatorship, corruption, bad government, which instead would have required him to be brought before a high court of justice". The attempt, according to the author, «is painful, but it also shows what a clown we are dealing with [...]. And now, let's wait for the false attack."

Even Mario Tedeschi, director of «Il Borghese», doubts the authenticity of the threatening letters.

In the article Blood and Oil, Tedeschi lists his doubts originating from the incorrect name of the organization and the presence of numerous "falsations of the original French text". But it's not just a journalistic campaign. Doubts about the authenticity of the OAS threats also come from the heart of the security services, that is, from within the Sifar (Armed Forces Information Service). Major Mario De Forgellinis believes, in fact, "that the letters were written by Mattei himself".

It is the identical script that will be used almost thirty years later with the Palermo judge Giovanni Falcone, victim in 1989 of an attempted attack on the Addaura cliff which failed by chance, and ended up at the center of accusations and poisons: «That bomb he put it on himself."

Mattei, meanwhile, continued to receive death messages in the following months. A few days after the first, he follows a second threatening letter from the OAS, from Oran, in northwestern Algeria, and then a third from Brussels. In subsequent letters the signature disappears, but the increasingly insistent threats remain. Bent over from stress and fear, the president of Eni also confides his fears in his family, to his wife Greta Paulas and his brother Italo. His wife reveals that, for about five or six months straight, Mattei receives threatening letters, "all anonymous and typed, and all with almost identical content": he has to abandon his business page. 732

or he will be killed.

No institutional apparatus is mobilized to protect the president of Eni. The security measures adopted are all private. And Mattei himself strengthened his escort, calling alongside him Rino Pachetti, the Eni security officer, also a former partisan from Val d'Ossola. Pachetti kept a diary in those days, in

which he meticulously noted the reactions, fears and suspicions generated in Mattei by the threats attributed to the OAS. Even from the pages of the bodyguard the incredible indifference of the government and the secret services emerges.3

The climate becomes more and more difficult, but the Sifar, instead of investigating towards the Oas and its Italian ramifications, hinders the work of Mattei's men. In a note from the security service we read that Toni Colantuoni, appointed by Mattei to acquire information on the Oas, complains of being hindered by counter-espionage and that a senior officer of the service has energetically invited him not to deal with the matter any longer.

A few days after Cefis' resignation from Eni, at 4.20pm on 6 January 1962, at the Urbe airport in Rome, when the Snam I-Snap, the plane on which Mattei flies, was turned on, the left reactor ejects a screwdriver. At that moment, Marino Loretti and Luigi Balletti were around the plane. Loretti is the engineer of the Morane Saulnier and a friend of Irnerio Bertuzzi, Enrico Mattei's personal driver. It was Bertuzzi himself who hired Loretti at Snam. Both come from the Air Force and fought together during World War II and in the Social Republic. The bond between the two is so deep that they named their children after each other. Bertuzzi's daughter is called Marina and Loretti's son, Irnerio.

Entrusted to Sifar, the investigations were conducted by the leaders: the then Colonel Giovanni Allavena and Major De Forgellinis.

I

suspicions are directed, alternately, at Loretti and the pilot Luigi Balletti: while the former could have left the screwdriver out of negligence, the latter could have acted intentionally, so that the former was accused of negligence. Sifar suggests expelling both: Balletti is sent to Argentina, Loretti to Morocco on forced holidays. But when his holidays expired, the latter was forced to stay in Africa. Bertuzzi thus loses his trusted engineer, I-Snap, a faithful and scrupulous technician. And Mattei? What do you think of the screwdriver episode? He is alarmed, deems it "relevant" and, once again, obscure.

Il

Eni manager Manlio Magini says that Mattei is convinced that "if the perpetrators of the episode and the threats had wanted to be arrested, it could have been done in twenty-four hours". For Magini, the president alludes to the Ministry of the Interior and from the tenor of his words it is clear that "he was mentioning some important person who he believed was responsible for the failed attack and the threats".4

note:

1 In «Il Cannocchiale», 146, 10 July 2007.

2 «[...] The "leaders" of the people involved in the OAS activities in Italy are the Hon. Pino Romualdi and Filippo Anfuso, both from the MSI. Among these, the Hon. Anfuso maintains relations with the foreign headquarters of the OAS, while the Hon. Romualdi takes care of the Italian relations of the "ultras" organization.

[...] To the group of Italian extremists implicated in the activity of the OAS, through the Hon. Romualdi is guaranteed "constant support" in the Vatican and, if necessary, also "necessary hospitality" in the case pag. 733

someone needed to escape Italian justice.» From a note from Sid dated 13 October 1961.

3 «[..] and hugging me [Mattei, Editor's note] says to me: Rino, if they think they're scaring me, they're very wrong. I'll stay in my place and where I can I'll make them eat so many toads that they'll remember it for as long as they live. With you close I feel safe; if the worst happens, they will have to say that they have found on their path a man determined to resolutely oppose every form of intimidation. We talk a lot about this topic while walking in the enclosure by the lake. He has no desire to fish and often asks me: "Tell me Rino: why doesn't the Government intervene officially! I don't want to be the one to ask it, but why don't they think about it themselves? But they are truly reckless; they want to send us back into the hands of the fascists as it was in the votes and intentions of Pella and Tambroni". Especially with Tambroni, he is deeply disappointed because in every lead we discover, we

systematically find this guy's hand." From Rino Pachetti's diary, 14 August 1961.

4 «Mattei himself joined us in the clinic, to whom Di Stefano asked the meaning of the episode with the screwdriver and his assessment of the threats that were repeatedly made to him. Mattei said that "it was difficult to answer such questions, but that if the authors of the episode and the threats had wanted to be arrested it could have been done in twenty-four hours". I seem to remember that Mattei alluded to the Ministry of the Interior and, in any case, from the tenor of his words it was clear that he was mentioning some important person who he believed was responsible for the failed attack and the threats. I also remember that Mattei considered the screwdriver episode relevant.» From the report of Manlio Magini to the prosecutor Calia of 22 February 1995.

pag. 734

First trip to Sicily

Thursday 18 October 1962.

Nine days left until the Bascapé plane crash. The president is sitting on the plane that is taking him from Ciampino to Gela. At the controls is pilot Irnerio Bertuzzi. Next to him is Sam Waagenaar, journalist from the «Saturday Evening Post», who follows the president to write a report.

During the flight, the American interviews him: "Why are you going to Sicily?".

«Because there are more important things there than in Rome.»

«What is in Sicily?»

“People who want a factory.”

"It's in Rome?"

«Ministers who chat, chat and chat. They want me present at one of their council meetings. But I, Enrico Mattei, don't like small talk."

The plane lands in Gela a few minutes late. From the moment he sets foot in Sicily, until he gets back on board to leave Palermo the next day, Mattei only stays still for a few hours.

The night ones. The tour is exhausting. We begin with a visit to the petrochemical complex plants. Gela's industrial dream has ignited great appetites and great hopes in Sicily.

Mattei promises development, work, well-being.

It all started with the discovery of an oil field in Gagliano Castelferrato, a tiny village in the province of Enna, right in the center of the island, and alongside the black gold, Eni technicians also manage to extract methane from the Gela wells. In those years, oil ignited the dreams of Sicilian politicians, and not only for its extraction potential: there were even those who thought - and proposed to Mattei - to build a methane pipeline that would bring gas from Algeria, a large producing country, to Italy. and in Europe, passing through the island. But it is not only politicians who look to Mattei as a "savior of the country". There are also the Sicilians, caught between poverty, ignorance and unemployment, who have hung their dream of development and well-being on the myth of oil, and therefore on Mattei's promises.

But Sicily is a complicated land. Only four years earlier, in 1958, the island was transformed into an anomalous political laboratory. The DC, in government since the post-war period, was confined to the opposition by a coalition that brought together monarchists, fascists, liberals and republicans with the external support of the PCI and the PSI. A coalition led by Silvio Milazzo (ex DC, later founder of the Sicilian Christian Social Union), supported by the mafia, financed by the tax collectors Nino and Ignazio Salvo, and probably also by Era, thanks to the good relations that Cefis maintains with a powerful lawyer from Palermo, Vito Guarrasi, considered the author of all the economic-financial regulations passed on the island up until then.

But now the scenarios have changed. The Milazzo experience is over and the government has a DC president, Giuseppe D'Angelo, with whom Mattei wants to establish good relations with a view to consolidating Eni's interests

on the island. This is why Mattei goes to Sicily. This is why Mattei in Sicily does not want to appear like a predator, interested only in the exploitation of wells.

pag. 735

In that trip to Sicily, the president of Eni wants to win the trust of his new partners, both politicians and voters.

The travel schedule is hectic. After the visit to the petrochemical plant the group moves to Palermo, where Mattei is expected in a large hotel by some regional deputies and a delegation from the town of Gagliano. The president remains in the meeting for approximately three hours. In the halls of the hotel, Mattei signs a protocol with which he undertakes to build a factory in the village of Enna in exchange for the concession offered by the Sicily Region to Eni for the extraction of oil.

Upon leaving the hotel, Sam asks him: "What did he promise these people from Gagliano, for whom he left a Council of Ministers in Rome?".

“I promised him a shoe factory.”

On the morning of Friday 19 October 1962, the president of Eni, with his entourage, left Palermo for Rome.

Second trip to Sicily

Saturday 20 October 1962, between 11.30pm and midnight. The telephone in room 301, on the third floor of the Hotel Eden in Rome, rings. Enrico Mattei replies: «But who is it at this time?».

At the other end of the line is the manager of Eni's public relations office in Sicily, Graziano Verzotto, Venetian from San Giustino in Colle, secretary of the Sicilian DC and future senator.

Verzotto invites him to return to the island as soon as possible, "urgently", because "the population of Gagliano is nervous, they talk about barricades and want to be reassured by a visit from Mattei".1

But how? There was two days earlier, in Sicily. Why does he have to go back? Verzotto's haste appears completely unjustified. The commitment for the shoe factory, made two days earlier in front of the president of the Region Giuseppe D'Angelo and the mayor Antonio Cuva, has reassured the citizens of Gagliano, who are awaiting, rather than a visit from the president of Eni, the realization of promises.

That phone call seems more like a "pretext"2 to lure Mattei to Sicily. Italo Mattei, Enrico's brother, says that the president appeared very nervous after that call because he "didn't have time to waste in that period". Among other things, the oil agreement to be signed with the Algerian president Ahmed Ben Bella on November 6th and «the decisive battle with the large international oil companies» awaited him.3

A few days later, an even stranger thing happens. A second phone call arrives. Italo Mattei reports that his brother received the second call in front of him «probably coming from Gela». From his answers, Italo Mattei realizes that "an attack was carried out against the equipment of Gela airport, where his personal twin-jet engine, a Morane Saulnier, was supposed to land", the plane that Mattei uses to move quickly around Worldwide. Shocked by the news, the president replies: «I'll come to Gela anyway and by plane. And if they want to kill me, let's go ahead."

Italo Mattei says that at the time he did not understand "the meaning of what was happening". But in hindsight, he says he is convinced that «phone call number one had the task of getting my brother to return to Sicily before the visit to Algiers. Phone call number two was intended to convince him to land at an apparently safer airport, that is, in Catania, on whose runway the attack was instead being organised".4

The two phone calls greatly annoy the president of Eni who, on the eve of the first trip on page. 736

Sicily, has received yet another anonymous, typed letter, in which he is ordered to abandon his business, under penalty of death. A letter no longer attributable to the OAS, and considered by him to be more serious than the other letters. A mysterious letter that he doesn't even want to show to his wife so as not to alarm her.5 Does Mattei know the identity of the person

threatening him? He remembers Greta Paulas having the feeling "that he knew where the letters came from or at least he had suspicions." But this time Mattei doesn't speak, he remains silent even with his wife.

The evening before taking off for Sicily, the president of Eni appears "dejected and worried".

He spends a sleepless night and asks his wife at the last minute, perhaps for comfort, to accompany him. But Greta's father is ill (he will die the following month) and she must look after him. She can't leave with him. Aware of the risk, the most powerful man in Italy comments: "It may well be that I never come back".6

Mattei's last trip to Sicily is a mystery that no one has yet completely reconstructed. The timetable appears, as usual, hectic. The president lands in Gela on Friday 26 October, at 10.20 am. That evening he sleeps at the Agip Motel in Gela. The next morning, by helicopter, he goes to Gagliano; then in the afternoon the return to Milan is scheduled, with take-off from Fontanarossa, in Catania. Few trips, many meetings. And mysteries still unsolved. But over thirty years later, the memories of the witnesses who are still alive are confused and contradictory, other testimonies have proven to be clearly unreliable, even from the planes' travel sheets it has not been possible to fully reconstruct the Sicilian route of the aircraft.7 disappearance of traces at the airport is not of little importance, because it makes it almost impossible to reconstruct the last movements of the president of Eni. Also because Mattei, as often happens to him in recent times, arrived in Sicily with two Morane planes. Twins. One of which is a "ghost".8

And his "secret", his life-saving stratagem shared with a very trustworthy few. Even Raffaele Girotti, Cefis man and CEO of Snam, owner of the planes, is unaware of the existence of the second Morane. At least that's what he claims.9 Why two planes? Because if there are two on the runway, it is much more difficult to know which one the president of Eni will get on, who always decides at the last moment which aircraft to travel on. An indispensable piece of information for the attackers, kept only by the pilot, Irnerio Bertuzzi, linked to Mattei by the same, identical fate.

But Bertuzzi, in those days, was hatching a secret project. An extremely skilled fighter pilot for the Republic of Salò during the war, busy shooting down allied motor torpedo boats, Bertuzzi is tired of being an employee, even a luxury one, for Eni. And he wants to start his own business. For him, the Sicilian trip could be the penultimate trip with an Eni plane. He scheduled the last one for the 28th

October: departure from Rome, destination Atlanta, Georgia, in the United States, to take over, together with the other pilot, Francesco Bignardi, a Jet Star of the organization and take it to Italy. Immediately afterwards Bertuzzi intends to resign from Eni and begin a new managerial adventure at the helm of a Sicilian airline, Alis, started by the president of the Catania Chamber of Commerce, Gualtiero Nicotra, cousin-in-law of Graziano Verzotto, in partnership with Banco of Sicily.

During that trip to Sicily, Mattei's pilot can't wait to wear the manager's shoes. Verzotto tells it, accompanying Bertuzzi on the night flight from Gela to Catania on 26 October. The pilot, in fact, takes Mattei's plane to Fontanarossa, an airport considered safer for the aircraft to stay overnight, while the president remains in Gela that evening. Verzotto says: «At that moment the new job prospect occupied Bertuzzi's mind, and he was certainly enthusiastic about this novelty». The head of Eni public relations on the island even adds:

«The need to meet my wife's cousin, Gualtiero Nicotra, president and promoter of Alis, was perhaps the reason that had led him to accompany - albeit reluctantly - Mattei pag. 737

to Sicily for that last trip." Bertuzzi is so involved in the project of his new job that he meets Nicotra on the evening of his arrival in Catania.

«That same evening, as soon as he arrived in Catania, Bertuzzi met with Gualtiero Nicotra»

says Verzotto. «I think I went to dinner with them, even though I didn't eat because I had already had dinner in Gela. After dinner, Nicotra and I accompanied Bertuzzi to the Excelsior Hotel for the night. Gualtiero Nicotra, who is no longer alive today, later told me that he also met Bertuzzi the

following morning. The meeting had lasted a long time and had taken place at the Alis headquarters or in the airport premises. It was my cousin himself who told me about the subsequent updates to Bertuzzi's flight plan, always with the final destination being Milan.» Verzotto, however, remembers badly: the next morning he is also at Fontanarossa with Bertuzzi.

This was discovered by the journalist Mauro De Mauro, his great friend, kidnapped and killed eight years after the Bascapé tragedy, who noted it in his notes. But Verzotto initially continues to deny: «I exclude having accompanied Bertuzzi from the hotel to the airport, even if this appears from De Mauro's notes. That morning I went to Syracuse for a political meeting in view of the municipal elections. The commitment was for the early afternoon, but I needed time to prepare».10 Yet that morning Verzotto still found himself in Fontanarossa hot on the heels of Mattei's driver. The refueling officer Mario Adduci also saw it late in the morning, around eleven o'clock, and reported it to the magistrate years later." After the new testimony, the head of Eni public relations in Sicily suddenly regains his memory: « Looking back, it seems to me that I actually accompanied Bertuzzi and my cousin Nicotra to Fontanarossa on the morning of the 27th.

October 1962. But then I left quickly due to commitments I had in Syracuse."

Not so quickly, however, given that Adduci sees him at eleven again with Bertuzzi in Fontanarossa. But why did Verzotto stay until that hour at Catania airport? Why does he continue to tail Bertuzzi, instead of going to Syracuse for his meeting, a commitment so important that he even snubbed the company of the president of Eni that morning in Gagliano? What's so important about Bertuzzi? Why do Verzotto and Nicotra continue to talk to him about their plans as future managers?

That the thought of Alis occupied the pilot's mind is also confirmed by his widow, Lina Poli, who spoke with her husband on the afternoon of his departure from Catania for Milan. The woman reports that Bertuzzi had spoken «at length, over the course of several phone calls, with Giovanni Sajeva, who then lived in Rome in Corso Trieste and who was the director of Transavia. The phone calls concerned the establishment of the new Sicilian airline, in which Sajeva was also interested." Lina Poli says: «My husband

had also telephoned Sajeva from Catania airport, while he was waiting for Mattei on the afternoon of 27 October 1962. Sajeva himself told me this after Irnerio's death».

But Bertuzzi's future as manager is an illusory future, the Sicilian company is a bandwagon with feet of clay. Alis Aviolinee Siciliane was established between 1958 and 1959 to manage the Palermo-Catania regional route, but did not obtain the concession from Civilavia for the flights which Alitalia did not give up. The company buys two De Havilland planes and simply trains the pilots, and is financed at a loss by the banks despite its inactivity. In 1961 Alis went into liquidation. In 1970, without ever having operated, it closed its doors.12 How could Bertuzzi, in 1962, believe that he would become the general director of a company in liquidation? Why did they deceive him? And for what purpose?

note:

1 From the report of Graziano Verzotto to the prosecutor Calia of 8 November 1995.

2 It is the term used by prosecutor Calia in his report on the Mattei investigation.

3 «[My brother, Editor's note] had been in Sicily just six days earlier, on 18 October 1962. In Palermo he had worked to have a factory built in Cagliano for four hundred workers and even a professional school. The commitment was made in front of the mayor, engineer Cuva, and the Honorable D'Angelo, new president of the Region. Returning to Rome on October 20, Mattei was reached by a phone call between 11.30 pm and midnight. It was his collaborator Graziano Verzotto who called him and suggested the need to urgently return to Sicily because the population of Gagliano was nervous, talking about barricades and wanted to be reassured by a visit from Mattei. My brother also became nervous. He really had no time to waste at that time. Among other things, Algeria was waiting for him, the oil agreement to be signed with Ben Bella on November 6, the decisive battle with the big

international oil companies.» Statements by Italo Mattei taken from the book by R. De Sanctis Delitto al Power, Samonà e Savelli, Rome 1972.

4 «On October 25th, then, I was in Enrico's office in Eur. My brother received a second phone call which I believe came from Gela. From Enrico's answers I realized that an attack had been carried out against the equipment at Gela airport, where his personal twin-jet engine, a Morane Saulnier, was supposed to land. The plane my brother used to travel quickly around the world. Enrico, shocked by the news, but also frankly irritated, replied:

"I'll come to Gela anyway and by plane. And if they want to kill me, go ahead." I didn't understand the meaning of what was happening then. Call number one was to get my brother back to Sicily before the visit to Algiers. Phone call number two was intended to convince him to land at an apparently "safer" airport, i.e. in Catania, on whose runway the attack was instead being organised.» Ibid.

5 From the report of Greta Paulas dated 18 December 1964.

6 Ibidem.

7 From the report by prosecutor Calia on the disappearance of documents from airports.

8 «As regards the presence of the two Ms-760s in the aircraft fleet [of Snam, Editor's note], twenty-eight out of thirty-two witnesses confirm this presence, which is also documented by the files acquired from the Italian aeronautical register (Rai), by the photographs of the I- Snai and I-Snap, and from the register of the Ciampino hangar kept by Francesco Drago.» From the report by prosecutor Vincenzo Calia.

9 «I am absolutely certain that Snam has not owned more than one Morane Saulnier. I pointed out to her that I was the CEO of Snam's aircraft group, so I couldn't ignore which planes were owned by the company.» From Raffaele Giretti's report to prosecutor Calia of 22 June 1995.

10 From an investigation ordered by the Court of Assizes of Palermo in the trial for the disappearance of the journalist Mauro De Mauro, no electoral

consultation appears to have taken place in Syracuse until December of that 1962.

11 «Mario Adduci, manager of the Esso Avio station at Fontanarossa airport in Catania, declares: "Bertuzzi arrived at the airport around 11 in the morning. It seems to me that he was accompanied by Senator Graziano Verzotto".» From the investigation by Enzo Magri, Nerio Minuzzo, Sandro Ottolenghi, Duilio Pallottelli, Angelo Pinasi and Enrico Giuffredi published in «L'Europeo» on 9

November 1970.

pag. 739

12 «The Alis company was established to carry out a regional service, I believe between 1958 and 1959. As far as I know, the company only had financial problems which prevented the start of the activity. I don't think there were any other problems that could have led to the liquidation of Alis." From the report of Antonio D'Ali Staiti, former president of the Trapani Chamber of Commerce to the prosecutor Calia of 13 December 1995.

«The Alis company never started actual activity, but limited itself to the training of several pilots who were then supposed to fly the Palermo-Catania line for the transport of passengers.»

From the report of Carlo Imperiale, Alis worker.

«Alis was put into liquidation in 1961. [...] A.D.R. I don't know that Commander Bertuzzi, pilot of Eng. Mattei, should become part of the Alis company. I think this is unlikely because the company was already in liquidation and I am not aware that there were any rescue attempts. I don't know that the Alis company didn't start business due to financial problems, on the contrary, the banks continued to put money every year even at a loss and even with the company inactive.» From the minutes of Franco Rizzatolli, administrative officer of Alis.

pag. 740

Countdown

And now let's zoom in further: let's carefully look at all the movements, minute by minute, of the protagonists of this Sicilian trip that will lead Mattei to his death. These are details which, almost half a century later, allow us to observe the crime scene and its actors in a new light.

With his future as an air manager in mind, at the controls of the Morane Saulnier 760 I-Snap, Irnerio Bertuzzi took off from the Rome Ciampino runway at 9.30 on 26 October 1962. On board, together with Mattei, sat William McHale, a journalist American of «Time» and «Life», and, perhaps, the engineer Angelo Fornara,1 general director of Anic (the national fuel hydrogenation company) of Gela, a company of the group. The Eni twin-jet engine lands on the military runway of Ponte Olivo, in the countryside of Gela, at 10.20. The police on duty and Anic officials welcomed him. On the same runway, at 10.55 another Eni plane lands, the De Havilland Dove, acronym I-Anic, piloted by Sigfrido Matteuzzi, with on board the engineer Raffaele Grisl, the official of the Eni public relations office Clemente Brigante Colonna , Carlo Zammatti, director of Eni, Artaserse Schiavo and Dino Dinelli, respectively secretary and member of the Board of Directors of Anic.

In Gela, at 10.40 that morning, the Sicilian journey was tinged with "yellow" for the first time. The president of Eni disappears for three and a half hours. Nobody knows where he is. Or, rather, no one remembers it with certainty. The carabinieri on duty on the Ponte Olivo track recall that Mattei did

«went away by car towards Gela», the director of the Agip Motel recalls Mattei's arrival «in the early afternoon» and Paolo Iocolano, Verzotto's deputy, declares instead that the Eni president landed on the runway only at 2.30.2

In Sicily, meanwhile, the second Morane Saulnier suddenly appears, acronym I-Snai, the

"twin" that the CEO of Snam, owner of the fleet, has never heard of. He is hospitalized in a hangar in Boccadifalco, the military airport of Palermo, under surveillance by the carabinieri.3 Pay attention to the movements of the two aircraft whose passengers are not always known and, in the case of the I-Snai, not even the pilot.

Driven by Bertuzzi, the I-Snap that morning (26 October), as soon as it landed in Sicily, took off again from the Gela runway headed for Palermo Punta Raisi: it landed here at 11.10, took on 620 liters of fuel and set off again for Boccadifalco, where it arrives, still under Bertuzzi's command, with two unknown passengers at 11.55. The pilot leaves at 4.24pm with the I-Snap from Boccadifalco to Ponte Olivo (Gela), carrying the president of the Sicily Region Giuseppe D'Angelo, his deputy Salvatore Corallo and the head of Eni's public relations office in Sicily Graziano Verzotto, all called together by president Mattei, who reappears in Gela, where at 3.30 pm he chairs the board of directors in the Anic S.p.A. plant.

Once the session is over, Mattei, the managers and the authorities visit the petrochemical plant and the residential village, the flagship of Eni's presence in Sicily. There are, among others, in addition to Clemente Brigante Colonna and Paolo Iocolano, D'Angelo, Verzotto himself and Corallo, who in the meantime arrived from Palermo with Bertuzzi. In the evening at the table, at the Agip Motel in Gela, Mattei is lying down, talking about his role in foreign policy, complaining about the government's shortcomings and saying he will make up for it by speaking directly with the governments and independence movements of the Arab countries for oil deals . The dinner ends with the traditional nougat and Mattei begs the restaurant manager, Emanuele Cavallini, to keep the remaining one in a package to donate to McHale.

pag. 741

Then, before midnight, everyone is in bed at the Agip Motel. Except Verzotto, who asks and obtains permission from Mattei to accompany Bertuzzi on a night flight from Gela to Catania, where the future senator lives with his wife. He thus takes advantage of a flight after having asked the president to be exempted from the next day's visit to Gagliano Castelferrato: in addition to holding the position of head of Eni's public relations office in Sicily, Verzotto is also regional and provincial secretary (of Syracuse) of the DC and for the following day he says he has organized a political meeting in the Aretusea city. To the spotlight of Gagliano alongside Mattei, Verzotto prefers political commitment: the reasons, however, are not clear.'4

Mindful of the phone call received from Mattei on 25 October, which advised him against landing at Gela, considered an unsafe runway, Bertuzzi took off with Verzotto from Ponte Olivo at around 11pm on the 26th

October to bring the plane to Fontanarossa airport, considered safer for overnight storage.

Verzotto, fresh from dinner at the Agip Motel, thus becomes the last man still alive to fly on the plane that crashed in Bascapé. Landed in Catania, after having parked the Morane Saulnier in the military area headquarters of the anti-Som command, on which two flight groups depend, the 87th and the 88th, the first stationed in Sigonella and the second in Fontanarossa , with its own hangars, the pilot Bertuzzi meets with Nicotra, Verzotto present, who then accompanies him, late at night, to the Hotel Excelsior.5

The next day, Saturday 27 October, is Gagliano's day, the reason why Mattei returned to Sicily after six days. At 7.40, after having had breakfast at the Agip Motel in Gela with a soft-boiled egg and a cup of coffee, the president of Eni boarded the Agip Mineraria helicopter piloted by Pier Paolo Moroni, together with D'Angelo and McHale. takes him first to Enna and then to Gagliano Castelferrato.

In Gagliano the population welcomes Mattei enthusiastically. There is the band, the confetti thrown on the procession, hundreds of flags waving from the balconies. The president is moved and delivers a heartfelt thank you speech, promising to respect his commitments. Mayor Cuva and regional deputy Calogero Lo Giudice also spoke, both happy for that visit

"unexpected". The president of the D'Angelo Region then speaks, and his words sound dramatically prophetic: «[...] This is a man who has half the world against him, he has big interests mobilized against his activity, his company and his political, economic and social commitment, and he must be very careful, he must be very careful, we can all make mistakes and we can fix them: if he makes a mistake once, just once, friends of Gagliano, he is lost forever. That's why I, that's why I can't make him waste time and I can't waste it, dear Enrico, well done, in staying longer than the agreed time, because if he says that he needs to go, it means that he needs to go."

After the visit to Gagliano, Mattei does not leave immediately. The mayor of Nicosia, Salvatore Motta, invites him to lunch in the town. The change in the program is unexpected: Mattei is expected in Milan in the early afternoon, but perhaps, in order not to appear rude to his interlocutors, he accepts. So the Agip helicopter with Mattei and D'Angelo on board lands after a ten minute flight in Nicosia at 1.35pm.

After a trip to the town hall to greet the mayor and citizens, Mattei accepts an invitation to lunch in a farmhouse outside the town, a private club converted into a restaurant owned by Michele Casale. Lunch drags on for over an hour, Mattei appears worried and depressed to the diners.6 After coffee the president walks with the entourage of politicians and authorities through the streets of the town until 3-55 pm, when he embarks with D'Angelo and McHale on the helicopter headed to Catania Fontanarossa.

Upon landing, Mattei continues to appear frowning, and Bertuzzi is also restless and nervous. The weather reports predict terrible weather in the North, and Bertuzzi doesn't want to know about landing in Milan: «President, I'm stopping in Rome, the weather is bad. Then she takes the sleeper train and continues to Milan."

pag. 742

«Bertuzzi, you'll see what we can do, let's leave immediately.» The pilot resigns himself to obey, and Mattei to take on board McHale, who doesn't want to miss the opportunity of a two-hour interview. The president of Eni invites D'Angelo to accompany him to Milan, promising him to return the following day, but the head of the Sicilian government gives up for the second time in front of the plane's steps, because Bertuzzi says that he cannot guarantee his return for bad weather.

On the take-off runway, Bertuzzi and Mattei board the I-Snap and take their places in the front seats. McHale sits behind him and takes the camera off his shoulder and places it on the empty seat next to him. At 4.57pm the Morane Saulnier 760 moves towards the Fontanarossa take-off runway, headed for Milan Linate; from the window McHale warmly greets his Sicilian friends, Mattei only gives a brief wave of the hand.

note:

1 «[...] I don't remember exactly, but it seems probable that Fornara, general director or managing director of Anic, was also on board the plane.» From the report of engineer Rino Bignami to prosecutor Calia of 8 June 1995.

2 «I had lunch at the Agip Motel after which I returned to the Gela runway where, at around 2.30 pm, the Eni president's twin-jet engine landed. In addition to the president of Eni, Commander Bertuzzi and an American journalist got off the plane. There was no fourth passenger, as far as I can remember." From the minutes of Paolo Iocolano, deputy head of Eni public relations in Sicily.

3 «His personal plane, a small jet jet which was an absolute novelty at Boccadifalco airport, had arrived at Boccadifalco military airport one afternoon two or three days before his death. The plane had stopped outdoors in front of a hangar of the helicopter department of the force, although in that period the carabinieri had no helicopters and there was only one made available by AIM. The plane had stopped at that point all night, guarded by two carabinieri with a service arranged by me. The service included changing on the spot. The plane left the next morning just before nine." From the report of Stefano Maricchiolo, brigadier of the Carabinieri on duty at Boccadifalco airport in October 1962.

4 In his interviews with prosecutor Calia and in the book-interview Enrico Mattei? A trout fisherman: long interview with Graziano Verzotto (written with Salvatore Brancati, Ila-Palma, Rome 1997) Verzotto offers four different reasons. 1) In the minutes of 8 November 1995: «After dinner, I asked Mattei for permission to leave and not to accompany him the following day to Gagliano, also so as not to overshadow President D'Angelo. On the other hand, on the following Saturday and Sunday I had party commitments in Syracuse." 2) In the book interview with Brancati: «Mattei had also invited me to the Gagliano party. Unfortunately, I had previously scheduled a meeting of all the municipal secretaries of the Syracuse DC and therefore asked them the courtesy of exempting me." But, Brancati writes, there was another reason why Verzotto did not take part in the party in Gagliano, a municipality that fell within the constituency of President D'Angelo, who wanted all the spotlights focused on him. The participation in

the ceremony of Verzotto, Mattei's personal friend, would have stolen the show. And so he begged him not to attend the demonstration the following day.

3) Again from Brancati's book: «Furthermore, the presence of Verzotto would also have entailed that of the other regional secretaries of the parties in government of the Region and D'Angelo, so it was said, wanted to keep the event free from political colours». 4) Again from Brancati's book:

«It should be added that relations between Mattei and D'Angelo were somewhat tense because Eni had shown itself to be rather benevolent towards the Milazzo government [two years earlier and a week pag. 743

before they had signed an agreement for Gagliano! Editor's note]. I thought, therefore, that by leaving them alone for a day I would have contributed to shortening the distance between the two, which was also increased by the fact that D'Angelo had demanded the removal from the board of directors of Anic Gela of the lawyer Vito Guarrasi, guilty of having been the economic consultant of Silvio Milazzo".

5 «It seems to me that that same evening, in Catania, Bertuzzi met with Gualtiero Nicotra. I think I went to dinner with them too, even though I didn't eat because I had already had dinner in Gela. After dinner, Nicotra and I accompanied Bertuzzi to the Hotel Excelsior for the night. »

From the report of Graziano Verzotto to the prosecutor Calia of 8 November 1995.

6 «The Honorable Michele Russo, regional deputy of the PSI, was part of the personalities who accompanied Mattei. He says: "I have a bad memory of the lunch I had with Mattei in Nicosia, where the president had arrived, again by helicopter, after leaving Gagliano. A bad memory because it was a sad, long, boring lunch and I saw that Mattei also had a "he looked depressed, tired, melancholy. I don't know if it was due to the fatigue or the worries of those days."» From the investigation by Enzo Magri, Nerio Minuzzo, Sandro Ottolenghi, Duilio Pallottelli, Angelo Pinasi and Enrico Giuffredi published in «L'Europeo» on 9 November 1970.

pag. 744

Mattei's death

Milan, 27 October 1962 (Ansa), 10.10 pm.

The engineer's plane Mattei fell in Bascapé, near Melegnano, in the province of Pavia. The news was learned at the control tower of Linate airport.

Rome, 27 October 1962, 7pm.

Just over four minutes have passed since the Bascapé crash, when the phone rings in Irnerio Bertuzzi's Roman house, at kilometer 17 of via Ardeatina. Lina Poli, his wife, answers. «On the other end of the line – she says – there was a Mr. Verzotto, who said he was calling from Catania, and asked me if "the commander had by any chance landed in Rome". I replied that I had just spoken to Milan and that I had learned that he was landing at Linate. »1

Verzotto? But wasn't he in Syracuse engaged in the political meeting? Why does he call Bertuzzi home? He denies having made that phone call which actually worries him: «I exclude it absolutely: I didn't know Bertuzzi's number, nor did I know where he lived. However, it disturbs me to hear that someone has used my name in such a circumstance."2

Yet the pilot's wife has no doubts: «I am absolutely certain that it was Verzotto himself, as I had spoken to him on the phone several times about the Alis issue. On the other hand, I remember that Verzotto had an unmistakable way of speaking that was a bit mellifluous. In short, I reiterate with absolute certainty that the person who called me and described himself as Verzotto was Verzotto himself."

And why does Eni's head of public relations in Sicily deny having telephoned the home of Mattei's pilot? What did Verzotto know or want to know a few moments after the crash of the Morane Saulnier on the Pavese fields? 3

Bascapé (Pavia), 27 October 1962, 7pm.

The scenario is horrifying. The first report drawn up by Pavia prosecutor Edgardo Santachiara is an atrocious description of a cemetery of bodies and wreckage.

[...] In a plot of land that leads from Bascapé to Albaredo you can see a large crater dug by the fallen plane. The crater, partially filled with water, has a diameter of approximately five meters and a depth of approximately two meters... During further recovery operations we found the rear part of a human trunk with attached scalp, covered with a jacket of bluish color worn over the light blue shirt; in the jacket pocket there is the driving license of the driver Bertuzzi Irnerio. In the same fund we find: 1) a left foot;

2) skin of the nose with attached upper gum, in which the incisor teeth still appear; 3) a fragment of a shoulder still dressed in a woolen shirt;

4) right axillary area with arm up to elbow height;

5) two vertebral column fragments;

pag. 745

6) three fingers;

7) the case with attached dial of an Omega watch. On the road that runs alongside the side of the bottom where the hole opens, next to the remains of a wing, a left hand without a thumb and wearing a gold ring on the ring finger is found.

In this circle of hell scenario, among the mists and smoke of the wreck, reporters and journalists immediately move in droves. The first photographer to arrive on site is Carlo Mantovani. He has the advantage of living a short distance from the area where the still smoking remains of the wreck are visible.

Many years later, he reconstructs: «I took six photographs of the pieces of the nacelle, at the point where there was the hole and still a bit of fire. I then returned to the laboratory to develop and print the photos."

Meanwhile, word spreads that a local photographer already has images of the fallen plane. Mantovani was contacted by numerous correspondents and freelancers who offered him to purchase the images. He makes wise use of them and sells them to the highest bidder, who is not a journalist. His name is Tom Ponzi.4

But what does the well-known private detective do among the still smoking remains of Mattei's plane? Who sent him to the little town of the plane crash? Who has an interest in being the first to get hold of the photos of Mattei's death? Ferdinando Azzolini, i| reporter for «la Provincia Pavese», he is among the first journalists to arrive at the site of the plane crash. He too, with amazement, recognizes Tom Ponzi who is wandering warily among the remains. «[...] I think I remember - he says - that he had a contract with Eni for an information service." 5

Tom Ponzi on Eni's payroll? Of course, it ended there a few years later, in 1970, when Cefis began to use private police and wiretapping experts to clean up its telephone lines. But in 1962 Tommaso Ponzi, known as Tom, denies everything. He says he went to the site in the morning around 11 am, after hearing the news of the disaster from a radio. He says he went there "out of curiosity, without any particular interest". He says that he had «an amateur camera» and that he took «about ten photos. Two or three of the remains of the plane had come out and they were not particularly significant." He says he hasn't purchased photos from anyone.6

Then, five days later, Ponzi changes his story. He specifies that at the time he already had a photojournalism agency in Milan. And he admits having purchased the photos for "purely commercial" purposes.7

No relationship with Eni.

In 1970, however, Ponzi's relationships with Cefis came to light. When Cefis realizes that his phones are being tapped, he calls Tom Ponzi and his aide Walter Beneforti, a former police commissioner, and tasks them with cleaning them up. As chance would have it, in the same period Giorgio Valerio, former president of Montedison, in a complaint presented to the Milan Public Prosecutor's Office, also declared that he had found a tiny radio transmitter on the telephone line of his home. The Prosecutor's Office opens

an investigation and discovers that it was Bruno Mattioli who placed the spy radio in Valerio's phone, who showed up at the manager's house as a self-styled Sip worker. Mattioli works for Beneforti and Beneforti is precisely the man who serves Cefis. This complicated story of maneuvers, telephone interceptions and revenge ended only in May 1971, when Cefis was appointed president of Montedison.8

Ponzi goes into hiding and takes refuge in Switzerland, where he opens an office in Lugano.

In 1998 the leader of the Radical Party Marco Pannella, interviewed by the Commission pag. 746

member of the inquiry into terrorism in Italy, reveals: «An entire floor of the Eni building, the seventh I think, was practically occupied by structures parallel to the Services; The man who would become General Allavena, at the time a colonel and with a brother who had relations with Fiat, was already operating here." And he adds: «In those years - I believe his son will be able to testify in this sense -

Cefis entrusts Tom Ponzi with the sum, if I remember correctly, of half a billion hours to find proof of something against us."

But these are still distant events, on that bloody morning in Bascapé. Tom Ponzi's presence at the site of the plane crash is not the only "anomalous" presence. Raffaello Romano is a chronicler of

«Corriere della Sera» and its report manager at that time was the journalist Franco Di Bella (the man who years later would become director of the «Corriere» branded P2). Romano says that on the occasion of Mattei's death, Di Bella instructed him to go to the scene immediately. In Bascapé the journalist notices "a gentleman getting into a luxury black car with a driver, dressed in dark".9 The man quickly walks away and the reporter, intrigued, follows the dark car to the entrance of Eni, in San Donato Milanese. The security guards and policemen greet the mysterious manager with respect. Romano tries to follow him into the same building, but is stopped. After ten minutes, the reporter notices the same person leaving the building, carrying

with him a very swollen leather bag. Romano approaches, but is blocked. «I asked for the name of that person – he recalls – but no one told me.»

Returning to the newspaper, the journalist reports everything to Di Bella. The head of the department tells him "to write down the piece, leaving aside the episode of the gentleman with the bag". The reason is that "Mario Cervi would have taken care of the matter". However, Romano's article disappears, "swallowed up by Franco Di Bella who dilutes it in a report by him". And Cervi claims to know nothing about this story.10

But who is that gentleman dressed in dark, who enters and exits the Eni building protected by a series of bodyguards? Is that man Cefis?

note:

1 Minutes of Lina Poli to prosecutor Calia of 19 May 1995.

2 «I absolutely exclude that I could have made that phone call: I did not know Bertuzzi's telephone number, nor did I know where he lived. However, it disturbs me to hear that someone has used my name in such a circumstance. I have no idea who could have made that phone call.

I also take note of the fact that my wife sent a letter of condolence to Mrs Bertuzzi at the time. I was not aware and I believe that your cousin Gualtiero Nicotra could have given her address. » From the report of Graziano Verzotto to the prosecutor Calia of 8 November 1995.

3 In a note sent by fax to prosecutor Calia and attached to the investigation, on pp. 3259-3263 Angelo Mattei writes: «Dear Calia, did you see how worried Verzotto was to find out if Bertuzzi had arrived at the house? It's clear? He clearly wanted to know if the plane had exploded [...]."

4 «I took six photographs of the remains of the plane, at the point where there was the hole and still some fire. I then returned to the laboratory to develop and print the photographs. Once word spread that I had photographs of the fallen plane, I was contacted by numerous photographers who offered to sell the images. I gave them to investigator Tom Ponzi, who had offered me more than the others.» From Carlo Mantovani's report to prosecutor Calia of 17 January 1995.

5 On the evening of 27 October 1962 Azzolini was among the first journalists to arrive in Bascapé. One of the first people he met was Tom Ponzi: «I had wondered what he was doing there without being able to tell me. 747

give an answer. Subsequently I looked into the matter further and I think I remember that he had a specific contract with Eni for an information service. I can't say more on the subject."

From the report to the prosecutor Calia of 2 May 1995 by Ferdinando Azzolini, former reporter for «la Provincia Pavese».

6 Tom Ponzi's report to prosecutor Calia of 2 June 1995.

7 Tom Ponzi's report to prosecutor Calia on 7 June 1995.

8 «Around 1970 Cefis also began to use private police and telephone wiretapping experts, such as Tom Ponzi, a personal friend of Nencioni. Until that moment, for fear of being intercepted, Cefis had always held the most confidential conversations on board his car [...]. Realizing that his phones were being tapped, he asked Tom Ponzi and his aide Walter Beneforti, a former police commissioner, to clean them up. [...] As chance would have it, in the same period Giorgio Valerio, in a complaint presented to the Public Prosecutor's Office of Milan, declared that he had found a tiny radio transmitter on the telephone line of his home. The court opened an investigation and discovered that it was Bruno Mattioli who had planted the spy radio in Valerio's phone, having shown up at the house of the former president of Montedison as a self-styled Sip worker. Mattioli worked for Beneforti and Beneforti was the very man who served Cefis. This dark and complicated story of maneuvers, telephone interceptions and revenge came to an end only in May 1971, when Cefis was appointed president of Montedison.» In

«Panorama» of 18 April 1974.

9 Minutes of Raffaello Romano to prosecutor Calia of 8 February 1995.

10 «I note that you are asking me if, after Mattei's death, Franco Di Bella ever asked me to deal with an episode that Raffaello Romano was allegedly

a witness to and, that is, the presence in Bascapé of a gentleman accompanied by a driver with a dark car, who allegedly ran towards the Eni in San Donato and then quickly left after ten minutes. Never Di Bella spoke to me about this episode, which is the first time I [...] have heard of it.» From the minutes of Mario Cervi to the prosecutor Calia of 26 May 1995.

pag. 748

The return of Cefis to Eni

There is only one fact for sure: since Mattei's death, Cefis has been working on a single project. His return to Eni. And he doesn't take long. On the night of November 4, 1962, just eight days after the Bascapé tragedy, and nine months after his resignation, Cefis was appointed by the government to head the state oil company. He is not the new president. He is content with the role of deputy, while Marcello Boldrini, certainly a less relevant character, who deals only with

«public relations».1 In the meantime, Cefis took over the presidency of Agip and the other companies in the group, but in fact he assumed all the powers of Eni, long before his ascension to the presidency, in June 1967. A truly lightning-fast operation .

Some even show that they knew the news of Cefis's return in advance. On the morning of October 31st the newspaper «L'Ora» of Palermo, a communist newspaper, publishes an article on the

"problem of succession to Eni" and reveals that "in some political and financial circles the name of the lawyer Cefis is mentioned". The columnist for the Palermo newspaper cannot help but point out that «the position of president of Eni is too important and delicate to suppose that it can be resolved with a quick appointment».2

Mattei's disappearance provides genuine relief in many conservative Italian and international circles.3 The engineer died on the eve of crucial events: a visit to Kennedy who was finally preparing to recognize his international weight and "officially" accept

the existence of an independent competitor to the Seven Sisters such as Eni; a new agreement with Algeria whose full independence from France Mattei supported; an agreement with Iraq, which he had been working on for months through very secret diplomatic maneuvers, which will never see the light of day again.

And Cefis' return to Eni is sensational. Everyone knows that he resigned a few months earlier due to his disagreements with Mattei. His return opens up a welter of questions and hypotheses about possible reversals in the oil company's policy. The secret services get to work.

Two notes written by Colonel Giuseppe Palumbo, of the CS (Counter-espionage) Center in Milan, immediately after the appointment of the new leaders of the institution, attempt a first political contextualization of the incident.

November 1962

[...] The return of Doctor Cefis could have the aim of paving the way for him to become president of Eni, thus placing him on a political level, albeit of a different colour, while everyone is of the opinion that the president of Eni doesn't have to deal with politics at all. There is also a rumor that Cefis was given the position of vice-president of Eni because he knows a lot about important exponents of the DC.

According to rumors gathered within Eni, to promote the candidacy of Cefis as Mattei's successor, a core of loyalists are activated within the oil body. Among these the engineer Angelo Fornara and Franco Briatico. Briatico, Eni's public relations officer, explains that «[...] at the time of Mattei's death, Eni's financial situation was worrying" and that "this problem had been taken on by the Prime Minister Amintore Fanfani, the who had wanted Eugenio Cefis to effectively lead Eni, because he was considered the only one capable of managing the organization from an operational point of view". Other Eni executives, questioned on the subject, confirmed Fanfani's strong role in the maneuver. Attilio Iacoboni, assistant to the president for foreign relations, reports that: «Upon the death of Mattei, vice president Boldrini had become page. 749

made president, but [...] the need had undoubtedly arisen to place him alongside a dynamic person who had experience of the business world". And he adds: «In that period two currents of choice had appeared, which supported the candidacies of Pietro Sette and Cefis respectively: the first supported by the Honorable Moro; Cefis supported by the then Prime Minister Fanfani." In fact, according to Iacoboni, «Cefis became vice president, but with the powers of a president».

The partnership between Fanfani and Cefis is very strong. This is confirmed, among others, by Vincenzo Cazzaniga, director of Esso, a person close to Cefis: «[...] I knew both Mattei and Cefis well and I realized that the two characters were opposite. There was also a further reason for division between the two, represented by political orientations or references, in the sense that Mattei favored the "left line" of the DC which had strong roots in Milan, while Cefis was more oriented towards the "line of right" of the DC which had its base in Rome and was represented by Fanfani".

There is no doubt that Cefis, freshly appointed with the rank of vice-president of Eni, intends to bypass Boldrini, personally taking on all the important decisions and effectively sitting down immediately at the helm of the entity.4 But the neo- president, at least at the beginning, tries to resist. In the «Eni» file acquired from Ucigos, the initial clash between Cefis and Boldrini appears clearly highlighted:

[...] It is possible that in this circumstance between the two litigants, Boldrini and Cefis, a third party intervenes, Sette, who has not given up his aspirations in the organization. There, February 19, 1963

The game, however, is destined to end with a crushing victory for Cefis, even if the latter, with all its powerful relationships, will have to wait another five years to officially occupy Mattei's seat. Paving the way for him, once again, will be his friend Fanfani, who to help Cefis will veto the candidacy of the competitor Pietro Sette, president of the Breda group, lawyer from Bari, former collaborator of Mattei, schoolmate and friend of Aldo Moro . It was 1967 when Cefis finally achieved his goal: he was the new president of Eni. He now fully occupies the seat that belonged to Enrico Mattei.

But Eni is just another launching pad for Cefis. In 1971, the «great almoner»

in fact he conquers the top of Montedison. He becomes the most powerful man in Italy. Without losing sight of Eni, which continues to maneuver through his successor Raffaele Girotti, chosen from among his most faithful allies.5

Not even a decade has passed since the Bascapé plane crash. Hunted like a

«traitor» by the oil authority, between 1962 and 1971 Cefis managed to reverse his destiny to become the most powerful occult maneuverer in Italian politics and finance. His is a patient climb, tackled strategically, step by step: with the help of Fanfani he conquers the scepter of Eni, with Eni's slush funds he conquers the role of hidden financier of the great Italian press, with the consensus of the paid press he co-opts enemies and adversaries, and with the support of politicians now following him he places himself at the helm of the Italian chemical giant, Montedison. A road that, after the end of Mattei, appears all downhill.

note:

1 «After Mattei passed away, the elderly Marcello Boldrini succeeded him, supported as operational vice-president by Eugenio Cefis, who instead took over the presidency of Agip and the other companies of the group. Cefis therefore assumed all the powers, long before his accession to the presidency in June pag. 750

1967.» From the report by prosecutor Vincenzo Calia.

2 «The problem of succession to Eni is, in reality, the great issue that attracts the interest of political circles. A name that is mentioned in some political and financial circles is that of the lawyer Cefis. The position of president of Eni is too important and delicate to assume that it can be resolved with a quick appointment. Discussions are certainly already underway. President Segni must have spoken about the topic in his conversations with Fanfani and Moro. Fanfani in turn had a meeting with Minister Bo. Consultations are underway in the DC and in the center-left. On the other hand, it is clear that the Eni issue affects the entire center-left and there are those who want to discuss it in the context of other problems (Enel). It is not excluded that there are tendencies that aim to reduce the importance of Eni not only by

appointing a president not willing to follow the "Mattei line", but also with a major "decentralization operation" or by making Eni fall back on a line

"accommodating" towards the attitude to be taken towards private monopolies, especially foreign ones." In «L'Ora» of 31 October 1962.

3 A «note» dated 29 October 1962 (therefore only two days after the death of the president of Eni) sent by Sismi, reports the reactions to the sudden disappearance of Mattei: «In the left-wing circles of both the DC and the other parties (Psi-Psdi-Pci) the regret for his passing is profound [...]. For the right - that is, the political and economic sector - however painful it may be to say it, there was a certain satisfaction, certainly not for the death, but for the disappearance of a person who was and was causing annoyance especially due to his unscrupulousness and his intrusiveness and for the means he used, not always orthodox, to reach his ends and achieve his goals, both in his complex activity and also in the political field".

4 «[...] In reality, the appointment of the professor did not surprise anyone. Boldrini; but the combination of Dr.

Cefis to prof. Boldrini is cause for some surprise and some disturbing questions. Technical considerations justified - as was observed yesterday - the appointment of the prof. Boldrini; but the appointment of Dr. Cefis, especially after Minister Bo's declarations, has taken on a political tone that is all the more disconcerting given that, on the one hand, the investiture of Dr. Cefis has all the appearance of an in-pector designation for the future presidency; and, on the other hand, it surprised those who were aware of the disagreement that arose between the late president and his former collaborator." Ugo Indrie in the «Corriere della Sera» of 5 November 1962.

5 Raffaele Gironi, aeronautical engineer, was - at the time - CEO of Snam, a company controlled by Eni and owner of the airline fleet. After Eugenio Cefis's move to Montedison, Raffaele Gironi succeeded him as president of Eni on 30 October 1971. In the book by Fulvio Bellini and Alessandro Previdi The assassination of Enrico Mattei (Flan, Milan 1970, p. 243) we read: «The only voice that was raised in those days from official circles against the self-interested version of the "disgrace" was that of engineer Raffaele Girotti, deputy general director of Eni and manager of other

companies in the group. He, speaking to the Snam employees who were saddened and shocked by the serious loss suffered, was keen to underline that the cause of Mattei's death was far from clear and that, consequently, the state company would do everything possible to ascertain the truth about the tragic episode. Girotti, among other things, during his statements, announced the establishment of a specific corporate body that would support the official commission of inquiry in the investigations, chaired by Air Force General Ercole Savi, in the meantime appointed by the Ministry of Defence." . Furthermore, the authors add that «the position taken by engineer Girotti did not, however, have results worthy of attention. In the following days, he too gave in to the general trend aimed at covering up the Mattei issue as quickly as possible with all his embarrassing questions. To reward Girotti for his "responsible" attitude, Cefis appointed him, shortly afterwards, general director of Eni.

pag. 751

pag. 752

Suspicions about Cefis

Mattei's death is hastily dismissed as an accident. Too hastily.

The investigation against unknown persons, entrusted to the Pavia prosecutor Edgardo Santachiara, who hypothesized sabotage, ended with a dismissal sentence on 31 March 1966 "because the fact does not exist". Already three years earlier, the ministerial commission established the day after the tragedy by Defense Minister Giulio Andreotti had concluded its work by attributing the crash of the plane to an error by Bertuzzi. At least this was the official version because, according to one of the members of that commission, things had gone a completely different way. The pilot Francesco Giambalvo, who commanded a Morane several times, said: «[...] the commission had decided by majority that the cause or causes [of the disaster, Editor's note] could not be attributed either to a technical reason or to a human reason [implicitly indicating sabotage as the only cause, Editor's note]. Instead, not having ascertained a criminal cause, he concluded by saying that it was not possible to establish the cause of the plane's crash".1

Perhaps someone with the power to influence the top of the commission had intervened to change the "verdict". No doubt, no suspicion: Bascapé's accident was an accident. The case is solved.

It will remain so for thirty-five years. Meanwhile in Italy, while Cefis continues its climb by leaps and bounds and quickly becomes the strong man of finance, an underground truth is circulating about Mattei's end, not even a very secret one. And shocking.

In July 1966, Rosangela Mattei, the niece of the president of Eni, was on holiday in Sassotetto, a ski resort in the Umbria-Marche Apennines, and resided at the Hotel Hermitage. She is

night, around two o'clock the woman wakes up suffering from a strong stomach ache. She gets out of bed, puts on a dressing gown and goes down to the hotel lobby in search of the doorman. The latter offers to prepare her a chamomile and disappears into the kitchen. The woman sits waiting. At that moment the front door opens and the Honorable Oronzo Reale, member of the PRI, Minister of Justice and Justice, appears in the company of his driver. The Keeper of the Seals has just returned from a dinner and is staying in the same hotel. He sees the woman sitting and asks the doorman who he is. The man responds by naming the lady, and adds that she is "poor Mattei's niece".

The minister approaches Rosangela and exclaims: «Ah, the granddaughter of the one who was killed by Gironi, Cefis, Fanfani».2 He is not drunk and he hasn't even gone mad. The minister is very serious, he sits at the woman's table drinking her chamomile, and begins to argue with her. Rosangela is petrified. They talk for about half an hour. «Reale - the woman recalls - also made a very quick reference to the reasons that had led to the killing of my uncle, referring to a contract that my uncle himself was about to conclude with Algeria for the exploitation of Algerian oil and which for to prevent this had been done outside. The Honorable Reale didn't tell me anything else on this subject but I remember being so impressed that I telephoned, immediately after saying goodbye to the minister, to my father who was in Matelica, to inform him of what I had been told [...]»

Rosangela's father is Italo Mattei, Enrico's brother. Italo will tell prosecutor Calia about a disturbing conversation to say the least with Carlo Gritti, a very close collaborator of Cefis. A conversation that took place many years after the death of the president of Eni. Italo Mattei himself called Gritti to organize some initiatives in memory of his brother. The two meet in Milan, in a room of the Hotel Continental. Italo Mattei has just returned from Palermo, where he was questioned by prosecutors who have recently reopened the investigation into the kidnapping of the journalist Mauro De Mauro and have once again taken the "Mattei trail".3 Gritti is cordial, almost cheerful. He begins by asking: pag. 753

«How did it go in Palermo?».

Mattei replies that he has found a documented magistrate and adds that his impression is that «in Palermo there is a group of magistrates firmly determined to fully clarify the Bascapé disaster».

At this point Gritti asks: «Have you read "L'Europeo"? That article in which reference is made to the thesis of a certain De Vosjoli?". And the thesis according to which Mattei's plane crashed because the altimeter was sabotaged.

Italo Mattei grimaces. He reiterates "the absurdity of De Vosjoli's thesis", given that tampering with the altimeter would not have been of any difficulty for an expert pilot like Bertuzzi, in relation to the visibility conditions and the height reported by him, which allowed him to see the city lights. Mattei clearly says what he thinks: namely that «the article published in "L'Europeo" was probably inspired by someone who has an interest in diverting public opinion and perhaps even the investigators».

This is where Mattei's story becomes disturbing. Because, at this point, Gritti objects: «But we didn't exist».4

Mattei remains dumbfounded; he replies that he didn't say anything, nor did he mean to imply anything.

Gritti replies: «The first hypothesis is most likely true [...] and that is that Bertuzzi was very worried due to his economic problems and therefore the

disaster was attributable to his mistake».

Mattei doesn't give up; he says he doesn't believe it. Gritti inexplicably immediately stops being friendly, he actually becomes very abrupt and specifies that "nothing will be done about those proposals and initiatives for the commemoration anymore". Then he leaves in silence.

Why does the Cefis collaborator try to influence Mattei's brother with De Vosjoli's theses? Why is he trying to credit the runway of the plane crash? And above all, why, when Italo Mattei says he is more convinced than ever of the sabotage, does Gritti become grumpy, set aside all the initiatives to commemorate Mattei and walk away?

In those years, the rumors of an alleged involvement of Cefis in the Bascapé tragedy ended up in a Ucigos5 file registered to the former commander «Alberto», who was climbing the Montedison, and in a confidential report by Sisde.6

note:

1 «Although the pilot Bertuzzi Irnerio is not responsible for previous organic alterations, it is not possible to exclude or admit that the pilot suffered a sudden illness or a serious sudden state of dizziness with consequent erroneous interpretation of the instrumental data that caused the plane to hit to the ground in an uncontrolled attitude." From the report of the ministerial commission of inquiry.

2 From the minutes of Rosangela Mattei of 18 November 1971 at the prosecutor's office in Palermo and of 6 June 1995

to the Pavia prosecutor.

3 The interrogation of Italo Mattei takes place as part of the second investigation opened in Palermo pag. 754

by the investigating judge Giacomo Conte.

4 Minutes of Italo Mattei dated 18 November 1971 to the Palermo prosecutor.

5 «CONFIDENTIAL. A trusted source reported, in a strictly confidential manner, the following: "The recent controversy over the death of Enrico Mattei would have weakened the position of Eugenio Cefis, due to the suspicions generated by his past conduct. It seems that, even within Eni itself, there is no shortage of those who truly believe that Mattei's death was anything but accidental and that Cefis' responsibility is much more direct than what has emerged up to this point

[...]".» From a Ucigos note, Milan, 9 December 1970.

6 Among the documents transmitted by Sisde on 9 June 1985, the following note was also contained:

"RESERVED. Rome, 25 July 1979, NOTE. From an extensive information and survey action, also developed in collaboration with some "qualified" sources, regarding the recent killings of the lawyer. Giorgio Ambrosoli, liquidator of the Italian Private Bank of Sindona, and the deputy commissioner Boris Giuliano, head of the Palermo Flying Squad, the following indications emerged: a) [...]

b) it is rumored that the late deputy commissioner, Giuliano, was dealing, almost in a personal capacity, trying to avoid any indiscretion, with the disappearance of the well-known journalist Mauro De Mauro, eliminated, it is claimed, for having found the key to the problem regarding the plane crash which cost the Hon.

Enrico Mattei. In this regard, a magistrate from the Rome Prosecutor's Office, linking the entire affair, confided to a friend that, according to his opinion, the elimination of De Mauro, the Hon. Mattei and the deputy commissioner Giuliano, would remind him of the name of the former President of Montedison, Eugenio Cefis".

A crime made in Italy

Suspicions, rumors, insinuations. Who killed Enrico Mattei? The "fireball" disappeared from the minutes. But the explosion happened. And with the explosion came sabotage. And with sabotage the saboteur, the bomber, the

hitman, the labourer, and behind him the instigator, the invisible and unpunished massacre and willing to do anything to stop that "pain in the ass" Mattei forever. This is hypothesized by the investigation by the Pavia prosecutor Vincenzo Calia, the third on the Mattei case, opened on 20 September 1994 and closed in 2003, maintaining that the death of the Eni president is anything but "accidental". From that moment, for the Pavia Prosecutor's Office, the death of Mattei is the killing of Mattei. The first chapter of the tension strategy applied in Italy.

Forty years after the Bascapé "disaster", the prosecutor writes that "it is unequivocally proven that the I-Snap crashed following a limited, non-destructive explosion that occurred inside the aircraft".

He is a patient man, prosecutor Calia. Patient, determined, tenacious, an ant of justice who accumulates expert opinion after expert opinion, clue after clue, testimony after testimony, in order to prove the truth, all the truth that is possible to prove after half a century of misdirections. And his work finally puts a full stop to the Mattei mystery. He unveils the lies of the colonist Ronchi, discovers in the archives the evidence of the interventions of the secret services, meticulously reconstructs Mattei's last hours and the movements of all the characters that revolve around his journey to Sicily, the deadly trap into which he was lured to be eliminated.

The magistrate intends to demonstrate that the explosive charge, «equivalent to approximately one hundred grams of Compound B», was placed behind the dashboard of the plane, at a distance of approximately ten to fifteen centimeters from Enrico Mattei's left hand, and probably «was triggered from the command that lowered the trolley and opened the closing doors of its compartments".

From the reconstruction of the Pavia prosecutor it emerges that the explosion occurred during the flight ("the fireball") and not coinciding with or after the impact with the ground; that the tank, engines and oxygen tank did not explode. He doesn't even leave the dead alone, that magistrate, in order to get to the truth. He had the bodies of Enrico Mattei and Irnerio Bertuzzi exhumed on 21 June 1996. But what is he looking for and what can the magistrate find, after all that time, on the human remains of the victims? Traces of that explosive. Traces of that explosion. And he finds them.

The examination of Mattei's remains revealed that "the left hand carrying the ring was ten to fifteen centimeters from the explosive charge". Traces of the explosive are in fact found on the dial and hands of the watch.1

If, therefore, for Calia it is a crime, who and why decided to eliminate the president of Eni? For the prosecutor, it is an "all-Italian conspiracy".2 His investigation ends with a dismissal because the magistrate is unable to ascertain the identity of whoever sabotaged the plane, nor the identity of whoever ordered the sabotage , but Calia still manages to outline the complex and detailed "context" that forms the backdrop to the elimination of the president of Eni.

Here is what he wrote on March 5, 2003 in the archiving request:

The execution of the attack was decided and planned well in advance, probably when it was certain that Enrico Mattei, despite the harsh attacks and repeated threats, would not spontaneously leave the presidency of the oil company. The planning and execution of the attack pag. 756

they were complex and involved - at least at the level of collaboration and coverage - the involvement of the men included in the Oil Authority itself and in the state security bodies with no minor responsibilities.

And the threats from the OAS?3 And the CIA? And the Seven Sisters?4 And the mafia?5 The Pavia investigation documented "misdirection", "manipulation", "suppression of evidence and documents", "pressure and threats" which, starting a few hours after the fall of Morane Eni's Saulnier 760 I-Snap, suffocated any attempt to ascertain the truth, to "hide the crime". And here Calia is even more explicit:

It is easy to argue that this massive activity, which continued over time, first for the preparation and execution of the crime and then to misinform and mislead, cannot be ascribed - due to its very complexity, breadth and duration - exclusively to criminal, economic groups , Italian or foreign, to «Seven (...or individual...) sisters» or secret services of other countries, if not with the support and active collaboration - conscious, voluntary and continuous - of deeply rooted people and structures in our institutions and in the state oil body itself, who followed orders or advice, decided

independently or with the consent and support of coinciding interests, but who, in any case, obtained direct advantages from that crime.

The killing of Mattei, like it or not, for the prosecutor bears the signature of Made in Italy. The signature of men of the State. The signature, as Calia says, of «people and structures deeply rooted in our institutions and in Eni». But who are these people? And why did they decide to kill?

note:

1 «In the screws of the triple indicator there are crystals that show mechanical twinning phenomena attributable to explosion; b) no similar mechanical twinning phenomena were detected in the screw coming from the C6-Bev aircraft, twin of the aircraft on which Enrico Mattei was travelling; e) similar mechanical twinning phenomena were found in the sheet metal subjected to explosion tests during criminal proceedings 527/84 of the Criminal Court of Rome; the comparisons carried out on the intensity of the phenomenology have made it possible to hypothesize the presence of a charge of just over one hundred grams of Compound B inside the plane on which Enrico Mattei was travelling. Signs of exposure to an explosion deriving from the detonation of a charge on Enrico Mattei's gold ring, it was also calculated that the left hand carrying the ring was ten to fifteen centimeters from the exploding charge. Signs were also found on the dial, on the hands and on the hour marks of Enrico Mattei's watch (fragments of glass embedded more or less deeply, formation of mechanical microgeminates in the brass of the dial) which can be traced back to wave exposure. explosive." From the report of the experts Donato Firrao and Giovanni Delogu to the documents of the Calia investigation.

2 See «La Stampa» of 20 January 2001.

3 Among Mattei's sworn enemies is the OAS, the organization from which, as we have seen, the numerous threatening letters received by the president of Eni in the last months of his life. Mario Pirani has written a lot on the validity of this hypothesis to completely refute it.

«As for the ancient conflicts with the French regarding Algerian interests, there had been a definitive clarification through various conversations with

Claude Cheysson, ambassador (future foreign minister under Mitterrand) who represented French oil interests in Algeria after independence. In this capacity Cheysson had personally obtained from De Gaulle the authorization for an agreement with Eni for a permanent collaboration with the newly established Elf and pag. 757

the Algerians, both to operate in Algeria and elsewhere.» The agreement for a gas pipeline, which from Algeria, through Gibraltar, Spain and France, would supply Europe with Saharan methane, was actually defined after Mattei's death, but was never concluded because Cefis, having become vice-president, he abandoned the negotiations and announced that there was another agreement, between Eni and Esso, represented by Cazzaniga, for the purchase of Libyan methane owned by Esso, which would have to be liquefied, transported with methane tankers and regasified in a special plant in Panigaglia. Pirani comments: «There was talk at the time of a large round of personal interests [of Cefis, Editor's note) in the construction and management of these methane tankers». According to Italo Pietra (Mattei, the black sheep, SugarCo, Milan 1988, p. 231), the Oas would not have been a "professional" enough organization to be able to plan Mattei's killing. «According to the often misleading axiom, isfecit cui prodest, the CIA, the mafia and the Oas are, in alphabetical order, highly qualified. But if Bascapé means crime, it is a perfect crime. We see the hand of highly skilled magicians, as in the Kennedy assassination. Taking this into account, the OAS does not appear to have the necessary level of professionalism. The hundred shots fired at De Gaulle's Citroen in Colonel Bastien-Thiry's ambush smack of amateurism.» In short, even the OAS seems to be an unlikely instigator. An article by Giorgio Galli appears in the «Corriere della Sera» of 30 May 1976 which, among others, makes the following considerations: «[...] That in the already crisis situation in the autumn of 1962, the Oas could have of the conditions necessary to eliminate Mattei, must be excluded. The organization was on the defensive. A few months later, its most authoritative leader (Colonel Antonin Argoud) would be captured in Germany by the Sdece [the French counter-espionage service, Ed.]. In this situation the OAS could make available at most one command to sabotage the plane; not the organization necessary to create and control its conditions. The French secret services had now cornered her."

4 In the report dated 20 February 1996 to the prosecutor Calia, Mario Pirani, hired at Eni in 1961 with the task of maintaining relations between Mattei and the provisional government of the Algerian Republic, claims that «at the time of Enrico Mattei's death there were the reasons for conflict between Eni and the so-called Seven Sisters have now been overcome. [...] There had already been a meeting between Mattei and the Americans such as to smooth out the residual reasons for significant disagreements. Kennedy himself and his administration had had relations with Eni, whose line they had been made aware of. [...]". There are those who maintain that Kennedy, in that October 1962, was even ready for international recognition of Eni's role.

The arrival in Rome of the "Time" columnist William McHale, who died alongside the president of Eni in the Bascapé air tragedy, was apparently due precisely to the fact that the prestigious American magazine had decided to dedicate an issue to the engineer Mattei, assigning him the honor of the cover, previously reserved only for heads of state or personalities of global importance.

Mattei's anti-Americanism, in short, would be little more than a bluff. Clemente Brigante Colonna, a close collaborator of Mattei and for a period in charge of public relations at Eni, declared in an interview on 9 April 1990: «I think why this reputation of Mattei's anti-Americanism had spread is very simple to analyse. Mattei was engaged in a very tough struggle to find the energy sources necessary for the country, in particular, for the development of its industry, in the face of a very serious shortage of national resources. [...] And the first opponent of this strategic plan was the competition from the large international oil companies - not all American, to be honest, but certainly mostly American - starting with Standard and Mobil. It is, therefore, conceivable that both the Italian environments close to these companies and the services of

"lobbies" of said parent companies, and, perhaps, some sectors of the diplomacies of the countries to which these companies belonged, contributed to generating this legend of Mattei's anti-Americanism. But I am convinced that Mattei's anti-Americanism is a pure myth."

5 A further hypothesis is that which attributes the Mattei target to the mafia, and in particular, the execution of the Bascapé attack which cost the life of

the president of Eni. The thesis received «authoritative» confirmation from the declarations of the repentant Tommaso Buscetta, who supported: «The page. 758

The first "excellent" crime of a political nature ordered by the Cosa Nostra commission, established immediately after 1957, was that of the president of Eni Enrico Mattei. In fact, it was Cosa Nostra that decided on Mattei's death, according to what some of my friends who made up that commission, such as Greco Salvatore "Cicchiteddu" and La Barbera Salvatore, personally told me. The indication to kill Mattei came from the American Cosa Nostra, through Bruno Angelo (authoritative exponent of the Philadelphia family), who asked for this favor on behalf of the US commission and in the substantial interests of the major American oil companies.

The decision was made without anyone's opposition, and the only findings concerned the methods of carrying out the murder and the choice of men of honor to whom the task would be entrusted. It was decided not to use firearms to leave the origin of the crime in doubt, and therefore it was decided to simulate a plane crash to leave the episode shrouded in mystery." According to Buscetta, the task of physically organizing the attack was given to Salvatore Greco, known as «Cicchiteddu», who made use of the collaboration of already prominent men of honor, belonging to different provinces, such as Antonio Minore, Bernardo Diana, Giuseppe By Cristina and Stefano Bontade. «According to what Bontade, Greco and La Barbera later told me - continues Buscetta - Graziano Verzotto (then representative of Agip in Sicily) established contact between that Cosa Nostra group and Mattei, even without knowing the real reason why he was that favor was requested. Verzotto, in fact, was very close to Giuseppe Di Cristina, as I learned from the latter during a joint detention at Ucciardone in the mid-1970s.» Buscetta then explains that Verzotto had to invite Mattei to a hunting trip in a reserve near Catania, taking advantage of the news that Mattei was a passionate hunter. And that during the hunting trip, «Mattei's private plane was tampered with or some timed explosive device was hidden in it (I never knew anything precise about it) by people whose identities I never knew, who operated escaping the existing supervision at the airport". However, Buscetta speaks of circumstances that cannot be confirmed, as they were learned from people who are no longer alive. The only novelty is that the sabotage of the plane was carried out during a hunting trip in which

Mattei took part before taking off from Catania. However, the hunting trip was never organized or carried out. The reconstruction of the two days Mattei spent in Sicily excludes the possibility that Mattei could have participated in a hunting trip on 27 October 1962. However, according to prosecutor Vincenzo Calia, it cannot be ruled out that Cosa Nostra provided generic "logistical support" to the sabotage of Mattei's plane. The thesis of the "mafia as a support agent" may in fact be "very likely". But - it is worth clarifying - there is no evidence.

pag. 759

The impossible revolution

Why was the "Italian conspiracy" set in motion? What terrible danger does the president of Eni represent, such as to provoke his killing? At this point we can only formulate hypotheses. The Pavia prosecutor's investigation did not rule out, but downplayed the possible role of the Seven Sisters, the CIA, the OAS and Cosa Nostra, underlining that Mattei is an inconvenient figure first and foremost in Italy. Mattei is an international risk, but he is above all a danger to Italian stability.

On an economic level, Mattei's autonomist project has the characteristics of a real one

"impossible revolution", because it transforms Italy into a country capable of placing itself on the world stage with a completely new, as well as unpredictable, importance. At the height of the Cold War, Mattei's Italy, in a prospective vision, is no longer a country with limited sovereignty, linked to the political balances imposed by international agreements, but a country potentially detached from US interests, from the interference of the CIA and of all those legitimate and illicit apparatuses that played the role of hidden maneuvers in the negotiations of Italian internal politics. Mattei demonstrates political autonomy and has the money to finance it. But also on a more strictly Italian level, i.e. on the chessboard of internal politics, with Antonio Segni as President of the Republic and with a government that is open to the socialists for the first time, the provocations and manipulative skills of the president of Eni, who initially supports the centre-left, sound

even more threatening for those who care about the immutability of Italian politics and the DC monopoly.

Here is the "Mattei risk" feared by those apparatuses and by those who represent them in Italy: the president of Eni as a dangerous variable both on an international and internal level. But Atlantic analyzes and fears alone are not enough to explain the sabotage of Bascapé.

According to prosecutor Calia, there is someone in Italy who has a direct and immediate interest in eliminating the president of Eni. Someone who fuels the myth of Mattei's anti-Americanism1 and who indicates him as the number one danger for the balance of US solidarity. It is this "someone", for the magistrate, who - with the silent consent of the apparatus - physically sends the saboteur to Fontanarossa and places the explosive charge on the dashboard of the I-Snap, eliminating the problem forever.

This is the fulcrum of the "Italian conspiracy": someone who plans, organizes and carries out the attack, and then a system of perfectly synchronized interests which for over forty years manages red herrings and disinformation, managing to prevent the truth from being ascertained.

Who? The instigator of Mattei's assassination is someone who portrayed him to the Americans as a very dangerous subversive, someone who perhaps used support from overseas, but above all someone who drew immediate benefits from this death. Who is at the head of the conspiracy? Nobody can answer. But prosecutor Calia, at the conclusion of his judicial reconstruction, does not spare some considerations. In his investigation he dedicates an entire, substantial chapter to the suspicions that have accumulated regarding Cefis. He reconstructs the story of the "cuirassier". He highlights his enigmatic past. And the private mega-businesses conducted using Eni. Cefis is the Americans' man. He is Commander «Alberto», who during the Resistance receives funding, food and logistical support from his friends in the Stars and Stripes. He is the man with the connections with the OSS before, and with the CIA after the war.

He is perhaps the man someone saw at the site of the plane crash looking for Mattei's bag.

He is the man who Mattei chases away from Eni and he is the man who returns to Eni immediately after Mattei's death, radically changing his political and financial direction, getting closer to the American oilmen and

abandoning contacts with emerging countries. This is Cefis, the "bogeyman" of the Mattei case. Never touched by a judicial measure, but at the center of a thousand suspicions. For Verzotto, Eni's public relations officer in Sicily and key witness in the Pavia investigation, Mattei's number one enemy is Cefis. He is the most direct beneficiary of his death.

use:

1 On the (false?) myth of Mattei's anti-Americanism, according to prosecutor Calia, it is interesting to know the considerations of Leonardo Maugeri, scholar and then manager of Eni, in his book L'arma del petrol (Loggia de' Lanzi , Florence 1994): «Since the Iranian affair [...], the belief spread in the United States that Mattei's maneuvers had above all an internal meaning within the Italian political system, whose weakness seemed to provide continuous inspiration for the provocations of Eni. It was reasonable to assume, consequently, that Mattei's oil policy, with its tentacles of corruption, of exasperated demagogic non-conformism, with its scientific ability to orient the press and ruling class, was hiding something deeper and more dangerous for stability. of the country. Thus, while the epic clash with the Seven Sisters had little relevance for US administrations, it was instead the internal influence within Italy that gave political consistency to the president of Eni in American analyses. Those limits of the Italian system which already at the time formed the framework of a fragile democracy, against which the specter of a local confrontation between the West and communism unique in intensity and capillarity was raised, are therefore coming back into question. Applied to the Mattei case, this framework produced the attention and political concern that the apparent upheaval of the oil balance had not aroused. In other words, it was Mattei, the protagonist of Italian political life, and not the oilman subverting the international system, who deserved consideration. It was the man now able to escape any control who assumed political importance, as he was able to use "his enormous economic power, together with blackmail and corruption, to intimidate the Italian government and thus threaten the proper functioning

of Italian democracy ". In this sense, the oil weapon wielded by Mattei had a disruptive effect, as it provided him with considerable bargaining power with respect to Italian affairs and, consequently, with respect to the United States. And for these reasons, when the debate on the entry of socialists into the government entered its definitive phase (1961-62), the Kennedy administration promoted negotiations for pacification with Mattei".

pag. 761

The enigmatic Verzotto

But who is Graziano Verzotto? And why is he at the center of the Mattei mystery? Tall, elegant, the faintest smile always printed on his face, the cigar between his teeth, Verzotto is the secretary of the DC

Sicilian, later elected senator, but he is also a high-ranking official of Agip, and above all he is the head of Eni's public relations office on the island and then president of EMS, the Sicilian mining body. Venetian by origin, married to a rich Catanian heiress ten years his senior, elected national deputy of the DC in Catania, Verzotto cultivated his unbridled passion for power with rare skill for over thirty years. He is intelligent, brilliant, ambitious, but also lucidly cold, a quality that will serve him well in the Sicilian swamp of those years, in which DC

he governs by flirting with the mafiosi: on his lists he hosts bosses of the caliber of Genco Russo, and Verzotto himself is the first to "set an example", called to be a witness at the wedding of the Nisseno mafia boss Peppe Di Cristina,1 later murdered by the Corleonesi. He is an enigmatic character who, like Mattei and Cefis, comes from the Resistance, where he earned the reputation of being a "double-agent".2

His story as a double-faced partisan, leading a fighting brigade and at the same time confidant of the fascists of Salò, is marked by the brutal massacre of twenty-six defenseless citizens on the 27th

April 1945, in the square of Santa Giustina in Colle, his hometown. The fascists had laid down their weapons, the Nazi troops were retreating. Only two German soldiers remained in the town square on their motor carriage,

about to reach the unit. Standing with him inside the rectory, Verzotto opened fire on the two soldiers. The soldier in the sidecar was electrocuted, but the pilot managed to escape and ran to inform the others of what had happened. The Germans retraced their steps in search of those responsible. But Verzotto and his men had fled, leaving the population at the mercy of the soldiers' anger.

Twenty-six civilians were "executed", including the parish priest and the sacristan. Verzotto tells it differently: he speaks of a "bold coup" against a German patrol.3 But his past as a suspected "double-agent" is also taken up in a confidential note from the Carabinieri in the documents of the Pavia trial.4

Fifteen years later, we find him in Sicily, now head of public relations for Eni.

Verzotto is the man who calls Mattei to the island for his last trip, the man who plans all the stages of that visit, the man who follows him, minute after minute, talking to him about the new illusory work assignment, the pilot Irnerio Bertuzzi, the only one who knew the details of the Morane's flight destined to explode in the sky of Bascapé. And he is also the author, according to the pilot's wife, of the strange phone call to the Bertuzzi home, a few minutes after the plane crashed.

In the mid-1970s, the judiciary issued an arrest order against him for having deposited EMS black funds in a bank of the mafia financier Michele Sindona. A story preceded by a mysterious kidnapping attempt suffered by Verzotto on the landing of his house in Syracuse, and foiled by the victim herself, who manages to get the better of the kidnappers by locking himself in the house, despite being injured. Verzotto fled to Lebanon and then to Paris, where he remained a fugitive for twenty years, protected under a false name - it is said - by the French secret services.5

He returned to Italy in 1990; the prescription and a pardon save him from prison to which he has, in the meantime, been sentenced. He goes to live in Rome and, in the mid-nineties, seems to have only one concern: telling his truth about his Sicilian years between politics, economics and the mafia.

And mysteries.

From 1996 to 1998 Verzotto willingly subjected himself to the extensive interrogations of prosecutor Calia, who p. 762

are recorded, since the senator, suffering from Parkinson's disease in the meantime,6 is unable to sign the minutes.

In 1997 he published a book-interview with the journalist Salvatore Brancati entitled Enrico Mattei? A trout fisherman, 7 and in 2008 a new version of his memoirs entitled From Veneto to Sicily? A complex piece of literature, full of memories and details, to essentially say that he was at Mattei's side during the years of the Resistance, that with his death he lost a friend and a protector, and that the tragedy of Bascapé, which at first it seemed like an accident to him, now he considers it a "sabotage" to stop the president of Eni, who has become too powerful.

For the prosecutor Calia even becomes the key witness.

But his reports are full of contradictions: the intrigue that Verzotto recounts by putting himself in the shoes of the external witness, in reality, he does not see as so neutral. Starting from that phone call on the evening of October 20, 1962,9 which prosecutor Calia openly defines as a "pretext" to recall Mattei to Sicily, in an absurd and useless return to the island which, like a death chamber, has already been prepared for its elimination. Verzotto himself recognizes that without that phone call, Mattei would not have returned to the island so soon, but he tells the judge that it was D'Angelo, the head of the Sicilian government, who wanted the president of Eni in Gagliano at all costs, after having perceived «on the Sunday following a meeting in the Enna area, his political fiefdom», the voters' lack of confidence in the promises of industrialization made a few days earlier by Mattei at Palazzo d'Orléans. But the numbers on the calendar don't add up. October 20th is Saturday, and D'Angelo, after meeting Mattei for the first time, has not yet gone to Enna. How could he have perceived "the voters' lack of confidence" in the promises of the president of Eni?

Not only. To the prosecutor, Verzotto tells that, although he had been in charge of organizing the program of Mattei's second trip to Sicily, he was not

informed of the appointment in Gela that the Eni president had set for October 26 with the Anic summit, the plant that hosts the Sicilian petrochemical dream, and to have found out about it at the last moment. Also in this case the senator is denied, both by Salvatore Corallo, vice president of the Region at the time, and by Francesco Fusco, a journalist from Catania who followed part of Mattei's trip to Sicily.10 Why does Verzotto distance himself from Gela?

Is there a connection with that second phone call received by Mattei, in which a mysterious interlocutor invited him to desert the military airfield of Ponte Olivo, in Gela, since there had been an attack on the equipment? Verzotto says he knows nothing about this attack. But here he falls into the third contradiction.

Because Corallo claims, on the contrary, that it was Verzotto himself who informed him that someone, some time before, had fired shots at the lampposts at the edge of the track.11 And Verzotto himself, on the other hand, who claims that Gela plays a role central to the story and that Anic is

«the key to understanding Mattei's death», an all-Italian sabotage carried out by those who would have had a direct interest in taking advantage of his death. And, with the logic of cuiprodest, Verzotto offers two names to the magistrate: Eugenio Cefis, who became, immediately after the air tragedy, vice president of Eni with full operational powers, and Vito Guarrasi, the mysterious Mister X of Sicilian politics, lieutenant of Cefis in Sicily, former consultant for Eni, removed by Mattei from the board of directors of Anic Gela and then back in the saddle, after Bascapé. But who is Vito Guarrasi? What does this have to do with Cefis? And with Mattei?

note:

pag. 763

1 Giuseppe Di Cristina is indicated by numerous mafia turncoats as the boss of Riesi (Caltanissetta). In the 1980s, with his brother Antonio, Peppe Di Cristina dominated the

«families» of the Nisseno area. Then both brothers were killed, Peppe in 1978 and Antonio in 1988.

The repentant Tommaso Buscetta states: «Verzotto was very close to Di Cristina, as I learned from the latter during a joint detention at Ucciardone in the mid-1970s». The repentant Nisseno Salvatore Riggio claims: «Graziano Verzotto was very close to Beppe Di Cristina and the Riesi family. I know that he was Beppe Di Cristina's "companion", having been her best man at her wedding. Furthermore, many from my country were hired at the EMS through Di Cristina and Verzotto." On Di Cristina's role at the Ems, at the parliamentary commission of inquiry into the mafia in the hearing of 26 March 1971, Verzotto specified: «Di Cristina was hired in 1968 by So.chi.mi.si, with an autonomous decision, replacing his father-in-law, Di Ligami, founder of the PCI in Riesi". After underlining the EMS's involvement in Di Cristina's hiring, Verzotto, when questioned about his presence as a witness at the wedding of the Riesi boss, pointed out: «On the date of Di Cristina's wedding, I was very far from knowing what the mafia phenomenon could consist of, which I subsequently came to know about due to my assignment and a stay in the area. I went to testify because I was asked to do so by my brother, a member of the Riesi DC: a brother I saw from time to time in Catania in 1960 where he was a bank employee."

2 The story of the "double-agent" Verzotto, partisan commander and confidant of the fascists of Salò, is told in the chapter Graziano Verzotto: blood and oil published in the book I giorni di Caino, written by Antonio Serena (Parola, Padua 1990), in which interviewed a veteran from Salò, member of the Black Brigade of Camposampiero, protagonist of those years. A story never denied by Verzotto who never sued the author, a fascist historian also cited in his books by Giampaolo Pansa.

3 In his memoirs dictated to Salvatore Brancati (Enrico Mattei? A trout fisherman: long interview with Graziano Verzotto, La-Palma, Palermo 1997), Verzotto tells the story in a different way: he speaks of a "bold coup" against a German patrol, with the death of the two soldiers, the attempts to block the cars of the fleeing Germans, even the arrest of a major and six German soldiers. Then, the arrival of two trucks full of soldiers turns the situation in favor of the Nazis.

4 Confidential note from the Palermo Carabinieri, dated 17 March 1975: «In 1944-45, during the conspiracy period [Verzotto, N.d.A.] was commander of the Damiano Chiesa partisan brigade, operating in the area of the Camposampiero district (Padua). He would not enjoy a good reputation in those political circles, as his partisan formation, during the course of operations, exceeded in abuses and he is still accused of some crimes, including the killing of an elementary school teacher from Borghetto. During the period of the retreat, some German soldiers were killed, provoking the reaction of the German troops who shot twenty-two citizens, including the parish priest and the chaplain of S. Giustina in Colle. After these events, Verzotto, evidently hated by the population, moved away from the town of his birth without leaving his address until 1951, when he requested his registry transfer to Catania".

5 «The well-known fugitive Graziano Verzotto is said to be living in the French capital under adequate cover of that country's security services. In fact, the former president of the Sicilian Mining Authority would have come into contact with the aforementioned bodies already in the period preceding his fugitive.

The relationships date back, in particular, to the times of the Algerian oil issue and the economic and commercial exchange programs with that nation. [...] In this context, the French security services would have approached Verzotto, head of Eni's public relations office in Sicily, in order to persuade and prevent President Mattei from concluding the agreement with the new government pag. 764

Algerian." From a note from Sisde on the documents of the De Mauro trial underway before the Court of Assizes of Palermo.

«I met Graziano Verzotto four or five times... I learned after the well-known legal proceedings that Verzotto had taken refuge in France, where - as it was said - he enjoyed many authoritative friendships, among which apparently also the French Minister of the Interior of the time, with whom he had been a good friend for some time." From the report of Vittorio Nisticò to the prosecutor Calia of 7 August 1996.

«Graziano Verzotto, cited several times as one of the last people to have accompanied Mattei to the plane a few moments before take-off, lives in Paris, according to authorized sources, under a false identity. This is what Francois d'Aubert, member of the French Parliament, states in his book L'argent sale, which although directly concerning the Crédit Lyonnais, mentions in some passages regarding Giancarlo Parretti, some events concerning Verzotto. I am sending you an attachment, a photocopy of the pages of the book in question.» From the letter of Arnaldo Bertuzzi, son of Irnerio, to the prosecutor Calia sent from Paris on 6 January 1996.

6 Minutes of Graziano Verzotto dated 2 June 1998. Verzotto is heard on behalf of the deputy prosecutor Dr. Calia by Marshal Enrico Guastini, who minutes the following note: «It is preliminarily noted that Senator Verzotto, who has already been suffering from Parkinson's disease for some years , is not able to write or sign the document, therefore the relevant outcome of the interview just had is recorded".

7 S. Brancati, Enrico Mattei? A trout fisherman: long interview with Graziano Verzotto, La-Palma, Palermo 1997.

8 G. Verzotto, From Veneto to Sicily, La Garangola, Padua 2008.

9 The phone call was attended by the brother of the president of Eni, Italo Mattei, who spoke about it for the first time to the judicial authority of Palermo on 1 October 1971, as part of the investigation carried out against the knight Antonino Buttafuoco, investigated in that period for the kidnapping of the journalist Mauro De Mauro. Italo Mattei's memory is probably correct, given that the «Giornale di Sicilia» of 21 October 1962 published, with remarkable timing, the news of Mattei's new arrival in Sicily.

10 «I remember being warned that I had to go to Gela to visit the Anic factory and residential area with Mattei, a few days before 26 October 1962.

I remember being notified by Graziano Verzotto but I don't remember the times and methods.» From Salvatore Corallo's report to prosecutor Calia on 8 May 1996.

«I learned from Verzotto, the day before Mattei's arrival, that the president of Eni would be coming to Sicily the next day, first to Gela and then to Palermo. He didn't tell me about Catania. Verzotto told me that the next day he would go to welcome Mattei in Gela. » From the deposition of Francesco Fusco on 23 June 2008 before the Court of Assizes of Palermo in the ongoing trial for the disappearance of De Mauro.

11 «While we were about to sit down at the table at the Agip Motel, Commander Bertuzzi, who I knew well, had come to say goodbye, informing me that he would not stay for dinner because he preferred to take the plane to Catania. Intrigued, I asked Verzotto for explanations who had informed me that some time before the owners of the land on which the Gela runway had been built, in dispute with Eni for the payment of expropriation compensation, had fired shots at the street lamps edges of the track. For this reason Bertuzzi, worried about the plane, had preferred to transfer it to Catania.» From the minutes of Salvatore Corallo, page. 765

vice president of the Sicily Region.

pag. 766

The Sicilian friend

Here comes the lawyer Vito Guarrasi, from Palermo, civil lawyer, the gray eminence of governments, economic agreements, laws, financial companies, public and private companies. A champion of confidentiality, a man of few words, in the only interview granted to the journalist Claudio Fava for «L'Europeo», Guarrasi says of himself: «They will dismiss me with two words: he was an intelligent man. And chatted".1

However, another journalist, Alfio Caruso, writes about him: «As long as intelligences like him exist, Sicily will have no hope».2

The stone mask of Guarrasi's face embodies fifty years of Sicilian history, decided in the backrooms of power. A story that Guarrasi has undergone judicially unscathed since the armistice of Cassibile in 1943, when, in the uniform of a young captain, he appears in a historic photo with General Giuseppe Castellano, of whom he is the devoted aide-de-camp. If there is a

"great old man" in Sicily, his refuge has been for decades in via Segesta 9 in Palermo, where Guarrasi's studio is based.

Don Vito is «the parmesan of all parties, the rocket that is found everywhere»,3 he is «the parsley and salt of all Sicilian cauldrons».4 The anti-mafia has dealt with him several times, but no one has has ever framed. Tried, yes, but always acquitted.

This is for a long Sicilian season Guarrasi: mediator, advisor, miracle worker. But there's more: Guarrasi is Cefis' man in Sicily, his most trusted collaborator. Guarrasi is the Sicilian friend of the "bogeyman" of the Mattei case.

The partnership between Cefis and Guarrasi was consolidated at the end of the 1950s during the Milazzo operation, which brought to the government of Sicily a coalition composed of all the political forces and supported by the PCI, and which for the first time confined the DC to the opposition . And the government that, with the blessing of Mattei's Eni, but on the initiative of Cefis, at that time the president's trusted right-hand man, gave rise to the petrochemical center of Gela, sponsored by Guarrasi. In those years the future Mister X was more than a consultant: by his own admission he wrote most of the economic planning laws of the Sicilian Parliament. «I'm like a doctor: they call me in desperate situations, when they need to get out of trouble»,5 the Sicilian lawyer usually says.

As with Cefis, to fully understand the true extent of Guarrasi's power, it is necessary to start from the war, which ended in Sicily on 8 September 1943. Like Cefis, Guarrasi was also the Americans' man on the island, in the turbulent phases of the Liberation, at the end of the conflict. But during the Allied landing, the US officers rub elbows with the Cosa Nostra bosses. The allied army, in fact, under the direction of the OSS, the ancestor of the CIA, relies on the Sicilian bosses who widely control the territory to obtain useful information and plan military operations. While Mattei, Cefis and Verzotto took up partisan rifles in the mountains of Veneto and Lombardy, with mixed success, the young Vito, after a long convalescence, was assigned to the Ministry of War and, therefore, to the inspectorate of the Automobile Service in Sicily.6 On 8 September he joined the Italian Commission of the Command in Chief of the Allied Forces of the Mediterranean. His best

friend, in that period, is a Sicilian nobleman, also an officer of the Italian army, Galvano Lanza Branciforti of Trabia.7 And while Galvano Lanza and Vito Guarrasi participate in the armistice negotiations, the mafia boss Don Calogero Vizzini, 8 administrator of the fiefdom owned by the Lanzas, carried out, at a tactical level, preparation activities for the Allied landing in Sicily.

Prosecutor Calia writes, dedicating a chapter of his investigation on Mattei to Guarrasi, which Don Vito pages. 767

in that context «it represents, in some way, the interests of Cosa Nostra».9

From a report kept in the archives of the Department of State in Washington, signed by the American Consul General of Palermo Alfred T. Nester, addressed to the Secretary of State on 27 November 1944, it clearly emerges that the problem of separatism was discussed at a table between high American officers and personalities of the island listed as follows: Calogero Vizzini (from Villalba, administrator of the Polizello fiefdom owned by the Lanza Branciforti family), Virgilio Nasi, Calogero Volpe, Vito Fodera and Vito Guarrasi.10

Guarrasi's relations with Lanza continued even after the end of the war. Guarrasi began an intense entrepreneurial and economic consultancy activity in the most disparate sectors. The two immediately formed a constant pairing, which would characterize one of the most interesting and powerful pressure groups and economic power in Sicily. In the portrait of Guarrasi drawn by prosecutor Calia, it is highlighted how, in the meantime, the lawyer also dedicated himself to politics, first running on a list headed by Vittorio Emanuele Orlando, then linking himself to monarchist-liberal circles, headed by the Lanza di Trabia family. Furthermore, he participates in societies which include well-known social-communist exponents, trade unionists and anarchists, with whom he does not disdain to flaunt good relations, to the point of running as an independent candidate with the Socialist Party (not elected), in the Communist Party (with the Bloc of the people) and therefore with the Radical Party, without achieving appreciable results.

For a period, after meeting Aristide Gunnella, Don Vito approached the Republican Party. His influence, especially in the economic field, grew to the point of arousing suspicion and requiring the involvement of the parliamentary commission of inquiry into the mafia phenomenon.

Guarrasi is the man behind all major political and economic operations in Sicily. Guarrasi is the consultant of right-wing and left-wing financial projects. Guarrasi is the "brain" that maneuvers, orients and directs the largest flows of money and power on the island. Guarrasi is the man who physically writes the laws that govern development. In 1958 the President of the Region Silvio Milazzo appointed him general secretary of the «Five-year plan for the reconstruction of Sicily»: that is, he gave him carte blanche to manage the public economy of the Region. Thus Guarrasi effectively becomes the administrator of numerous industrial and extractive companies. But his climb has only just begun.

Within a few years he was a member, councilor or mayor of all Sicilian companies of some importance (including those that manage the paracommunist newspaper «L'Ora» and the Palermo football club), as well as a consultant for many of the most important companies national companies operating in Sicily: Eni, Agip, Snam, Anic, Sir, Bastogi, Nuovo Pignone, Montedison (when Cefis became president), Italtrade, Spartacus Film.

But Guarrasi's eclecticism does not stop here. He is a legal consultant and political advisor to several presidents of the Sicily Region. Is it just skill? Also, but, according to the Anti-Mafia Commission, which dedicated 164 confidential files to him, with very significant external help: «The particular position of the lawyer Guarrasi and his numerous political adhesions have placed him in a position to deal with mafiosi for bring about events that almost always end in his favor, or in favor of people linked to him".

Thus we arrive at the nineties, the season of mafia massacres, and the reaction of the State with the arrest of Totò Riina and the Corleonese massacres close to him. Cosa Nostra thinks about the submergence strategy, then implemented by Bernardo Provenzano, and the name of Vito Guarrasi comes up once again. In a note dated 26 November 1994, the regional tax police unit of Palermo informs the prefect that «the general command of the

financial police has communicated [...] that it has learned from a qualified body (the Sismi), that in the within the Sicilian and Palermo Cosa Nostra in particular, for some time now there has been a sort of ferment tending to modify page. 768

essentially the directions and strategic lines. The exact motivations and connotations escape us at the moment, but the role of the elderly Palermo lawyer Guarrasi Vito would not be unrelated to a sort of occult direction."

This is Guarrasi in Sicily for fifty years. This and much more. He is the most qualified Eni consultant on the island. He is a board member of Anic in Gela, during the period in which Cefis was vice-president.

And it is precisely in Gela that Verzotto tries to place the presence of Vito Guarrasi, during President Mattei's last trip to Sicily. But the lawyer in Gela was never there in those two days.

Verzotto says: «Between Mattei and the president of the Sicily Region, De D'Angelo, relations were somewhat tense [...] a disagreement that arose from the fact that D'Angelo demanded his removal from the board of directors of Anic Gela by the lawyer Vito Guarrasi, who had been economic consultant to Silvio Milazzo, president of the Region. A fact that Mattei had never contested and that D'Angelo did not like".11

But even in this case Verzotto is imprecise. If Cefis had resigned from Anic in March 1962, Guarrasi had left the Board of Directors over two years earlier, on 19 June 1960. Why does Verzotto try in every way to implicate Guarrasi in the investigation into the attack on Mattei? The prosecutor Calia also asks him the question. And he replies: «I thought he was still a councilor of Anic, and was present at the meeting held at Anic, it's not like he wants to get involved at all costs» .12

But what relationship exists between Verzotto and Guarrasi? Did the two have any role in the sabotage of Mattei's plane, which took place in a sunny Sicilian airport? Or, custodians of unspeakable and terrible secrets, are they linked by a mutual blackmail that has dragged on over the years?

One thing is certain. Whoever stopped Mattei's "impossible revolution" must remain in the shadows. The assassins of the conspiracy that blocked the dream of the president of Eni, which forever tied Italy to its role as a subordinate periphery of the American empire, cannot be unmasked. Never. For this reason, eight years later, the Mattei mystery arises again. This time he was in Palermo, on a torrid sirocco evening, among the concrete buildings and flower beds of the new residential area.

note:

1 In «L'Europeo» of 31 August 1994.

2 A. Caruso, From Cosa born Cosa, Longanesi, Milan 2002, p. 597.

3 «It was the rocket of the moment.» From the report of Graziano Verzotto to the prosecutor Calia of 30 June 1998.

4 Source: Michele Pantaleone (1911-2002). Sicilian writer, he was also a journalist and, from 1947 to 1951, deputy of the Sicilian regional parliament.

5 In «L'Europeo» of 31 August 1994.

6 In a confidential note from the Palermo police headquarters to the Anti-Mafia Commission of 28 September 1971, in the documents of the Calia investigation, it is specified that «neither his presence in the team of high and qualified officers who handled the surrender of Italy, nor the role he had, if pag. 769

it is considered that the then captain Guarrasi was a simple reserve officer of the Motor Vehicle Service. His presence appears much clearer if we consider, however, that another Sicilian, the then second lieutenant Galvano Lanza Branciforti di Trabia, an orderly officer of General Castellano, had his part in those events, certainly not secondary, and friend of Guarrasi."

7 Ibidem.

8 Ibidem.

9 Prosecutor Calia writes in his request for dismissal (p. 315): «As if to say that Guarrasi, in that context, represented, in some way, the interests of Cosa Nostra».

10 In Guarrasi's biographical profile drawn up by Dia we read: «[...] It seems that, while Lanza and Guarrasi participated in the armistice negotiations, "don" Calogero Vizzini carried out, at a tactical level, in Sicily, the activity of preparation for the Allied landing on the island. And it is to this period that Guarrasi's first contacts with mafia representatives can be traced back."

11 From the notes delivered by Verzotto to Judge Calia.

12 From the report of Graziano Verzotto to the prosecutor Calia of 2 September 1998.

De Mauro's disappearance

The kidnapping

Palermo, Wednesday 16 September 1970. 9.10 pm.

A summer evening, hot and sirocco. In Via delle Magnolie, a residential area, tall concrete buildings, the beehive windows are all wide open, on the balconies someone is looking for a bit of refreshment on the deckchairs. On the sidewalk there is a girl, Franca, who is returning home. And she and her boyfriend and together they walk towards an illuminated door, at number 58. At the same moment, a midnight blue BMW has parked near the door. A man comes out of the car and bends down to take something from the seat: coffee, wine and cigarettes. Franca recognizes her father. The girl has already arrived at the door, she opens it with the keys, goes forward and calls the elevator. Then she waits. But the father doesn't arrive. Then Franca turns back towards the road, just in time to see the BMW leaving again, to hear someone say "amuninni" in dialect, which means "let's go". To watch her father walk away from her, in his car. Franca notices that the car starts jerking, and that there are two or three other men on board. From that moment on, the journalist Mauro De Mauro disappeared into thin air.

Franca doesn't know it yet and doesn't worry. She's used to the quirks of her father's job, she knows she doesn't have a schedule. Lately you've been working like crazy on a story that, you say, will get him a "degree in journalism." The girl thinks of an unexpected work situation: a sudden call from the newspaper, a murder to follow, a source to meet immediately. She goes up to the house, she tells her mother Elda and sister Junia that dad was downstairs and that instead of going up she went away with other people. But how? Without even an intercom? The women don't know whether to have dinner or wait for him. There is an uproar in the house, because Franca is getting married in two days, and there are gifts and flowers everywhere. That evening, however, Mauro does not return home. At three in the morning, after waiting up for him, Elda worriedly telephones the newspaper: "Is Mauro there?".

The doorman replies: «He's not there. But don't worry. He will return." Elda doesn't sleep a wink. At seven in the morning, very scared, she calls the newspaper again and an hour later she arrives at the editorial office, in a panic. «Where has Mauro gone? If he didn't call, if he doesn't call, something happened to him." The director of «L'Ora» is a Calabrian, Vittorio Nisticò. He tries to reassure Elda. He then activates the crime reporters for the usual round of phone calls: hospitals, hotels, emergency rooms, friends.

This time not to ask for news, but to ask if something has happened to Mauro De Mauro.

Someone, to break the tension, downplays it: "Do you remember that time Mauro got drunk and didn't even answer the phone?". Maybe it happened again. But the hope that the reporter was entangled in a banal mishap fades as the hours pass. In the afternoon Nisticò becomes convinced that something serious has happened, listening to Franca's story it seems that he has been the victim of a kidnapping and the editorial staff gets moving for the extraordinary edition the following day. The family members reported the journalist's disappearance to the police and carabinieri. The searches begin. Who were the ones he walked away with last night? They are phone calls, doubts, assumptions between family members, colleagues, acquaintances. Where has Mauro De Mauro gone? At ten in the evening on September 17th, just over twenty-four hours after the journalist's disappearance, a patrol discovered his car, the midnight blue BMW, parked

in via D'Asaro, in the center, a few minutes from via delle Magnolie . The car hasn't made it very far. On the seat, there are still wine, coffee and cigarettes. The police dogs arrive: they sniff a sweater found on a seat. The bomb squad arrives: they open the hood, but there is nothing there, just a mask and a pair of fins. And forensics also arrives: on a glass and on the dashboard there are two fingerprints and one palm print.

pag. 771

At midnight, the rain disperses the agents and onlookers. A pouring rain that sweeps away the sirocco and hopes. Franca cancels the wedding. The family is overwhelmed by anguish. The Palermo police commissioner Ferdinando Li Donni orders raids, searches and blockades. He then organizes a summit with the police and carabinieri chiefs. De Mauro is being investigated by the captain of the Carabinieri Giuseppe Russo, the commissioner of the Flying Squad Boris Giuliano, the commander of the Legion of the Army Carlo Alberto Dalla Chiesa. All three were then massacred in Palermo between 1977

It's 1982. A belief begins to take hold in the city: this is a "mafia thing".

But who is Mauro De Mauro? And why should the mafia be angry with him? He was born in Foggia in 1922. A brother, an aviator, died in the war. Another, Tullio, is a linguistics scholar. His is the emblematic youth of an entire generation. At twenty-two he plays in the Decima Mas. During a search in Rome, he finds some weapons and arrests a certain Natili, owner of a restaurant.

A few days later, the bomb exploded in Via Rasella against a German column, 320 hostages were taken haphazardly from prison, including the Natili father and son, who ended up massacred in the Fosse Ardeatine. De Mauro was tried by the Assize Court of Bologna and acquitted of the charge of being responsible for the death of the Natili family. A witness says he saw him sincerely "heartbroken"

for the killing of the innkeeper and his son imprisoned by him. De Mauro is also accused of having personally participated in the killing of ten hostages

in the Fosse Ardeatine. But there is not a single proof. In 1949 the Supreme Court also acquitted him of this accusation.

It was in that period, after his escape from a "camp" for collaborators, that the former republican landed in Palermo and someone remembered having known him as Italo Carlo Fux. Why does he adopt false names? Is he coming to Sicily to conduct anti-communist intelligence operations? Or is he coming to put a stop to the past? Tall, limping, a big scar on his nose. Some say it was due to the beatings taken by the partisans, others say that if anything De Mauro took the beatings from the fascists, when he crossed over to the other side and gave refuge to the partisans. These are also fantasies: the signs of the wounds date back to a car accident in 1945, near Verona, which left him full of fractures and almost dying. He's a strange guy, this De Mauro. Gruff, brusque, a bit of a boaster. His daughter Junia describes him as "irascible, naive, very generous, jealous of his family, possessive of us, dedicated to friendship, very affectionate and extroverted, but not always appropriate, the classic Neapolitan with a mandolin around his neck".

After having collaborated for various newspapers, in 1959 he joined the newspaper «L'Ora». He is a great friend of Graziano Verzotto. In those years, in the panorama of Italian newspapers, strongly subordinate to economic power, "Il Giorno" was born, a Milanese daily newspaper that aspired to compete with the "Corriere della Sera". The publisher is Cino Del Duca. But behind him, there is Eni, there is Enrico Mattei who wants a newspaper to carry forward a centre-left political line, and sponsor public intervention in the economy. De Mauro is the Sicilian correspondent of «Il Giorno». In Palermo, Eni's newspaper is very popular with Vittorio Nisticò, the new director of «L'Ora» who takes inspiration from that modern Milanese newspaper for his small evening newspaper.1 At that moment Eni's penetration into Sicily was supported not only by public funding but also by illegal contributions that reach the newspapers, including «L'Ora».2 In Palermo, moreover, the relationship between the newspapers and Eni is mediated by people like Graziano Verzotto. 3 Is this why De Mauro, despite his cumbersome past as a former fascist, lands in the editorial staff of «L'Ora», a para-communist newspaper?

Nisticò denies it. He says he hired De Mauro "because he was a well-known and respected professional". In fact, with his investigations and his articles, De Mauro is appreciated because he is always on the front line against malfeasance, corruption and mafia collusion.

«L'Ora», in Palermo called «u' L'Ora», is the evening newspaper, independent according to some, paracommunist according to others, a newspaper that over the years has acquired a precise anti-mafia identity. Penniless, chaotic, always on the verge of closure, he sells something like pag in the city. 772

twenty thousand copies, but it is a newspaper of denunciations, of battle, which sometimes becomes war: in 1958, during an investigation into the "new" mafia, "L'Ora" mentions the name of the Corleonese boss Luciano Liggio, and publishes it for first time photos. A bomb blows up a piece of the rotary press. But «The Hour»

he responds with a sneer. The newspaper comes out with the headline: "The mafia threatens us, the investigation continues."

This is the newspaper for which Mauro De Mauro writes. There are malicious rumors in Palermo, parlor chatter, which attribute the journalist's disappearance to women's stories, to unlikely mysteries based on money, blackmail. But these are rumors that sink in before they actually take shape. Slander, at best. At worst, attempts at misdirection.

De Mauro has always been poor, he lived with the minimum contract and with his collaborators. If someone has taken the reporter from «L'Ora», it is certainly for something related to his work. But what? Wasn't he involved in sports lately? Yes. What about sports? Why had the most brilliant crime and judicial reporter in Palermo's anti-mafia newspaper been moved to sport?4

note:

1 F. Nicastro, De Mauro. The reporter killed by Cosa Nostra and beyond, l'Unità, Rome 2006, p. 60.

2 «The financial situation of the paracommunist afternoon newspaper "L'Ora" of Palermo remains very serious. Some editors and four linotypist

workers, preventing the imminent cessation of publications, have signed "in complete secrecy" a contract with the Telestar joint-stock company which owns the evening paper of the same name, which will be released in early March next.

However, "L'Ora" would resist until the next national and regional elections. In some regional circles it is stated that the vice president of Eni, Dr. Cefis has assured the newspaper's administration of a subsidy of 50,000,000 lire. The sum would have been granted due to the interest of the socialist Salvatore Corallo, regional councilor for industry and commerce, former "tank" president, friend of Cefis.» From note no. 1186 of protocol. of the 28th

January 1963 sent from the Palermo counter-espionage center to the D office in Rome signed by Colonel Umberto Bonaventura.

3 «[Mattei, Editor's note] therefore exempted me from the duties of inspector of Agip, entrusting me however with the task of taking care of Eni's public relations in Sicily... It was January 31, 1955 when, at 11 in the morning, I arrived with train to Syracuse, where I immediately got to work.» From the memoirs of Verzotto From Veneto to Sicily, La Garangola, Padua 2008.

4 «This transfer had embittered Mauro De Mauro, who held a grudge against the director Nisticò who, according to him, had joined the pressure of those who had wanted to oust him.» From the report of Graziano Verzotto to the documents of the Pavia investigation.

Mister X

Thursday 17 September 1970.

In Via delle Magnolie, everyone is waiting. Of a signal, of a phone call, perhaps someone will ask for a ransom. The light in Mauro De Mauro's studio is on. Elda wants it to remain lit even at night, like a lighthouse that can lead the missing man home. At 9pm a phone call arrives. It is Nino Buttafuoco, the knight, a bizarre guy, who poses as an aristocrat, wears a boater and bow tie, and is a tax consultant for a large part of the Palermo

bourgeoisie. He wants to know "if there is any news". Of what? Franca, very distressed, replies no. She realizes that the newspapers have not yet talked about the kidnapping. She will talk about it the next day for the first time in «L'Ora»

in the extraordinary edition. How does this Buttafuoco already know everything?1 Someone in the city, evidently, is well informed of De Mauro's disappearance.

Two days later, Saturday the 19th, again at 9pm, Buttafuoco calls back, saying he has "important things to communicate". He wants to talk to Elda. He shows up an hour later at the journalist's house.

Elda and Tullio, Mauro's brother, are waiting for him. The knight says he met "three friends" who, after kissing him "three times", told him not to worry, "because that person is alive and well". Junia was not present at the interview, because Buttafuoco did not want to. But she listened to everything from behind the door and in his diary, later published by the weekly «Il Mondo», she wrote that the knight at that point began to list «a series of possible motives for the kidnapping, discarding them immediately, without giving explanations». «Agrigento... no; drugs... no; Tandoy case... no; Eni.»

Elda then asks: «Knight, why Eni?». And he: "So, I read it in the newspapers." But no newspaper up to that point had mentioned that lead.

I

family members are astonished. Elda had mentioned an important detail only to commissioner Boris Giuliano: that De Mauro, until the day of his death, worked to reconstruct the last hours spent by Enrico Mattei in Sicily on behalf of director Franco Rosi, who has to shoot a film about death of the president of Eni.2

The knight, once again, proves that he knows more than he should. Thus, the Mattei lead emerges. The newspapers pounce on the news: De Mauro disappeared while investigating Mattei's death. Not on his death, "but on the last two days of his life", specifies Rosi from Rome, explaining that he asked De Mauro for information on the trip to Gagliano Castelferrato made by

Mattei before boarding the twin-jet engine that exploded in flight and crashed in Bascapé . Since the end of July De Mauro has dedicated himself to nothing but this: he reconstructs Mattei's days in Gela and Gagliano; he meets those who were with him on 26 and 27 October 1962, seeks out D'Angelo, DC president of the Region at that time, and speaks with Corallo, the socialist vice president; he goes to visit Graziano Verzotto, then regional secretary of the DC and then president of the Sicilian Mining Authority, and meets the lawyer Vito Guarrasi, the communist Pompeo Colajanni and the socialist Michele Russo, the latter deputies of the Province of Enna, where Gagliano is located . They are the last people who saw Mattei alive. The reporter from «L'Ora» spends hours locked in his study transcribing onto paper Mattei's last speech to the people of Gagliano, the recording of which he obtained. Hours and hours. He makes strange revelations to his family, who were too distracted in those days because they were busy preparing for Franca's wedding, on the background to Mattei's death, on the people who gained advantages from that death, on the

"degree in journalism" that they will give him for the things he discovered. But what did he discover?

The searches, meanwhile, lead nowhere. The patrols comb the city and the countryside. Eight days after De Mauro's disappearance, «L'Ora» addresses the people of Palermo with a headline in large letters: «Help us». We read in the appeal: «We ask this Sicily, which cannot be pag. 774

silenced by distrust, nor overcome by non-abstract fears, of giving a sign of a civil presence [...]".

The newspaper calls for the help of citizens. Hope for a useful report. A madman calls on the phone who says "your De Mauro is alive", another who reports a deep-sea motorboat half hidden in the sea of Cefalù, they call a series of mythomaniacs, but no reliable information reaches the investigators.

Buttafuoco's visits to the De Mauro house follow one another. The knight announces news, but slowly begins to ask family members, demanding that they tell him everything they know about the people under investigation. At a certain point, to explain the motive for the kidnapping, he talks about a key

character who is at the center of De Mauro's disappearance. Putting his own name in place of the mysterious character, he states: «Buttafuoco says something to Mauro. Mauro makes it clear to someone else that he knows this. This causes Mauro to be kidnapped to find out what Buttafuoco told him, and to scare Buttafuoco." It is a cryptic reasoning, but we will later see that it has a logical and disturbing explanation.

An envelope arrives at the editorial office of «L'Ora» on Saturday 26 September. Inside is an engraved ribbon. The voice of a man, with a handkerchief over his mouth, says: "De Mauro is alive, we don't want to do him any harm, we just want to have a nice chat with him." That evening, from Rome, Buttafuoco calls his family:

“Is there a message?” she asks. And then he adds: «Not the usual letters. An oral message." Tullio De Mauro asks: «Do you mean registered?». And Buttafuoco: «Exactly». It's like he knew about the tape.

He always knows everything.

A month passes without any news. Research only. Assumptions. And the knight's "chatter".

On Monday 19 October "la Spingarda", as Junia renames him, is arrested: Buttafuoco is in handcuffs. The prosecutor Ugo Saito, in charge of the investigation into De Mauro's disappearance, says that "he is up to his neck in it". The knight defends himself, saying that he intervened to comfort the journalist's family only "out of humanity". Junia is saddened to read articles in her father's newspaper «in defense of an elderly accountant who is a little too quixotic».3

The knight was released from prison three months later, on 5 January 1971, when the accusation of complicity in kidnapping proved inconsistent. Perhaps it has nothing to do with the kidnapping, but Buttafuoco's, according to the police, was a clever game of "exploration". On whose behalf?

After leaving the Buttafuoco game, someone mentions the name of a mysterious Mister X who "stands behind the knight, or perhaps above".

Who is? In Palermo, people seem to know perfectly well who it is: in the bars, playing the football pools slip, the fans joke about Pulcinella's secret. «Does Palermo win at home?

Write: one. Lose? Write: two. Draw? Write: Guarrasi».4 Guarrasi? In November, after weeks of articles on the mysterious Mister The lawyer's name comes out of the trail followed by the police, from the investigations of Boris Giuliano and Bruno Contrada, which lead straight to the tragedy of Bascapé. The police suspect that he, Guarrasi, may have been the instigator of the De Mauro kidnapping.

«L'Ora» was the first to publish that name, attributing the unmasking of Mister

Why so much caution? Perhaps because Guarrasi was among the administrators of the newspaper for a period. From July to December 1957 he was a member of the board of directors of «L'Ora». For another seven years, pag. 775

from 1957 to 1964, he was a member of the Board of Directors of the Immobiliare «L'Ora», which managed the newspaper's printing plant.6 The relationship between Guarrasi and «L'Ora» is the synthesis of the relationship of closeness that the PCI, suddenly co-opted within the power system of the Sicily Region, it attempted to build with political sides that were then very distant. The culmination of this operation was the government of Silvio Milazzo, planned by Guarrasi himself, in which from 1958 to 1960 the right and left coalesced, leaving the DC in opposition for the first time, precisely with the support of the communists. «L'Ora» is the interpreter and sponsor of that operation, through which the ownership of the Sicilian solfare is transferred to the Region. Eni and Mattei also played a role in this political operation. Guarrasi at that time was Eni's consultant in Sicily.

Above all, he is the man closely linked to Eugenio Cefis. He is the consultant who worked for the establishment of the Sicilian mining body chaired by Graziano Verzotto. This and more.

Guarrasi dealt with the companies of Count Arturo Cassina, grand commis of procurement in Palermo, which manage the road maintenance service by applying bloodletting costs to the municipality.

And he dealt with the tax collectors Nino and Ignazio Salvo, accused of mafia charges in the maxi-trial, holders of the highest tax collection fee in Sicily. But what does Guarrasi have to do with the De Mauro case? What did De Mauro discover about Mattei's last days? What did De Mauro tell Guarrasi, on 5 August 1970, shortly before his disappearance, in the meeting he had with him in via Segesta, where the lawyer's office is? Has anyone noticed that via Segesta is right next to via D'Asaro, the street where the journalist's midnight blue BMW was found?7

However, «L'Ora» slows down on Guarrasi: there are many previous contacts between Mister

In the summer of 1970 the director moved De Mauro to sports. He has explained several times that the choice is due to the need to "relaunch the sports pages, entrusting them to Mauro's creativity and skill". However, many of the journalist's colleagues have testified to another truth: that De Mauro undergoes this passage as a punishment, that he is dissatisfied, that he feels belittled.9

Nisticò rejects this interpretation: he begins to fear that the police will think of hitting them

«pain in the ass of L'Ora» by inventing a story about the alleged downgrading of De Mauro, perhaps wanted by Guarrasi himself, to prevent him from dealing with the mafia and other affairs of Sicilian power. Nisticò wants to prevent at all costs that «L'Ora» is thought of as a newspaper in cahoots with those in power against De Mauro. But in fact, the distance between the journalist's family and the newspaper is widening. From a certain moment on, «L'Ora» and its leaders were kept away from the investigations.

note:

1 «On Thursday 17th [September 1970] neither radio, nor newspapers, nor TV had given the news, when at 9pm Buttafuoco called asking if there was any news; Franca replied. There weren't any, and he hung up."

From Junia De Mauro's diary.

2 «If it is therefore certain that, before his death, Mauro De Mauro was busy reconstructing the two days that preceded the tragic death of Enrico Mattei, it is equally certain that, in that period, he was not busy with anything else. » From the Pavia prosecutor's report on the De Mauro case.

3 «Monday 19 October. After a Sunday spent in the most frenetic and silent agitation, Giuliano telephoned us at 1pm: "Spingarda has been arrested". Buttafuoco, after the first formalities, was immediately transferred to the Ucciardone prison. Thus began the "Buttafuoco case" even for public opinion. "L'Ora" is the one that kicks off the whole series of possible hypotheses, offering kilos of pages. 776

lead in defense of a slightly too quixotic elderly accountant. The haste of the police was criticized, and the slowness with which the arrest was carried out was blamed, given that an alleged culprit had been identified. The two irreconcilable but very firm objections were the cry under which all the "innocentists" moved." From Junia De Mauro's diary.

4 From the minutes of the hearing of 6 May 1971 of the journalist Mario Pendinelli before the Court of Milan.

5 «Friday 13 November. The news of the first of the long series of complaints that the lawyer Guarrasi makes to the correspondents of some newspapers appears in the "Giornale di Sicilia". And against Mario Pendinelli, of "Il Mondo". In the afternoon "L'Ora" reported the previously announced article, but respectfully exonerated Guarrasi and quoted Tullio in moderate, even if inaccurate, terms.» From Junia De Mauro's diary.

6 «From 6 July 1957 to 5 December 1957 member of the board of directors of

"L'Ora S.p.A.", established in Rome on 26 August 1936 and with headquarters initially in Rome - Piazza Siarra -

and then in Palermo - via Mariano Stabile, Palazzo "L'Ora" - aimed at the publication of the evening political newspaper "L'Ora" of Palermo. From 6 July 1957 to 10 June 1964 member of the Board of Directors of the real estate company "L'Ora", established on 12 August 1945, and based in Palermo, via Cerda 18, interested in the construction and activation of a printing plant.» From the biographical profile of Vito Guarrasi transmitted by Dia.

7 «It seems to me that the name of the lawyer Vito Guarrasi was also the object of attention because De Mauro's BMW was found near Via Selinunte where Guarrasi had his office.» From Ugo Saito's report dated 19 February 1998.

8 «Tuesday 10 November. Tullio goes to the newspaper in the morning. He finds Leonardo Sciascia in the middle of an argument with Nisticò and Fantozzi: the director wants to publish an article in which it appears that Tullio De Mauro wants to give the name to Mr. .

Furthermore, in a file from the Confidential Affairs Division of the Ministry of the Interior, a note was found which reads, among other things, that the director Vittorio Nisticò, after a dispute with the relatives of the missing journalist, decided to publish the real name of «Mr. X»: Vito Guarrasi. The writer of the note comments on this decision by hypothesizing «that the maneuver is aimed at hindering the investigations, creating a notoriety around the character that induces third parties not to speak and forces the investigative bodies to act promptly and in the open. It is also considered plausible that the step may have been suggested by the interested party himself [Guarrasi], to whom the newspaper, certainly in the recent past and probably still today, is linked by economic interests. Palermo 11 November 1970".

9 See the testimonies of Nello Bonvissuto, Giuseppe Siragusa and Nino Sofia, editors and former collaborators of «L'Ora» in 1970, respectively at the hearings of 17 December 2007, 28

January 2008, and 23 October 2008 of the De Mauro trial underway in Palermo.

The Mattei slope

But what does Guarrasi have to do with the De Mauro kidnapping? And why, according to the police, would he have sent the knight Buttafuoco to ask questions at the house of the kidnapped reporter? To answer these questions we need to go back to July 21st of that summer of 1970.

After meeting him on the set of Salvatore Giuliano, director Francesco Rosi decides to entrust De Mauro with the task of reconstructing Mattei's last two days in Sicily for his next film on the death of the president of Eni. Agreed compensation: five hundred thousand lire and the promise of collaboration on the screenplay.1 De Mauro needs that money. There is Franca's wedding, the honeymoon and the meager salary of «L'Ora» is never enough. The reporter, as a special correspondent for the afternoon newspaper, dealt with the Mattei case already in the aftermath of the Bascapé air disaster, when he went to Gagliano Castelferrato to produce a reportage on the visit of the president of Eni. De Mauro is "happy, proud and excited" by the new job, says his wife Elda Barbieri, and dives headlong into finding him. Also because, as we have seen, at that moment, his role in the newspaper was rather out of the way. De Mauro was very disappointed and considered moving to a competing newspaper: the «Giornale di Sicilia», directed at that time by Roberto Ciuni.

The research commissioned by Rosi gives him new enthusiasm. De Mauro's first step is to make contact with the sources, that is, the people who had been close to Mattei in those last two days. First of all Graziano Verzotto, Eni's public relations man in Sicily, but above all the one who had organized the president's trip. De Mauro and Verzotto are friends, they meet several times between August and September. The journalist fills dozens of pages of notes with the confidences of Verzotto, at that time head of the Sicilian mining body in

«open war» with Eni led by Cefis. Why? For the construction of a methane pipeline from Africa to Sicily, worth 500 billion at the time, suggested by the oilman Nino Rovelli, strongly desired by Verzotto and supported by the Sicily Region. With the methane pipeline, in fact, Sicily would have

obtained gas at a competitive price (less than half), as well as further revenues from the distribution of methane, which until then had been a monopoly of Eni. Cefis, however, rejected the project to use methane tankers to transport the liquefied gas. The methane tankers are armed by the oilman Angelo Moratti who obtained a contract from Esso and Eni. The extraction, liquefaction, transport, regasification and distribution of methane were carried out by an Eni-Esso agreement which occurred after Mattei's death and in total contrast with his policy. According to Verzotto, the hidden partners of the four methane tankers are Eugenio Cefis and Vincenzo Cazzaniga, president of Esso.2 The deal is colossal and is threatened by Verzotto's own project, which in fact is blocked when it is already in an advanced stage.3 The De Mauro's research coincides with the moment of greatest conflict between Cefis and Sonems, the joint capital company set up between Verzotto's Ems (26 percent capital), Sonatrach (Algerian state oil company, 50 percent) , Snam/Eni (20 percent) and Banco di Sicilia (4 percent) which was to build the methane pipeline, and of which Verzotto was a director. In that context, therefore, De Mauro goes to Verzotto to solicit his memory of Mattei's last days. And Verzotto, among the first indications, suggests that he go and visit Guarrasi, a Cefis consultant and his trusted man in Sicily. Years later, Verzotto himself told the prosecutor Calia: «It was I who advised De Mauro to go to the lawyer Guarrasi to get useful information on the reconstruction of Mattei's trip to Sicily [...]. De Mauro later told me that Guarrasi had not given him any useful answers. Guarrasi himself reproached me for having sent him the reporter, as he declared himself against all interviews".4

The meeting takes place on August 5th in the lawyer's office, in via Segesta, at midday. Here's how Guarrasi tells it: «De Mauro asked me to provide him with news on the two Sicilian days on page. 778

Mattei, I replied that not having met the president on that occasion, I was sorry that I couldn't help him. In fact, I was not among those who went to Gela, and I had not even met Mattei in Palermo, given that, as far as I knew, Mattei had not passed through this city."

But why, then, does Guarrasi reproach Verzotto for having sent De Mauro to his studio, if not for the topic covered by the journalist? It seems strange, in fact, that Verzotto, organizer of Mattei's trip to Sicily, sent the reporter from

Guarrasi, who also had no official contact with the president of Eni on that occasion. And in fact Guarrasi gets irritated. And he says:

«Verzotto couldn't have failed to know that I wasn't present in Gagliano. However, I believe it is likely that Graziano Verzotto was present in the village." This, however, was said to prosecutor Calia thirty years later, when the DC senator had it recorded in the Pavia investigation that: «Lawyer Guarrasi, the creator of Anic, could not fail to be present at the board of directors. It's freezing."

It seems that between the two, perhaps custodians of unspeakable secrets, an exchange of encrypted messages is underway against the backdrop of the Bascapé tragedy. And that one of them doesn't tell the truth.

But in 1970 Verzotto's role was still completely out of the question. The head of Eni's public relations in Sicily, immediately after De Mauro's disappearance, is scared, 5 is not willing to confide in the investigators, and his few statements appear to be real red herrings. In the days following the journalist's kidnapping, the Carabinieri pursue an unlikely investigative path that leads to drug trafficking, while the Flying Squad and the political office of the Palermo police station turn the spotlight on the protagonists of the real power that governs the city. The policemen, led by Boris Giuliano, collect the testimonies of the women of the De Mauro house. They put "La Spingarda" or "James Bond" under observation, another of the nicknames given by Junia De Mauro to the knight Buttafuoco.

And they decisively take the "Mattei track".

The day after De Mauro's disappearance, without waiting for the intervention of the police and carabinieri, the director of «L'Ora» Nisticò, together with the newspaper administrator Giovanni Fantozzi, forced the drawer of the journalist's desk,6 from which twenty-six sheets emerge, partly manuscript, partly typed, enclosed in a cellophane envelope. These are De Mauro's notes collected for Rosi: the report of talks and interviews with the protagonists of the Eni president's last trip to Sicily. From those notes, then handed over to the Flying Squad, a sheet is missing: it is page number 7.7 On the next page, number 8, we read: «D'Angelo had developed a friendship with Mattei. He had Guarrasi ousted from the board of Anic Gela: he had

been his victim." What does it mean? In that 1962, Giuseppe D'Angelo is the DC president

of the Sicily Region, a proud opponent of Guarrasi, who was the ideologue of the Milazzo government in 1958. Two years later, in 1960, in exchange for the green light for Eni's entry into the island, D'Angelo, now head of the government, asked and obtained from Mattei the torpedoing of Guarrasi from the Board of Directors of Anic of Gela. However, the lawyer remains a consultant to the company that manages the petrochemical plant. What happened to that missing page that supposedly contained other references to Guarrasi?

In De Mauro's notes, the police note some interesting details: Cefis' name, for example, written in capital letters. De Mauro wrote it down because Verzotto pointed it out to him. At that time the police did not know it, because Verzotto himself admitted it only years later, explaining to the judges that he had wanted to trace to De Mauro the context of the power conflicts between Sicily and Eni around the energy problem in 1970. But that name , together with that of Guarrasi, is enough to raise the level of the investigations in the direction of the Mattei track. The only one the De Mauro family really believes in. Also for a half-hearted revelation that Mauro makes to his wife and daughter Junia in the morning pag. 779

on Monday 14 September, two days before being kidnapped, and half an hour after the last meeting with Verzotto in the offices of the Mining Authority. Junia says regarding that conversation with her father: «I am sure that my father placed precise responsibility for Mattei's death on the current president of Eni Eugenio Cefis».8

note:

1 «In the last ten days of last July, our Vides film company, having a film project on the life of Enrico Mattei in the process of being prepared, commissioned, through the director Rosi, the journalist Mauro De Mauro of the newspaper "L' Ora" of Palermo, to provide documentation on Enrico Mattei's two days in Sicily preceding his death. To define the contractual conditions between the house and the journalist for the work entrusted to him, I got in touch with De Mauro by telephone a few days after the

telephone conversation between Rosi and the journalist; on this occasion the conversation was very short and we immediately reached an agreement on the remuneration established for this work at 500,000 lire, leaving open the possibility of a possible further collaboration in the subsequent creation of the film's screenplay.» From the minutes of Pietro Notarianni, director of Vides Cinematografica.

2 «I, the entire board of directors of the EMS, Nino Rovelli, as well as almost all the Sicilian political personalities were convinced that Eni's opposition was dictated by the need to amortize the cost of the methane tankers built to transport the gas from Africa to Italy, through two plants: liquefaction in Africa and regasification in Panigaglia (La Spezia). [...]

It was evidently a huge deal and at the time it was said, and I was intimately convinced, that the company owning the methane tankers, in addition to the oilman Angelo Moratti, also had, as hidden partners, Cefis himself and the president of Esso Italia Vincenzo Cazzaniga. I don't remember whether this information was provided to me by Nino Rovelli or by Professor Rocca, president of Sonems.» From the report of Graziano Verzotto to the prosecutor Calia of 4 September 1998.

3 «Verzotto at that time was in "open war" with Eugenio Cefis for the construction of a methane pipeline from Africa to Sicily, worth 500 billion at the time. This important work was rejected by the president of Eni because he had preferred the transport of liquefied gas with methane tankers, armed by the oilman Angelo Moratti. » From prosecutor Calia's report on the De Mauro kidnapping.

4 Minutes of Graziano Verzotto to the prosecutor Calia of 4 September 1998.

5 «I learned the news of Mauro De Mauro's disappearance the following day, from my press officer Tonino Zito who in turn had learned it from the journalist Lucio Galluzzo. At that moment I was in Peschiera or Salò. Deeply shocked and shaken, I anticipated my return to Sicily. I immediately believed that De Mauro had been kidnapped precisely because of the task that I had entrusted to him and, above all, in relation to the investigation he was carrying out into the responsibility for the death of Enrico Mattei. I also had the impression that De Mauro had also been kidnapped to scare me and

to convince me to abandon the methane pipeline project. I remember that on 23, 24 October 1970 a second interview of mine with Marcello Cimino appeared in "L'Ora". On that occasion I said - among other things - that Eni and Esso were no longer hindering the methane pipeline project. This circumstance did not correspond to the truth; I made this statement to make it clear to those who had threatened me by kidnapping De Mauro that I understood."

Ibidem.

6 «The director of "L'Ora" (Nisticò himself or Fantozzi) had forced open the desk drawer on page. 780

Mauro De Mauro to the newspaper, on the morning of September 17, 1970, without waiting for the police and even before having been certain that the kidnapping had taken place. This is clear not only from Junia's diary, but also from a report from the Flying Squad to the judiciary, in which it was written that: "Dr.

Nisticò pointed out that the aforementioned folders (the notes handwritten by De Mauro on the work carried out on behalf of Rosi) were kept in a locked drawer in De Mauro's desk at the newspaper "L'Ora" and that to find them he had been necessary to force the lock given that the key was in the possession of the missing journalist: "Moreover, Nisticò himself confirmed the event, materially attributing it to Fantozzi (deceased). The action, which in any case raises the question of why it was been put in place, takes on particular relevance when one considers that the script prepared by De Mauro for Rosi and which Graziano Verzotto reported was not found at all".» From the report from the prosecutor of Pavia to the prosecutor Calia on the De Mauro kidnapping.

7 «Furthermore, it was ascertained at the time (and also by this prosecutor) that among the notes handwritten by De Mauro (those handed over to the police by Nisticò) sheet number 7 is missing as there is a sheet numbered 8 (there are also those numbered 1 to 6). Sheet number 8 turns out to be the final part of a speech regarding Vito Guarrasi or Giuseppe D'Angelo. In fact, we read:

"D'Angelo had entered into a friendship with Mattei - he had Guarrasi ousted from the board of Anic Gela: he had had his victim". Furthermore, the Flying Squad, with direct reporting to the General Manager, and dated 17 November 1970, had communicated that: "Of the conversation had with the lawyer.

Guarrasi there is no trace or mention in Mauro De Mauro's notes delivered to this office by Dr. Nisticò".» Ibid.

Even a notebook in which De Mauro jotted down his notes mysteriously disappeared from the court documents, only to reappear recently in an archive at the Palermo police station.

8 From the report of Junia De Mauro before the judicial authority of Palermo in the criminal proceedings against Antonino Buttafuoco of 17 March 1971.

The hourglass

In November 1970 the police were ready to arrest Mister Envoys from all the national newspapers arrive in Palermo to follow the De Mauro case closely. Commissioner Ferdinando Li Donni called a press conference on 2 November to announce imminent developments in the investigations into the kidnapping of the journalist from «L'Ora». And he warns the envoys: «In Palermo, there could be a show. Since you're here, stay." In the previous days Li Donni met some journalists privately, tracing the identikit of a person who in his opinion could be the instigator of the De Mauro kidnapping. According to this identikit, the mysterious instigator is a character who plays a prominent role in Sicilian political and economic history. The commissioner also provides unequivocal details on his physical appearance. The journalists realize that Mister X, in the police commissioner's mind, is the lawyer Vito Guarrasi. Li Donni also reveals the existence of a link between Mister X and the Palermo accountant Buttafuoco, arrested in those days and suspected of being one of the kidnappers. It is the police commissioner himself who first talks about a phone call from Buttafuoco to Mister X which concerns the kidnapping.

Police investigators make it clear that the infamous Mister X is on borrowed time: he is about to end up in prison. The Rai office in Palermo even prepares a filmed biographical profile of Guarrasi, expecting his arrest at any moment.1 In the press conference, which follows the previews made to journalists by a few days, Li Donni speaks publicly about the De case Mauro as if of an "hourglass, at the center of which is Buttafuoco, below the boss Luciano Liggio, and above Mister X".

But what is the proof of the link between Buttafuoco and Guarrasi? The only certain evidence, the one that drags Guarrasi into the cauldron of the De Mauro kidnapping, lies precisely in the phone call made by Buttafuoco to the lawyer who was in Paris at the time. During the conversation, Guarrasi would have asked the accountant to verify, with the De Mauro family, what the missing journalist had discovered that was so important.2 Guarrasi, obviously, denies everything: «I never had relations with Buttafuoco, I only knew him of sight."

But it is contradicted by documents and testimonies. In a confidential note on Guarrasi, drawn up by the police commissioner Angelo Mangano on 10 November 1970, we read that «Buttafuoco was linked to Guarrasi as they both had a particular friendship with the well-known Salafia Emilio, former Olympic fencing champion, who frequently stayed at Guarrasi . The bonds of friendship between Guarrasi and Buttafuoco were so close that one day the latter hosted Mrs. Hugonj, Guarrasi's cousin, when she was wanted by the police, a hospitality solicited by the latter".3

Mario Pendinelli, journalist of the weekly «Il Mondo», writes to his lawyer, Ludovico Isolabella, that he has learned from his colleague of «Epoca» Paolo Pietroni, that, during an interview,

«Buttafuoco told him that he knew Guarrasi from the times when the latter was not yet so important and well-known».4 Graziano Verzotto also reports the certain existence of relationships between Guarrasi and Buttafuoco.5 Relationships confirmed, finally, by the report of the parliamentary commission anti-mafia of the sixth legislature.6

The phone call between Guarrasi and Buttafuoco, however, has disappeared from the judicial file. There is no recording or even its transcription. The

judges in the De Mauro case, the prosecutor Ugo Saito and the investigating judge Mario Fratantonio, have no memory of it.7 But it appears certain that the conversation actually took place. The Carabinieri wrote this in a note dated 16 October 1970, exactly one month on page. 782

from De Mauro's kidnapping. Tullio De Mauro, the journalist's brother, then recalls "that there had been talk of one or more phone calls between Buttafuoco and Guarrasi", citing Boris Giuliano as a source.

But it is during a defamation trial that a further degree of certainty is reached on the existence of that phone call, which confirms Guarrasi's direct interest in the De Mauro kidnapping. The trial is that of Mario Pendinelli, the journalist of the weekly «Il Mondo» directed by Arrigo Benedetti, the first to reveal that conversation between the accountant Buttafuoco and Guarrasi.

Mister I have never had any kind of relationship with the said accountant and no conversation has ever taken place between me and him, neither by telephone nor in any other way, direct or indirect".

In the trial held in Milan in 1971, Pendinelli was asked how he came to identify Guarrasi as Mister X in the De Mauro case. The journalist replies that he had official confirmation of the identity of the alleged instigator from the Honorable Francesco Cattanei, then president of the Parliamentary Anti-Mafia Commission. Pendinelli then reveals that he learned from investigative sources of the existence of the phone call between Buttafuoco and Guarrasi. Pendinelli's lawyer, Ludovico Isolabella, cites as a witness the Palermo prosecutor Pietro Scaglione, who coordinated the investigation into De Mauro, telling him on the phone that he will ask him to confirm the existence of that phone call. Isolabella reports that Scaglione on the phone appears willing to go to Milan to testify at the trial.

Some time later, Pendinelli's defender receives a phone call «from Scaglione's office»

(then the lawyer will raise doubts about the real origin of the call) from someone asking for confirmation of the day of the testimony. The lawyer replies: the day set for Scaglione's hearing in Milan is May 6, 1971.

But on May 5 Scaglione was shot dead in Palermo, in Via dei Cappuccini, returning from the cemetery where he had brought flowers to his wife's grave. Other investigators, subsequently called to confirm the existence of the phone call, took refuge behind the secrecy of the investigation.

Police commissioner Li Donni declared in the courtroom: «I would like to ask the court to consider that the De Mauro case is still open and that therefore the ongoing investigation has the aim of ascertaining the kidnappers; consequently the case, which is delicate in itself, requires maximum confidentiality." The same secrecy behind which hides the head of the Mobile of Palermo, Nino Mendolia, who, when asked if the news of the phone call was true, replies: «I cannot answer whether any phone call had taken place between Buttafuoco and the lawyer Guarrasi at the time of the facts. The lack of response depends on the confidentiality due to the formal instruction of the Palermo trial."

Pendinelli's lawyer says that Guarrasi, impassive, attends the trial hearings reading an ancient book. Only every now and then does he raise his gaze to stare coldly at the witness on duty.

Isolabella, at this point, tries to demonstrate Guarrasi's presence in Paris on the day of the alleged phone call. She therefore asks to check Mister X's passport. It is the sudden stop to the trial. Immediately afterwards, surprisingly, Guarrasi dismisses the complaint considering himself "satisfied" with what emerged and even agrees to pay the legal costs: the trial therefore stops.8

Ten years later, the Court of Palermo, in the sentence of July 1981, at the conclusion of the proceedings against the journalists Vittorio Nisticò, Felice Chilanti, Marcello Cimino, Mario Genco, Giampaolo Pansa, Giuseppe Columba, Francesco Roccella, Bianca Cordaro, Giacomo Ghiraudo, Italo Pietra, Alberto Ronchey, Etrio Fidora, Alessandro Perrone, Riccardo De Sanctis, Stefano Garrone, all accused of defamation against Vito Guarrasi (and the latter accused of slander against Emanuele De Seta), believes the existence of such phone call. In the sentence p. 783

we read, in fact, that «in this regard it is useful to illustrate the behavior of the police commissioner Li Donni and the chief commissioner Mendolia at

the Milan hearing in the trial against Pendinelli». The Palermo judges write: «It is clear that if the news had been unfounded, the two officials would certainly have responded to the question in the negative, rather than taking refuge behind the screen of secrecy of the investigation, having the obligation to answer».

note:

1 «During the rounds of the special envoys in Palermo it became known that the arrest of the lawyer. Guarrasi, always connected to the disappearance of De Mauro, was imminent so much so that the RAI headquarters in Palermo had already been alerted so that it could prepare a filmed biographical profile of the character.» From the report of Giampaolo Pansa to the prosecutor Calia of 24 March 1998.

2 «From conversations I had with Dr. Nisticò and with the lawyer. Sorgi [the lawyer of "L'Ora", Editor's note]. Buttafuoco, due to the phone call or phone calls he made in Paris to Vito Guarrasi, phone calls which were unclear and explicit in terms of content, is believed to have been instructed to make contact with the De Mauro family, in order to ascertain whether and what compromising factor De Mauro might have had. Mauro.» An internal note, found in the Palermo police kidnapping file, dated 16 October 1970.

3 From a «confidential note» on Vito Guarrasi, written by the police commissioner Angelo Mangano on the 10th

November 1970 and in the records of the investigation by prosecutor Calia.

4 From the minutes of Mario Pendinelli dated 24 March 1998.

5 From Graziano Verzotto's report dated 2 June 1998 to the Pavia prosecutor.

6 Report of the Anti-Mafia Commission VI legislature, p. 1054.

7 «It must be reiterated that in the trial file and in the correspondence of the Palermo police headquarters there is no trace of useful interceptions on Guarrasi's account or, in any case, from or to Paris.»

From Calia's report on the De Mauro case.

8 «It is true that the trial in Milan in which I was the defendant on the complaint of the lawyer Guarrasi ended with the dismissal of the same. Me with Arrigo Benedetti [my director and co-defendant] and the lawyer. Isolabella [my defender] had questioned ourselves about this remission and had finally given ourselves the explanation that during the hearing some fact had emerged that was unwelcome to Vito Guarrasi. Among the hypotheses that we had evaluated, all more or less concomitant with each other, there were: the request to see the passport made by the lawyer Isolabella, the next hearing of the attorney general Scaglione, the letter from Pietroni filed, which attested to the links between Buttafuoco and Guarrasi, a link that Guarrasi had previously denied existed [...].» From the minutes of Mario Pendinelli to the prosecutor Calia of 24 March 1998.

pag. 784

The investigation is stopped

Despite the blatant advances of the Palermo police commissioner and the evidence collected, the handcuffs around Vito Guarrasi's wrists will never be released. Almost a month after the kidnapping, on 12 October 1970, the head of Mobile Nino Mendolia and the commissioner Bruno Contrada visited him in the studio in via Segesta to reconstruct his meeting with De Mauro. And they secretly record the conversation. A not unexpected visit for Guarrasi, 1 Mendolia is convinced, because Nisticò would have already informed him that his name, in capital letters, appears in De Mauro's notes. In that police encounter, his profile is low on both sides. Mendolia is obsequious and deferential, the lawyer says nothing useful for the investigation. «I apologized to De Mauro for not being able to be of use to him, since I had not met Mattei during his trip to Sicily.

If the journalist had a shock, he had something later [...]. He didn't tell me this confidence."

Twenty-five years later, when Verzotto calls him heavily into question, Guarrasi changes his story: he tells prosecutor Calia that De Mauro went to him confiding that he had a "bombshell" about Mattei, but kept it to himself.2

Mendolia and Contrada, after the meeting in via Segesta, are skeptical and feel cheated. But in 1970 it was Verzotto himself who came to Guarrasi's rescue. On October 23, in an interview with

«L'Ora», the president of the EMS says he is convinced that behind the De Mauro kidnapping there is a trail that leads to drug trafficking. Years later he would say to the prosecutor Calia: «I admit that I misled, at the suggestion of the police».

From the first moment, in fact, the force steered clear of the Mattei crime. When Elda De Mauro, ten days after the kidnapping, asks the then Colonel Carlo Alberto Dalla Chiesa, who commands the operational department of the Carabinieri in Palermo, to explain it, the officer replies dryly: «Ma'am, don't insist. If it were true, it would be a state crime, and I am not going against the state".3

The state apparatus, in the meantime, moves frantically, for or against the lawyer, awaiting the announced capture of Mister From the Church. And he entrusts self-defense to him, claiming that the "rumors" that De Mauro is the architect of the kidnapping are spread by the Marquis Emanuele De Seta, his bitter enemy, who he defines as the "diabolical inspirer of the police".

The note says that De Seta may have artfully spread the news that Guarrasi was present in Paris between September and October 1970, that is, at the time of the "well-known telephone call", as stated in the report of the Weapon, of the knight Buttafuoco. A phone call which is therefore an established fact also for the police, who however avoid any further investigation. On 10 November the police commissioner Angelo Mangano sent a "confidential note" to Palermo,4 in which he attributed precise responsibilities in the De Mauro kidnapping to Guarrasi, Verzotto and the boss Luciano Liggio.

According to the Flying Squad, the report mysteriously never reaches its destination.

But the turning point came on November 17: surprisingly, the police abandoned the "Mattei trail". «Boris Giuliano told me that it was his habit not to change his clothes until the case had been solved», Junia says in her

diary. «Towards the month of November, in 1970, Giuliano came to my house with a different jacket. I pointed it out to him and he told me that you couldn't always win."

pag. 785

Shortly afterwards, on November 25, the police investigation also ended. In the final report, the military confirmed the drug trail using Verzotto's "complacent" statements to the Legion commander. The DC senator will explain years later: «Colonel Russo gave me this idea [about drugs, Editor's note]. He said: "We are convinced that this is the reason."' 5 And who is Colonel Russo, who will be killed seven years later in Ficuzza by the mafia? For Contrada, a carabiniere who had "relationships with the military secret services".6 The truth about the kidnapping is receding, perhaps forever.

What's happened? Why this sudden stop to the investigation, just when it seemed that the case was close to being solved? Nobody, in that 1970, can understand anything. The disappearance of the Palermo journalist remains an unsolved mystery. In 1972 Giuliana Saladino, journalist of «L'Ora», in her volume De Mauro: a Palermo chronicle. Mafia of the seventies,7

reconstructs the case with pages full of irony towards all the public institutions that dealt with the De Mauro mystery without getting to the bottom of it. Why were the investigations so blatantly covered up?

Simple. The secret services arrived and suddenly put a red light on the investigation.

And this time the truth comes out officially. And the prosecutor of the investigation, Ugo Saito, told it to his colleague Calia much later.

I remember very well that from the beginning of the investigation my house had transformed into a sea port [...]. Boris Giuliano and Captain Giuseppe Russo came with considerable frequency [...].

Suddenly I didn't see anyone anymore. This occurred in early November 1970.

Subsequently I had the opportunity to meet Boris Giuliano in the prosecutor's office and since our relations were very cordial, I asked him how the investigations into the De Mauro affair were progressing and why, suddenly, no one seemed to be interested in such investigations anymore. Giuliano expressed his amazement at the fact that I was not aware of the fact that there had been a meeting in Villa Boscogrande, a nightclub in the Cardillo area, in which the heads of the secret services and the heads of the Palermo judicial police had participated. At this meeting the order was given to

"water down" the investigations. Giuliano did not tell me if he was himself present at that meeting, but he told me the episode as a certain fact that I should have been aware of. Giuliano also specified to me that the director of the secret services was present, also giving me his name: today I am no longer certain whether it was Miceli or Santovito. [...] Before the interruption of the investigations, the investigation had come to focus on very high responsibilities and we predicted that when we had taken the appropriate measures, all hell would happen. We and the police believed, in fact, with absolute certainty, that De Mauro had been eliminated because he had discovered something exceptionally relevant about the death of Enrico Mattei. We also believed that Buttafuoco was nothing more than the last link in a chain that was headed by Amintore Fanfani and his faction [...] naturally when I talk about this line of investigation, I am talking about decisions which we had reached, in full agreement, on prosecutor Scaglione and I.8

The order to "water down" the investigations was evidently accepted by the police commissioner Li Donni, the man who had exposed himself most by announcing the arrest of Mister of Palermo, remembers: After two months, our activity was suspended at the express request of the Police Commissioner. He told us that what we had done up to that point was sufficient, and he asked us for all the reports and investigations done, which constituted a large "swag". From that moment on we were no longer interested in the De Mauro case.

On 18 October of that year, Eugenio Hencke left the leadership of Sid, the information service pag. 786

of Defense: Vito Miceli from Trapani has arrived in his place. A few years later the commissioner Li Donni will be appointed deputy chief of police.

The investigation in Palermo is closed. But there remain testimonies and documents useful for shedding light on the tragedy of Bascapé. The Sicilian judges decide to send them to the Pavia Prosecutor's Office, competent for the territory. Mario Fratantonio, the investigating judge of the De Mauro investigation, recalls: There was an express request to this effect from prosecutor Signorino following which I took steps to have a copy of the documents that could concern the Mattei investigation extracted and to send them to the Public Prosecutor's Office of Pavia. I also remember the fact that from those acts hypotheses of responsibility could emerge against some important figures in Italian life: Fanfani, Cefis and another, of whom I have no memory now, but who Italo Mattei connected to the Oas.

The documents, inexplicably, will never reach the Pavia Prosecutor's Office.9 The work of the services is now complete. Thanks to skilled magicians, the trial file also disappears, traveling from Palermo to Pavia. Guarrasi can breathe a sigh of relief.

note:

1 In the transcription of the recording made by Mendolia and Contrada during their meeting with Guarrasi, we read that Mendolia, leaving the studio in via Segesta, comments:

«Undoubtedly a cultured man, a man who had prepared for this meeting, even before I telephoned his wife. Since he had spoken to Nisticò, all right, and there was this name in the notes, he had already prepared for this meeting, he was almost surprised why we hadn't gone before."

2 «Vito Guarrasi, who will be discussed more fully, recalled [Minutes of 10 May 1996, Editor's note] a circumstance which he had kept silent about from police officials in 1970. In fact, he reported that, towards the beginning of August 1970, Mauro De Mauro had gone to visit him. The journalist [...] had spoken with satisfaction about the assignment that director Rosi had given him, adding, almost boasting of his professional skills, that he was following "news that would have been a bomb."

From prosecutor Calia's report on the De Mauro case.

3 From the report of Elda Barbieri De Mauro to the prosecutor Calia of 27 May 1996.

4 «The confidential note, [annex. 159/5] dated 10 November 1970, concerning Vito Guarrasi and which the police headquarters had denied ever having received.» From the Pavia prosecutor's report on the De Mauro case.

5 Minutes of Graziano Verzotto to the prosecutor Calia of 25 August 1998.

6 «The then captain Russo, who I believe had relations with the military secret services, had been a very young partisan in the White formations in the Trieste area: the Osoppo brigade. He wore the CVL (Volunteer Freedom Corps) ribbon." From Bruno Contrada's report to prosecutor Calia of 14 October 1998.

7 G. Saladino, De Mauro: a Palermo chronicle. Seventies Mafia, Feltrinelli, Milan 1972.

8 From the report of Ugo Saito to the prosecutor Calia of 19 February 1998. Cited as an "assisted" witness by the Court of Assizes of Palermo in the trial for the disappearance of De Mauro (hearing of 17 November 2008) and questioned on this matter, Bruno Contrada he said he knew nothing about the meeting pag. 787

of the secret services at Villa Boscogrande: «I had no orders to water down the investigations». «We were convinced - added Contrada - that De Mauro had been killed because, in trying to reconstruct the last months of Mattei's life on behalf of Francesco Rosi, he had discovered something sensational that could have national and international political and economic implications. But at a certain point we set aside the so-called "Mattei lead" and favored the one seen in the journalistic investigation into a huge tax fraud by the cousins. Except for the possible cause of the disappearance and murder of the "L'Ora" reporter Mauro De Mauro.»

9 From the report of prosecutor Calia.

This is how a journalist dies

"Amunini!"

Let's go! It is a hasty voice, expressed in Sicilian dialect, that Franca De Mauro associates with the last image of her father left imprinted in her mind: Mauro speeding away in a hurry, in the company of two or three strangers, aboard the BMW midnight blue, and which from that moment disappears into thin air. Whose voice is that? Who are those strangers? What happens in that car from then on? Where is De Mauro taken? It is a sequence that remains shrouded in mystery for about thirty years.

The most macabre hypotheses have been made in Palermo for years regarding the end of the journalist who disappeared into thin air, and the hiding of his body. De Mauro killed at the end of a long interrogation. De Mauro tortured for days to find out what he discovered. De Mauro cemented in one of the pillars of the thousand barracks that sprang up like mushrooms during the building sack. De Mauro's name becomes, in the common parlance, synonymous with the excessive power of Cosa Nostra, capable of swallowing up anyone in Palermo - even involuntarily - who has committed a "mistake" in a gloomy abyss. In families, among friends, the horror of the "white lupara" is exorcised with irony: "Are you going to buy cigarettes? Come back soon, aren't you like De Mauro?".

De Mauro's name is the symbol of the existential precariousness of a city dominated by fear, literally in the hands of organized crime.

In fact, no one can know anything more about the journalist of «L'Ora». Until Gaetano Grado, former mafioso from Santa Maria del Gesù, former loyalist of Don Stefano Bontade, becomes a collaborator of justice. And he was the first to spill the beans about De Mauro's last hours. With first-hand information. News, he says, he learned directly from his brother Nino, one of the journalist's three assassins, and from Bontade himself, the boss of Cosa Nostra, the Prince of Villagrazia.

«In those days - says Grado - you shouldn't touch people belonging to the institutions or even the journalistic world so as not to make noise, not to create a stir. When I read in the newspapers that De Mauro had disappeared,

I went to complain to Bontade who was my "family" representative, and he replied: "Listen here: look, your brother Antonino is also involved in this thing" . Bontade tells me that the kidnapping was carried out by my brother Nino, with Mimmo Teresi and Emanuele D'Agostino. And he adds: "Unfortunately it had to be done because this De Mauro was inconvenient, someone who infiltrated, asked, snooped, wanted to know things about the mafia, wanted to know many things." »

According to the repentant Grado, De Mauro's elimination was therefore decided by Cosa Nostra because the journalist asked too many questions. It is Emanuele D'Agostino, Bontade's "little boy" and avid visitor to the Palermo press club, who informs the boss that the journalist De Mauro has approached him several times trying to extract information from him.

For Grado, on the evening of the kidnapping, in Via delle Magnolie, it was D'Agostino himself who approached the journalist, put him under his arm with an excuse, and told him that he had to talk to him. Therefore De Mauro calmly gets into the car, without attempting the slightest reaction. Grado even says that at a certain point his brother Nino boasts to him about the bloodless method of the kidnapping: «My brother told me that, when they caught him, there was De Mauro's daughter in the doorway, who was with her boyfriend. The two looked but didn't realize anything, due to the clean way they had taken it."

pag. 789

But that is not all. Grado also says that «Bontade was a friend of the lawyer Guarrasi, who lived in Mondello» and that it was «this Guarrasi who telephoned Bontade, [saying] that he had entertained De Mauro before he arrived home». Only at that point, according to the repentant, does the boss give the go-ahead to his loyalists, sending them to wait outside the house for the reporter from «L'Ora» .1

But why does Bontade order De Mauro's elimination? What are the journalist's questions that annoy Cosa Nostra? The collaborator is very clear: «Bontade told me that De Mauro was investigating the attack on Mattei, president of Eni». And what does Guarrasi have to do with it?

Grado says he knew that «Guarrasi was a friend of De Mauro, that the reporter confided in this lawyer». Then he says he was convinced that De Mauro «perhaps he had put pressure on this Guarrasi to know things about the killing of Mattei and this lawyer practically couldn't stand it anymore, because De Mauro was discovering something that could affect him or someone on his behalf. ».

But what happens after De Mauro is taken? Where are they taking him? His car is parked in via D'Asaro, in the center of Palermo, a few minutes' drive from via delle Magnolie, and a few meters from Guarrasi's studio, perhaps to disperse the traces. Then the journalist, presumably, is loaded into another car and driven into the open countryside, where the kidnapping has its macabre epilogue.

The three kidnappers, according to Grado, head towards the village of Santa Maria del Gesù and stop inside a property of the then Finance Minister Luigi Gioia. It is land cultivated with citrus fruits, a piece of the Conca d'Oro, silent, isolated.

At that point De Mauro was made to get out of the car and the three kidnappers began a kind of useless and specious interrogation. It lasts a few minutes, then the journalist is strangled with a rope, perhaps tied up, and finally buried under a meter of earth. «In those days – explains Grado – he threw lime on the corpses. They buried him and put [...] chemical salt on him which burned [...] his flesh and everything, or some lime, I don't remember well, and they buried him one meter deep. At the time, corpses were buried like this."

Regarding the burial in the land of Minister Gioia, the repentant then revealed: «It was the Scherma fund of the [...] Cosenza family, who was the father-in-law of the Honorable Gioia. In this property, many hectares all cultivated with citrus groves, a place that was beautiful in those days, my good-natured grandfather worked as a farmer. After my grandfather's death, my dad was there with all his brothers, and they stayed in there and at the time we made a living with what we did there. We were born on this property, so my brother thought it appropriate to take him there [...] because it is an immense property, and it is not easy to find a person there."

In the following years, following the indications of the American families, Cosa Nostra took a step forward in its techniques for concealing corpses. The repentant Francesco Marino Mannoia reveals that

«Salvatore Inzerillo brought this news from America: that corpses could be dissolved in acid. The thing was a great success because nothing remained, it was liquid and it remained liquid, nothing remained of the bones, nothing, a complete liquid." And so it was that, in order not to leave traces of their misdeeds, the bosses decided to "clean up" the cemeteries scattered across the Palermo countryside: they began to exhume corpses to dissolve them in acid. Mannoia was part, on behalf of Stefano Bontade, of this team of "exhumerers" of corpses, "little guys" in charge of digging, bringing to light what remained of the bodies, and making everything disappear with the new chemical solvents. The repentant says: «On that occasion I learned that under the "Settebello" bridge, near the Baby Luna, on the ring road, Mauro De Mauro was also buried. Bontade told me that one of the people, the most important one who had to be eliminated, in the sense of making use of pag. 790

of the acid, it was precisely Mauro De Mauro, because his death involved other members of other families".2

In short, for Mannoia, De Mauro's corpse is buried in a place that is not the same as the one indicated by Grado. Between the two collaborators, who probably know different pieces of the story, the discrepancy is very clear. Unless De Mauro has already been dug up for the first time, from the Scherma fund, and moved to the area under the «Settebello» bridge. Of this, however, Mannoia knows nothing. The memory of him refers to a later time, when some road works were about to start around Baby Luna. «In the area of the "cemetery" of Cosa Nostra - says Mannoia -

some work had to be done and there was the risk that the workers would discover the bodies. This was a very serious matter and it was decided to intervene. I personally participated in that work. Even before carrying out the exhumation, Nino Bontade told me that De Mauro was also among those bodies, but certainly [the bodies] couldn't be depicted, and I don't even know if we found everything, we certainly couldn't start digging well." In short,

for Mannoia, the chronicler's remains, after a summary exhumation, approximately ten years after his death, are dissolved in acid.

pag. 791

This is how a journalist ends up in Palermo.

Who pays today for that excellent murder? And the boss Totò Riina is the only defendant in the trial underway in Palermo before the Court of Assizes. Riina is accused of being the instigator of De Mauro's killing, as he is the only living representative of the "triumvirate" of bosses who ruled Palermo in 1970. Bontade, Tano Badalamenti and Luciano Liggio are dead.

Liggio was a fugitive at the time of the De Mauro kidnapping: the boss was arrested in Corleone in 1974 and Riina, who at that time was his lieutenant with operational responsibilities, is considered responsible for the murderous sentence on behalf of Don Lucianeddu and the Corleonesi. And the perpetrators?

The three hitmen mentioned by Gaetano Grado are also dead, killed in the mafia war of the 1980s. But were those three really the kidnappers and murderers of De Mauro? The comparison between their fingerprints and the three found on the dashboard of the journalist's BMW gave a negative result.

Then there is the Guarrasi enigma. The role of Mister

Pennino says he received detailed information on the disappearance of De Mauro from the Salemi tax collector, Nino Salvo, also a mafioso and DC, during a conversation that took place in Palermo in 1984. At that time the mafia war between the Corleonesi and the clans of the so-called "losers", headed by Bontade (killed three years earlier), was in the hottest phase. Worried about meeting the same fate as the Prince of Villagrazia, Nino Salvo had asked Pennino to accompany him to the home of Pino Greco «Scarpuzzedda», one of the most trusted killers of the Corleone bosses, to ask for protection.

«Salvo wanted to be protected - says the repentant - so I accompanied him to Aspra by Pinuccetto Greco, who at the time was a top representative of Cosa

Nostra, because he wanted to ask him for protection.» Pinuccetto receives the tax collector and accepts his requests.

«After meeting Greco, and having received a series of reassurances from him - continues Pennino

- Salvo was euphoric and began to speak enthusiastically about Pinuccetto. He told me that the little boy had a courage equal to that of Stefano Bontade, who had protected him years earlier, when he had taken some risks after the crash of Mattei's plane. He also explained to me that De Mauro had disappeared because he had spoken to an accountant, a certain Buttafuoco, about an investigation he was conducting into Mattei's death. And that Buttafuoco had reported the information to two lawyers, and these two lawyers had reported it to him and his cousin Ignazio Salvo. This interested them because they, the Salvos, were sworn enemies of the former president of the Region Giuseppe D'Angelo who, when the air tragedy occurred, was supposed to leave together with Mattei, and only by chance did he not leave.

So Nino and Ignazio Salvo became worried, and spoke about their fears with Stefano Bontade, whose talents they praised, and he eliminated De Mauro." But who were those lawyers?

«One of the lawyers was Vito Guarrasi.»

Pennino explains that «in that conversation, returning from Aspra, Nino Salvo associated the courage of Pinuccetto Greco, who had agreed to protect him, with that of Stefano Bontade, towards whom he had great gratitude, because Bontade had also protected him, as had done him the courtesy of ensuring that his involvement in Mattei's death was avoided." But why should the Salvos have been involved in the Mattei case? What were their fears due to? «They told me - says Pennino - that they had been tasked by Cosa Nostra to follow the movements of Enrico Mattei and D'Angelo. They knew that the two had to both leave, I think from Catania, and they had reported it to the right person [...] that is Don Paolino Bontade and his son Stefano. The Salvos were worried because they had certainly been the ones to follow [...] who had the movements followed, and they were worried that something had reached the ears of the representatives of the order, of the investigators".3

pag. 792

Pennino's reconstruction is therefore more than precise: De Mauro speaks to Buttafuoco and he realizes that the journalist is asking insistent questions about Mattei's death. He then warns Guarrasi, who in turn calls the Salvos and tells them to stay safe. It seems, according to the repentant, that everyone has something to fear, as if they were directly involved in Mattei's death. It is a typical Palermo story. An accountant, a well-known lawyer and the most powerful tax collectors in Italy move in cahoots with a Cosa Nostra boss, to cover up the great "Italian conspiracy" that wanted the end of Mattei in Sicily. As? By covering the mouth of an inconvenient journalist that he has discovered something big, that he has come too close to the truth.

But what did Mauro De Mauro discover by investigating Mattei's trip to Sicily?

note:

1 «Stefano Bontade was a friend of the lawyer Guarrasi, if I'm not mistaken, living in Mondello, then this Guarrasi phoned Stefano Bontade who had entertained Mauro De Mauro before he arrived home, Stefano Bontade gave the go-ahead, they went to stand in wait , Mauro De Mauro arrived, Emanuele D'Agostino approached us, put him under his arm with an excuse.» From the transcript of Grado's testimony at the hearing of 15 June 2006.

2 «I remember on that occasion, that I was told by Nino Bontà that among the many people that we had to remove, some recently buried, others long-standing, Mauro De Mauro was also buried in that exact place , the journalist." From the transcript of Marino Mannoia's testimony at the hearing on 11 October 2006.

3 From Pennino's testimony at the hearing of 9 March 2007 in the De Mauro trial underway in Palermo.

pag. 793

De Mauro's "coup".

What is the bombshell news he boasts about that will get him his "degree in journalism"? The only one with clear ideas is Graziano Verzotto, the main source of the missing journalist. The former president of the EMS decides to "come clean" on 4 September 1998, when he is questioned by prosecutor Calia. Verzotto spontaneously introduced himself to the magistrate as early as 1996 to offer his collaboration. But only two years later, in a long report, the DC senator illustrates the broad and complex context of De Mauro's disappearance. «To understand the De Mauro mystery it is necessary to clarify why Mauro, apparently without reason, was moved from news to sport, a few months before his death.»

According to Verzotto, «this transfer had embittered De Mauro, who held a grudge against the director Nisticò who, according to him, had joined the pressure of those who had wanted to oust him.

Mauro was convinced that such pressure came from the top management of Eni - which was among the financiers of the communist newspaper of Palermo - and that it intended to neutralize the attacks coming from that direction (De Mauro, Verzotto, Ems). De Mauro and the EMS were in fact the only critical voices towards the Eni summit."

Friends for some time, Verzotto and De Mauro have also started a professional collaboration.

Verzotto is no longer Eni's public relations man in Sicily, he has made a career, is at the top of the EMS and is animated by a very strong spirit of revenge towards Cefis and the oil body.

«I asked De Mauro - says Verzotto - to give me a hand in supporting the methane pipeline project and in countering those who opposed it. It was understood that this help, which De Mauro willingly offered me, had to result in articles and services against Eni and its top management and in favor of the methane pipeline.» The EMS, explains Verzotto, would have paid De Mauro for his collaboration, justifying the outlay with an assignment for sociological research officially entrusted to the journalist. De Mauro, however, is now into sport and no longer writes for the news of «L'Ora». Therefore he tells Verzotto outright that he will not be able to use the newspaper to support him in his battle. If anything, he will be able to

write something in the Milanese weekly «Abc», with which he collaborates under a pseudonym. It is after this agreement that Rosi was commissioned for his film on Mattei.

«I was aware - says Verzotto - that this film could be a tool to support and fuel the campaign that the EMS was carrying out against Cefis and against those who opposed the methane pipeline. Therefore I had several contacts with De Mauro to help him reconstruct Mattei's two-day stay in Sicily and to usefully direct his work for Rosi, with a view to contrasting the then president of Eni. We therefore proposed to verify the reliability of the sabotage hypothesis and to search for its instigators.»

Verzotto, at this point, advised De Mauro to go to Guarrasi: «As far as I understood at the time - he says - Guarrasi had met Mattei on 26 October 1962 in Gela, on the occasion of the board of directors of Anic Gela».

Guarrasi, Cefis' right-hand man in Sicily, has always denied this circumstance.

And here, according to Verzotto, is the scoop that De Mauro is convinced he has in hand. «Before disappearing, Mauro told me that he had reached his conclusion about Mattei's death. He had come to the conclusion that the sabotage of the Morane Saulnier was explained by an exclusively Italian lead. This trail, according to De Mauro, led directly to Eugenio Cefis and Vito Guarrasi. The latter is in a subordinate position compared to Cefis.»1

pag. 794

Verzotto meets De Mauro in the journalist's house in early September. The two spend time in the study and the politician reads for the first time some parts of the screenplay that the journalist is preparing for Rosi. «I remember perfectly - says Verzotto - that this script reconstructed, in terms of sabotage, Mattei's end, and indicated who were responsible, I don't remember if absolutely explicitly or indirectly, Cefis and Guarrasi.»2

Is this why, in the days before his disappearance, De Mauro desperately tried to contact the MEP Giuseppe Alessi, former president of the Region, but above all Guarrasi's lawyer? Old Alessi is not in Palermo at that time, but he

is in Strasbourg. De Mauro speaks with his son, Alberto Alessi, Verzotto's successor at the helm of Eni's public relations in Sicily. He tells him that he must meet his father as soon as possible, that it is "a matter of life and death". Alberto, however, cannot help him. He contacts his father on the phone and he informs him that he has no intention of speaking to that reporter.

These are the days in which De Mauro, obsessed with his research, spent hours and hours closed in the study.

What does he do? His family members say that he is intent on unwinding a magnetic tape, that all day in the house you can hear the metallic noise, tack, tack, of the tape recorder keys, because Mauro starts the tape and stops it, dozens of times. What does he listen to? Perhaps Mattei's last speech given in Gagliano shortly before boarding the plane that would take him to his death. And why? What is the journalist looking for in that speech? Which voices does he try to isolate? Who was with Mattei on that balcony in front of the crowd? There was the former president of the Region, Giuseppe D'Angelo, who accompanied Mattei to Gagliano, who even should have returned to Milan with the president of Eni, but who at the last minute gave up on climbing the Morane Saulnier because the conditions weather conditions would not have guaranteed his return to Palermo. And D'Angelo needed to return as soon as possible: on Monday morning, with Cazzaniga, president of Esso, the head of the Sicilian government had to go to Augusta to inaugurate the Rasiom refinery plant. It was Mattei himself who advised D'Angelo to stay in Palermo, so as not to miss the appointment with the head of Esso. «Otherwise - Mattei joked - Cazzaniga will think it's all my fault.»

In short, D'Angelo barely ends up among the victims of Bascapé's sabotage. De Mauro tries to contact him several times in those September days, but D'Angelo is on holiday in Vulcano: the reporter proposes to jump on a hydrofoil to visit him, but won't have time to talk to him.

These are the days in which De Mauro lets slip the confidence he has caught to more people

"something big" that will get him "a degree in journalism." He talked about it on September 6th with the architect Margherita De Simone, a friend he

met by chance at the «La Torre» factory in Mondello. He talks about it with the publisher Fausto Flaccovio and with the journalist Igor Man.3 To the latter he reveals that «Mattei was killed and everyone is inside: politics, the CIA, and even the mafia». Finally, also to his colleague Lucio Galluzzo, editor of the Ansa agency, on the last Sunday of his life, De Mauro specifies on the telephone that he is writing "something very important", that it is "a cinematographic subject", and that he has " very big things."

The next day, Monday 14 September, De Mauro meets Verzotto for the last time. The journalist goes to the Ems and Verzotto remembers that, on that occasion, he informed him that he had finished his work.

But is that all they really say to each other? From the journalist's notes it appears that Verzotto was among those who accompanied Irnerio Bertuzzi, Mattei's pilot, to Catania airport on the morning of 27 October 1962, a few hours before the Eni president's last flight. A circumstance that Verzotto has always denied, only to admit it after objections from the Pavia prosecutor. Yet it was he himself who revealed to De Mauro that he had been in Fontanarossa on the morning of Mattei's departure from Sicily. Do they also talk about it in that last meeting?

pag. 795

Junia reports that her father, returning home that day, seemed particularly euphoric. AND

who, at the table, recommending her to keep her secret, reveals that he has discovered a "big, very big thing" about Mattei's death, which concerns two people. «I don't remember the name of one -

says Junia - I'm convinced of the other one that it was Cefis, even if my father didn't mention his name, but simply indicated him as the current president.» Junia adds: «I remember that that day, when my father told me the names of those two people, I, believing for a moment that Eni was a monarchy with hereditary succession, objected to him with the following words, referring to one of the two people : "But what does it have to do with him?". My father was amazed in response: "What's wrong with him?". And my mother, who was present, remarked: "Why? When Kennedy died, wasn't

Johnson, the vice president, the one who took his place?" With this reconstruction I am able to state, with certainty, that my father placed precise responsibility for Mattei's death on the current president of Eni, Eugenio Cefis.»4

And Guarrasi? According to Verzotto, after his meeting on August 5 with De Mauro in via Segesta, the lawyer does not remain idle. Among other things, he is also a consultant for the EMS, he goes there

"every two or three days", and can count on the friendship of numerous officials. "In my opinion -

states Verzotto — Guarrasi knew perfectly well that De Mauro, before his kidnapping, was working to shed light on the death of Enrico Mattei and that this work was practically finished.» If it is true that the work is finished, De Mauro doesn't even have time to give director Rosi the script, which in fact will never be found again.

On Tuesday 15 September the journalist remained locked up at home due to a sudden swelling in his foot.

He returns to work on Wednesday, going to the editorial office of «L'Ora». The same evening, returning to his apartment in Via delle Magnolie, he disappears into thin air.

note:

1 From the report of Graziano Verzotto to the prosecutor Calia of 4 September 1998.

2 The script has never been found.

3 «In the last days of poor Mauro De Mauro's life, he said to me: "You know, I'm doing a very important, very interesting investigation, and if I manage to connect the last one, I'm missing the last trait d'union, a certain story, it will make a fuss, nothing but Pulitzer, I will make the whole world go bankrupt"; then I [...] with the typical interest of us journalists, and then I also loved him, because he is a slightly bizarre character but with an immense heart, an unruly, but extraordinary,

"What is it, what are you doing?", "I'm reconstructing the Mattei case, and I must tell you that he's in it, everyone is in it; the politicians, the foreigners, the CIA and, alas, even the mafia. » Statement by Igor Man, from the television debate Moviola of history: the Mattei case broadcast by Rai on 30 July 1998.

4 From the report of Junia De Mauro before the judicial authority of Palermo in the criminal proceedings against Antonino Buttafuoco of 17 March 1971.

Zullino's novel

Do you remember the enigmatic knight Buttafuoco? During one of his visits to the De Mauro house, to explain the motive for the kidnapping, at a certain point the accountant spoke to the family members of a key figure who was at the center of the journalist's disappearance. And, putting his name in place of the mysterious character, he states: «Buttafuoco says something to Mauro. Mauro makes it clear to someone else that he knows this. This causes Mauro to be kidnapped to find out what Buttafuoco told him, and to scare Buttafuoco."

Pay attention to this subtle reasoning: if you put the name of Verzotto in place of Buttafuoco, the circle closes. And who is "this other one" who has Mauro kidnapped? Is it perhaps Guarrasi?

It is the reasoning that, in his volume Guide to the mysteries and pleasures of Palermo,1 the journalist of

«Epoca» Pietro Zullino proposes again three years after the De Mauro kidnapping, rereading it in a literary key.

In the novel many of the names of the protagonists of the story are fictitious. The names of Mattei, De Mauro, Rosi and Scaglione are written in plain text, like that of Liggio. Others are encrypted: Cefis is Foschi; Guarrasi is Corvaglia; Verzotto is Zanon; D'Angelo is Dell'Agnello; Commissioner Mendolia becomes Anania. The latter, in the novel, becomes convinced that Guarrasi (Corvaglia) is responsible for De Mauro's kidnapping, closely linked to the attack on Mattei.

And here is how Zullino reconstructs the conversation between the policeman and a secret agent, whom he calls Rossi, centered on De Mauro's notes:

“But they're not very significant, aren't they?” "Undoubtedly not very significant," said Ananias. «In the papers that refer to the conversation I had with Corvaglia [Guarrasi] there is a name written in all capital letters. Did you see it?" "Already. Foschi [Cefis]. Who knows why he wrote it in all capital letters." «Foschi's name is also in the papers that refer to the interview with Mangiacapra

[Pignatone, secretary of the Christian Social Movement of Milazzo]. Always in capital letters, when everything else is in italics. Did you see it?"

«So while he was investigating the last two days of Enrico Mattei's life they must have told him some big story about Foschi.»

Ananias is about to get to the truth when the Ministry of the Interior informs him that he has to meet an important person. In a modest building Anania meets Rossi, an authoritative secret agent who updates him on international politics and then tells him: «You see, commissioner, De Mauro didn't realize that he had ended up in an infernal mechanism that could crush him... He trusted of his friend Zanon [Verzotto], a megalomaniac chicken thief... The madman wanted to buy methane from Algeria, while Italians and Americans promised to buy hundreds of billions of methane in Libya. I could say: a provocation, a sabotage. Instead I say: blackmail. He, Zanon, is the cause of De Mauro's death. He, Zanon, feared for several weeks of being kidnapped and killed like De Mauro... Zanon tries to scare Corvaglia [Guarrasi]. The occasion is given by De Mauro's investigation into Enrico Mattei..." "So," interrupted Anania, "Zanon and Corvaglia know the truth about Mattei's assassination. Is that so?"

«Commissioner, honestly I'm not important enough to know if Mattei's plane was sabotaged. What is certain is that he fell and that in that distant 1962 there were people who worked hard to make sure he fell... De Mauro didn't know that with this matter of Mattei's death, for ten years, half of Italy has been holding the other under blackmail half... The more critical the general situation of the country, the more pag. 797

a proven, solid, powerful organization like the mafia is convenient... My question: if you want to give the country a new political course and therefore have to impress and psychologically prepare public opinion with riots and bombs, would you resort directly to the sick brains of National avant-garde, workers' power and anarchist groups? Huh? No: those are fine for sending someone to trial later, Valpreda and Freda... But someone like her, seeing that Liggio escapes as he did on 19 November 1969 and then on 12 December the bomb explodes at the Banca dell'Agricoltura in Milan. .. doesn't someone like you get suspicious?... And if you have to get rid of, I don't know, a police officer involved in the Pinelli affair, you, if you're a capable minister, who will have known how to maintain certain relationships , you won't even need to ask... But one day, Minister, you will receive a piece of paper to sign, a loan to grant to Corvaglia [Guarrasi], five hundred million, one billion, an import license or a series of contracts, and you minister will perhaps suspect that that is the blood of Milan or the flesh of De Mauro; but she will banish the annoying thought and sign that piece of paper." It was already hot on that afternoon of May 5, 1971. Anania wanted to while away the wait and clear his mind a bit. So she bought the second edition of «Paese Sera» at the newsstand. The title in large letters was like a hammer on his forehead for him. She said: «The public prosecutor Scaglione was killed in Palermo: five gunshots while he was carrying flowers to his wife's grave».

In 1973, Verzotto was described by Zullino as the man at the center of the secrets of the Mattei case and the secrets of De Mauro's disappearance. According to the journalist, Verzotto-Zanon is the author of a terrible blackmail regarding the death of Mattei and which he addressed to Guarrasi-Corvaglia through the unaware De Mauro. The objective is to put pressure on the Cefis-Foschi man in Sicily, using an unspeakable secret, which has to do with the Bascapé tragedy, to obtain the green light for the methane pipeline from Eni.

This explains the fear that Verzotto himself confessed to prosecutor Calia, thirty years after the kidnapping:

«I immediately believed that De Mauro had been kidnapped precisely because of the task that I had entrusted to him and, above all, in relation to the investigation he was carrying out into the responsibility for the death of

Enrico Mattei. I also had the impression that De Mauro had also been kidnapped to scare me and to convince me to abandon the methane pipeline project."

This is why Verzotto, on 23 October 1970, about a month after the kidnapping, gave a reassuring interview to Marcello Cimino of «L'Ora». «On that occasion - recalls Verzotto

-I said among other things that Eni and Esso were no longer hindering the methane pipeline project. This circumstance did not correspond to the truth. I made this statement to make it clear to those who had threatened me by kidnapping De Mauro that I understood.»2

From that moment, that is, from when Verzotto announced his "surrender" on «L'Ora», the economic ties with Guarrasi strengthened. In the report of the Parliamentary Anti-Mafia Commission we read that «Banca Loria, formerly of the Sindona group [...], came under the control of a financial company, Gefi, in February 1972, which purchased the majority stake. The lawyer Vito Guarrasi was part of the board of directors of Gefi, even before the purchase of the majority stake in Banca Loria. Two months after the operation, on 28 April 1972, Senator Graziano Verzotto also joined the board of directors."

Banca Loria is the same one where Verzotto allegedly paid the EMS black funds.

On 1 February 1975 someone also attempted to kidnap the president of the EMS, with an ambush on the landing of his home in Syracuse. A commando of three men only manages to wound him in the wrist with a gunshot, but he is quicker and takes refuge in the house, closing the door behind him.

Berardino Andreola (aka engineer Manuel Sànchez y page 798) was involved in the attack

Miranda), a convicted felon who claims to have received an assignment from an unspecified person

Italian «secret services».

A few days later, the judges issued an arrest warrant against Verzotto for the affair of the "slush funds" in the credit institution of the mafia bankrupt Michele Sindona. Here ends the Sicilian adventure, consumed between business and politics, of the Venetian, black and white partisan. Like Guarrasi, Verzotto also does not know prison. He escapes first to Lebanon, and then to Paris, where he will remain a fugitive for sixteen years.

«Although I have never had certain proof - Verzotto will say upon his return to Italy where he is saved by a pardon - I have always been convinced that the same direction was behind the attempt to kidnap me and the EMS black fund scandal. and, that is, that part of political and economic power that had opposed the methane pipeline project.»

We have arrived in April 1996. After the start of the new investigation in Pavia into Mattei's death, Verzotto returns to deal with Guarrasi, and shows up again in Mister X's studio in via Segesta 9, in Palermo, with two collaborators. The reason immediately appears singular: he asks him to refresh his memory of those days of Mattei in Sicily to help prosecutor Calia's investigations. But if Guarrasi wasn't there, what help can he give him?

The result is a masterpiece of surrealism that only two characters who keep burning secrets can stage.

It is worth reading the report in its entirety,3 also in the initial part, in which Verzotto claims to have passed "accidentally" in front of the Pavia Prosecutor's Office and to have gone up to the offices, thinking that the magistrate had "something to ask regarding the investigations which I know is underway regarding Mattei's death." Even if he states that he has "nothing new to report compared to previous statements". Yet he has something new, and he tells it immediately: «About a month ago I went to Palermo and, taking advantage of the opportunity, I asked the lawyer Vito Guarrasi for an appointment. My aim was to ask for any information on the reconstruction of the story relating to Mattei's death. I was received in the private studio in via Segesta, together with my collaborators at the time Tonino Gaglioto and Giovanni Sammartino. To my explicit request to express an opinion on the reopening of the judicial investigations into Mattei's death, also with the aim of helping me remember, Guarrasi pretended not to have heard the question

and replied by saying that I was there to solicit a case which dated back about two years ago and which concerned the province of Syracuse. Basically, I had the clear impression that the lawyer Vito Guarrasi didn't even like addressing the topic of Mattei's death."

note:

1 P. Zullino, Guide to the mysteries and pleasures of Palermo, SugarCo, Milan 1973.

2 Minutes of Graziano Verzotto to the prosecutor Calia of 4 September 1998.

3 Minutes of Graziano Verzotto to the prosecutor Calia of 14 May 1996.

The principal

Who wanted Mauro De Mauro to disappear?

Regarding the identity of the mysterious instigator, Verzotto's recent statements intersect with the very first intuitions of the police which, according to prosecutor Ugo Saito, were interrupted in November 1970 by a sensational cover-up wanted by the secret services. The name of Vito Guarrasi, in fact, and his alleged involvement in the kidnapping of De Mauro, as we have seen, emerges in the investigations immediately following the disappearance of the journalist, when the police take the Mattei track and come across the knight Buttafuoco, who is arrested and later cleared. Boris Giuliano, in fact, becomes convinced that the knight is acting on someone's behalf. And this someone, for the police, can only be Guarrasi.

But Guarrasi, evidently, is untouchable. Perhaps the Sicilian link in a chain of power with strong roots in the state apparatus.1 The problem therefore arises of the political "cover" necessary to allow the police (who deploy a thoroughbred detective like Giuliano on the front line) to complete an investigation that aims to unmask for the first time the "sanctuaries" of power in Palermo. But the "coverage" is not there. Indeed, there is a united desire to block the search for the truth, perhaps because - as Zullino writes -

behind De Mauro's disappearance there really is the mystery of Mattei's death. Why did prosecutor Ugo Saito speak only thirty years later about the mysterious meeting at Villa Boscogrande which forced the investigations to be "watered down", effectively stopping them definitively?

Although Verzotto, very frightened at that stage, was careful not to report everything he knew (and which he would only tell to the Pavia prosecutor Vincenzo Calia from 1996 to 1998) and, indeed, dedicated himself to a real misdirection, at the suggestion of the carabinieri , in that 1970 the police had few but substantial clues: in the meantime, the testimony of Elda, Junia and Franca De Mauro who, in the last days of the journalist's life, witnessed his frenetic investigation into Mattei's trip to Sicily and collected his numerous references to the "current president" of Eni, namely Cefis.

They are the ones who insist with Boris Giuliano, and even with Dalla Chiesa (who, according to Elda De Mauro, refuses, with an inexplicable prejudice, to take into consideration the hypothesis of an involvement of the state apparatus in the Bascapé tragedy and in the kidnapping of the journalist) to investigate the Mattei trail. Then there are the declarations of friends, colleagues and acquaintances to whom De Mauro triumphantly announces that he has a sensational scoop in his hands, and it is something that has to do with a film and with Mattei. It's not a little.

Also because the police, in addition to the testimonies, have in their hands the intercept of the phone call between Buttafuoco and Guarrasi, evidence that could frame the lawyer. Even the police talk about that phone call as if it were acquired data, but no one has found the reel or even the transcription. The Palermo prosecutor Pietro Scaglione was killed on 5 May 1971, the day before going to testify in Milan on the existence of that phone call, in the defamation trial that Guarrasi brought against the journalist Pendinelli of «Il Mondo». Guarrasi, on the other hand, seems very worried that the phone call with Buttafuoco will never be found and proven: he even withdraws the complaint against Pendinelli, paying the legal costs, when - after the silences in the courtroom of the policemen who entrench themselves behind the secrecy of the investigation - he was asked to show his passport to at least verify his presence in Paris between October and November 1970.

But the decisive stop, according to prosecutor Saito, is the one imposed by the secret services at Villa Boscogrande.2 What is left for the Palermo police? A handful of sand. And under the sand it ends page. 800

the yellow De Mauro is buried.

After the closure of the investigations, twenty-one years will have to pass before a judge in Palermo, the investigating judge Giacomo Conte, orders new investigations into De Mauro's disappearance. The judge wrote on 8 April 1991 in his order: «Among the various hypotheses formulated and examined in the investigations into the disappearance of Mauro De Mauro, the one most in line with the findings of the proceedings is that he was kidnapped and killed in relation to the investigation which was leading on the end of Enrico Mattei.

[...] This hypothesis presupposes that the plane crash in which Enrico Mattei lost his life was caused by sabotage of the plane or by an explosive charge previously placed on it. [...] The aforementioned hypothesis implies that at least the direction of origin of the instigators of the possible murder of Enrico Mattei and the kidnapping of Mauro De Mauro would be the same". The investigation, after various investigations, was closed in the mid-1990s on the grounds that, as there was no proof of sabotage, there was no logical possibility of linking the Bascapé tragedy to De Mauro's kidnapping.

The story came up again in 1994, when prosecutor Calia reopened the investigation into Mattei's death. This investigation also ends with a dismissal, because it is not possible to identify either the instigator or the perpetrators of the attack on the president of Eni, but the prosecutor is convinced that he has found evidence of the sabotage of Mattei's Morane Saulnier. Here the Mattei affair can be judicially connected again, at least in a logical way, with the disappearance of De Mauro.

Also because Calia explicitly links the two crimes by dedicating a large section of his investigation to the rereading of the De Mauro detective story, and concluding with the hypothesis that the journalist was eliminated to cover the secret of Mattei's death.

Who is the instigator of these crimes? The carabinieri of the judicial police of Pavia, Enrico Guastini, Antonio Trancucci and Giovanni Pais, appointed by the prosecutor Calia to carry out new investigations and draw up a summary report on the previous investigations in Palermo, highlight at least two fixed points. The first is that Guarrasi and Cefis were - or have - distanced themselves from Eni because they represented interests contrary to those of the oil company, and returned to Eni immediately after the death of Enrico Mattei. «If Guarrasi's presence in the most important companies operating in Sicily is correctly interpreted, in the sense that he had the function of verifying that these companies did not undertake initiatives that conflicted with the interests of which he was the bearer - highlight the carabinieri of the judicial police of Pavia - it appears it is clear that Guarrasi could not accept his ouster from Eni which, among other things, would have set a bad example for all other companies.»

The military discovered, not without surprise, that the Palermo judicial authority had never carried out, or delegated to carry out, up to that point, any investigation into the account of Cefis and Guarrasi. AND

they point out to the prosecutor Calia that from the examination of the relevant personal file held by Eni, "it can be seen that it was Eugenio Cefis who arranged for the lawyer Vito Guarrasi to be appointed consultant to the entity".

Another disturbing element is highlighted among the documents of the Pavia investigation. And that is that the De Mauro case sees a direct involvement of all the highest political-economic offices of the State. The Prime Minister Emilio Colombo, on whom the director of the Sid depends, is a close acquaintance of Vito Guarrasi. The Minister of the Interior Franco Restivo is a personal friend of Mauro De Mauro and therefore takes a personal interest in the investigations. However, he is part of that political group (DC) which - the Carabinieri point out - would "fall apart" if the connection between the Mattei murder and the journalist's kidnapping were proven. The director of the Sid Vito Miceli, the police chief Angelo Vicari and the police commissioner Angelo Mangano, all on duty in Rome, take a firsthand interest in the crime. The Minister of Justice Oronzo Reale "shoots zero" against Fanfani and Cefis, holding them responsible for the Mattei murder.

Falling in the period of the renewal of the offices of President of the Republic and President of Eni, the De Mauro kidnapping risks causing a serious political crisis, which evidently goes well beyond the kidnapping itself.3

The proof that the President of the Council of Ministers Colombo himself (indicated as a frequenter of Guarrasi) is aware of the existence of a link between the two crimes, Mattei and De Mauro, lies in the fact that the police commissioner Nino De Vito, at the time in charge to the security services of the Prime Minister's Office, in October-November 1970 he received the task of investigating the causes of Mattei's death. De Vito himself concluded his investigation with a confidential report, dated 14 November 1970, which (needless to say) reiterated the validity of the accident hypothesis, excluding sabotage, in total synchrony with the closure of the Palermo investigations, when , that is, between Rome and Palermo it is decided to lower the tombstone on the De Mauro mystery and Mattei's death.

Then there is another detail, among those reported by the Pavia judicial police, which is worth highlighting. That is, between the arrest of Buttafuoco and the expected arrest of Guarrasi, therefore always between October and November 1970, Cefis orders Franco Briatico to acquire a copy of the first dismissal sentence of the investigating judge of Pavia on the Mattei case, a copy obtained on November 14, 1970. What does he need it for? «This acquisition - we read in the Pavia Carabinieri report - must be reasonably placed in relation to the reasons for the De Mauro kidnapping and not to the attacks suffered by Cefis, because they began in the very first months of 1970.»4

It is proof - the military claims - that a handful of days are enough to bury the mystery connecting Mattei and De Mauro, those between the end of October and the beginning of November 1970, in which a powerful cover-up maneuver unfolds with scientific precision. in defense of Cefis and Guarrasi which even mobilizes the Presidency of the Council, the security services and the highest institutional offices of the country.

When, on 17 November 1970, with the «investigation report» the police definitively abandoned the Mattei trail, the prosecutor Saito and the investigating judge Fratantonio of the Court of Palermo announced that they had sent to Pavia the documents collected during the investigations carried out on the kidnapping De Mauro and regarding the possible attack on Enrico Mattei. The file, however, disappears into thin air.

We had to wait almost thirty years for the connection between the Mattei and De Mauro cases to be openly proposed again, with Senator Verzotto's new declarations supported by numerous findings. The De Mauro affair is confirmed to be, in the words of the DC senator, the pivot around which the burning conflicts between Guarrasi and Verzotto on the oil issues in Sicily revolve. Verzotto himself, among other things, after the journalist's disappearance, becomes - according to the Carabinieri of the Pavia judicial police - the target of serious events that can be interpreted as retaliation. First the kidnapping attempt, then the slush fund scandal, which forces him into a long hiding. For this latest affair, Antonino Renna and Pietro Giordano, employees of the EMS, were arrested, who arranged and withdrew the slush funds from the Banco di Milano (controlled by Gefi, of which Guarrasi was one of the directors). Renna is openly a man from Guarrasi (so says Verzotto in a final report); as for Giordano, in the files acquired by the Palermo police headquarters, an informative note was found which testifies to his relations with Guarrasi.5

In the report sent to prosecutor Calia, the carabinieri of the judicial police of Pavia specify:

«If we consider that the Banco di Milano was the headquarters of the slush funds of IRI and Eni (to a much greater extent than those of the EMS) which emerged unscathed, while Graziano Verzotto spent sixteen years on the run for this matter, the hypothesis that the establishment and "discovery" of slush funds (in a bank controlled by Guarrasi at the time consultant of the EMS, funds materially page 802

prepared and withdrawn by two men from Guarrasi who, after their arrest, were "settled" by Guarrasi) was organized to get rid of Verzotto is more than convincing. The very prudent Verzotto is less convincing when he attributes the direction of the affair to the presidency of Eni, or rather to Cefis. It is in

fact true that Eni (and, in particular, Cefis) benefited from the ouster of Verzotto from the EMS, but the specific direction must logically be attributed to Guarrasi. And also in this case, as in that of Mattei and De Mauro, the identical mechanism seems to have been activated:

«Cefis has a problem, Guarrasi solves it». It's really like this? Is this the mechanism that led to the death of Mattei and De Mauro?

note:

1 And, perhaps not surprisingly, five folders containing judicial documents have been lost from the archives of the Court of Palermo, collected as part of the first investigation into the disappearance of the journalist Mauro De Mauro, which concern the lawyer Vito Guarrasi.

2 Two officials, representatives of Aise and Aisi [the civil and military internal security agencies, which took the place of Sisde and Sismi, Editor's note] testifying before the Court of Assizes of Palermo in the trial for the disappearance of De Mauro, on 1 December 2008, they claimed that instead «there is no trace in the secret service archives of the meeting that took place in October 1970 at Villa Boscogrande».

3 «[The situation, Editor's note] had seen a direct involvement of all the highest political-economic officials of the State in the De Mauro kidnapping. Indeed:

the Prime Minister Emilio Colombo, to whom the director of the Sid depended, was a close acquaintance of Vito Guarrasi;

the Interior Minister Franco Restivo was a personal friend of Mauro De Mauro and, therefore, had taken a personal interest in the investigations. However, he was part of that political group (DC) that would have "fallen apart" if the connection between the Mattei murder and the journalist's kidnapping had emerged; the director of the Sid Vito Miceli, the police chief Angelo Vicari and the police commissioner Angelo Mangano, all serving in Rome, had taken a personal interest in the crime;

the Minister of Justice Oronzo Reale had "fired nothing" against Fanfani and Cefis, considering them responsible for the Mattei murder;

the "notable" De Amintore Fanfani and the president of Eni Eugenio Cefis had been involved in the De Mauro investigations.

4 Therefore, as already mentioned previously when talking about the renewal of the offices of President of the Republic and President of Eni, the De Mauro kidnapping had caused a serious political crisis, which evidently went well beyond the kidnapping of De Mauro himself and therefore could not refer to drug or mafia events. Vittorio Nisticò's involvement at the highest institutional levels fits perfectly logically in this perspective." From the Pavia prosecutor's report on the De Mauro case.

5 «The concessionaire for the distribution [...] of Rapitala wine is the company Interfina S.p.A., with headquarters in Palermo, via Segesta 9 (headquarters of the lawyer Guarrasi's law firm) [...] managed by Mrs. Concetta Cucinotta [...] wife of the aforementioned Giordano [...]. There is no doubt that the company pag. 803

Interfina was commissioned by the lawyer. Guarrasi [...] with the establishment of the intercom certainly wanted to offer a means of subsistence to the former director of the EMS Pietro Giordano.» From the Carabinieri note attached to the Pavia investigation.

pag. 804

The Palermo trial

The last word on this state intrigue will be written by the judges of the Court of Assizes of Palermo who are trying the boss Totò Riina.

The trial is the outcome of the last investigation into the journalist of «L'Ora» opened in Palermo in 2001 and coordinated by prosecutor Antonio Ingroia. The reopening of the third Palermo investigation stems from the sending of the documents from Pavia to Palermo and from the acquisition of the declarations of the repentant Francesco Di Carlo, which point towards another track: the one that leads to the coup attempted on 8 December 1970 in Italy by «black» prince Junio Valerio Borghese. According to Di Carlo, the journalist had learned of the coup plan and was following its developments when he was kidnapped. In addition to revealing the

composition of the commando, Di Carlo said that De Mauro was killed and his body buried at the mouth of the Oreto river. However, the searches immediately ordered by prosecutor Ingroia in the indicated area did not yield any results this time either.

Di Carlo gives the names of De Mauro's hitmen, that is, those who physically kidnapped him and then killed him, making his body disappear. They are always three loyalists of the Bontade boss: Stefano Giaconia, Mimmo Teresi and Emanuele D'Agostino. It is the same commando indicated by the repentant Grado, except that in Nino Grado's place there is Giaconia, in those years the favorite killer among those at Bontade's disposal. He too is dead, killed under mysterious circumstances in the 1970s. The investigators then attempted a new comparison, ordering the comparison of the prints found on De Mauro's car with those of Giaconia. And they made a disturbing discovery: the killer's fingerprints have mysteriously disappeared from the criminal police file.1

It is yet another mystery that revolves around the De Mauro investigation. And the few judicial certainties acquired so far still seem far from clarifying the complexity of the case. Although prosecutor Ingroia has acquired in his file the substantial investigation of his colleague from Pavia Calia (now deputy prosecutor in Genoa), although the Palermo investigation has delved further in search of the possible "institutional" instigators of the De Mauro kidnapping, the only one accused in the dock, forty years later, is Totò Riina, the "brain" of the mafia butcher shop. Other brains who wanted those crimes are and remain unknown.

Here it is, the truth in tatters achieved with difficulty after almost four decades of silence and misdirections. De Mauro's disappearance must also remain a mystery, because his resolution threatens to clarify, in retrospect, the secret of Mattei's death. Just as Dalla Chiesa had said, according to what Elda De Mauro reports, Mattei's death, if it is true that it involves the State, certainly cannot be deciphered. Because you certainly cannot go against the State, even a murderous State. It is a game of Chinese boxes of silence that contain other silences, a game of chain institutional cover-ups, which is ready to start again every time someone decides to lift the tombstone of silence. And in fact the game starts again, once again, in the mid-seventies in Rome, where there is someone who collects texts, newspaper clippings,

fragments of speeches, someone who seems obsessed, despite the time that has passed, by the mystery of the death of Mattei and the criminogenic nature of power in Italy.

use:

1 Police information on the documents of the De Mauro trial underway in Palermo.

pag. 805

pag. 806

The Pasolini crime

The seventies

1975. It is the year of the Circeo massacre. It is September 29th when three boys from the uptown area, Rayban, ankle boots, tight jeans, three neo-fascists from Parioli, in Rome, invite two girls to the villa of one of these, in San Felice Circeo, in the province of Latina. The plan is to spend a pleasant afternoon: a few beers, funky music records, that is the year of Gloria Gaynor, who climbed the hit parade, but it is also the year of Take my heart, sung by Jacky James, the most romantic song of the summer. Nothing dangerous, at most we get a few kisses, a bit of petting. The girls are called Donatella Colasanti and Rosaria Lopez. The three are Andrea Ghira, Angelo Izzo and Giovanni Guido.

Ghira, twenty-two years old, son of a well-known building contractor, declared neo-fascist and great admirer of the head of the Marseille clan, Jacques Berenguer, has already been convicted in 1973 for an armed robbery carried out together with Angelo Izzo and for this he served twenty months in Rebibbia prison. His friend, Izzo, a medical student, together with a couple of friends, raped two girls in 1974 and was sentenced to just two and a half years, which he did not serve, however, saved by the conditional suspension of the sentence. Giovanni known as "Gianni" Guido, nineteen years old, an architecture student, is the only one with a clean criminal record. The three met the girls a few days earlier, in a bar in Eur. They seem polite, kind, irreproachable. And the girls take the bait. They can't imagine

that the evening will turn into a horror movie. Here is Donatella Colasanti's story: «Around 6.20, we were all in the garden of the villa when, suddenly, one of them pulled out his gun. They began to tell us that they belonged to the Marseillais gang and that Jacques, their leader, had given the order to take us, because he wanted two girls."

It is the beginning of a nightmare of violence. For a day and a night the two girls are raped, tortured and massacred. The three seem to have gone mad: they proclaim their hatred against women, shout incomprehensible rallies against the less wealthy class, insult the poor unfortunates who had never been interested in politics. Izzo, once his shift as torturer is over, comes home at dinner time to sit at the table with mum and dad. Then, after eating, the good boy leaves for Circeo to reunite with his tormentors. In the end, when they are tired of the rapes and violence, the three take Rosaria and drown her in the bathtub. Then they turn to Colasanti, try to strangle her and hit her savagely, even with an iron bar. Believing them both dead, they throw the two girls into the trunk of a white Fiat 127, registered to Gianni Guido's father, Raffaele.

They return to Rome, and after arriving at Guido's house, the three decide to go and eat a pizza. They leave the car, with the victims in the trunk, parked in the Salario district. There, Donatella Colasanti, with her last remaining strength, starts banging on the hood and manages to attract the attention of a night watchman. Izzo and Guido are arrested within a few hours. Ghira will never be captured. Colasanti, hospitalized with serious injuries and a broken nose, has suffered from the psychological damage caused by that trauma all her life. A few years ago she died, still very young, of cancer.

Already two years earlier, in March 1973, Franca Rame was the victim of rape. She, the actress, is in Milan, she is walking along Via Nirone when she is approached by a van. Inside her there are five boys, all far-right militants, who force her to get on and rape her, repeatedly, in turns, shouting at her: "Move whore, you have to make me enjoy her." They put out cigarettes on her breasts, cut her skin with razor blades. A hallucinating sequence, which Rame then inserted into one of her shows, All house, bed and church. The names and nicknames of those San-Babilini will come out on page. 807

only after the crime, which has remained unpunished, will become statute barred: their names are Biagio Pitarresi, Angelo Angeli (known as "the Golosone"), "a certain Patrizio", "a certain Muller". Judge Guido Salvini's indictment on black subversion will then maintain that the violence in Franca Rame, if not ordered, was "suggested" by Carabinieri officers of the Pastrengo Division, who maintained close and assiduous links with the neo-fascists. Furthermore, this is openly supported by one of the rapists, Pitarresi, who confirms what Angelo Izzo, the Circeo murderer, had already stated in 1997.1 That is, that Franca Rame's crime was a "state rape".

Neo-fascists involved in arms trafficking, double agents who act as agents provocateurs in left-wing circles and inform the police, thugs in contact with the underworld. It is precisely in that no man's land, where state apparatus and terrorists meet, that the decision to attack Dario Fo's partner was born. Pitarresi reveals: «The action against Franca Rame was inspired by some carabinieri from the Pastrengo Division. Angeli and I had been in contact with the Army command for some time".2

It's the seventies. The years of lead: ambushes, shootings, rapes, kidnappings, state massacres, street clashes, carabinieri and service men infiltrated student cells, armed groups, to investigate, to observe, but also, if necessary, to finance , or worse,

«direct» armed actions. And the strategy of tension. The "dirty work" of the State. The hidden work of the apparatuses that act in the shadow of the institutions and put democracy in danger with the aim of then being able to legitimize themselves as the only defenders of democracy.

Destabilizing the political framework and fomenting anti-communism is a way to strengthen the DC's monopoly in the country.

Italy is the slaughterhouse of a policy that is made and won with P38 blows. Bombs, executions,

«knockdowns», punitive expeditions, beatings with bars and chains. Political crime becomes the specialty of the "blacks", explosions of uncontrolled violence that manifest themselves against categories that threaten the established order: women (in those years protagonists of battles for female

emancipation, the legalization of abortion, sexual freedom), trade unionists, homosexuals and all those who are simply conceived as "different". The Circeo crime is a "political" crime. Franca Rame's rape is a "political" crime. They are crimes that brutally express the principle that the adversary, man or woman, or worse yet homosexual, is an enemy to be defeated with violence, to be eliminated, to be killed.

Is Pasolini's massacre one of the "political" crimes of the 1970s? AND

the hatred against a "different" person who killed Pasolini, a "faggot" and communist?

note:

1 Report of Biagio Pitarresi in the documents of the trial for the Piazza Fontana massacre.

2 «We know that a close collaborator of Dalla Chiesa, General Nicolo' Bozzo, heard in 1981 by judges Colombo and Turone, spoke of a double line of command within the Pastrengo Division of the Carabinieri and that the line of officers from " Tuscany" including Colonel Mazzei, organized a so-called "Operation Monte Nevoso bis". Bozzo also spoke about a SuperC, a version of SuperSismi within the Army (see also Dr. Calabrò's hearing).» Massacre Commission XIII Legislature Doc. XXIII n. 64 volume first volume VI.

pag. 808

The pizzas of Salò

The mystery of the Idroscalo, thirty years later, remains to be deciphered. Is Pasolini's death really the accidental outcome of a quarrel between "faggots" - this is the "minimalist" version that the judicial inquiry has consigned to history - or is it an excellent murder, wanted at all costs to silence the intellectual who had understood a truth capable of shaking the Italian financial political system?

"No. It wasn't a fight. Pier Paolo was executed. Someone had decided that he had to die." AND

the conviction expressed by the director and disciple Sergio Citti on his deathbed, attempting in vain to accredit the thesis according to which Pasolini was lured by Pino Pelosi himself, with the promise of the return of the "pizzas" from the film Salò o le 120 giorno say Sodom, which had been stolen.

Sergio Citti was a great friend of Pier Paolo Pasolini, perhaps the most artistically gifted of his "life boys". He died in 2005, thirty years after the killing of his teacher, a few months before the demonstrations to celebrate his memory began. But before dying, Citti tried in every way to shout out the truth to him about what happened that night, between the 1st and 2nd

November 1975, in Ostia, on the dirt pitch of the Idroscalo. A truth reconstructed from his last conversations with Pasolini and integrated by the story of an anonymous witness, a fisherman from the area who said he had witnessed the massacre. Citti says it clearly: the Idroscalo beating was not the accidental killing of Pasolini. But the political murder of Pasolini.1

Here is his story: «That night, Pelosi was with four other people and those people were there to kill Pier Paolo. Pier Paolo was uncomfortable. He wrote uncomfortable things, even on the

"Courier". No, it was not an accident, a quarrel: Pier Paolo was executed. Someone had decided that Pasolini had to die."

Citti tells his truth in an interview given to Dino Martirano, correspondent of the «Corriere della Sera», on the Saturday afternoon of 7 May 2005, a few hours before the broadcast of a special episode of the Raitre program Ombre sul giallo, conceived and conducted by the Neapolitan journalist Franca Leosini, entirely dedicated to the Pasolini case.

In fact, as the press launches anticipated, Pino Pelosi, Pasolini's murderer, the "little boy" who was arrested, just seventeen, a few hours after the crime, while speeding along the seafront, entrusted his sensational retraction to the popular television programme. of Ostia aboard the director's Alfa Romeo 2000 GT.

Pelosi, thirty years later, declared on TV that he was not alone that night at the Idroscalo. He says: "There was a group of thugs, they came out of nowhere, they wanted to teach him a lesson." His reconstruction offers a new overall sense of history, which has many points in common with Citti's version.

Sergio Citti is a good director (Casotto, Monaca, I Magi stradagi), he has also collaborated with Federico Fellini, with Mauro Bolognini, with Bernardo Bertolucci. Why is he talking again now? He has reached the end of his life and says he wants to settle accounts with Pasolini's killing: he defines it as a "perfect crime", given that after thirty years the truth is, in fact, still far away.

«For him, at that time, I was like a son - he tells Martirano - this was known around, and a certain Sergio P. also knew it, someone who ran a prostitute trade, he must have been my age, around forty. and one day I find him in front of me, getting out of his Mercedes, and he says to me: "Ce page 809

We have the original film of the film Salò or the 120 Days of Sodom. [...] You have to tell your friend that if he wants them back, he has to shell out two billion lire." And again: "I knew that the films had been stolen from Cinecittà and so I went to the film's producer, Alberto Grimaldi. But he replied that he wasn't willing to come up with more than fifty million."

Citti remembers having seen the blackmailer a couple of times: «And once, on a motorbike, he took me to a bar that I later recognized in certain television images following the crime: it was the bar frequented by Pelosi».

Here, Pino Pelosi. How does it fit into this story? «It has to do with it because they needed bait for Pier Paolo and all of Italy knew that Pier Paolo liked boys. But before getting to him, to the bait, I must report what Pier Paolo told me in Ostia, the last time I saw him, at dinner."

What did Pasolini tell him? «That he had found a contact on his own to get the films of the film back, that although he could still edit the film with some film clips, he was interested in the originals. He told me that he had an appointment in Acilia on the evening of the 1st

November.»2 The evening of his death.

That evening Pasolini - after having had dinner with Ninetto Davoli and his wife and two young children at Pommidoro, a restaurant in the San Lorenzo district - went to the kiosk in Termini station, where, according to the official reconstruction, he lured Pino Pelosi.3

«Instead it was almost the opposite» says Citti. «Pelosi had some sort of appointment with Pier Paolo. It was he who was supposed to take him to Acilia [...] and since they wanted to be sure that Pier Paolo would actually get to Acilia, they chose a boy from underage, a little guy like Pier Paolo liked, curly, dark, muscular.»

Then Citti lingers: «Two reflections. The first: Pier Paolo had already had dinner and stopped at another restaurant, the Biondo Tevere, on Via Ostiense, because he had to wait for midnight." The second? «If Pier Paolo had really towed Pino, he would have taken him nearby [...] to the meadows of Tiburtina, to the Pecoraro mountains [...] and he certainly would not have reached Ostia.»

But Pasolini, says Citti, had an appointment that evening: «In Acilia. Where they kidnapped him.

Then they took him to Ostia, to the Idroscalo. And there the massacre occurred. The blackmail of the film Salò was an excuse. They beat to kill, professionals. I always thought that those four could also be policemen or secret agents. Pier Paolo was uncomfortable. He had attacked the Christian Democrats."

For Sergio Citti, Pasolini's killing was a "political" ambush, meticulously studied. Those who wanted him dead lured the poet using Pelosi as bait, took him to Acilia with the excuse of returning the "pizzas" of Salò, then took him to Ostia, in a deserted place, and there beat him to death. And what about Pelosi's role, then? He had been chosen for his physical characteristics, he was the type of boy that Pasolini liked. He had to "hook up" the director, get into the car with him, accompany him on the last nocturnal tour of his life, he had to take him to the appointment with his executioners. Pelosi was

the guarantee that Pasolini would show up on time for the night meeting with the assassins.

pag. 810

note:

1 «No one wanted to seek the truth. I filmed the places where they say the crime took place, I reconstructed minute by minute what happened in those hours. I had a "deep throat".

I was talking to a person who told me about that evening. A first-hand, true, reliable testimony. He has seen. I would only tell Pelosi one name, that of this person, and he would be forced to finally say what he knows." Sergio Citti, I know who killed Pier Paolo, they never wanted to hear from me, in «la Repubblica» of 8 May 2005.

2 «The evening before leaving for Stockholm Pier Paolo, my ex-wife and I had dinner together with Ninetto Davoli in Ostia. Pasolini told me that a boy had phoned him, that they didn't want a penny anymore and that they wanted to return the material to him. Pier Paolo then said "tomorrow I'm going to Stockholm, when I come back I'll see them", they told me: "We're sorry, we want to give you everything back".

So much so that when he returned I telephoned him, saying: "Pier Pa', shall we meet?"; but he replied:

"No, Sergio, tonight I have to go and eat with Ninetto and then I have to go to these guys".»

Ibidem.

3 «Here Pelosi called, I don't know who, and someone said to him: "At a quarter past midnight come and we'll give him the stuff". So Pasolini waited, he went there and instead, so he told me, they attacked him, he ran away, they caught him again and beat him, he pretended to have fainted. Someone at the Idroscalo saw what happened, but never testified.» Ibid.

Just as Ninetto Davoli, who last saw Pasolini at dinner, never testified. We contacted him by phone, but he refused the interview: "The memory burns too much, even today, I'm sorry."

pag. 811

The Magliana Band

If we start from the assumption that Pasolini was actually the victim of an ambush, all the movements during the night in Ostia fit together perfectly and the sequence of that evening takes on a credible and complete meaning. The theft of the "pizzas" is therefore a trap. Pasolini wants them back at all costs; so that evening he arrives at Termini station at the agreed time, he stops at the kiosk in the square, dei Cinquecento, determined to reclaim it. The appointment is with Pelosi, who that evening shows up at the kiosk with his friends, perhaps to make his story credible. Pasolini exchanges a few jokes with the boys, who court him, ask him to get into the car, but he -

strangely guarded - refuses, rolls up the window glass, puts the safety on.1

Pelosi, meanwhile, walked away for a few moments. Where did he disappear? A few minutes pass and he reappears, gets into the poet's car, and drives away with him.2 Where are they headed? Pino, the «pizzas»

he doesn't have them, when he left perhaps he phoned (or pretended to phone) someone to find out where to go to collect them. And perhaps that someone on the phone told him to go to Acilia after midnight (or to one of the nearby hamlets, Dragona, or Vitinia). But it's only half past ten, it's early, so Pasolini takes the curly haired Pelosi to the Biondo Tevere.

After dinner the two take Via Ostiense (and not Via del Mare, which is the one that leads directly to Ostia). Why, if not to reach Acilia or Vitinia or Dragona in a few minutes? AND

it is there that Pasolini probably has his appointment, it is there that he meets his murderers, hoping to get back the "pizzas" of his film, it is from there that they invite him to follow them to the Idroscalo, a deserted place, perfect for killing someone. There are also some testimonies, which provide support for this possible reconstruction. People who live in Idroscalo and who talk

about at least two cars arriving at the football field that night. What is the other car?

Who's on board?

And there is another hypothesis. That Pasolini knew his killers. In his book Once Upon a Time Pier Paolo Pasolini, 3 Fulvio Abbate collected the testimony of Sergio Parrello, known as «Pecetto», one of the protagonists of Ragazzi di vita. The writer met him in the 1950s at Donna Olimpia, among the kids who inspired the plot of his first novel. Abbate asks him who Pasolini's murderers might have been, Parrello replies: «Roman underworld, and someone who had a size 41 insole, right foot». Parrello also says that, if investigations had really been carried out, the investigators would have immediately reached the owner of the insole, because in the Roman underworld "there were only three people who wore the insole, and certainly not all three of them with right foot and 41".

Many members of the Banda della Magliana were boys from the Donna Olimpia district; many of them lived in Ostia and Acilia; many spent their evenings in the bars of San Paolo (the bar on via Chiabrera) and Ponte Marconi (the bar Barone). Were there, among the criminals of the brutal Roman gang, also some of the villagers of Donna Olimpia and Magliana of twenty years earlier, those who Pasolini had poetically recounted in his novels in the 1950s? Maybe, probably, who knows?

If this were the case, Pasolini's famous "abjuration" of 1975 would truly be impressively prophetic ("The young people and children of the Roman sub-proletariat [...] if they are human garbage now, it means that they were potentially human garbage then too"), already contained in Petrolio: «If those young people and boys had become like this, it meant that they had the possibility of becoming so: their degradation therefore also degraded their past (which was therefore all a deception). [...]

Those young men and women would have paid for their degradation with blood: in a massacre that would have made (fiercely ridiculous) their presumptuous illusion of well-being".4

It's still. Not even an investigation was carried out on the contents of an anonymous letter received on page. 812

to the plaintiff's lawyer Nino Marazzita, where it was said that Pasolini had been followed that night by a Fiat with Catania license plates. There were also three license plate numbers and then it would have been easy to carry out a check, to ascertain the existence of the car and its owner.5 This was not done. Nothing was done.

note:

1 «Despite not knowing Pelosi's friends who were at Termini Station at all and who - according to what they say - were not "life kids" at all, Pasolini showed himself to be extremely distrustful and prudent towards them. [...] How come, despite having so much distrust in the very busy Piazza dei Cinquecento, Pasolini so easily welcomed Pelosi into his car, even though he was part of that group of boys he mistrusted and did not know at all according to the statement of Pelosi?" Juvenile Court of Rome, from the first instance sentence of 26 April 1976, president Carlo Alfredo Moro.

2 «That evening... Look, that evening... Here: Pasolini, he arrived with the Gt. And he arrived there, at the little gardens in front of the bar. He arrived and immediately beat up someone who wasn't Pelosi. And he left with him and they went for a ride. A five minute walk, let's say, something like that. Then he came back and the boy who had been riding came down. The boy got out, went towards Pelosi and took him aside and they talked. So Pelosi mounted Pasolini's machine. And they went away but after a while they came back. Short time stuff. And Pelosi came down. He came towards us. He started talking to us. Yes, I was there too. Oh well, I was there too." From an interview by Mauro Volterra with an anonymous self-styled protagonist of that evening, published in «L'Europeo» n. 47 of the 21st

November 1975.

3 And Abbate, Once upon a time Pier Paolo Pasolini, New editorial initiative, Rome 2005.

4 The references to the volume by Fulvio Abbate and to the children of the Donna Olimpia district are taken from the reconstruction by Gianni Borgna and Carlo Lucarelli published in «MicroMega», 6, 2005.

5 Interview by the lawyer Nino Marazzitta with the authors.

pag. 813

Pelosi changes her story on TV

«I lived thirty years in terror. Now I'm no longer afraid. The people who had threatened me, who had threatened my family, will be old or dead. This is the truth, what should I do?" On TV, to journalist Franca Leosini, on 7 May 2005, Pino Pelosi, known as the Frog, spoke for the first time about three mysterious men who, having arrived aboard a Fiat 1500 with Catania license plates, appearing out of nowhere on the night of the massacre at the Idroscalo, They pounced on Pasolini and beat him, shouting: "Faggot, communist."

The former "kid" says he doesn't know, that he has never known who those three were ("they seemed big to me"), but that he has always had, in all these years, a sacred fear of them, because the unknown thugs they threatened him and his family with death if he even dared to talk to anyone about what really happened that evening. «Now my parents are dead, I'm alone, I'm no longer afraid, I spent nine years in prison, I'm forty-six years old, these people will surely be dead or old. And I don't know them anyway."

Pelosi also outlines a brief description of one of them: «One had a beard, slightly curly hair, they spoke a Southern dialect, I don't know if Sicilian or Calabrian. They said words like arruso, fetuso, dirty communist, fagot."

"But - Leosini asks him - did you have the impression that Pasolini knew his attackers?"

«I don't think so - he replies - I don't think so.» And later, answering the question about what idea he had formed, over time, of what happened that evening, he says: "It was as if an ambush had been foreseen."

An ambush? Thus, after thirty years, the dynamics of Pasolini's murder are rewritten. But if it wasn't Pelosi, why did Riccetto reveal to a fellow inmate in prison, at the time, that he had killed the writer? «Well, he was standing there, half dead… I saw him half dead.»

Here's how Pelosi, on TV, reconstructs the sequences of that evening: «He told me: "Come on, let's go together, let's go eat something, let's do some touching". I was seventeen, I was totally immature. I understood that he was a bit of that part, he limited himself to a few touches, he gave me twenty thousand lire, so he had said ». But how did Pasolini behave? «Normally, a very civilized person, he was, I dare say, a perfect gentleman. He spoke Italian, he was courteous, a soft voice. »

Pelosi then goes on to talk about her relationship with Pasolini once they arrived at the Idroscalo: «He didn't attempt any violence. He took off his glasses and we did that sexual act, oral intercourse. Then I got out of the car because I had to urinate, I approached the fence and while I was urinating I was attacked by one person and him by two people."

People who appeared "out of nowhere". Pelosi continues: "I was threatened, beaten by someone who had a beard and was dark." It was dark, so much so that Pelosi claims to have seen three people, "but it could have been five, I don't know." The person who beat him threatened him:

“Mind your own f...ings,” he explains.

And then Pino la Rana specifies: «Pasolini was literally taken from inside the car and pulled out. And there they began to beat him in an unprecedented way." They started "next to the car and then moved away. I tried to react to take Mr. Pasolini's side, I took blows, I took a beating, I took a blow to the nose, they told me: "Mind your own business, otherwise page 814

let's kill you and your whole family" and this poor guy was screaming and they were massacring him. I was terrified, I was seventeen, beaten, I saw that poor guy gasping, I took off in the car. I didn't kill him voluntarily" .

At the end of that ferocious beating, Pelosi confirmed that he fled in Pasolini's car, perhaps still alive, passing over his body: «But if something

like this happened, I did it unconsciously, the ground was full of water , there were potholes everywhere."

The story is incomplete, imprecise, full of apparently inexplicable elements. Pelosi, certainly, does not yet tell the truth, the whole truth, but two points are new and extremely interesting: the presence of multiple attackers at the Idroscalo, as the civil party expert has always maintained, and as even the first instance sentence has certified, and the peculiarity of the epithets used in a derogatory sense: "Communist, faggot". Words that seem to attribute a clear political value to the massacre, tracing the origin of the attack to right-wing environments.

pag. 815

Oriana Fallaci's scoop

It took thirty years for Pelosi to partially regain her memory, and yet, only a few hours after the Idroscalo massacre, two Italian journalists had arrived at a reconstruction very close to Pino the Frog's new story.

A reconstruction which no one among the investigators took into account in 1975. Already a columnist for the «Stampa» and director of «l'Unità», Furio Colombo, who arrived at the Idroscalo in the hours following the crime, collected a series of testimonies «on the spot» which were never explored in depth by the investigators. On the morning of November 2, 1975, the then young reporter of the «Stampa», equipped with a pen and notebook, listened to the confidences of a slum dweller who said he had seen everything. The dialogue was then reconstructed in Marco Tullio Giordana's film, Pasolini. An Italian crime from 1995.

«My surname is written with two Ts. Salvitti Ennio. And you, just to be fair?"

«I work for "La Stampa". My name is Furio Colombo.» «"La Stampa"... Agnelli.» «Yes, Agnelli.»

«Write it to him that it's all 'no disgusting, there were many of them, they massacred that poor guy. Pe'

half an hour he shouted "mommy, mommy, mommy". There were four, five." “But did you tell the police this?” "What, am I stupid?"

It is an important confirmation of what was written by Oriana Fallaci in her now famous piece published twelve days after the crime, on 14 November 1975, in the weekly «L'Europeo», when the investigators already believed, with Pelosi in prison, they had closed the case. It began like this: There is another version of Pasolini's death: a version that the police are probably already aware of, but which they do not talk about in order to be able to conduct their investigations more comfortably. It is based on the testimonies that some inhabitants or frequenters of the shacks that stand around the open space where Pier Paolo Pasolini was killed have to offer.

What did those testimonies say? That «Pasolini was not attacked and killed only by Giuseppe Pelosi, but by him and two other thugs, who seem to be well known in the drug world». The article goes on to recount the details of that night.1

But the publication of the piece, despite the prestige of the weekly and the author, did not cause any investigative effect. Indeed, Fallaci is summoned to the police station and almost grilled by a commissioner anxious to know her sources at all costs, which she will keep confidential, earning herself a sentence in the first and second degree for reticence in a context of total isolation: not even the The Roman Press Association felt it necessary to express its solidarity with her.2

Fallaci herself will remember that experience by asking a simple question: «Why did it bother him so much that "L'Europeo" had told this truth? Why did they reject it? Why did they just take it out on Fallaci to refuse it? These are unanswered questions, for me they are like the dogma of the virginity of the Madonna." Yet, that piece has an effect: a Fallaci collaborator, Mauro Volterra, has it read and commented on by a "mysterious witness", a young boy present that night at Termini station, who in a climate of fear, substantially confirms its content and adds other, interesting details published by «L'Europeo» in a second article the following week. The "mysterious witness" says that the motorbike that evening was a Gilera 124, owned by the "redhead" [a red-haired person, Editor's note], and above all,

that the famous ring with the writing "United States Army" was left on the pitch by Pelosi on purpose, for a page. 816

staging.3

Oriana Fallaci's version, today, appears to be the closest to Pelosi's new confession.

But is Pino the Frog credible with this new reconstruction of the facts? Many of those who in 1975 claimed that Pasolini had been the victim of a political ambush are no longer around to hear it. AND

who, in those years, were accused of wanting to see the conspiracy at all costs to deny the very banal (and scandalous) reality of a murder taking place in the world of homosexuals. There is no longer Alberto Moravia, nor Laura Betti. They claimed that Pino the Frog had only been the instrument of a criminal plan to eliminate an inconvenient intellectual. They were not believed.

Result? The Pasolini crime still remains today consigned to history as the rambling and unexpected outcome of a quarrel between "faggots". With the addition of a new element: the fear that to an already partial and incomplete truth new speculations will be added, exploitations good only to create further confusion on an already closed case.

One thing is certain: if Pelosi also lied on TV (and did not say everything she knows), she did so artfully, expertly mixing lies with truth. He spoke of an attacker who shouted insults in a southern dialect ("fetuso, arruso"), most likely Sicilian, and the "Sicilian" lead is the only one that actually existed, and was pursued for months, despite never having achieved any results concrete.

note:

1 «The two thugs had arrived on a motorcycle after midnight, and had entered together with Pasolini and Pelosi into a shack that the writer used to rent for one hundred thousand lire every time he went there. In fact, these are not miserable shacks as they appear on the outside: the external wooden planks surround real villas, equipped inside with normal toilets, running

water, sometimes well furnished and even with carpet. The screams of a violent altercation began some time after the four were inside the shack. It wasn't Pasolini who shouted: "You pig, you ugly pig" but it was the three boys. At a certain point the door of the shack flew open and Pasolini came out running towards his car. He managed to reach it and was preparing to get on it when the two young men on the motorcycle grabbed him and pulled him out. Pasolini freed himself and started fleeing again. But the three were on him again and continued to hit him.

This time with wooden planks and also with chains. Each of them was holding a tablet and the two biggest thugs were also holding chains. The terrified witness who refuses to tell the story to the police also says that, at a certain point, he saw the three young men face to face. It was around one in the morning and the shouting from the altercation continued, heard by all, for almost half an hour. He also saw that Pasolini was trying to defend himself. When Pasolini collapsed lifelessly, the two boys ran towards his car, got into it, and passed over the writer's body twice, while Giuseppe Pelosi remained watching. Then the two got out of the car, got on the motorcycle and left while Giuseppe Pelosi shouted: "Now leave me alone, now leave me here". He continued to shout like that even after the two had moved away. Then he in turn headed towards Pasolini's car, got in and ran away." In «L'Europeo» n. 46 of the 14th

November 1975.

2 «If you ask me what image I have of the magistrate, it is not that of the gentleman with the white beard, glasses and black robe sitting dignified in court. It is that of the magistrate who first questioned me after the articles in the "Europeo", who summoned me to the prosecutor's office and I went like a good citizen - I have the naivety of good citizens - I didn't think of bringing a lawyer with me, I went, I said, let's hear, perhaps he is interested in what we at the "European" have written. And I found this page. 817

bearded, very rude, who put on a lot of airs, sitting behind the dingy desk in a dingy little room, who treated me like a criminal, rude, aggressive.» Oriana Fallaci, interview with «La Stampa» published on 12 May 2005.

3 «But you have the truth here! You have it here in the article! What do you want from me? It happened like this! What do you want from me?" A confirmation. «I'll give it to you, I gave it to you. What are you saying to me? If I talk again it ends up understanding who I am. In short, you make it clear. Because from this article I already understood who the man saw. And the one who goes to make love over there with... No, no, remember that I don't know, that I didn't tell you anything.» Go ahead, finish reading the article and then let's talk. [The boy continued reading but, having reached the second part of the second column, he took on an ironic and disappointed look.]

«No, no chains. Those weren't there. They told you a lie about those. And then who uses chains for 'men' anymore?" We know it. We knew that there were probably inaccuracies in the story.

But we had to report what had been reported to us, without censorship, otherwise we would have risked cutting out true things. «But apart from the chains... Damn! But who told him these things?

Who did it?" If I told you, I would prove to you that we don't respect professional secrecy. And you would be right not to trust me when I assure you that no one will know who confirmed it to me.

Read again. Read to the end. [She read all the way through, with almost morbid attention, and at the last lines she had a fit bordering on hysteria.] «Yes! This is true, yes! It is true!" What is true?

«The story of the ring! She left it there on purpose. It's true that Pelosi left it out on purpose! I know!" Do you mean he did it to incriminate himself or someone else? «Leave me alone! Let me go! I'm not saying anything! I didn't say anything! I have to go! I have an appointment!" [The boy realized too late that he had let slip something that he considered very dangerous. And this threw him into panic, or rather desperation. Shocked by what he had said, he got up, left the bar and started running along the sidewalk. Volterra reached him, forced him to stop, and with one hand he held his right arm, with the other he showed him the money rejected the day before.] ...«You owe me capi', look for capi'. I have the truth right here in my mouth. And it burns me. I would like to tell you, I would like to tell you everything.

But I can't do it. I'm too scared. But what do I gain by talking? But what are the deaf people if they kill me? They'll kill me!" In «L'Europeo» n. 47 of the 21st

November 1975.

pag. 818

The Samson track

The "Sicilian" trail is the trail of Renzo Sansone, the carabiniere who in the months following Pasolini's death signed the first investigative report with the names of three other alleged murderers from the Idroscalo. The man is thin and muscular, wearing a tattered sweater and a pair of old jeans, he has long hair and a grim look; It's the afternoon of a January day in 1976, when he enters an arcade in Tiburtino for the first time, saying that he is looking for "customers"

to place a load of stolen goods: gold rings and bracelets. The guys at the gambling den look at him suspiciously at first: "What about you?". The man drops a sheet of white paper from his pocket. He quickly picks it up and tries to put it back, but everyone notices the heading: "Regina Coeli prison". A little boy snatches the paper from his hands: «What is this? Let's see... Were you caught too?".

The man nods his head, the trick of the fake release form from prison succeeds perfectly, now everyone believes he is a convicted felon and pats him on the back: «And what? Are you ashamed?

Here you are among friends."

Thus begins the investigation of Renzo Sansone, a police officer, who infiltrated for months among the thugs of Tiburtino in search of confirmation of a sensational "tip" that had been passed to him days earlier by an informer. «My confidant - Sansone says today - came to tell me that at a dinner the brothers Franco and Giuseppe Borsellino, known as Braciola and Bracioletta, Sicilians from Catania, had boasted of having participated, with their friend Giuseppe Mastini, known as Johnny the Gypsy or Biondino, at the Idroscalo massacre. It was sensational news, which reopened the case

already considered closed with Pelosi's confession. I then informed my superior, Captain Gemma. With the approval of judge Giuseppe Santarsiero, of the Juvenile Court, I was ordered to find out more, infiltrating the environment of Tiburtino, in particular in the gambling hall in via Donati 140, in the hamlet of Casal Bruciato, where it had been cemented the complicity of the four boys, Pelosi, Mastini and the two Borsellinos.»

It is the first real investigative lead from which the names and surnames of Pelosi's alleged accomplices emerge. At the end of 1976, Samson's story ends up in a report delivered to the judiciary. The two Borsellinos are arrested, but in front of the magistrate they say they made it all up: "We understood that he was a cop." Yet the day before they had confided in him

"cop" that he had a lot of stolen goods in his house, which were promptly found in the search carried out during the arrest. So they change their story, and tell the judge that they had boasted about the Pasolini massacre only to gain credit with the friend who didn't trust them.1 The investigations don't take off, no one bothers to plant bugs or arrange telephone interceptions: the Borsellinos believed and exonerated. The crime at the Idroscalo remains the rambling outcome of a quarrel between "faggots". Samson's trail is soon forgotten.

But after Pelosi's appearance on TV in Ombre sul giallo, the former deputy, now retired for ten years, relaunched his investigative hypothesis with an interview with the periodical «Oggi» on May 25, 2005. In the interview, the former carabiniere says: «The Borsellinos were petty thieves who were in and out of prison, that evening they aimed to relieve the writer's burden. They were there to steal his wallet, not to kill. Both Giuseppe and Franco confessed to me their disappointment at how things had gone. They didn't expect someone to die." And what does Samson say about Pelosi? «I don't believe him: Pelosi knows the names of the other three perfectly.»

For the policeman, the other three are the accomplices he identified thirty years ago in Tiburtino: the two Borsellinos and Johnny the Gypsy. But the Sicilian brothers died today, both of AIDS, after page. 819

an existence burned between drug addiction, crimes and prison. Only Johnny survived: he is being held in prison, where he is serving a life sentence. They

are three thugs, who grew up together in public housing, as revealed in an affectionate letter from «Braciola» to Pelosi, detained in Casal del Marmo, on 27 November 1975. Even Pasolini's lawyer, Nino Marazzitta, studying the documents of the trial , discovers a strong bond between Mastini and Pino Pelosi that dates back to previous years. When Johnny, born in Bergamo, ran a carousel in the village, which was frequented by the whole group: Pino la Rana, Braciola and Bracioletta.

It is precisely the latter, Bracioletta, who, a few weeks after Pasolini's death, confides in the undercover carabiniere and gives him a precise account of that night in Ostia. Sansone says today: «And it went like this: Pelosi gets into Pasolini's car in Piazza dei Cinquecento. With the excuse of the house keys in the hands of his friends, after 10 minutes of zigzagging, the "little boy" returns to where he started to tell the others to follow him on the Gilera motorbike that Johnny had stolen."

Everything is carefully planned. «And in fact, at this point, having gotten back into the car, Pelosi says that he is hungry - continues the policeman - he wants to stop to make sure that his cronies are following him.

Pasolini and the boy stop at the Biondo Tevere restaurant and Pino sees the motorbike out of the corner of his eye. Then the two go away to the Idroscalo where the unexpected happens. Pasolini asks for a sexual service, which Pino does not want to give, and the discussion degenerates into a fight outside the car. The boy is about to get the worst of it, when his friends emerge from the darkness, hiding behind some bushes,2 who have torn pieces of wood from fences and signs. They fall on the writer and beat him to death. Pasolini screams, calls for his mother. At a certain point the attackers believe he is dead, and there is the fugitive fugitive. The three leave again on the motorbike. Pelosi shouts: "Now leave me alone, now leave me here." And beside himself, he jumps behind the wheel of the Alfa and passes over the director's tortured body twice. When he is stopped on the Ostia seafront he only has a cut and his clothes are in order. He played a minor role in the beating."

Samson's is a "minimalist" track, which reads Pasolini's killing as an episode of petty criminal cabotage. For the former officer, in fact, Pino la Rana and

his accomplices would have moved on their own, autonomously, with the sole objective of "relieving" the director, of cheating him a little

of money. Stop.

But why, then, does Pelosi still refuse to name the three accomplices? Samson shrugs: «I don't know that. But I'm sure he's lying, now as then. Even now, thirty years later, he has no intention of telling the whole truth."

note:

1 «In a subsequent interrogation [Giuseppe Borsellino] stated that he was irritated because "their friend" boasted of being part of a big ring and didn't trust them, so he and his brother had decided to in turn become accredited as big criminals." From the request for archiving of file 5/37239 B of the Roman prosecutors Italo Ormanni and Diana De Martino.

2 Sansone to the authors: «I was at the Idroscalo, and those bushes were really there».

The latest investigation

After Pelosi's statements on TV, the deputy prosecutor of Rome Italo Ormanni and the prosecutor Diana De Martino opened the third investigation into Pasolini's death, this time an investigation against unknown persons, hypothesizing the crime of "voluntary homicide committed with the aggravating circumstance of premeditation", a non-prescribed crime.

The Municipality of Rome, through Gianni Borgna, Councilor for Culture, becomes a civil party.

The lawyer of the Pasolini family, the lawyer Marazzita, comments on Pelosi's new revelations: «They are the discovery of hot water: Pelosi has only confirmed the presence of unknown persons at the Idroscalo. He, however, is a liar and does not tell the whole truth. This is very difficult to discover, but the prosecutor's office has the duty to investigate the whole affair."

The lawyer Marazzitta and his colleague Guido Calvi present a new brief to the prosecutor's office and invite the magistrates to hear the police officer Renzo Sansone, the first to maintain that there were four at the Idroscalo of Ostia: in addition to Pino Pelosi, the brothers Franco and Giuseppe Borsellino, and Johnny il Biondino, alias Giuseppe Mastini. The prosecutors hear Pelosi explain: «On TV I said what I knew, what I saw, what I remember. Everything else, including the story of Johnny the Gypsy, which I read somewhere, is just talk. There was no ambush, we were attacked like any other couple."

Then the prosecutors hear Johnny the Gypsy, a prisoner serving several life sentences, assisted by the lawyer Giorgio Faccio, and the former carnie once again declares himself unrelated to the Pasolini affair. The Borsellino brothers are dead, but the prosecutors summon the officer Sansone who reconstructs for the umpteenth time his long investigation as an "infiltrator" in the neighborhood of Pelosi's criminal friends. Sergio Citti is also heard who, in his interview with the «Corriere della Sera» declared that Pasolini was killed «by five people». Citti revealed to the prosecutors that he learned of the circumstance from a fisherman, who however also died.

But two days after Pelosi's new revelations, and Citti's interview-denunciation in the «Corriere della Sera», Domenico (Nico) Naldini, Pasolini's cousin, dampens the easy enthusiasm: «All this only distances us from the truth , if there is a truth. And, as it happens, after Pelosi's confession, Sergio Citti arrives to say that there were five murderers of Pasolini and, perhaps, even of the secret services. Actually no, they were the blackmailers who stole the pizzas from Pasolini's film... I'd say it's time to put an end to this fuss."

Naldini, writer, first cousin of Pier Paolo Pasolini because he was the son of one of the Colussi sisters from Casarsa, in 1975 worked at Pea, the company that produced the films of the Friulian director as well as those of Federico Fellini: «In August of that year, some pizzas with negatives of works by Fellini, Pasolini and Damiano Damiani were stolen from Technicolor but the thing later turned out to be a story that developed within Cinecittà. But one of those lawyers who try to stir things up had snuck into Pea and had pointed out the trail of Roman crime. And so the legend was born. [...] And then, it also seems to me that the pizzas were found in a basement in Cinecittà."

«After the theft - continues Naldini - Pasolini faced the situation with a simple technical intervention, a new negative obtained from the positive. And then, Pasolini's films were cheap and therefore he could shoot those scenes again: in short, he had no anxiety about recovering that material. So, the story smells like a hoax to me."

pag. 821

Revisionism at all costs regarding the Pasolini murder is not very convincing even to Enzo Siciliano, perhaps the most attentive biographer of the Friulian director, who after the Raitre broadcast spoke of a "painful reality show". However, the former president of Rai says that, if desired, we could start again from the sentence of the Juvenile Court presided over by Alfredo Carlo Moro. Voluntary murder in collaboration with unknown persons. Siciliano explains: «It was all written down and the judges, with the civil party represented by Nino Marazzita and Guido Calvi, had established the truth. It's true, it's a truncated truth but the curious thing, now, is that "fetus, communist" that Pelosi today says she listened to. Here, a glimmer of hope opens up, even if I cannot review what the judiciary must do."

The anti-revisionist front raises a wall of skepticism about Pelosi's new declarations and in this climate the outcome of the latest Roman investigation into the Idroscalo mystery matures. Five months after the reopening, on 1 October 2005, the Rome Prosecutor's Office, which has not found confirmation of Pelosi's new version, requests the dismissal of the investigation into the killing of Pasolini. «All the procedural data acquired - write the prosecutors - lead to defining Pasolini's murder as a crime committed in a context of youth prostitution and committed solely by Pelosi. This data [...]

must now be considered definitively ascertained and cannot be refuted in any part by the periodic revelations that have occurred over the years.»1

On 11 October 2005, the investigating judge in Rome put an end to the investigation, the third and last, into the director's death. On that same day, Sergio Citti passed away in a hospital in Ostia.

use:

1 From the request for dismissal by Rome prosecutors Italo Ormarmi and Diana De Martino.

Pelosi names names

End of the story?

Not at all. Because Pino Pelosi, who returned with us to the Idroscalo on September 12, 2008, for the first time mentioned the names of his accomplices. Of two of them, in particular. They are the brothers Franco and Giuseppe Borsellino, the criminals identified by Marshal Sansone. Pelosi says: «They are the ones who beat up Pasolini at the Idroscalo, and that ambush was a lesson. Today I think that perhaps it was a punishment due to politics: the Borsellinos were fascists, they frequented the Tiburtino section of the MSI. There were three others with them. They beat hard and shouted: "You dirty communist!".

Evidently Pasolini was pissing someone off. And I was an unwitting bait."

Pino la Rana's words at this point dismantle the judicial truth achieved so far, with the seal of the Supreme Court, and the further dismissal of the latest investigation conducted by the Rome Prosecutor's Office.

Pelosi was not alone that night. There were five people with him at the Idroscalo. Two, for the first time, have a first and last name.

And that's not all. Because Pelosi, surprisingly, also confirms that Pasolini did not arrive at the station that evening by chance: there was an appointment, just as Citti has falsely denounced for years.

Here is Pino the Frog's story: «It's true. That evening Pasolini and I had an appointment at the station kiosk. We had set up this appointment a week before, when he and I met, right at the kiosk. I often went to that bar, I went there with friends, we were seventeen, we always wandered around the street, but not to do hustlers, we often went to the cinema. There were a couple of them: the Moderno and the Modernetto, near the station. And we went to see the films, always hoping that some woman with a bare chest

would appear. I wasn't a hustler, if anything it's true that I shoplifted, scooters, scooters, and at the age of seventeen I had already been locked up twice for bullshit. One evening I happened to meet Pasolini in that damn kiosk. He got out of his nice car, went into the bar, we had a chat. He asked me: "Do you come often?". And I replied: "Yes, I come by here in the evening when I go to the cinema." He offered me a drink. Before that evening I had never seen him. And I didn't know who he was. Friends who were outside and saw us talking told me that it was Pasolini. "But do you know that he's a famous guy - they told me - do you know that if they can make a lot of money with him?"".1

When it's time to say goodbye, Pelosi and Pasolini decide to meet again, and make a new appointment: but they won't see each other again immediately. Pasolini, in fact, is about to leave, he has to go to Stockholm, with Ninetto Davoli, and then to Paris. Therefore he proposes to Pelosi that they meet a week later, the following Saturday, again at the station kiosk. The boy accepts.2 And so we arrive at the evening of November 1st.

Pasolini shows up for the appointment. «That evening Franco and Giuseppe Borsellino were also there with me and the other friends in front of the kiosk in Piazza dei Cinquecento - continues Pelosi - and those two were plotting something, something bad, I realized it immediately, and therefore I told them it's clear that I didn't want to participate, I didn't want to know anything about it.»3 Pelosi therefore realizes that the two Sicilians have a plan in mind to harm the director, but he dissociates himself and doesn't want to be involved.

pag. 823

Then, when Pasolini arrives, the "little boy" gets into the silver car and drives away with him. But the Borsellinos waste no time. A motorbike and a car move at the same time behind the Alfa 2000 GT and begin a discreet chase towards Ostia.4

Here the reconstruction of Pino la Rana is linked to the known one: Pasolini takes the boy to dinner, at the Biondo Tevere restaurant, makes him eat, then stops to get petrol, and finally the two go away to the Idroscalo pitch. Pelosi denies having noticed the pursuit of his friends:

"I didn't see anything, we were talking inside the car, I didn't look outside."

In the darkness of the Idroscalo, inside the car, Pasolini takes off his glasses and has oral sex with the boy. Then Pelosi gets out of the car to urinate, and at that point the ambush starts.

Pelosi says: «There were five of them in total, they arrived with a motorbike and a dark car, a Fiat 1300 or 1500, with Catania license plate.5 I recognized two of them, they were the Borsellinos. I don't know who the other three were. A guy with a beard, in his forties, immediately stopped me and told me: "Mind your own business, pederast", I got a stick and a punch. I saw them drag Pasolini out of the car, and hit him with punches and kicks, they beat him hard. They were shouting, I heard the shouts, they were telling him: "You dirty communist, you fagot, you bastard". I was scared, I walked away in the dark and came back when it was all over. I saw Pasolini's body on the ground, motionless. I got scared, took his car and ran away. Even today I don't even know if it was I who crushed him under the wheels, or if those others had crushed him first with their car. I don't know, the area was full of potholes, with water and mud, and then I was confused, I didn't understand anything, I only remember that I was running away in that Alfetta, with the low seat, that I couldn't even see through the windshield, I couldn't see anything. , I ran and only thought about escaping."

What relationship do the Borsellinos have with Pelosi? How do they get into this story? Pino the Frog responds: «We knew each other from before, as kids, we stole scooters. We grew up together, among the buildings of the Ina casa. The youngest of the brothers was completely addicted to drugs: amphetamines and stimulants. They were two thieves from the suburbs, like me, but both Franco and Giuseppe had become fascists, I know for a fact that they hung out in the MSI section in Tiburtino, they went to do politics".6

Pelosi's revelations are now linked to Sansone's investigation, which at the time fell on deaf ears. To close the circle, only one name is missing: that of Giuseppe Mastini, known as Johnny the Gypsy. The Borsellino brothers, in fact, had boasted to Sansone that they had massacred the director together with him and Johnny, the leader of the group. And the policeman has always remained convinced of his presence in the group of thugs. But Pelosi doesn't

agree: «They've always put Johnny Mastini in the middle, but it has nothing to do with it... It's true, he's an old friend too, he was in the same group, I must have seen him about ten times. times. In prison, I sent him my regards in a postcard sent to the Borsellinos: say hello to Johnny. He also led a life of stealing, he stole, then he was arrested for murder, but he wasn't there that evening in Ostia".7

Today, Pelosi believes she has clearer ideas about the reasons for that mysterious ambush: Pasolini wasn't killed for pennies, the objective wasn't to steal his wallet. The Idroscalo beating was not the "coup" that ended in the blood of a suburban gang only interested in the director's money, but a real ambush that could most likely be traced back to a political motive. Pino the Frog says: «In my opinion it was a lesson, a punishment, perhaps due to the party or politics. Pasolini was pissing someone off. They massacred him and told him: 'Dirty communist, dirty faggot'."

What does politics have to do with it? «If you kill someone in this way, either you are crazy or you have a strong motivation: since these murderers managed to escape justice for thirty years, they are certainly not crazy... And therefore they had a reason, an important reason to do what you pay. 824

they did. And no one has ever touched them. Because at the end of this ugly story I was the only one who paid, I was only seventeen, perhaps because I'm the local boy... as they say in Rome... the dumbest. I've been used. I realized it too late. But today I regret having taken it all on."8

But if it happened like this, why did Pelosi "take on" all the responsibility for the Pasolini crime for over thirty years? «But at that time I didn't understand anything, I did what the lawyer advised me to do.

And so my lawyer, Rocco Mangia, advised me: I was just a kid, I followed his advice. He was a good lawyer, he introduced himself to my parents, offering to defend me for free and so I took him on immediately."

Who is Rocco Mangia? He is the lawyer of the neo-fascist rapists of Rosaria Lopez and Donatella Colasanti, the two girls tortured and massacred at Circeo.9 Pelosi says: «The lawyer told me:

"Don't worry, you're a minor and it won't take us long to get you out".

A defense thesis diametrically opposed to that of the Spaltro lawyers, who had first assumed the defense of Pino la Rana: Tommaso and Vincenzo Spaltro were convinced that there were other people at the crime scene, at the Idroscalo. «Pelosi is not the murderer – they declared – for the simple reason that he does not have the physical or mental capacity to commit murder.» After these declarations the two lawyers were inexplicably dismissed by the accused and withdrew from the trial.10

Immediately afterwards, the new defender, Rocco Mangia, called into the courtroom the criminologist Aldo Semerari, a forensic psychiatrist, freemason, linked to the Banda della Magliana,11 to argue that, on the night in Ostia, the seventeen-year-old Riccetto was «incapable of understanding and wanting ». «It was the lawyer Mangia - Pelosi says today - who turned to him. And in the trial I remember the names of three other experts: Carrara and Ferracuti,12 and Cancrini was the civil party.»

These are words that for the first time paint a clearer picture of the fatal beating at Idroscalo, attributing a precise identity to some of the thugs who massacred Pasolini on the football pitch. They are names that already appeared thirty years ago in a judicial report that received no credit. It was preferred to choose the most comfortable version of the casual quarrel between the director and the hustler, which ended in blood.

It is the first time, however, that Pelosi has revealed a possible political origin of the beating, speaking of an ambush planned against Pasolini, and carried out using himself as "unwitting bait". AND

the first time that Pelosi attributes the Pasolini crime to a hypothetical right-wing instigator, that

"someone" who Pasolini "was pissed off by". The instigator is from the right, the thugs are from the right, the Circeo rapists defended by Pelosi's own lawyer are from the right, the psychiatrist expert is also from the right - of that right mixed with subversion.

It's not a little.

But unfortunately it is not a complete truth this time either. The first element that remains rather vague is the appointment: Pasolini was not at Termini station by chance on the evening of his death, but was attracted there by an appointment, set - according to Pelosi - a week earlier.

Sergio Citti had also spoken about an appointment, defining the beating as a premeditated ambush, but invoking Pelosi as a decoy that was anything but "unwitting". What is the real role of Pino the Frog? And then the three mysterious characters who appeared with the Borsellinos, aboard a car with Catania license plate and a motorbike, at the crime scene remain in the shadows. Who I am? Is it possible that Pelosi doesn't know them? Why doesn't he say anything about these three? Is it a coincidence that the only names brought up after so many years belong to two dead people? What happened, in the sequence that evening, to Johnny the Gypsy, who also boasted in prison about the Pasolini crime, as well as being pulled into page. 825

dance at the two Borsellino's? Johnny is the only one of this gang still alive. And maybe his name is still scary.

note:

1 Pelosi's interview with the authors.

2 Ibidem.

3 In «Il Messaggero» of 24 July 2008.

4 «I have a friend who was at Termini station on the evening of the Pasolini murder. He says he knows for sure that other people were involved in the crime. Other boys. I always told him to report it but he never felt like it. Although I don't know how much he would bring. After all, he could only testify that others, behind Pelosi and the director, headed to Ostia." Interview by Daniele Fiori with Massimo Consoli, gay intellectual friend of Dario Bellezza, published on

«The Independent» on 19 August 2005.

5 Pelosi's interview with the authors.

6 Ibidem.

7 Ibidem.

8 Ibidem.

9 In «MicroMega», 6, 2005.

10 In the interview with the authors, Pelosi claims that the Spaltros also presented themselves to him in a strange way: «They said that my uncle Giuseppe sent them, but I never had an uncle Giuseppe».

11 «Judge Lupacchini writes [see Otello Lupacchini, Banda della Magliana, Koinè, Rome 2004] on the criminologist Semerari: "Forensic psychiatrist, freemason and member of the P2 Lodge, diplomat of the Sovereign Military Order of Malta and always an agent of the military information services. Aware of the most behind the scenes scandals of the regime, and among these the Moro crime.

Proponent of anti-Semitic theories and viscerally anti-communist, he cultivates close relationships with the most ardent neo-fascist circles and aims to cement the neo-fascism of Costruiamo l'Azione, of the MPR and of Ordine Nuovo, with criminal organizations not only in Rome, in a single anti-state aggregate , ultimately oriented towards the carrying out of bomb attacks, kidnappings, arms trafficking". Then Judge Lupacchini continues, maintaining that Aldo Semerari

"it acts as a guarantee for criminals, fascists from the suburbs, the Magliana gang, Camorra members and mafiosi, who the security apparatus often uses as an armed wing".

In A. Caperna,
www.legalefacile.it/nuovosito/misteri/omicidioaldosemerari.it.

12 Three years later Franco Ferracuti, P2 card no. 849, he was one of the five experts appointed by Cossiga in one of the three crisis committees, full of P2 men, called to manage the Moro kidnapping. The American historian Robert Katz writes in «Panorama» of 13 August 1994: «The promoter of the theory of a drugged Moro and victim of brainwashing was, as demonstrated

by his own, uncontested reports, Dr. Ferracuti, now deceased: in his capacity as a government expert, the first five letters were enough for him to diagnose the brainwashing that had taken place through "techniques page 826

similar to those used by the Chinese and North Koreans".

pag. 827

The Johnny Mystery

But there is still a way to verify whether Johnny the Gypsy was present at the Idroscalo that evening. This is said by someone who knows about it: Luciano Garofano, who heads the Parma Carabinieri RIS, the body most qualified to carry out investigations with innovative scientific methods. In fact, despite the decades that have passed, it could be blood that reveals the mystery of the Pasolini crime. If analyzed with BPA (Bloodstain Pattern Analysis), the study of distribution and morphological characteristics, the blood traces that soak the writer's shirt, preserved since 1975 and kept in a cardboard box in the archives of the Criminal Museum of Rome, still remain a very valid spy to trace those responsible for the fatal beating. That shirt that Pasolini took off to plug his head wounds and which then ended up abandoned on the dirt road of the Idroscalo pitch, still hides the secret of the attack today.

«The availability of Pasolini's clothes - writes Garofano in his book Crimes and mysteries of the past1 - but above all of Pelosi's would allow us to obtain important information on the methods of the attack. From the study of the bloodstains still present it could in fact be established (and perhaps confirmed) the type of weapons used to strike, the mutual positions of the murderer and the victim and therefore verify the reliability of the version provided by Pelosi at the time." The examination of the blood traces could verify without a shadow of a doubt the presence of the Borsellino brothers at the crime scene. But above all, tell us if there really were other people with them, including Johnny the Gypsy, the multiple lifer Giuseppe Mastini, the only survivor of the group of thugs identified by Sansone.

Pelosi exonerates him. But it would have been Johnny himself who bragged about the feat in prison, confiding his participation in the crime to his

cellmates. There are, in fact, three witnesses who call him into question, claiming that he was also among the group of Pasolini's assassins that evening.

The first is Pasquale Mercurio, sentenced to life imprisonment for murder, detained together with Mastini in Spoleto and Voghera, who revealed that he had received confidences from the same "blonde". Another inmate, Walter Carapacchi, a fellow prisoner of Mastini and Pelosi, would later confirm the same news to him in Rebibbia prison, after learning it from both. Finally, the third is a collaborator of justice, Damiano Fiori, who in the mid-nineties had met Aldo Mastini, Johnny's uncle, during a joint detention in the department reserved for collaborators in the Brescia prison. Uncle Aldo confided to him that his nephew had participated in the Pasolini crime together with three other people, and «that then, by agreement, they had decided to place the responsibility for the crime on Pelosi, a minor».2

The three reports, in the records of the investigation conducted by the deputy prosecutor of Rome Italo Ormanni and the prosecutor Diana De Martino, did not produce any judicial results. When confronted with Carapacchi, Pelosi denied everything.3 Mastini, heard by prosecutors, ruled out his participation in the fatal beating at the Idroscalo, claiming that he only knew Pelosi by sight having met him in prison after the crime at the Idroscalo, « in the following years".4

For magistrates, the investigation is closed. But Pelosi gets so angry that she denounces those who tried to implicate Johnny in the Pasolini crime.5 Why?

The new revelations cannot damage him in any way, as Pelosi, who has been condemned by judge, cannot be tried again due to the principle of ne bis in idem.

It is possible, therefore, that Mastini, after many years, still causes fear in Pino the Frog, who absolutely does not want his name to be compared to that of the Gypsy on page. 828

the Idroscalo murder? But why would Johnny, thirty years in prison, still be scary?

Son of a family of carnies, Giuseppe Mastini was born in Bergamo in 1960. At ten years old he arrived in Rome with his parents, and at eleven he engaged in his first firefight with the police. At fifteen he committed the first "known" murder: in December 1975 in Pietralata he killed the Atac driver Vittorio Bigi during a robbery. Loot: ten thousand lire and a watch. Only a month has passed since Pasolini's killing. In the group of thieves, pickpockets and robbers who crowd the youthful underworld of Tiburtino, the neighborhood where he grew up and committed crimes, Johnny has the charisma of a leader. He met, by his own admission, both the two Borsellino brothers, from Catania transplanted to Rome who live by their wits, and Pino Pelosi. The three thugs live in the Ina public housing and frequent the neighborhood carousel, run by Mastini's father. Together, Johnny and the Borsellinos plan beatings, muggings, robberies, "hits" to settle down once and for all. The officer Renzo Sansone even hypothesizes that the group formed a "gang", led by Giuseppe Mastini, locked in a ritual of silence, which at a certain point even welcomed Pelosi: the proof would be in that ring, with the writing " United States Army", found next to Pasolini's body, and claimed by Pelosi immediately after his capture. Pino says that the ring is his, then admits that it was "a certain" Johnny who gave it to him, after having received it from a steward, finally he returns to swear that he himself bought it from the steward and that Johnny had nothing to do with it .6 But there are those who are convinced that Pelosi left that ring next to Pasolini's body on purpose to "sign" the crime.7 A message to Johnny? And he, on the other hand, among the thieving boys of the Tiburtino gang, is the one who has an edge. The one who probably has the right friends. The same ones that Nino Marazzita, lawyer for the Pasolini family, will ask the magistrates to ascertain by investigating the area of right-wing subversion.

Rome, in 1975, was a powder keg like the rest of Italy. Armed clashes in schools between fascists and communists, strikes in factories, galloping economic crisis. And massacres. In August of the previous year, a bomb exploded in the San Benedetto Val di Sambro tunnel causing fifteen deaths and dozens of injuries.

That year, a new event occurred within the subversive right-wing groups, protagonists of the massacres in Piazza della Loggia in Brescia and Piazza Fontana in Milan, which contributed to weakening the pure and harsh ideological connotation of the "black" armed struggle, tactically embracing

new allies , more embarrassing, but equally useful: mafia and delinquent groups. In Rome, one above all: the Banda della Magliana, which took its first criminal steps precisely in 1975.

In December 1977 Johnny ends up in prison for the murder of the Atac driver. He remained there, apart from a couple of escapes, until February 13, 1987, when he obtained a permit for good behavior. And he puts Rome to fire and sword. In the space of forty-eight hours, from 24 to 26 March, he kidnapped a woman, killed an unarmed policeman and injured another. He is captured, at half past eight in the evening in the countryside of the capital, by four hundred agents, dozens of dogs, two helicopters, and even the Carabinieri on horseback. He returns to his cell and shortly thereafter receives his first life sentence, followed by a sensational escape from prison in 1990, during which he kills a man in cold blood during a robbery in a house in Sacrofano. They arrest him once again, and the second life sentence arrives.

In the prison circuit, from this moment Giuseppe Mastini's second life begins, that of dangerous relationships with political prisoners. His criminal history goes outside the prison walls. The musical group Gang dedicates a song to him also written by Massimo Bubola8

("He will sell his life dearly, Johnny will not give up, without a roof, nor law, nor stars, nor man, nor woman, nor earth will capture him") and the young director Emanuele Del Greco shoots a feature film with a challenging title: Johnny the Gypsy , the truth. Following in the footsteps of his uncle Aldo Mastini, criminal later pag. 829

repentant, Johnny begins to collaborate with justice. Even if the processes to which he offers his contribution are not known. He is transferred to special prisons reserved for "political" prisoners first, and then for Mafia and Camorra turncoats. He comes into contact with ambiguous characters, and he is spoken of on two Internet sites as a "friend of the fascists and the Banda della Magliana". But what does Mastini have to do with "blacks"?

note:

1 L. Garofano, G. Gruppioni, S. Vincenti, Crimes and mysteries of the past, Rizzoli, Milan 2008.

2 From the request for archiving of file 05/37239 B of the Roman prosecutors Italo Ormanni and Diana De Martino.

3 «I know that Mastini has delusions of grandeur and wants to pass himself off as a great criminal by telling invented things [...] between me and Carapacchi there has never been friendship but only acquaintance...» Pelosi's interrogation in 1995.

4 From the request for archiving of file 05/37239 B of the Roman prosecutors Italo Ormanni and Diana De Martino.

5 Pelosi's interview with the authors.

6 Renzo Sansone in an interview with the authors.

7 «The whole story of the ring found at the crime scene and which Pelosi had the police look for also appears very obscure. Apart from the obvious consideration that in a person who is particularly agitated by what had happened, one can understand the desire to recover cigarettes and a lighter in order to calm down by smoking, but one can understand much less the desire to recover a ring of very little commercial value and no sentimental value. , it must be noted that it does not seem possible that the ring fell to Pelosi during the scuffle. This is because the ring was not at all wide on Pelosi's finger [...] it seems absurd that the ring fell off the finger spontaneously because it had to be torn off the finger with some violence, given that it was tight; but if this is true it seems strange that it could have been snatched by Pasolini during the scuffle since - as we have already seen before - this scuffle took place between several people and there were no entanglements between Pasolini and Pelosi because these would have left visible marks on the person and on Pelosi's clothing. [...] It cannot therefore at least be ruled out that the ring was removed from the finger by Pelosi himself and dropped in the immediate vicinity of the body for purposes that cannot be identified here." From the first degree sentence on the Pasolini murder.

8 A friend and collaborator of De André, in 1980 Bubola wrote the song Una storia amministrazione with the Genoese singer-songwriter, about the death of Pasolini. The song was commissioned to De André to serve as the theme song for two Rai documentaries on the deaths of Pasolini and Wilma Montesi. With Bubola, De André also wrote other well-known songs, such as Fiume Sand Creek, Franzìska, Andrea, Avventura a Durango and Hotel Supramonte. On the singularity of a singer-songwriter who writes a song for the victim of a massacre and then, in the following years, another for the person responsible for another massacre, who is also suspected in a judicial report of having participated in the beating at the Idroscalo, Bubola has told the authors of this book that he was convinced that Mastini was the victim of a judicial error. As to why Pasolini's story was defined as "a wrong story", De André explained in an interview that the "mistake" of that story lay in the very fact that it had happened, because one page. 830

a story like that was not admissible in a civil society like the Italian one should have been in 1975. But the verses of the text, "a story not badly covered up, a story dressed in black, a carabinieri story, a story not to be told", they betray a more precise intention in the re-enactment of the events at Idroscalo.

pag. 831

The black trail

If the gang leader Giuseppe Mastini, as Sansone claims, is in action at the Idroscalo that evening, and if the crime took place on commission, isn't it possible that Johnny himself is the recipient of the commission and the sole custodian of the secret? Nothing more than a pure hypothesis which leaves many questions open and still unanswered today.

Pelosi today says that he realized that the Borsellinos "were plotting something" that evening, and that he immediately dissociated himself. But what were they planning? A robbery? A beating? A murder? What did they know?

Sansone, many years later, is still convinced that the Borsellinos, with Johnny the Gypsy and Pelosi, organized the ambush on Pasolini only for the

purpose of robbery. Was it really just that?

Of a robbery gone wrong? Or is Pasolini's massacre something more complex? Something more "politically" complex?

Pelosi himself today, rereading the Ostia beating with the awareness of an adult, speaks of a political action. But this noun, "politics", lends itself to different readings. The Idroscalo massacre, in fact, can be considered a "simple" political action, that is, an explosion of violence by thugs full of confused fascist ideals, a punishment inflicted on an inconvenient character, communist, homosexual, a "different » which escapes all the schemes of established morality. Or it can be read as a "complex" political action, or rather a real execution, decided by an external, powerful and mysterious instigator, who orders the beating to kill, to forever shut the mouth of the intellectual Pasolini.

What was it about? Of a simple or complex political action? Of an episode of crude intolerance or of an excellent crime desired by an untouchable client, destined to remain forever in the shadows? Pelosi today, reflecting on that night, says: «It was something like a punishment, perhaps due to party or politics. Pasolini was pissing someone off."

The party. Politics. It seems to be referring to a system, something like an organization, an apparatus. A criminal agency capable of killing, but also of misleading, covering up and evading investigations.

Does Pelosi want to tell us that there really is a hidden instigator? What does Pino the Frog really know? Does he know a little or a lot about this "wrong story"? There is a clue, which emerged during the investigations, which would prove that Pelosi himself was convinced that evening that he was taking part in a simple beating, which ended badly by chance. Oriana Fallaci tells it in the second of the two articles published on

«L'Europeo» a few days after the crime. The journalist collects the confidences of a bartender, Gianfranco Sotgiu, who two days before the murder recognized Pelosi while speaking on the phone at the Grand'Italia bar in Piazza Esedra, Rome: «I don't remember everything he said, but I remember these words : "Okay, I'll be taken to the place where I've already

been. If it's just to be beaten, I'm all for it, otherwise we'll forget about it." And after a while he said: "Ah, please. Just for a bit of beating and that's it". But was that guy on the phone really Pelosi? asks Fallaci. The man has no doubts: «As soon as I saw Pelosi's photographs in the newspaper I thought: I saw this, I know him. I recognized the upper part of the face well, the nose, the eyebrows, the eyes. And full cheekbones. He was a boy about the same height as me but stockier, especially behind him. The more I look at photographs of him, the more I recognize him. And it was recognizing him in the photographs that triggered the memory."

Pelosi today denies having advance knowledge of the beating. But be careful: it doesn't mean that all pages. 832

participants in the Idroscalo crime fully knew the true motive and aims of the attack, if these lead back to an instigator who refers to a higher criminal context. Both Pelosi and the Borsellinos, the latter defined as "fascists" as they frequented a section of the MSI, may have participated in the "expedition" against Pasolini, ignoring the true meaning of that ambush, attracted by the idea of getting their hands on the wallet of the victim, or even more so by the task of punishing, with beatings, a provocative, communist and openly homosexual character.

But if there is a politically "complex" motive behind the beating at the Idroscalo, if it is an organized context that ordered the massacre, it is more likely that the true meaning of the

"mission" has been entrusted to a few. Maybe just one. The most trusted of the group of hitters.

Someone who has already had relationships with "the party" or "politics", as Pelosi calls them, or with the criminal organization that ordered the execution.

Who received the order to kill Pasolini? Does Johnny, the leader of the young gang of petty thieves mixed with fascist slogans, know anything about it? Would those other mysterious characters (one is forty-years-old and bearded) present at the Idroscalo, whose names Pelosi still today does not mention, know anything about it? Is it possible that Johnny was the only

interlocutor of the mysterious client, the only custodian of the secret? Is this why, thirty years later, the Gypsy still scares Pino the Frog?

The answer lies, perhaps, precisely in those two websites managed by two militants of the extra-parliamentary left, former prisoners (one still under house arrest) in the special prison circuit of Northern Italy. The first is called Franco Bellotto and is the president of the Association exposed to asbestos in Venice. On his website he defines Giuseppe Mastini as an «informer and life prisoner, friend of the Roman fascists and already known to the Banda della Magliana, included in the prison staff of Biella, to manage relations with the management of that prison in the "resolution" of the political conflict that arose among a group of left-wing prisoners with the editor of this site."

The second is another Venetian, Paolo Dorigo, accused of an armed gang who, denouncing the provocations and abuses of prison life, writes: «This Johnny the Gypsy, friend of Cavallini

[Gilberto, exponent of the Nar di Fioravanti, Editor's note] moreover, I learned that it was what it was only after having left Biella in a bad way, where I believe they still live, and in all the special prisons where I went (Livorno, Spoleto, Sulmona). It seems that, to cover it up, in 1990 someone sent word that he was a good boy to a musical group, the Gang, who dedicated a song to him."

That's why Johnny can still be scary. Johnny is "the friend of the fascists". Johnny is «covered»

by someone who has a song dedicated to him. Johnny is a character «known to the Banda della Magliana».

«After the Brescia massacre - says Aldo Giannuli, one of the leading Italian experts on subversion applied to the strategy of tension - the neo-fascist groups were abandoned by their institutional representatives. Weakened, sometimes in disarray, they strengthened relations with mafia circles.

In those years, the Banda della Magliana was being born in Rome. One of his areas of influence was precisely that of Ostia, the site of the crime

[Pasolini, N.d.A.].»

If this is the context, this explains, on the other hand, the intervention of the criminologist Aldo Semerari in the first instance trial of Pino Pelosi.

Who is Semerari? Who brings him into this story?

It will turn out that the consultant, during the summer of 1978, three years after the killing of Pasolini, pag. 833

will organize meetings in his villa in Rieti with members of the Banda della Magliana.1 The doctor wants to use the gang as a sort of armed wing of the neo-Nazi group he is forming, but the Roman criminals hesitate, they are not interested, unless they are offer concrete economic benefits. The professor is arrested immediately after the massacre at the Bologna station (2

August 1980), on charges of involvement in the attack.

Then Semerari also tries the same game with Raffaele Cutolo's New Organized Camorra, but makes the mistake of also making deals with the rival organization, Roberto Ammaturo's family, and the Nco doesn't like this. His decapitated body was found in the trunk of a car in front of the "castle" of Ottaviano, the home of Raffaele Cutolo, on 1 April 1982.

Let's think. If the Pasolini crime is a complex "political" crime, carried out on commission, ordered by the same circles that wanted Mattei's death and sidetracked the investigations into De Mauro, to understand its dynamics well we must resort to the theory of "concentric circles" , used several times to explain excellent crimes. Those in which there is no direct relationship, a real contact between instigators and executors, but a system of "concentric circles", which, starting from the inside, transmits the order (or, better, "the will") externally for execution, in a compartmentalization of information that protects the highest levels and exposes only the laborers.

If this is the context, there is nothing strange that the criminal group formed by the nascent Banda della Magliana is called upon to deal with the elimination of the "corsair poet", with the indispensable support of the "blacks", whose presence , even in the eyes of the perpetrators themselves, provides a formidable justification for a cover-motive, different from the real

one, which must remain unmentionable. That is, the motive for the killing of the hated "communist faggot" on the orders of the virile young right-wingers, in those years in contact with the common criminals of the Roman suburbs. To then dump all the responsibility on a seventeen-year-old boy, who thanks to his "immaturity"

he will get away with a few years in prison.

The final question is: is there really a "hidden instigator" who transformed a gang of thugs into a commando of hitmen?

And if the "hidden instigator" really exists, it is possible that he is hiding in the shadow zone of the subversive right, that he used Johnny and his henchmen to silence Pasolini forever, preventing him from revealing to Italian public opinion "something" that does the intellectual corsair know, that he has understood, something that constitutes a terrible threat, a threat that must be stopped, neutralized, suffocated?

But what is this "something"? What does Pasolini know?

use:

1 «The criminologist Aldo Semerari (forensic psychiatrist, freemason, diplomat of the Sovereign Order of Malta and agent of the SISMI, military information services), during the summer of 1978 organized political meetings in his villa in Rieti in which members of the Gang also participated of Magliana. Semerari intended to exploit the gang as a sort of armed wing of the neo-Nazi group he was establishing, but the Roman group was already a mature criminal organization that would hardly have been dazzled by vague projects without obtaining immediate advantages.

He was arrested immediately after the massacre at the Bologna station (2 August 1980), accused of involvement in the attack. The association with the members of the Banda della Magliana did not last long, because Semerari also played the same game with Raffaele's Nuova Camorra organizazione pag. 834

Cutolo, but not only; he made the mistake of also reaching an agreement with Cutolo's rival organisation, Roberto Ammaturo's family and the Nco

didn't like this. His decapitated body was found in the trunk of a car in front of the «castle» of Ottaviano, the home of Raffaele Cutolo, on April 1, 1982. »

From the website www.pasolini.net.

pag. 835

Petrolium

The discovery of this "something" was first made by prosecutor Vincenzo Calia. Precisely that magistrate who, thirty years later, transformed the Bascapé tragedy into an "all-Italian conspiracy",1 reinterpreting it as a state crime.

But what does Pier Paolo Pasolini have to do with Enrico Mattei? It has something to do with it, of course. Because Pasolini is an intellectual, a writer.

«I know - writes Pasolini - because I am an intellectual, a writer», because putting together the facts, re-establishing a logic, putting reason and common sense on stage, «is part of my profession, of the instinct of my profession» . It is the beginning of an article, signed by Pasolini in the «Corriere della Sera»

directed by Piero Ottone, on 14 November 1974, a year before his death, which brings together some lucid intuitions on the strategy of tension. The article is entitled What is this coup?, but it will then be included in the Corsair Writings with the title The novel of the massacres.

And the "novel of massacres" really exists. Pasolini began designing it in spring 1972; he is writing it in 1974, when the «Corriere» publishes the famous editorial, and continues in 1975, when they shut his mouth shut forever at the Idroscalo. The novel is called Petrolio and tells the dark side of Italian history. It is an unfinished novel and will be published by Einaudi many years after the author's death in 1992.

What remains is only a part, about a quarter, of the work: five hundred pages, out of the two thousand of the initial project. What is Petrolio about?

Of Eni. Of Mattei's death. Of his successor Eugenio Cefis' rise to power. Of Italian politics until the mid-1970s.

It is a novel "à à clef". Pasolini disguises historical figures with fictional names. There is a narrative part that acts as a screen for the "anti-narrative" part, in which the writing becomes news, essay, document of denunciation.

Here, in summary, is the plot of the narrative part:

The protagonist of the novel is Carlo, an engineer from the Catholic bourgeoisie of Turin, born in 1932 and graduated in Bologna in 1956, who works at Eni. It is a character "split" between Carlo di Polis, angelic and social, and Carlo di Tetis, diabolical and sensual; two halves, only apparently different, who often exchange roles, becoming a symbol of contradiction.

The book opens with a «Note 1» which contains only the title: Antefacts. In «Notes 2», with the subtitle The first rose of the summer, the scene takes place in 1960, at the appearance of capitalism; Carlo is in Rome, in Parioli, waiting for his father. With «Notes 7» the scene shifts to the Canavese area: returning to Turin, Carlo makes a career in Eni in a corrupt political and economic context, takes a trip to the East and has sexual relations with his mother, sisters, grandmother , she needs it.

The crucial point of the book is «Notes 51», in which Carlo, looking in the mirror, realizes that he has become a woman. In the long «Notes 55» entitled Il fratone della Casilina Carlo has oral sex with twenty boys from the Roman suburbs. Subsequently, he has a passive experience with the waiter Carmelo: the hero receives Grace (sperm) into his body, becoming the chosen one. A vision follows in which the protagonist, the young proletarian Merda, experiences the Italian crisis and, in particular, the degradation of youth in allegorical form. The first part of the novel ends with an official reception where notables and politicians tell stories of pag. 836

allegorical flavor.

The second part, rather fragmentary, stages a party inspired by Dostoevsky, entitled The Demons, and a walk of the protagonist in the countryside and in the suburbs, entitled The Godoari. The central motif is that of the late

Pasolini: the denunciation of the "transformation and involution" of contemporary Italy.

So far the narrative plot. But, as Pasolini himself writes in the letter accompanying the novel, sent in 1975 to Alberto Moravia: «Everything in this novel that is fictional is so insofar as it is a re-enactment of the novel». Just reenactment. An echo of the novel. Petrolio, in fact, is not just a novel: the narrative part is limited only to alluding to the conventional language of the novel form. And Pasolini says he no longer has the desire to use conventional (narrative) language, because conventionality "is play", and he no longer has "the desire to play".2

This is why the author uses, for the first time in a literary work, the language of the news. This is why Petrolio mixes invention and reality, and confuses numerous linguistic levels and registers (literary, theatrical, cinematographic, allegorical, metanarrative, journalistic). In the text there are Argonauts, Golden Flees, but also soldiers, fascists, communists and oil, all together protagonists of an incomplete and complex work. And there are also Mattei, Cefis, Eni, real characters, protagonists of the dream and then of the oil crisis in Italy, there is Italian politics experienced and told from the past to the future between old and new republics: all elements that make the It creates a sort of posthumous testament in which the narrative dissolves and gives way to Pasolini as chronicler, witness, historian.

The only artifice is to disguise the identity of his antiheroes with imaginary names, without worrying in the slightest about their easy, immediate, obvious recognizability. Thus Enrico Mattei is Ernesto Bonocore; Eugenio Cefis is Aldo Troya, but the references are very clear.

In Petrolio's notes, Pasolini writes that Aldo Troya, i.e. Cefis, is about to become the president of Eni and that this «implies the suppression of his predecessor» Bonocore, i.e. Mattei, and moves the crime forward chronologically: from 1962 to Seventy. With incredible foresight, Pasolini explains the unspeakable mechanisms that in Italy inextricably link the power of the apparatus and the strategy of tension. They are pages that weigh like stones. Written from 1972 to 1975, many years after Mattei's killing, when the Bascapé plane crash was dismissed as an accident and almost completely forgotten. Written when Eugenio Cefis, with the help of

the very powerful Enrico Cuccia and his Mediobanca, had now become the president of Montedison. And he is considered, rightly or wrongly, the grand old man of the strong powers in Italy.

Petrolio is the "novel of massacres", it is the first novel in Italian literature that is transformed into a document of denunciation to unmask the perverse and murderous nature of power in Italy.

Pasolini is the first (and so far the only one) to explicitly link the Mattei attack to the Piazza Fontana massacre and the other massacres. A thesis that Amintore Fanfani also shared publicly, but only many years later (in 1986), arguing in his speech at the congress of Catholic partisans of Salsomaggiore that «perhaps the shooting down of Mattei's plane, more than twenty years ago, it was the first terrorist act in our country, the first act of the plague that haunts us." Judge Calia points out: «Fanfani, taking it for granted that Mattei's plane had been shot down, added that,

"perhaps", behind that demolition there were the same circles that later used terrorism as a political instrument".

Twenty-five years early, Pasolini reaches the conclusions of the long investigation by prosecutor Calia3 who, not surprisingly, cites him. His very clear vision is confirmed by someone who knows a lot about subversion: Giovanni Pellegrino who, from the privileged observatory of the Presidency of the Commission pag. 837

massacres, he has seen up close - more than anyone else - the occult history of the country.4

Which environments in Italy will use terrorism as a political instrument?

Let us remember what Guy Debord, a situationist philosopher, writes about this in his book The Society of the Spectacle: «Spectacular democracy does not intend to be judged on the basis of its own merits, but on the basis of its enemies. The history of terrorism is written by the State. So it's educational. Democracy, as an integrated spectacular, needs terrorism, thus giving rise to a fragile perfection, which must be preserved, to guarantee the immutability of governmental choices".5 This is the logic of the strategy of tension.

Pasolini understood it, he understood it. And he described it in his article in the «Corriere della Sera»: «I know – he wrote – but I don't have the proof».

Pasolini was convinced that the Mattei crime was the first state massacre, the subversive action that opened the long bloody season of the Years of Lead.

He doesn't have the proof, but he has a big, sensational novel to write: Oil. You have literature that can become a formidable weapon of denunciation. Pasolini is able to unmask state assassins. And whoever has to move, moves quickly to shut his mouth.

This is what Pasolini has to do with the Mattei crime. But what does Cefis have to do with the assassination of Pier Paolo Pasolini?

note:

1 F. La Licata, G. Ruotolo, Mattei, an Italian crime, in «La Stampa» of 20 January 2001.

2 See the letter addressed by Pasolini to Alberto Moravia in 1975, I no longer want to play.

3 «Pier Paolo Pasolini (killed in Ostia on 2 November 1975) had also raised suspicions about Mattei's death, alluding to the responsibility of Cefis. These allusions can be found in the fragmentary draft of his last unfinished work (Petrolio, Einaudi, Torino 1992: the character there called Troya could mask Eugenio Cefis, while Bonocore would be Mattei himself), whose only investigative usefulness could concern the search for the sources used by the author." From the request for dismissal on the Mattei case signed by the Pavia prosecutor Vincenzo Calia.

4 «The entire period between 1969 and 1974, in terms of a reasonable historical reconstruction, is now fully known. So much so that today we are even able to distinguish between the various phases of the strategy of tension: between Piazza Fontana and the Borghese coup attempt of 1970, on the one hand, and the subsequent massacres (Peteano, the Milan police headquarters, Brescia and the Italicus), on the other. In one of his Scritti corsari, published in the "Corriere della Sera" on 14 November 1974, a few months after the Italicus massacre, Pier Paolo Pasolini claimed to know

(despite having no proof or even clues) that if the 1969 massacres were were anti-communist, those of 1974 were anti-fascist. Since it seems very likely to me that the Brescia massacre was also carried out in May 1974 by men of the radical right, I kept wondering what Pasolini meant in underlining the anti-fascist logic [...].

pag. 838

Question: Did you finally find this answer today?

Answer: Yes, today I am able to give an answer.

First of all, let's try to identify the different objectives that the various protagonists of that strategy had. The objective of the neo-fascist laborers was to cause alarm, fear and social unease; and therefore to ensure that, when student and worker protest spread, we reacted with an orderly response. Therefore their actions were functional to the plan of a real coup d'état. At a second level, let's say the "instigators", it was probably thought, instead, to entrust to the tension the same role that the "saber rattling" of 1964 had had: that is, to favor a shift in a conservative direction of the political axis of the Village. [...] At the third level, the international one, there were geopolitical interests aimed at keeping Italy in a situation of tension, disorder and instability. The attempt towards the coup d'état, or the intent to, lasted quite a short time, essentially from the attacks of 1969 to the failed Borghese coup. On a political level, both internally and, above all, internationally, it was understood that Italy was not Greece, that the colonels' regime could not be imported to us, because civil war would have broken out: a price too high to pay. Therefore, from that moment a new phase begins, albeit obviously non-linear: that of disengagement from the neo-fascist workforce. Slowly, the men of the radical right are called to order, they begin to instill the idea that a coup plan cannot be fully implemented, that it is necessary to take a step back. And they react. With a series of somewhat retaliatory attacks that will mark their end: they will let them do it, probably precisely to be able to liquidate them.

D.: So was this Pasolini's intuition?

A.: Yes, in my opinion it was this.

D.: It was 1974, how could you know?

A.: Who knows, perhaps in the world of the Roman outcasts, which Pasolini frequented, a world sometimes bordering on the subversive right, someone might have spoken. Of course, he was murdered exactly one year after writing those words, on November 2, 1975, three days before the trial for the Borghese coup began...

Q.: Although the actual perpetrator of the murder was arrested and convicted, full light has never been shed on that case. Are you convinced today that one of the possible motives for that assassination could be precisely what Pasolini knew and had written?

A.: One thing is certain: Pasolini had arrived almost in real time where the Commission, today, has arrived after years and years of research.» G. Fasanella, C. Sestieri, G. Pellegrino, State Secret. The truth from Gladio to the Moro case, Einaudi, Turin 2000.

5 G. Debord, The society of the spectacle, Baldini & Castoldi, Milan 1997.

This is Cefis

Dario Bellezza, friend and disciple of Pasolini, in his book The Murdered Poet writes: «[Pier Paolo, N.d.A.] told me one day, shortly before his death, that he had received compromising documents on a DC notable». And he adds: «For me, I am more than convinced, there was a very specific instigator who must be sought among those for whom Pasolini requested the trial. A powerful Christian Democrat".1

Is there really a powerful Christian Democrat behind the killing of Pier Paolo Pasolini? Who is he? Is he the same character who, in Petrolio's notes, becomes the living symbol of the perverse nature of power in Italy? In writing the last novel of his life, does Pasolini want to launch a frontal attack on that feared and mysterious man? What we know is that Pasolini, writing Petrolio, is literally obsessed with Cefis. The famous «article about the fireflies», the one in which the poet said that he would have given the whole of Montedison to have a firefly in exchange, ends with the reference to the

strong man of Italian industry: «In any case, as far as me (if this has any interest for the reader) let me be clear: I, even if I am multinational, would give the whole of Montedison for a firefly" («Corriere della Sera», 1 February 1975). A message? A challenge? We also know that, before putting his hand to Petrolio, Pasolini avidly read the book Questo è Cefis. The other side of the honored president, written by a certain Giorgio Steimetz, indicated by some sources as the pseudonym of the journalist Corrado Ragozzino,2 the latter director of the Ami press agency (Milan Information Agency). The psychoanalyst Elvio Fachinelli sent him a photocopy of the book, as attested in a letter dated 20 September 1974.

In that year, Fachinelli edited a magazine, «L'erba I want», which curiously dealt a lot with Cefis, about which he published articles and speeches. Why did the volume reach Pasolini in photocopy?

Steimetz's book, published in April 1972 by Ami itself (financed among others by Graziano Verzotto's Sicilian mining body),3 immediately disappeared from circulation, to the point that even today it is untraceable even in the most important libraries and not never appears in any bibliography.

Certainly not by chance. Steimetz writes in his volume on Cefis: «Silence, and with persuasive arguments, is one of the most remarkable traits of ingenuity of the president of Eni». Pasolini echoes him, in Petrolio, describing his character Troya: «He had to, by the very nature of his power, remain in the shadow. And in fact he stayed there. Every possible "source" of information about him was mysteriously and systematically made to disappear."

In the archives of the Gabinetto Viesseux in Florence, where, in addition to Petrolio's original manuscript, the preparatory papers for the novel and the materials that Pasolini was consulting are also preserved, there are still photocopies of the "forbidden" book by Steimetz, with the notes and handwritten notes of the poet.

Prosecutor Calia also fortunately found a copy on a stall in Pavia and included it among the documents of his investigation, underlining that Pasolini owes all the pages on the entrepreneurial activities of Troya-Cefis

and the companies connected to him precisely to Steimetz's book, of which Petrolio represents, for this part, no more and no less than the literary paraphrase.

The situation is very different regarding the psychological portrait of Troya. Here Pasolini puts something of himself into it, it goes beyond Steimetz's journalistic analysis: the poet builds his character pag. 840

imagining having scrutinized and thoroughly explored the soul of Cefis who, at that time, during the writing of Petrolio, had become even more powerful, now being more than solid at the helm of Montedison. Pay attention to the passages: in 1967 Cefis was president of Eni. In 1971 he conquered Montedison and became president, buying the shares with the help of Enrico Cuccia (Mediobanca) and Fanfani. Pasolini studies the movements of Italian finance and analyzes their relationships with political power. For Pasolini, Cefis is a key to understanding the profound degeneration of Italian politics.

The writer captures the ambiguities and summarizes them under the category that he himself calls del

"mixed". Today, what Pasolini identifies as a distinctive trait of the Italian political class could be defined as a "vocation to transversality", a characteristic that permeates the entire political culture and which finds its roots precisely in the "mixed" formation (republican and Catholic, or communist and priestly at the same time) of the Resistance, forge of the subsequent Constituent Assembly, in turn progenitor of the Italian political class.

Pasolini writes that Troya, alias Cefis, reveals a «mixture of his personality, which has manifested itself since the days of his youth», as also demonstrated by his experience as a partisan in a

«mixed De Gasperi and republican formation», which fought in the Brianza mountains.

And here is the description of the protagonist Aldo Troya, alias Eugenio Cefis, as Pasolini presents him in Petrolio. And "Note 22".

He, Troya, is a man in his fifties, but he looks younger. The first thing that strikes you about him is his smile. He is striking, first of all, because he immediately feels that he is a smile that later became a stereotype.

He is a public man, so he is forced to smile, it seems: but instead of being a smile, [...] reassuring, shining, indeed, radiant, of an "average man", who being a good family man , a nice worker, a good Catholic, has nothing to reproach himself for: [not even of course, that smile of his] with all his teeth out with which he basically declares that he doesn't take life so seriously, given that life itself itself is beautiful, worth living, and in just that way. No. It was not a smile of this kind, so common and widespread among public men. Troya's smile is instead a smile of complicity, almost winking: it is definitely a guilty smile. With it, Troya seems to want to tell those who look at him that he knows well that those who look at him consider him an abject and ambitious man, capable of anything, absolutely devoid of a weak point, despite his air of a poor ex-collegiate student and a bootlicker from sacristy: and it means at the same time, to those who consider it as such, that they can also do it, and that, if by chance, on this point, there were accounts to settle, the matter was, objectively, postponed indefinitely (i.e. to the day when Troya was no longer powerful). [...] Troya, that is, by smiling slyly, wanted to let everyone know continuously, without interruption, that he was smart. So let him go, for goodness sake, that he "knew certain things", "he had certain urgent matters of national importance" (which one day or another would be known), that he "was so skilled and let's just say creeping" to always get by in the best possible way and in everyone's interest. Naturally, being a smile of complicity, it was also a begging smile: that is, it begged for compassion, on his manifest guilt. [...] Here is everything that was currently known about him. The language with which he expressed himself was his activity, therefore, to interpret it, I would have to be a mercantilist, as well as a detective. I made do and here's what I found out.

At the Gabinetto Viesseux, in addition to the photocopies of Steimetz's book, it is possible to find other materials relating to Cefis, such as his speech at the Military Academy of Modena, given on the 23rd

February 1972, and mimeographs of other conferences; and even the original of a conference entitled An interesting case: Montedison, held on 11 March

1973 at the School of Catholic Culture in Vicenza, with notes in the margin by Cefis himself, which he never delivered.

pag. 841

In writing Petrolio, Pasolini is truly immersed in the personality and psychology of Cefis. To the point that in the paragraph entitled History of oil and background (corresponding to notes 20-30

of Petrolio, today on pp. 117-118 of the book), the author intends to include all of Cefis' speeches,

«which serve to divide the novel into two parts in a perfectly symmetrical and explicit way».

Petrolio is the novel that in 1975 took the form of a detailed and obsessive phenomenology of Cefis, the man-symbol of Italian power. Cefis was at that time the very powerful operator of Italian finance with solid connections in the secret services. Is there a link between Pasolini's challenge and his death?

note:

1 D. Bellezza, The murdered poet, Marsilio, Venice 1996.

2 According to prosecutor Calia, Giorgio Steimetz is the pseudonym used by Corrado Ragozzino, director of the Milan Information agency. In the documents of the Calia investigation, there is a file drawn up by Marshal Trancuccio, which has the title Corrado Ragozzino, alias Steimetz, Director of Milan Information. On that file there is a note written by the non-commissioned officer who, after speaking with Ragozzino, on a Roman telephone number, notes: «he no longer has anything of the book; Luigi Castoldi di Milano collaborated with him on the book." But his nephew, Guglielmo Ragozzino, journalist of

"il manifesto" denies that his uncle used that pseudonym. From «il manifesto» of 10

November 2005: «I asked my uncle who Giorgio Steimetz was, both at the time of the services in 1971 and twenty years later, when he gave me the volume that I had seen among his books. He never wanted to answer my questions. I thought and think that he did it to give its author an aura of importance and secrecy, while it was probably a minor character, very inside Eni, a little inside the services, who had access to some archives and he wanted to keep Cefis under control, perhaps on behalf of someone, in politics or business. Steimetz shows that he knows many things in a very limited universe: in one chapter he indicates the many streams of methane gas, the connections, the plot of shell companies, the divisions that develop around Cefis, inside and outside the world of Eni. But that's the level of him; there seems to be no trace of what happens outside. When we talk about another large group, for example Montedison which, as has been said, becomes the new home of Cefis, barely a third of the way through the book, we do so with the knowledge and gaps of an attentive newspaper reader."

3 «Did Pier Paolo Pasolini read This is Cefis? The magistrate Vincenzo Calia who from Pavia reopened the case relating to the death of Enrico Mattei believes so and thinks that the poet was also inspired by that text for the notes marked with the number 22 of Petrolio (it was written that an entire part of Pasolini's text would have disappeared). He repeated it again when speaking at the Teatro Argentina in Rome on Monday 31 October, in an afternoon of re-enactments on the thirtieth anniversary of Pasolini's assassination at the Ostia seaplane base. » From «il manifesto» of 10 November 2005.

pag. 842

The novel of massacres

What is certain is that, first of all, Pasolini understood things that he shouldn't have understood.

And he put them in his novel. Between October and November 1974, the leaders of Sismi were indicted for the failed Borghese coup of 8 December 1970. In that period, in the year preceding his death, Pasolini wrote two fundamental texts. The second and most famous (Io so) is the article we have

already talked about, the one published on 14 November 1974 in the «Corriere» with the title What is this coup?.

The first text, much less known, is a work plan: it is dated 16 October 1974 and is the summary "a posteriori" of what had been written up to that point for Petrolio, including a chapter that has disappeared into thin air: "Precisely 21 », Flashes on Eni).1

How did he disappear? Has he really disappeared? Is it possible that this "Note 21" had never been written? No. To have proof of this, just scroll through the pages of the novel, arrive precisely at «Memo 22/a» (written after the one that disappeared) and stop in particular where Pasolini himself writes: «As regards the anti-fascist undertakings, impeccable and respectable, despite the mix, of the partisan formation led by Bonocore, I have already mentioned it in the paragraph entitled Flashes on Eni, and I refer anyone who wants to refresh their memory to it".2 Not only that, therefore, Pasolini tells us that he has written, but also refers to the content of the chapter.

But how did «Note 21» disappear? As it was announced, Petrolio, at its conclusion, would have had around two thousand pages. The author himself reported having written six hundred at the end of 1974. Pasolini died at the end of 1975: and it is reasonable to assume that in that last year he continued further with the novel. We received a total of 522 pages: 492

typed, the others written by hand. What happened to the remaining pages, at least the eighty already completed by 1974?

Guido Mazzon, Pasolini's cousin, said: «My cousin, Graziella Chiarcossi, called me twice: on the day of the crime, and some time later, a month, I don't remember well. However, I remember well what she said to me: "Thieves came to the house, they stole some of Pier Paolo's things, jewels and papers". Cards? Are they the pages of Petrolio? Graziella Chiarcossi, however, has always denied that parts of the novel are missing or stolen. It's a mystery. A mistery.

Why did «Note 21» disappear? Who had an interest in making it disappear? In the missing chapter which, at least judging by the title, illuminates with

flashes of clarity the political economy of the massacres in Italy, Pasolini therefore recounts «the anti-fascist undertakings, impeccable and respectable, despite the mix, of the partisan formation led by Bonocore» (alias Mattei), who was with Cefis in Val d'Ossola. In literary fiction, Pasolini shifts the setting to the mountains of Brianza and clarifies his thoughts on the "fascism of the anti-fascists" - as he later wrote in the "Corriere della Sera"

- whose origins lie in the "mixed", in the transformism, in the transversalism of Italian politics which originates precisely from the matrix, both Catholic and communist, of the Resistance. It's not the "mixed"

of Italian politics, that breeding ground from which "centrism" is born, as a vocation to stability at all costs, defended from "opposing extremisms"? Perhaps the perversion of state massacres does not come from there, or in any case the Italian vocation for state secrecy, for "institutional" cover-up

of the truth?

But who knew about the contents of Oil? Who could have realized the explosive significance of his denunciation? Pasolini had repeatedly informed the newspapers of the novel he was reading. 843

writing (numerous journalists wrote about it, announcing the new work in newspapers and weeklies: Carlotta Taglierini in «Il Mondo» of 26 December 1974, Luisella Re in «Stampa sera» of 10 January 1975, Lorenzo Mondo in «La Stampa», of the same day).

Gianni D'Elia, a friend of Pasolini, poet and writer, writes in his volume Il Petrolio delle stragi,3 that the master consulted his "sources" directly. Pasolini also met Graziano Verzotto (the key witness in the investigation into the death of Mattei and the disappearance of De Mauro, but also the number one accuser of Cefis), who has only been on the run abroad since May 1975, after having fled Italy for fear of handcuffs? Verzotto denied having met Pasolini to prosecutor Calia, who specifically asked him. However, one thing is certain: in Italy, many knew of Petrolio's gestation. Too many. Is it conceivable that the black man of Italian finance, the man who Pasolini

places at the center of his novel on massacres, on coup planning, on murderous power in Italy, was not aware of it?

note:

1 The 1992 Einaudi edition of Petrolio reports the title on a white sheet (p. 102).

2 Ibidem, p. 104.

3 G. D'Elia, The oil of the massacres, Effigie editore, Milan 2006.

pag. 844

Flashes on Eni

Let's browse now Oil. In particular, we analyze the key text of 16 October 1974, i.e. the summary of the chapters that, on that date, Pasolini had already written.1 This is what remains of the overall plan of the work, including the reference to the missing chapter Lampi on Eni .

Notes 20-30 History of the oil problem and background

Approximately 20-25 notes (background): The sources

* Flashes on Eni

Approximately 25-30 notes (the plot): Yellow appendices

all this is an enormous digression à la Sterne, who leaves Carlo in the act of going to Mrs. F.'s reception and takes him back when he enters. — Mirror of the Eni Empire then Montedison.

* Mirror from the Monti Empire according to this scheme

* The lady at whom the reception is held is the owner of a cultural institution financed (for reasons of friendship or kinship) by both Cefis and Monti (fascist)

* The living room, however, is an intellectual living room of the Left.

* on this occasion Carlo is observed and hired by one of the two large companies: but, going back through the common petrochemical branches he will become a big shot (vice president or nominal president, like Beolchini).

At this precise historical moment (the POLITICAL BLOCK) Troya (!) is about to be made president of Eni: and this implies the suppression of his predecessor (Mattei case, chronologically moved forward). He with the political clique needs anti-communism ('68): bombs attributed to the fascists

(We meet him again in Mrs. F.'s living room.)

The II POLITICAL BLOCK (app. will be characterized by the fact that the same person (Troya) is about to be made president of Montedison. He needs, with the clique of politicians, a fascist virginity (bombs attributed to fascists) ** insert the speeches of Cefis: which serve to divide the novel into two parts in a perfectly symmetrical and explicit way (a bit like the two episodes of the twenty boys etc.)

(October 16, 1974)

-

Carlo takes an active part in both crimes:

in Block I unconsciously (in an abnormal relationship between the Ego and the Id) becoming an active member of the conspiracy

in Block II hallucinatorily (detonating the visionary bomb at the Turin station)

pag. 845

(16 ott. 1974)

Here Pasolini explains the "strategy of tension", schematizing it through two fundamental steps: the "I Political Block" and the "II Political Block". But in the rush to complete the

«summary», the author commits two slips, two logical errors, as well as chronological ones.

In the «I Blocco Politico», Pasolini writes that Troya-Cefis, «with the political clique needs anti-communism ('68): bombs attributed to the fascists».

In reality, the bombs of this first phase of terrorism are attributed by the apparatus not to fascists, but to anarchists (the ousted anarchist Pinelli, the invention of the Valpreda monster...) -

In the «II Blocco Politico», Pasolini writes that, in a second moment, having now reached the top of Montedison, «Troya needs, with the clique of politicians, a fascist virginity (bombs attributed to the fascists)». In this case, the one chased by Troya is - obviously - one

«anti-fascist virginity».

Here is explained with exemplary clarity, for the first time in a literary work, the strategy of tension: the bombs of the first phase, wanting to "concretely create anti-communist tension", certainly could not be attributed to the fascists (even though they were planted by them with the complicity of the services), to which they are attributed only in the second phase: when - as explained by the massacre commission chaired by Senator Giovanni Pellegrino - the "blacks", after 1974, begin to plant the bombs on their own to take revenge on the services deviants who dumped them. That is, when Mariano Rumor (then DC President of the Council) refused to declare the state of emergency promised to the hitmen after Piazza Fontana.

The two errors are corrected by Pasolini himself in his speech in the «Corriere della Sera», written just a month later, the one that begins with the famous proclamation «I know». Writes on the 14th

November 1974 the poet: «I know the names who managed the two different, indeed opposite, phases of tension: a first anti-communist phase (Milan 1969) and a second anti-fascist (Brescia and Bologna 1974). I know the names of the group of powerful people who, with the help of the CIA (and, secondarily, the Greek colonels of the mafia) first created (and failed

miserably) an anti-communist crusade (Milan 1969) and a second phase anti-fascist (Brescia and Bologna 1974)".2

The proof of the close parallelism that exists between the content of Petrolio and that of the article is provided by Pasolini himself, making an explicit reference in his editorial to the novel he is writing: «I believe that it is difficult - he writes - that my "project of a novel" is wrong, that is, that it has no relevance to reality, and that its references to real facts and people are inaccurate".

That is, he clearly says that Petrolio is no longer just narrative, but a text that borders on the news.

There is no longer a difference between a novel and a civil complaint.

The first to discover Petrolio's errors and the correct references present in the journalistic intervention of the «Corriere», dedicated to the subversive temptations of Italian politics, is Gianni D'Elia in his book Il petrolole delle stragi, which contains an acute analysis of the novel .3 D'Elia underlines Pasolini's perfect awareness of the hidden dynamics of power in Italy in the mid-1970s, and his desire to reveal them publicly. And he explains: «Since 1973 (Milan police headquarters massacre) the fascists have been carrying out massacres, the services let them do it, as Pellegrino writes in the book Segreto di Stato (Einaudi, 2000) but then they attribute them to him, to do their make-up again

"anti-fascist" on the state mask, which in turn is on the hidden "fascist" face."

But this is not the only content of Petrolio's complaint.

pag. 846

In «Notes 22a, 22b, 22c», as we have seen, another important testimony signed by Pasolini remains available to the reader. It is here that the author traces with meticulous precision the scheme of the oil economy and power in Italy. This is the part that Pasolini clearly follows from reading the volume Questo è Cefis by Giorgio Steimetz, who had reconstructed a detailed map of the economic empire of the great boss of Montedison. Prosecutor Calia

noticed this and, in the notes of his investigation into Mattei's death, finds a black man in Italian finance, with his very powerful holding company, who has become a real obsession for the author of Petrolio, who by now knows about property and business to perfection. Judge Calia writes:

Pasolini had then listed a long series of interconnected companies, managed by people attributable to the vice president of Eni. These are some of the companies listed by Giorgio Steimetz in This is Cefis, the other side of the honored president, Ami, Milan 1972: the names of these companies have been replaced with similar ones. In.Im.Par corresponds to Pasolini's Immobiliari e Partecipazioni. (Real Estate Investment Initiatives) of Steimetz. Pasolini's Spiritcasauno and Spiritcasadieci, which owe their name «to the fact that Carlo Troya currently lived in Via di Santo Spirito, in Milan», correspond, in reality, to Chioscasauno, Chioscasadue etc., so called because Eugenio Cefis lived in via Chiossetto in Milan.

While Steimetz cited Ge.Da., then Pro.De. (Demographic Profiles S.pA), Da.Ma. (Data Management S.p.A.) and then System-Italia (the same company that had hired the daughter of the farmer Mario Ronchi), Pasolini listed them with similar acronyms: «[...] Am.Da., amministrazione Dati S.p.A. [...]. Am.Da. is incorporated by Li.De. (Lineamenti Demografici S.p.A.), with the subject "printing and sending of letters and correspondence, creation of files, etc". [...] Something in short, technically, like a little Sid [...]. Then the Li.De. he moves (precisely) to Rome [...]. And the company takes the name of Da.Off., Data Office S.p.A. But not for long, because soon [...] the company calls Am.Da again. And at this point [...] the company, expanding and expanding, takes the definitive name of Italian Pattern [...]».

And so on, with other companies, real estate, oil, methane, financial, wood, plastic, advertising, television, etc.

The heart of Petrolio is all here. In the denunciation of the criminal ramification of economic power in Italy. In the discovery of the origins of the strategy of tension, orchestrated and financed by the economic powers, with a perverse game tolerated by the highest representatives of the institutions. In the awareness of the total manipulation of the media in a country that has never known, and perhaps will never know, true freedom of the press. In the identification of a subversive project, which runs parallel to

the republican history of the seventies, and which functions as a perennial weapon of blackmail, corruption and power.

Gianni D'Elia, in his volume, wonders why Pasolini's latest novel has never been read as a text of denunciation, news and counter-information, which it evidently is, but only as a work of literature. «Rereading the reviews of 1992 and 1993 - writes D'Elia - one is struck by the almost total and unambiguous sexual (or sexist) reading of the novel, universally presented as scandalous and erotic perverse, all squashed into "Notes 55", where the protagonist, Carlo, an Eni oil engineer, makes love with ten boys, outdoors and under the moon.»

The real scandal of the novel, the unspeakable of Petrolio, is not the flesh, nor homophily, but power.

The real theme of Petrolio is not sexuality, but the hidden face of power in Italy, the occult and murderous power, hidden behind the mask of the official economic and parliamentary one.

This is the unpronounceable truth shouted by Pasolini in his unfinished book. This is his page. 847

last, desperate complaint.

note:

Is it possible to continue to believe that the author of Petrolio was killed at the height of a stupid argument between "faggots"? perfect comparison between the fictional societies, attributed to Troya, and those that really belonged to Cefis. It is evident that the man

* novel not so much a schidionata' as 'a swarm', or perhaps a shish kebab)

** The story that leads to the crossing point of the Lady's living room is made up entirely of news and information about business and relationships, etc. (Notes 20-30). But even at the crossing point, facts of business, interests, dinners and clientelism are told which prepare part II 1 Einaudi Edition 1992, pp. 117-118.

2 What is this coup?, now with the title The novel of the massacres, in Scritti corsari, Garzanti, Milan 1977.

3 G. D'Elia, The oil of the massacres, Effigie, Milan 2006.

From Cefis to Gelli

To the Palermo judges who are trying Salvatore Riina, accused of having ordered the killing of Mauro De Mauro, Graziano Verzotto reveals: «One of the closest collaborators to Cefis, perhaps number two, was a certain Gritti1 who, like Cefis, came from by the secret services. Cefis had attended military school and belonged to the secret services and joined Eni Gritti who was president of Enichem, president of Farmitalia... that is, where there was someone to be placed to carry out important operations for Eni it was Gritti who went there and this Gritti certainly remained linked to the old services, because the Italian services are anything but secret, we knew who was operating.

Engineer Maletti, who is still in Johannesburg and has not returned to Italy, was deputy commander of the secret services and had good relations with Cefis."

Cefis and the secret services. Cefis and subversive projects. Cefis and the mysterious and sudden abandonment of the Italian political scene, the escape to Canada first, and then to Switzerland.

But who is Cefis, in those years? A confidential note from Sismi will shed light on the role of the former partisan commander «Alberto» eight years later:

PRECISELY. Information acquired on 20 September 1983, as a qualified professional very close to members of the P2 Lodge, whose ideas he does not share. [...]

The P2 Lodge was founded by Eugenio Cefis who managed it until he remained president of Montedison. From this period he abandoned the helm, which was taken over by the Ortolani-Gelli duo, out of fear. The violent

attacks (Rovelli of SIR) against men linked to Andreotti date back to this period, with whom an armistice was reached for common interests: the oil scandal. [...]

At 3.30 pm today, September 21, 1983, I spoke by telephone with the well-known source in New York who confirmed the previous note. [...] he was unable to add anything else for reasons of security in transmissions. It will be available from October 5th. having to be absent for work reasons.2

Cephis and Gelli. They have in common a passion for power, for secrecy, for Atlantic relations, for secret services, for subversive temptations. We are in the mid-seventies, Cefis is at the peak of its economic power with the conquest of Montedison and begins to cultivate authoritarian dreams. AND

then the idea of overcoming the party system began to make headway, under the pressure of long conversations with a character who we will find again fifteen years later alongside Umberto Bossi in the federalist adventure of the Northern League: professor Gianfranco Miglio. He wrote Giancarlo Galli in The Master of Masters. Enrico Cuccia, the power of Mediobanca and Italian capitalism3:

«Eugenio Cefis, enthusiastic about De Gaulle, needless to say, is linked to Amintore Fanfani and dreams of an order and law presidential republic. His inspiration, as usual, is Professor Gianfranco Miglio who in the meantime has become a staunch federalist. Two-faced Janus, Cefis: centralist party, under the influence of the big professor of the Cattolica, ends up paying increasing attention to the unrest shaking Lombardy. Here the meteor Piero Bassetti [president of the Milan Chamber of Commerce, Editor's note] is arming the legions of Gaul to metaphorically march on the corrupt, Levantine capital Rome. Montedison will be the "industrial flag" of the movement."

It is interesting, in this regard, to read part of the interview given shortly before his death, when he was eighty-three years old, by the stockbroker Aldo Ravelli, known as "King Midas of the Stock Exchange", a point of reference for Piazza Affari for half a century, to Fabio Tamburini, economic journalist, later published in the volume Misteri d'Italia4. In the interview, a cross-section of the economic and financial history of the country emerges,

based on the events of three bourgeoisies: «That of Agnelli and Pirelli, that of pag. 849

Berlusconi and that of Cosa Nostra." Ravelli states that «there is a huge disproportion between the offense discovered by the magistrates and what really happened. The connections between high finance, politics, the secret services and the mafia have remained unexplored." With Cefis at the center of the many mysteries. Here is an excerpt from the aforementioned interview:

Tamburini: «Have you ever had relations with Umberto Ortolani? He was one of the characters closest to Calvi ... »

Ravelli: «Yes, I knew him well. [...] At a certain point, however, I preferred to freeze our relations.» T: «For what reason?»

A: «One day, around the Seventies, he told me: "You have no idea how important you are".

In short, it made me happy. And I said: "Don't exaggerate. I'm just one of Bollate, I don't want to be an important man. I'm just doing my job." All this attention had a purpose: Ortolani wanted me to enter P2. And that I would bring my clients there like chickens to be plucked." T. «What did he say to convince you?»

A. «That I would become an important man because Licio Gelli was the master of Italy.»

T. «How did Ortolani take your refusal?» A. «He said I would regret it.» T. «Have you met Gelli?»

A. «I met him, by pure coincidence, at the Excelsior bar in Rome.»

T. «What happened to Ortolani?»

A. «He called a couple of months ago to say hello and ask me how I was doing.»

T. «Among the many mysteries of the Cefis era, one is particularly indecipherable. Why did he suddenly leave the scene, leaving Italy and almost dissolving? Do you know something about it?"

A: «It's a long story, which could become the plot of a film, halfway between a mystery and an adventure. I'll tell you one day. I know exactly what happened. They were about to arrest him. And not for stories of bribes ante litteram. The reasons were much more serious, important.

You should consider yourself lucky that they didn't." T: «What were his relationships with Fanfani?» A:

«Tight, very tight. In my opinion, in that spring of 1977 they were about to arrest him too.

Precisely in the months preceding when Cefis announced its exit from Montedison.» T: «Did they cultivate authoritarian dreams?» R: «I won't answer you.» T: «Who was at their side?»

A: «Army officers and generals. And then some of the carabinieri.» T: «How do you know?» A:

«One of them was my friend. And he told me about it." T: «Why did the plan fail?»

A: «It was thanks to only one person: Agnelli Gianni, enemy of Cefis. The Lawyer must be given credit for this.»5

What does Agnelli have to do with it? In 1974, in the essay Razza padrona., Eugenio Scalfari and Giuseppe Turani maintained that there was a "convergence at the top" between the PCI and the "big families of Italian private business: the Agnellis, Olivetti, Pirelli", and "a recovery by the world of the Agnelli to defeat and reduce the world of the Cefis and the state bourgeoisie".

Whether or not it was the idea of an "authoritarian project", yet another coup plan in Italy (it would be the third after the two failed ones: the Solo Plan of 1964 and the Borghese coup of 1970) attributed on page. 850

Cefis in the second half of the seventies, that idea was a widespread belief among insiders at the top of high finance. When, in 1977, Cefis surprised everyone by leaving Foro Buonaparte and taking refuge in Switzerland, even Cuccia was very upset. And after a silence that lasted two months, he goes to visit him, and complains of having been left alone "like a skittle among the bowls".

And in the end, also convinced of the existence of some authoritarian project, he comes up with the catchphrase: "I thought that you, Cefis, would carry out the coup, and instead you left." The former partisan is unperturbed, replies to the banker by calling him "crazy" and adds that "anyone who thinks that an army-backed coup is possible in Italy" understands nothing about military issues: "To move the divisions from the borders of Yugoslavia in the suburbs it takes four or five weeks and everyone would notice. These are things from an operetta".6

And he, in fact, does not think about tanks. Cefis is one of the first, if not the first, to have understood that the coup in Italy can be carried out without unnecessary bloodshed and without any use of military forces, first of all gaining, "democratically", control of the newspapers and of information. If it is true, as the Sismi note says, that Cefis is the founder of P2, then it is not surprising. The project of conquest of power in the country by the great financial potentates through the control of the media is at the center of the «Democratic rebirth plan» of Licio Gelli, who the Sismi note indicates as the executor of Cefis' designs, as his successor at the top of P2.

And this is why, as Giancarlo Galli writes again in his book The master of masters,

«the attack on the Cefis newspapers deserves particular attention, since it constitutes the starting moment of that process of restructuring the mass media which, through the elimination of the so-called

"pure publishers" (even if they weren't really "pure"), will bring much of the printed paper under the dominion of financial groups. Almost as if to act as Berlusconi's pacesetter for the private television system. [...] This is why Cefis decides to equip itself with a "fleet of bombers", as he calls the most authoritative newspapers. It builds new ones through direct or indirect

advertising media (this is the case of Indro Montanelli's "Giornale Nuovo" which left Piero Ottone's "Corriere della Sera"; of the weekly "Il Lombardo" of the publisher Arturo Tofanelli) but, this which matters most, tries to take over the most authoritative newspapers: "Il Messaggero" in Rome, "Corriere della Sera" in Milan, as well as "Tempo" in Rome and "Gazzetta del Popolo" in Turin. Plus Telemontecarlo, some private radio stations, the weekly magazine "Tempo illustrato".

Despite repeated maneuvers, Cefis is unable to get its hands on the «Corriere della Sera» which the director Piero Ottone has «moved» to a left-wing line, hosting Pasolini's provocative interventions on the front page, including those against Montedison and the his patron.

But, just two years after the writer's death, in 1977, at the same time as Cefis's sudden escape from Italy, the new head of P2 Licio Gelli took care of completing the work: Ottone resigns, the Propaganda lodge acquires control of the Rizzoli, the newspaper's publisher. Franco Di Bella (P2 card no. 655) was called to the new management, the very journalist who wrote the news on the evening of Bascapé.

But what is Cefis' alleged subversive project? The speech at the Military Academy of Modena, delivered on 23 February 1972, is fundamental to understanding it, a document that Pasolini consulted during the writing of Petrolio.7 That speech was published in its entirety by the magazine «Erba I want», directed by Elvio Fachinelli, friend who sent a photocopy of the text of the volume Questo è Cefis by Steimetz to Pasolini.

What does Cefis say in that speech about the "ecumenical enterprise"? And because he is considered pregnant with

«subversive potential»? According to Cefis, in the near future, «the major decision-making centers will not pay. 851

they will be both in the government or in parliament, as well as in the managements of large companies and in the trade unions, which are also committed to international coordination". State bodies remain responsible for mediation and the "true interlocutor of the multinational company will be the state planning body".

The subversive temptations of Cefis are grasped in all their gravity only by the Radical Party, the only one probably left out of the sharing of the rich oil and chemical bribes. In a dossier as lucid in its analysis as it is detailed in its facts, the deputy Massimo Teodori, former member of the commission on the P2 lodge, describes the men, strategies and under-the-radar ties of those years in Italy, starting from the patron of Montedison and arriving at the new head of P2, Licio Gelli. And claiming that there is a disturbing "continuity" between the two.

«The Cefis system - writes Teodori - progressively becomes a real potentate which, by exploiting public entrepreneurial resources, heavily influences the press, illicitly uses the State secret services for information purposes, practices intimidation and blackmail, carries out maneuvers unscrupulous financial institutions beyond the limits of legality, corrupts politicians, establishes alliances with ministers, parties and currents. The ability of man and his system to involve elements in the most disparate sectors is exemplary.»

But how does this system connect with Gelli's lodge? «The P2 system developed in the same period in which the Cefis system began to decline as such until its organizer left the scene in 1977 - continues Teodori - it would be superficial to say that the new system of power takes hold because the previous one declines or that P2 inherits, as such, the Cephysian system. In a field as complex as that of the organization of power, nothing happens automatically or by mechanical inheritance. What is certain, however, is that there are elements of continuity between the Cefisian and Gellinian systems and there are quite a few points of contact between the two phases of Italian political life, in which groupings, overt or hidden, have had a significant impact. operating illegally. And these elements once again call for war for control of the media."

But the thread of continuity between Cefis and Gelli also passes through the secret services, an area in which, writes the radical parliamentarian, "the two events have singular coincidences and parallels." Let's see them:

«Cefis used Maletti's Sid and had established a network of relationships and alliances that included the general commander of the Carabinieri Mino and the head of the financial police Raffaele Giudice. The same characters find

themselves together with Gelli who uses the Sid first, the Sismi and the Sisde of Santovito and Grassini then, to trade in information on the regime's hidden affairs.

In the orbit of one and the other we find military and secret service figures who even fought bitterly within their own apparatus."

Just as they reveal themselves to be secondary characters, which revolve around the great state manager and the Grand Master of P2. «Gioacchino Albanese, who had been Cefis's trusted man for relations with politicians and for press operations - continues Teodori - ended up signing up for P2 in 1980 with the presentations of Gelli himself and Mazzanti, that is, in scope of that deal consisting of the kickback of the Eni Petronim contract in service of a gigantic corruption operation of parties and newspapers. Umberto Ortolani, who gravitated in the Cefisian area, became number one bis of the Gellian organization. Carlo Pesenti and Attilio Monti, who had operated together and in agreement with the president of Montedison, find themselves in piduistic operations linked to the large financial speculations led by Calvi.»

But in the end, did Cefis and Gelli know each other? We must answer yes, if we believe yet another confidential note from Sisde, dated 17 September 1982, which reads verbatim: pag. 852

Intense contacts would have taken place in Switzerland, until the month of August, between Licio Gelli and Eugenio Cefis, president of Montedison International.

And when would they have met? Teodori writes that «between 1975 and 1976 the venerable Master asks Ugo Niutta [right-hand man of Cefis, at the center of many secrets, who committed suicide in London, Editor's note], whom he met at the house of Francesco Cosentino [from Palermo, secretary of the Quirinale, Editor's note) to present it to the president of Montedison. It is not known whether that meeting ever took place and what it may have represented."

Teodori concludes: «The transition from the Cefis system to the Gelli system is not so much a question of coincidences of men, although plenty could be

indicated. It concerns the now permanent function that the structures aimed at organizing and managing power exercise in the Italian political system. Both systems, the Cefisian and the Gellian, can be established above and instead of the political system thanks to institutional and democratic degeneration."

The coincidences continue to the present day: with Gianfranco Graziadei, the Italian Service of the Banca Nazionale del Lavoro, one of the safes used by Cefis, will continue to serve Gelli and Calvi and finance Silvio Berlusconi's first holdings. Similarly, the leader of the League, Miglio, is a great friend of Cefis: his "anti-political" philosophy - after the explosion of Tangentopoli which destroys the credibility of the traditional parties - will favor the collapse of DC and Psi, affirming the new federalist demands, to ultimately leave the field free to Forza Italia and its founder Silvio Berlusconi. And perhaps not by chance, in his long request for dismissal on Mattei's death, speaking of the involvement of Eugenio Cefis, prosecutor Calia cannot help but cite a report from the financial police,8 according to which one of Edilnord's limited partnerships Residential centres, of the lawyer Umberto Previti, father of Cesare (formerly Edilnord Sas of Silvio Berlusconi & C, one of the first companies of the Cavaliere di Arcore), based in Lugano, is called Cefinvest.9

From Cefis to Berlusconi, passing through Licio Gelli.10 In 1975 the ideological summa of Piduism was the Democratic Rebirth Plan which Licio Gelli considered the Bible of the new Italy. In 2008 most of the work is done, looking at what has become the Second Republic. It took thirty years, but the white coup is now almost complete. With Berlusconi (P2 card no. 625), three times prime minister, with a record of government longevity, who now aspires to the Quirinale and is indicated by Gelli as his favorite heir."

The coup was carried out without armies and uniforms. But the explosion of Bossi's Northern League and the Tangentopoli scandal were not enough to give a push to the traditional parties. It took the explosions based on TNT: the massacres of 1992, the massacre of Capaci and Via D'Amelio, the extreme evolution of the "strategy of tension", planned by "refined minds to unblock the Italian political system" . Only after the death of Falcone and Borsellino and after the mafia attacks of 1993, in fact, did the definitive

political turning point take place which eliminated the DC, the PSI and the minor secular parties, and opened the way to the Second Republic, with the descent into Berlusconi's camp, in an Italy literally hypnotized by the television media empire. It is Italy today: a country totally prisoner, as Pasolini had prophesied, of "a repressive homologation, even if obtained through the imposition of hedonism and jote de vivre". An Italy deceived, mocked, enslaved. Was the poet right to be obsessed with the black man of Italian oil and finance?

pag. 853

note:

1 «The institutional relations with Sifar during Mattei's presidency of Eni and also of Cefis were held by Vincenzo Russo, who was an Eni manager at the time. Non-institutional relationships, meaning with this term Eni's "dirty affairs", were instead maintained with people from the service environment by Carlo Massimiliano Gritti. And it is precisely because of these privileged relationships with some service environments that Massimiliano Gritti followed Eugenio Cefis to Montedison.» From the minutes of Franco Briatico, head of Eni public relations, to prosecutor Calia of 25 March 1998.

2 In the records of the investigation by prosecutor Calia.

3 Gauls, The master of masters. Enrico Cuccia, the power of Medobianca and Italian capitalism, Garzanti, Milan 1995).

4 F. Tamburini, Mysteries of Italy, Longanesi, Milan 1996.

5 In the records of the investigation by prosecutor Calia.

6 «Question. "In her memoirs, stockbroker Aldo Ravelli claims that she left the limelight because she feared being arrested."

Answer. "I answer that during the partisan period I feared many times of being arrested... Not only that, but also of being shot. Then, at least for those of my age, there was only the fascist party first and then the republican fascist party. I was in Yugoslavia to fight Tito, as an officer of the second Granatieri di Sardegna and I had an orderly who was over forty years old.

For the first time I heard him say "I am a communist". Politics did not exist for us. Today it is no longer the case.

However, I consider myself a person open to the ideas of others, I am not a person who is always sure of being the custodian of revealed truths. A very different personality from how I think it has been described. Once the war was over I trained with the lawyer Rolle who used to recommend to me: "Cefis, if you have five lire, buy five lire of self-confidence". D. "Cuccia didn't take his decision to leave well." R. "He was silent for a month or two. Then he came to visit me in my private studio in Milan and he told me all sorts of things. That I had left him alone like a skittle among the bowls.

I replied 'but what's the point of persisting in a battle if you've already lost it? It's stupid.' As claimed by von Clausewitz...". D. "It is said that Cuccia said 'I thought Cefis was going to carry out the coup and instead he went away'." A. "He came and said it to me too and I replied 'but she is crazy. When and how did I give you the feeling that I was preparing a coup d'état?' To those who were making vaguely authoritarian speeches in Italy, I replied to forget that there could be a coup supported by the army in our country. It's a long country from the Alps to Sicily and the few efficient divisions we had were all up on the border with Yugoslavia. It would have taken four or five weeks to concentrate them all in the North, everyone would have noticed. These are things from an operetta." Q. But you gave yourself an answer: why did Cuccia think that way? "A. Maybe you were thinking of a non-military coup. Not even Mussolini had managed to neutralize the Italian secular-Masonic establishment, which for a long period had ruled the ranks of finance. Maybe Cuccia thought I could do something equivalent in the entrepreneurial field. Bear in mind that he had been misled by having seen Eni move in Africa, with authority and success. Result: Cuccia told me that I had cheated on him. Mattei had told me the same when I left Eni, 'it's as if they had cut off my right arm' he stated ".» From an interview document, the result of long conversations between the journalist Dario Di Vico and Eugenio Cefis which took place between Lugano and Milan in the autumn of 2002, and published in the «Corriere della Sera»: the first tranche, referring to the Mattei years, on the 6th and 7 December 2002. The second tranche, the one that embraces the memories of Cefis from the Montedison years up to the present day, by express wish of the elderly manager, was released

posthumously. Cefis passed away in Lugano at the end of May 2004 and two years later, on 5 June 2006, the text he wrote on page 854

revised was published in the Milanese newspaper with the title I don't understand which coup Cuccia was talking about.

7 It is the speech given by Cefis on 23 February 1972, found among Pasolini's papers and kept in the archives of the Gabinetto Viesseux in Florence. Chapter 39 If this is Cefis.

8 The report is signed by the captain of the special currency police unit Massimo Maria Berruti who in the 1980s left the Fiamme Gialle to start his own business as an accountant. Berruti later worked for a long time on behalf of the Fininvest group. He was then elected deputy for Forza Italia.

9 From the report of the Pavia prosecutor Vincenzo Calia.

10 And perhaps also by Vito Guarrasi. In the biographical sheet prepared by Dia it is written that Mr.

January 1948 to 30 October 1950 of the Ra.Spe.Me. Representatives Specialità Medicinali S.p.A., established for the hiring of representatives for the trade and sale of medicinal and healthcare products, hygiene items and similar together with Alfredo Dell'Utri, born in Palermo on 13 June 1907 and died on 5 October 1971, father of Marcello [Senator of Forza Italia, Berlusconi's right-hand man, sentenced to nine years for external complicity in a mafia association, Editor's note] and Alberto".

11 On the democratic rebirth plan «the only one who can move forward is Berlusconi». The former Grand Master of P2, Licio Gelli, said it. This is possible not because Berlusconi "was a member of P2, but because he has the temperament of the great man that he was able to make", continued Gelli, speaking in Florence on the occasion of the presentation of the television program Venerabile Italia on Odeon TV.

When asked about Licio Gelli, Berlusconi replied: «Like fifty million Italians, I too am always curiously waiting to find out which facts or misdeeds are actually attributed to Licio Gelli. Years of investigations have only served to offer the various political factions a terrain for struggle and

slander that is as easy as it is instrumental" (from Ansa Florence, 31 October 2008).

pag. 855

“What is this coup?”

by Pier Paolo Pasolini 1

I know.

I know the names of those responsible for what is called a "coup" (and which is actually a series of

«coup» established as a system of protection of power).

I know the names of those responsible for the Milan massacre of 12 December 1969.

I know the names of those responsible for the Brescia and Bologna massacres in the first months of 1974.

I know the names of the "summit" who maneuvered, therefore, both the old fascists who planned the "coup", and the neo-fascists who were the material authors of the first massacres, and finally, the "unknown" material authors of the most recent massacres.

I know the names who managed the two different, indeed opposite, phases of tension: a first anti-communist phase (Milan 1969) and a second anti-fascist phase (Brescia and Bologna 1974).

I know the names of the group of powerful people who, with the help of the CIA (and secondarily the Greek colonels of the mafia), first created (and failed miserably) an anti-communist crusade, to stop '68, and subsequently, again with the help and inspiration of the CIA, they reconstituted an anti-fascist virginity, to stem the disaster of the "referendum".

I know the names of those who, between one mass and another, gave instructions and ensured political protection to old generals (to keep the

organization of a potential coup d'état going in reserve), to young neo-fascists, or rather neo-Nazis (to concretely create the anti-communist tension) and finally common criminals, until now, and perhaps forever, nameless (to create the subsequent anti-fascist tension). I know the names of the serious and important people behind comical characters like that Forestry general who operated, rather operettistically, in Città Ducale (while the Italian forests were burning), or behind gray and purely organizational characters like General Miceli.

I know the names of the serious and important people behind the tragic boys who chose suicidal fascist atrocities and the common criminals, Sicilian or not, who made themselves available as killers and hit men.

I know all these names and I know all the facts (attacks on institutions and massacres) of which they were guilty.

I know. But I have no evidence. I don't even have any clues.

I know because I am an intellectual, a writer, who tries to follow everything that happens, to know everything that is written about it, to imagine everything that is not known or kept silent; which coordinates even distant facts, which puts together the disorganized and fragmentary pieces of an entire coherent political framework, which re-establishes logic where arbitrariness, madness and mystery seem to reign.

This is all part of my profession and the instinct of my profession. I believe that it is unlikely that my "novel project" is wrong, that is, that it has no relevance to reality, and that its pages. 856

references to real facts and people are inaccurate. I also believe that many other intellectuals and novelists know what I know as an intellectual and novelist. Because reconstructing the truth about what happened in Italy after '68 is not that difficult.

This truth - one can feel it with absolute precision - lies behind a large quantity of interventions, including journalistic and political ones: that is, not of imagination or fiction as mine is by its nature.

Last example: it is clear that the truth was pressing, with all its names, behind the editorial of

«Corriere della Sera», of 1 November 1974.

Journalists and politicians probably also have some evidence or, at least, some clues.

Now the problem is this: journalists and politicians, despite perhaps having some evidence and certainly some clues, do not name names.

Who then is responsible for naming these names? Evidently to those who not only have the necessary courage, but, at the same time, are not compromised in practice with power, and, furthermore, have, by definition, nothing to lose: that is, an intellectual [...].

Pier Paolo Pasolini Rome, 14 November 1974

use:

1 Article appeared in the «Corriere della Sera» then published in Scritti corsari with the title The novel of the massacres, Garzanti, Milan 1997.

Epilogue

In his investigation into the death of Enrico Mattei, which ended with a dismissal, the prosecutor Vincenzo Calia reconstructs a complicated puzzle of mysteries that runs through Italian history from the post-war period to today: the "conspiracy" that decides Mattei's death and the elimination, years later, by De Mauro and the writer Pasolini, who had almost certainly discovered the truth about the Bascapé air disaster.

According to the judicial papers, these are three crimes closely linked by a single unspeakable secret that threatens democratic institutions, from 1962 to 1975, with an inexorable game of cross-blackmail.

It's a voluminous investigation, that of Calia. Which contains thousands of minutes, testimonies, reports, appraisals, declarations of repentants. In fact, there are many collaborators of Cosa Nostra who over the years have offered a contribution to the investigations into Mattei and De Mauro. With all due respect for their contribution to the search for truth, in our reconstruction we have mentioned very few of them: Buscetta, Grado, Marino Mannoia, Pennino, limiting ourselves to using their information only in the passages necessary to provide a further element of clarity to the scaffolding of our history, based exclusively on the facts that emerged in the context of the two proceedings. Facts which alone, in our opinion, largely allow the reader to form a complete and documented opinion.

Prosecutor Calia's investigation into Mattei's death is full of these facts. Even though the investigating judge of Pavia Fabio Lambertucci, in his dismissal sentence on 17 March 2004, defined it as a set of investigations shrouded in "indeterminacy" which "lead to a judgment of mere compatibility with the criminal hypothesis". But if it is true that that investigation was unable to identify the instigators of the Mattei crime, if it is true that, after the death of the farmer Mario Ronchi (the only witness to the Bascapé air tragedy, who disappeared on 5 December 2001, taking with him the secret of the "ball of fire" is in the grave), that investigation ended with a request for dismissal, it is also true that the nine years of work of prosecutor Calia give us a significant piece of Italian history, and in any case mark a turning point.

The papers, in fact, gather numerous evidence against the "sabotage" of Mattei's private plane, and provide countless clues to the hypothesis that behind Mattei's elimination there is a

"an all-Italian conspiracy", a mixture of institutional complicity and misdirections that come back together every time, even after years, that secret is threatened.

On this front, according to prosecutor Calia, the journalist De Mauro fell in Palermo in 1970, who on behalf of the director Franco Rosi investigated Mattei's last trip to Sicily and discovered, ahead of everyone else, something that - he himself says - "it will blow up the country." His main source is Graziano Verzotto, Cefis' sworn enemy.

Verzotto is almost certainly among the financiers of the volume Questo è Cefis by Giorgio Steimetz, a pseudonym behind which hides a highly informed journalist, perhaps Corrado Ragozzino, who paints a ruthless portrait of the bogeyman of Italian finance. Steimetz is undoubtedly the author from whom Pasolini drew heavily a few years later for his Oil. It is always the prosecutor Calia who finds out, underlining Pasolini's obsession with Cefis who becomes, with the name of Troya, one of the protagonists of Petrolio, the writer's last unfinished novel.

It thus turns out that Petrolio is not just a literary work but a sensational denunciation regarding the killing of Mattei. A complaint thrown like a stone towards that Italy which conveniently dismissed the case as a plane crash due to chance or the pilot's incompetence. AND

Pasolini also dies, like De Mauro, in a mysterious execution that still today presents a thousand pages. 858

questions. In this new light, Petrolio's reading allows for a radically new and tragically plausible analysis of the poet's killing.

Here it is, the Italian mystery. De Mauro and Pasolini, the chronicler and the writer, have in their hands the cultural tools - cinema and literature - to open a great season of denunciation on the criminal nature of power in Italy, mentioning names and surnames for the first time. For this reason they become a disruptive threat, capable of revealing what no one in Italy, then as now, wants to come to light: namely that with the killing of Mattei "another story of Italy" begins, a perverse and in fact subversive plot that continues to this day. That plot which is at the origin of state massacres and of our incomplete democracy.

On this plot the contradictions into which Senator Verzotto fell (and the movements around Morane Saulnier parked in Fontanarossa in October 1962) in the De Mauro trial underway in Palermo and the new revelations of Pino Pelosi, who for the first time mentions the names of those who beat Pasolini to death and speaks of the Idroscalo beating as an action that leads back to politics, a politics clearly colored by "black", they relaunch the hypothesis of a connection between the three crimes, buried by time but nevertheless still open to a new and finally definitive judicial reading.

Today, the commander of the RIS of the Parma Carabinieri claims that it would be enough to analyze the traces of blood contained in the shirt worn by Pasolini at the time of his death to discover new decisive elements on the dynamics of his massacre.

Is it all far-fetched? Or is it worth it, in light of the new elements, to return to reflect on the diabolical puzzle discovered by Calia?

A thread as black as oil links the murders of Mattei, De Mauro and Pasolini. Their stories ask to be reread today to illuminate the darkest caves of our republic.

pag. 859

Appendix: A strange sensation

- Interview with Giuseppe Pelosi at Idroscalo -

Rome, 12 September 2008

Pelosi, thirty-three years have passed since that night full of mysteries, the night of Pasolini's killing. You are the man who killed the poet for Italian justice. What do you feel about finding yourself in these places today?

A strange feeling. This is the place where I lost half of my life, Pasolini lost it all, but I lost at least half of it... between prison and problems... They sentenced me to nine years, seven months and ten days, but then I went back to crime and in total I spent twenty-seven years in prison. It's exactly half of my life...

What can I say? Everything has changed here, they've fenced off, they've created a protected area... It's difficult to recognize all the places: over there was the goal of the football pitch, where Pasolini parked his car that night, but now the pitch isn't there. I see more. The monument has also changed. I know it was rebuilt, first it was destroyed by vandals, then they remade it. There are still some shacks, covered by vegetation, I see that the vegetation has taken over. The feeling is a bit strange, it's been a long time...

Let's try to tell what happened in this place that night. Recently some press articles have appeared in which you, Pelosi, have made new revelations. For example, you told director Roberta Torre that that evening of November 1, 1975 was not the first time that you had met Pasolini... That you had met before, that there was an appointment between you... How it really went ?

It is true. That evening Pasolini and I had an appointment at the station kiosk. We had set up this appointment a week before, when we saw each other for the first time, him and me, at that damn kiosk in the square, the Cinquecento. I often went to that bar, I went there with friends, we were seventeen, we always wandered around the street, but not to do hustlers, we often went to the cinema. There were a couple of cinemas: the Moderno and the Modernetto, near the station. And we went to see the films, always hoping that some woman with a bare chest would appear. I wasn't a hustler, if anything it's true that I shoplifted, scooters, scooters, and at the age of seventeen I had already been locked up twice for bullshit. One evening I happened to meet Pasolini in that kiosk. He got out of his nice car, went into the bar, we had a chat.

What did you say to each other?

But nothing, a few words. He asked me: «Do you come often?». And I replied: "Yes, I come by here in the evening when I go to the cinema." Then he offered me a drink. Before that evening I had never seen him. And I didn't even know who he was. Friends who were outside and saw us talking told me that it was Pasolini. «But do you know that he's a famous guy? - they told me - do you know that if they can, they can make a lot of money with that?"

In that first meeting, what happened between you?

That evening nothing, we exchanged a few words. She offered me a drink. Then that's it.

But have you made an appointment?

Oh yes. An appointment for the following Saturday, a week away. To always see each other at the kiosk.

Thus we arrive at the evening of November 1st. You went back to the kiosk...

Yes. That evening Franco and Giuseppe Borsellino were also there with me and the other friends in front of the kiosk in Piazza dei Cinquecento. And those two were plotting something, something bad, I realized it immediately, and so I told them clearly that I didn't want to participate, I didn't want to know anything about it. Then Pasolini arrived, with his beautiful car, and I left with him.

However, a witness says he saw her calling in the days before Pasolini's death, saying: "If I need to give him a bit of a beating, I'm up for it." As if you, even before realizing that same evening that the Borsellinos were plotting something bad, had already agreed for a few days to participate in an ambush...

I deny it. There was no phone call. It's false. I didn't know anything.

So, you got into Pasolini's car, sensing that the Borsellinos were plotting something, but not knowing exactly what, and above all after having openly dissociated yourself from their project.

When the car and the motorbike started following you, did you notice these movements?

Absolutely no. I didn't see anything, Pasolini and I were inside the car, talking, I didn't look outside.

And speaking, have you gotten this far without realizing anything? Not even when you stopped at the Biondo Tevere restaurant where she had dinner?

Yes. I didn't see anything. We arrived here without realizing anything.

And here, at the Idroscalo, what happened?

Pasolini's car entered through that opening, and reached that point, where there was the door to a football pitch. Pasolini parked right there. It was dark, it seemed deserted.

We were there, inside the car, we did what I have told many times, that thing over there... Then I got out of the car, I went to urinate near the fence... And at that moment a dark car appeared, I don't know if a 1300 or a 1500, and a motorbike. A total of five people arrived.

And then?

A guy with a beard, in his forties, immediately stopped me and told me: "Mind your own business, pederast." I got a stick and a punch. I saw them drag Pasolini out of the car, and hit him with punches and kicks, they beat him hard. They were shouting, I heard the shouts, they were telling him: "You dirty communist, you fagot, you bastard." I was scared, I walked away into the dark. I came back when it was all over.

Therefore, there were five attackers. Did you know them?

I knew two of them. They were Franco and Giuseppe Borsellino. Then there was this one who struck me, this one with the beard: I didn't know him, but I saw him up close and he was about forty years old. I don't really know who the other two were.

Franco and Giuseppe Borsellino are the two brothers from Catania, now both dead, who confided on page. 861

Marshal Sansone of having participated in the crime together with her and Giuseppe Mastini. Did he know the Borsellinos well?

They were two friends of mine. We knew each other from before, as kids, because we stole scooters together. We grew up together, among the buildings of the Ina casa. The youngest of the brothers, I learned years later, was completely addicted to drugs: amphetamines and stimulants. They were two thieves from the suburbs, like me, but in that period both Franco and Giuseppe had become fascists, I know for a fact that they hung out in the MSI section in Tiburtino, they went to do politics.

According to what the Borsellinos confided to Marshal Sansone, that evening there was also Giuseppe Mastini, known as Johnny the Gypsy...

They always put Johnny in the middle, but it had nothing to do with it... It's true, he's an old friend too, he was in the same group, I must have seen him about ten times. He also led a life of stealing, he stole, then he was arrested for murder, but that evening he wasn't in Ostia.

But then, why would the Borsellinos have involved him in Pasolini's beating?

I do not know? But none of it is true. Mastini has nothing to do with it. He frequented our area, that's all. It all started with a postcard that I wrote to the Borsellinos when I was in prison: Say hello to Johnny... And from there the lawyer Marazzitta went off on a high note: here's who killed Pasolini... but Johnny had nothing to do with it. I categorically exclude it.

During Pasolini's beating, what were you doing?

I walked away, I took that punch, I was terrified, and I hid in the dark, I only came back when they left. Pasolini was on the ground. I saw the motionless body. I got scared, took his car and ran away. I saw that there was nothing left to do and ran away. I went to the fountain, rinsed off and ran away in his car. I went the wrong way and the police stopped me. They arrested me for car theft.

Do you remember passing over Pasolini's body while fleeing in your car?

I don't remember... now, here... the area even now is a bit uncultivated... but that night it was all mud here. The car was jolting, I was seventeen, I was small and being a short car, a GT, I practically couldn't see anything, just a small piece of the glass. Even today I don't even know if it was I who crushed him under the wheels, or if those others had crushed him first with their car. The area was full of potholes, with water and mud, and then I was confused, I didn't understand anything, I only remember that I was running away in that Alfetta, with the low seat, which I couldn't even see through the windshield, I couldn't see anything, I ran and thought just to escape.

His ring was found next to Pasolini's body, with the red stone and the writing "United States Army". In the judicial documents it is written that she would have left it on purpose, with a gesture of great intelligence, to implicate Johnny the Gypsy, who was the true owner of the ring, in the crime...

But when ever. The ring is mine. An Alitalia steward who lived in my backyard gave it to me.

He was a friend of mine, I played football with him... He wore these American rings, I paid him 25,000 for them

lire and I resold them for 50,000. It was a business. I liked that ring and kept it for myself. I was wearing it on my finger that evening too and I must have dropped it...

For many years you took full responsibility for Pasolini's death, denying that you paid. 862

they were other people at the Idroscalo. Then, suddenly in 2005 on TV, on the show Ombre sul giallo, he revealed the presence of a team of thugs, the poet's real killers. Why did he wait so long to make these revelations?

I received many threats, a mountain of threats. All these years I have thought about my safety, the safety of my parents. Now my father and mother are dead. I don't have anyone anymore. What can they do to me? Everyone threatened me, even the fags in Piazza Navona sent me threatening letters... what do they want? I have nothing against gays and neither do I have anything against lesbians. But aside from this fag thing, there have been actual threats. Serious threats. Now I think that those people, those who came to beat Pasolini that night, may well be dead today, and in any case they will be over seventy years old... And then, now the times are more mature... I think that people have grown up, many years have passed...

Why did they rename her Pino the Frog?

I was nicknamed the Frog because when I arrived in Regina Coeli my eyes were swollen from the beatings, I had taken beatings, they really beat me... and so a journalist invented this nickname. My real nickname was something

else. They called me Pelosino, because I was a boy, and I didn't have a single hair of a beard. Now, however, I have a beard like this...

Pelosi, it's been thirty-three years. Today you are an adult, and you have paid your dues with the law.

In your opinion, what happened that evening?

In my opinion it was a lesson, a punishment, perhaps due to the party or politics. Pasolini was pissing someone off. They massacred him and told him: "You dirty communist, you dirty faggot."

What does politics have to do with it?

If you kill someone like this, you are either crazy or you have a strong motivation: since these murderers managed to escape justice for thirty years, they are certainly not crazy... And therefore they had a reason, an important reason to do what they did Done. And no one has ever touched them. Because at the end of this ugly story I was the only one who paid, I was only seventeen, perhaps because I was the local "gargio"... as they say in Rome... the dumbest. I've been used. I realized it too late. But today I regret having taken it all on.

Why did you take on everything?

«My lawyer, Rocco Mangia, recommended it to me. He told me: do this, leave early, you're a minor. I have asked myself why, in recent months, several times. Many journalists made me think about it. Why did it happen like this? Why did I have to pay alone? There are those who talk about politics... my lawyer was a DC. I thought it was his political convenience, he then ran... Or he advised me because he really believed in it. However, he had said: you are a minor, it won't take us long to get you out. Bon voyagd I did all the jail time. Eight years I did.

The Spaltro lawyers, the first to defend her in the trial, thought differently from Rocco Mangia. They had advised her not to take all the blame for that fatal beating...

However, they too used a ruse to get closer to me. They told me: «your uncle Giuseppe sent us». But I don't have any uncle Giuseppe. Then the lawyer Rocco Mangia arrived and offered to defend me for free. My father and mother, whom I trusted blindly, brought it to me. So I appointed him as my defender. He then advised me to remove the Spaltro.

pag. 863

Who brought the expert Aldo Semerari to his trial?

Semerari brought it Rocco Mangia. And in the trial I remember the names of two other experts: Carraro and Ferracuti. Then the court appointed Busnelli, Giordano and another. The civil party had Luigi Cancrini as an expert. There were seven experts in total who said that at the time of killing Pasolini I was not capable of understanding or wanting, and that therefore I was not punishable. But the court, against the opinion of seven experts, including one from the civil party, sentenced me to nine years, seven months and ten days. How can this sentence be explained? This thing weirded me out...

Have you seen the Borsellinos again?

I saw the Borsellinos again. One, the youngest one, I saw him again in prison, he was half stripped, drugged, he was in the lunatic ward. I saw the other one after a long time... on the balcony. He was HIV positive. I didn't tell him anything. He didn't give a damn. Then he died.

Today you maintain that you are not Pasolini's murderer. What memories do you have of this great intellectual, novelist, poet, director, who left his life in this place that evening thirty-three years ago?

I remember Pasolini well... I remember one detail: his face, which didn't go well with his voice. He had a tough face, with a square jaw, but a soft voice. What can I say about him? He was a kind person, you could say that he was an "old-fashioned" man. Today I think he would have been a good friend.

pag. 864

Decree dismissing the investigation into the death of Enrico Mattei

Below is the full text of the dismissal decree ordered by investigating judge Fabio Lambertucci and dated 17 March 2004.

I) As a result of the investigations aimed at understanding - several decades after the facts, following declarations by collaborators of justice - the causes and responsibility for the death of Enrico Mattei, according to the prosecutor at the Court of Pavia, the , elements that would lead us to believe that, with certainty or at least with a high degree of probability, the then president of Eni was a victim (along with the men who accompanied him on the plane that fell a few minutes before the scheduled landing in Milan- Linate) of a premeditated murder.

The efforts made in the investigation were notable, but no further data on the affair and its causes can be said to have been incontrovertibly acquired. Furthermore, there is no evidence in the documents to suggest that the investigations could be further extended.

A series of circumstances now make further investigation impossible, given the very significant period of time that has elapsed from the event until today, the death of many people who in various capacities could have been involved as protagonists or witnesses and the current lack of several deeds, documents , materials already available to private or public entities. In relation to the last of the phenomena just indicated, the prosecutor expressly speaks of "misdirection" which would have been carried out at various levels, including institutional ones, through suppression of evidence and documents as well as interference and pressure on public officials and potential witnesses.

II) The fact that Mattei was killed should be deduced inductively from the following elements: a) the compatibility of the technical investigations carried out by the prosecution's consultants with the criminal hypothesis formulated by the public prosecutor. The technical results, in fact, are not such as to provide proof that the plane that fell in Bascapé was sabotaged and exploded in flight as a result of an explosive charge activated when the landing gear was opened: these findings, not considered in isolation, but evaluated in their interrelationships, they lead, in fact, to a judgment of mere compatibility with the criminal hypothesis; b) the singular and disturbing chain of apparently inexplicable facts that followed Mattei's death and which

the public prosecutor described as "misdirection". This chain of facts would constitute a retrospective confirmation of the commission of a serious crime and of the fact that someone very influential intended to erase all traces of it.

The deepest mystery remains regarding the authors of the alleged multiple murders: the investigators - due to the insurmountable difficulties mentioned above - were in fact unable to formulate a reliable hypothesis not only about the authors but also about the reasons for the crime. 'hypothetical crime.

The public prosecutor proposed a survey of the various criminal hypotheses already hinted at by investigations and journalistic reports, also suggesting that not all of them would be supported by the same degree of plausibility. These hypotheses, presented in a precise order of increasing plausibility, can be summarized as follows: a) first of all there would be the thesis according to which the murder was commissioned by the mafia which acted on behalf of the so-called Seven Sisters, i.e. the oil cartel companies. The motive for the crime would have been the need to curb the commercial aggressiveness of Mattei's Eni. In concrete terms, the indication to kill Mattei would have come from Cosa Nostra, which would have asked for this favor on behalf of the US commission and in the substantial interest of the main American oil companies; b) secondly, there is the theory according to which the person responsible for the crime was the organization called Oas pag. 865

in the interests of French power, with the aim of stopping and punishing Mattei for his anti-French oil activities in the East and Africa, as well as for his policy of supporting the independence demands of the North African countries; c) finally, the representative of the Public Prosecutor's Office, without expressly formulating a Cefis hypothesis, spoke at length about the figure, defined as "mysterious", of Eugenio Cefis, former vice-president who resigned from Eni and successor to Mattei after his death. Drawing extensively on materials such as information and notes from the secret services based mostly on unspecified and confidential sources, as well as on the opinions and sensations of journalists, scholars and witnesses of those years, the prosecutor outlined a suggestive and disturbing picture of Cefis , carefully reviewing all the sources that directed suspicions towards Cefis of having had a direct interest in Mattei's death with the aim of cultivating personal revenge, selfish economic interests, changes in Eni's policy in favor of unmentionable superior national interests and/or supranationals.

III) This judge believes that, in reality, the hypotheses just reported are all equally devoid of the minimum of plausibility that requires their in-depth analysis in the context of a criminal proceeding. Starting from a common matrix that has proven to be completely labile - the unverifiable declarations of collaborators of justice - they draw on various sources united by the unsuitability to support an accusatory hypothesis and completely unusable in a possible trial: de relato texts, based on their knowledge on circumstances learned from deceased persons,

confidential police and intelligence "rumors", synthesis of journalistic insights.

It appears significant that the prosecutor himself considered the last of the hypotheses put forward to be so weak that he appropriately avoided entering Cefis in the register of suspects, leaving this long and complex investigation classified against unknown persons until the last moment.

IV) The indeterminacy that surrounds all the hypotheses relating to the identification of those responsible for Mattei's death ultimately reflects on the starting point of the entire investigation, built on research into the dynamics and "technical" genesis of the plane's fall who accompanied Mattei for the last time, in the sense evoked by the public prosecution.

That Enrico Mattei was killed, ultimately, should be deduced from some evidence and logical inferences.

The evidence would be represented by: I) the technical advice of the prosecutor which attests to the possibility of murder, i.e. does not exclude it; II) the fact that deeds and documents relevant to the investigation inexplicably disappeared in the days immediately following Mattei's death and in the years that followed; III) the fact that some witnesses have changed their version compared to the one initially provided by the press or to the judicial authority.

The inferences should be the following: IV) if so many documents, documents and materials have mysteriously disappeared it is because someone had an interest in it; V) if potential witnesses changed their version or made reticent or unlikely statements, it is because someone instigated

them; VI) the motive for the incitements and misdirections can only have been the desire to cover up an excellent crime.

Such evidence and inferences do not evidently build a sufficiently solid basis for further investigation. All this requires the dismissal of the proceedings against unknown persons, taking into account that, even before the unknown nature of the perpetrators of the crime, there is a lack of sufficient proof that the criminal act has been committed.

V) It is necessary to highlight - in conclusion - on the one hand the undisputed merit in terms of historiographical research of the investigation conducted by the Pavia Prosecutor's Office; on the other hand, however, inanity, on page. 866

judicial key, of the effort made.

The in-depth technical investigations into the causes of the crash of the plane bringing Mattei back to Milan and the detailed listing of the possible misdirection events that followed the plane crash must be recognized as certain and original merits of the investigation. But, for the rest, historians will from now on be able to practice as much as possible on the crucial event of modern Italian history constituted by the death of Enrico Mattei.

It has been noted that if the word "history" (bistorta) derives from medical language, the argumentative capacity that it implies comes from the legal field. And at the crossroads between medicine and rhetoric, "history" was established, understood as a specific intellectual activity: examination of eventualities and search for their natural causes according to the rules of a persuasive art born in the courts.

The profession of historian and that of judge in any case are irreducible and can never be identified. Carlo Ginzburg noted that "a historian has the right to see a problem where a judge would decide there is no place to proceed." And so, while for the historian the "Mattei case" constitutes and will continue to constitute a case to be investigated, for the judge the same story cannot be the subject of further investigation.

What is certain today is that sufficient proof has not been reached in court that Enrico Mattei, Irnerio Bertuzzi and William McHale were killed.

FINE

pag. 867

Document Outline The novel of the massacres Introductory prologue Oil Warning Note 1 - Background Note 2 - [The First Rose of Summer]* Note 3 - Introduction of the [metaphysical] theme Note 3a - Preface postponed Note 3b - Preface postponed (II) Note 3c - Postponed preface (III) Note 3d - Postponed preface (IV) Note 3e - Second part of the postponed preface: The swords sold Note 4 - [What is a novel?] Note 5 - The prefatory madness continues: Charles the First Note 6 - [The prefatory madness continues: Charles the Second]* Notes 6a - etc. Note 6b - The sources (premise) Note 6 bis - The characters 'who see' Note 6 ter - Old accounts* Note 6 quater - Carlo's secret life in broad daylight Note 6 quinquies - Two words about this Pasquale Note 6 sexies - The suitcase with the report Note 7 - Mother's shift Note 8 - Follow-up Note 9 - At the station* Note 10 - The station (continued)* Note 10 bis - Expenditure of Spirit Note 10 ter Note 10 quater - Cosmo Note 11 - The new day Note 17 - The Wheel and the pin Note 18 - Irrelevant things for Pasquale Note 19 - Final balance Note 19a - Finding at Porta Portese Note 20 - Carlo (as in a Sterne novel) left in the act of going to a reception Note 21 - Flashes on Eni Note 21 - The so-called Troya empire: him, Troya Note 22a - The so-called Troya empire: the branches closest to the parent company Note 22b - The so-called Troya empire: another important ramification Note 22c - The so-called empire of the Troya: the most important ramification of brother Quirino Note 22c - The so-called Empire of the Troya: the flea speaks ill of the louse Note 22d - The so-called empire of the Troya: the ramification of the louse Note 22f - Mrs. F.'s living room: her artistic activities Note 22g - Continuation of the previous Note 22h - Scheme of an elementary puzzle, and its playful joy Note 22i - Continuation of the puzzle etc. Note 23 - Second part of the puzzle Notes 20-30 - History of the oil problem and background Note 31* Note 32 - Provocateurs and spies (in 1960)* Note 33* Note 34bis* - First fairy tale about Power (from the "Project") Note 34ter - End of the reception Notes 36-40 - The Argonauts Note 36 - The Argonauts: Book I Note 36b - The Argonauts. Book I (continued) Note 36b - The Argonauts. Book II Note 36c

- The Argonauts. Book III Note 36d - The Argonauts. Book III (continued) Note 36e - The Argonauts. Book III (continued) Note 36f - The Argonauts. Book III (continued) Note 36g - The Argonauts. Book III (continued) Note 36h - The Argonauts. Book IV (continued) Note 36i - The Argonauts. Book IV (continued) Note 36i - The Argonauts. Book IV (continued) Note 36m - The Argonauts. Book IV (continued) Note 36n - The Argonauts. Book IV (continued) Note 37 - Something written Note 40 - The art that gladdens the human heart Note 41 - Purchase of a slave Note 42 - The story of xxx and xxx and their three children xxx Note 43 - History of the city of Patna and the Bihar region For Part II Note 41 - A significant dream Note 42 - Clarification Note 43* - Flashes on the 'Linkskommunismus' Note xxx - The evening meetings Note 43a - The continuity of daily life Note 50 - How they should have been young men in '69 (from the “Project”) Note 51 - First basic moment of the poem Note 51a - Bullicame Note 52 - Young cock (Tonino's story) Note 52a - Moving to Via xxx xxx, to the Quadraro Note 52b - The Negro and the Roscio Note 54 - The royal journey to the Middle East Note 54b - Sikandar Note 55 - The Casilina lawn Note 60 - Return from the second journey from the East (from the “Project”) Note 61 - Karl is no longer there Note 62 - [following Karl's disappearance]|The imitation of the other Carlo (from the “Project”)| Note 63 - Clarifications and complications (from the "Project") Note 64 - The hesitations before sainthood (from the "Project") Note 64bis - What happened during that dinner (from the "Project") Note 65 - Prologue to the medieval garden (from the " Mystery”) Note 65bis - Medieval garden Note 66 - Medieval garden (continued) Note 67 - The charm of fascism Note 58 - Second basic moment of the poem Note 59 - Passage of time Note 60 - The incarnation of Salvatore Dulcimascolo Note 61 - Attendance del Toulà Note 62 - Carmelo: his availability and his dissolution Note 63a* Note 63b - Boarding, travel, new lights in the evening Note 63 - Was it a detour? Note 64 - Concurrent causes of the clinical picture Note 64 - The last evening at the Toulà Note 65 - Confidences with the reader Note 70 - Nighttime chats at the Colosseum Note 70 - Chats at the Colosseum (continued) Note 71 - The Shit (Vision: first paragraph) Note 71a - Il Merda (Vision: second paragraph) Note 71b - Il Merda (Vision: third paragraph) Note 71c - Il Merda (Vision: fourth paragraph) Note 71d - Il Merda (Vision: fourth paragraph, II) Note 71e - II Shit (Vision: fourth paragraph, III) Note 71f - II Shit (Vision: fifth paragraph) Note 71g - II Shit (Vision: sixth paragraph) Note 71h - II Shit (Vision: seventh paragraph) Note

71i - II Shit (Vision: eighth paragraph) Note 71l - II Shit (Vision: ninth paragraph) Note 71m - II Shit (Vision: tenth paragraph) Note 71n - The Shit (Vision: eleventh paragraph) Note 71o - II Shit (Vision: twelfth paragraph) Note 71p - II Shit (Vision: thirteenth paragraph) Note 71q - The Shit (Vision: fourteenth paragraph) Note 71r - II Shit (Vision: fifteenth paragraph) Note 71s - II Shit (Vision: sixteenth paragraph) Note 71t - II Shit (Vision: paragraph seventeenth) Note 71u - II Merda (Vision: eighteenth paragraph) Note 71v - II Merda (Vision: nineteenth paragraph) Note 71z - II Merda (Vision: twentieth paragraph) Note 72a - II Merda (Vision: twenty-first paragraph) Note 72b - The Shit (Vision: twenty-second paragraph) Note 72c - II Shit (Vision: twenty-third paragraph) Note 72d - The Shit (Vision: twenty-fourth paragraph) Note 72e - The Shit (Vision: twenty-fifth paragraph) Note 72f - The Shit (Vision: twenty-sixth paragraph)) Note 72g - The Shit (End of the Vision) Note 73 - Grand finale of the Vision Note 74 - Last flash of the Vision* Note 74a - Gloss Note 81 - Give the f... Note 82 - Don't give the f... anymore Note 82 - Third basic moment of the poem Note 84 - The game Note 90 and following. Note 100 - The Epochè* Note 97 - The narrators* Note 98 - The Epochè: Story of a man and his body Note 98a - The Epochè: History of the reconstruction of a story Note 99 - The Epochè: History of a thousand and one characters Note 100 - L'Epochè: Story of four critics and four painters Note 101 - L'Epochè: Story of a father and his two daughters Note 102 - L'Epochè: Story of two fathers and two sons Note 102a - The Epochè: Story of a cosmic flight Note 103 - The Epochè: History of the massacres Note 103a - An [uncertain] fixed point Note 102 - The Epochè: Comments in the living room Note 103 - Indescribability of an anxiety | An anxiety that is literally indescribable I Political Block OIL - [(Second part)]* Note 103b - Second political block (Premise) I and II Final Part Note 103c - The meadow under the tower of Pisa Note 104 - The places of vice Note 105 - Preface to the great digression Note 106a - The great Digression begins Note 106b - The great Digression continues Note 107 - Meeting with 'Fjedka' Note 110 - The Godoari Note 111 - The Godoari (continued) Note 112 - The Godoari (III) Note 113 - The Godoari (IV)) Note 114 - The Godoari (V) Note 115 - The Godoari (VI) Note 116 - The Godoari (VII) Note 117 - The Godoari Note 118 - The Godoari Note 119 - The Godoari* Note 120 - The Godoari (IX)* Note 121 - The new suburbs Note 122 - The new suburbs (continued) Note 123 - The new suburbs (III) Note 124 - The new suburbs (IV) Note 125 - Fascist demonstration Note 126

- Fascist demonstration (continued)|The new center | Note 127 - Fourth basic moment of the poem (from the “Mystery”) Note 128 - Before the enlightenment and the puns Note 1283 - Two words before resuming the great Digression Note 129 - The anti-fascist party Note 129a - The anti-fascist party (continued) Note 129b - The anti-fascist party (III) Note 129c - Retarding elements, it must be said, Annotation Note 128c - Resumption of “Before the illumination and the calembours” * Note 129 - The fatal proposition (from the “Project”)* Note 130 - Enlightenment and puns (from the “Project”)* Note 131 - New gloss Note 132 - Towards Edo: planning the journey Note 133 - Irrision (from the “Project”) Outline of the novel Letter to Alberto Moravia Sequences for Charles I Annotation Description of materials Notes Philological note This is Cefis The two occult powers of the black gold pit The tools of imperialism The man dressed in asbestos The vanity fair, year XVIII of Eni The profession of the landlord The political diagrams of the red-black carbonaro La Montecefis. The mix-up New glories of the tipper The obstacle courses The pious contraption The geese of the Capitol for Eugenio Cefis - The fifty years of the boss A miracle worker called Eugenio Cefis. The king of the trapeze Further essay on Eugenio Cefis - The multifaceted ingenuity of the captain of industry “L'Anonima Cefis e C.” - The mandarin's clan Other paragraphs - For a moral apologue Fiefdoms and vassals of the great baron The various and possible events of the industrial knight "L'Anonima Metano" - The cheerful squadrons In the orbit of the rising sun Last round for the knockout Deep Black Protagonists and extras The magistrates and investigators Notice to the reader Prologue The Mattei case The black corsair The partisans «Matteism» The trap The threats First trip to Sicily Countdown The death of Mattei The return of Cefis to Eni The suspects on Cefis A crime made in Italy The impossible revolution The enigmatic Verzotto The Sicilian friend The disappearance of De Mauro Mister De Mauro's "coup" Zullino's novel The instigator The Palermo trial The Pasolini crime The Salò pizzas The Magliana Gang Pelosi changes version on TV Oriana Fallaci's scoop The Sansone trail The latest investigation Pelosi names names The mystery of Johnny The black trail Oil Question: Did you finally find this answer today? This is Cefis The novel of the massacres Flashes on Eni From Cefis to Gelli «What is this coup?» Epilogue Appendix: A strange sensation - Interview with Giuseppe Pelosi at the Idroscalo - Decree dismissing the investigation into the death of Enrico Mattei